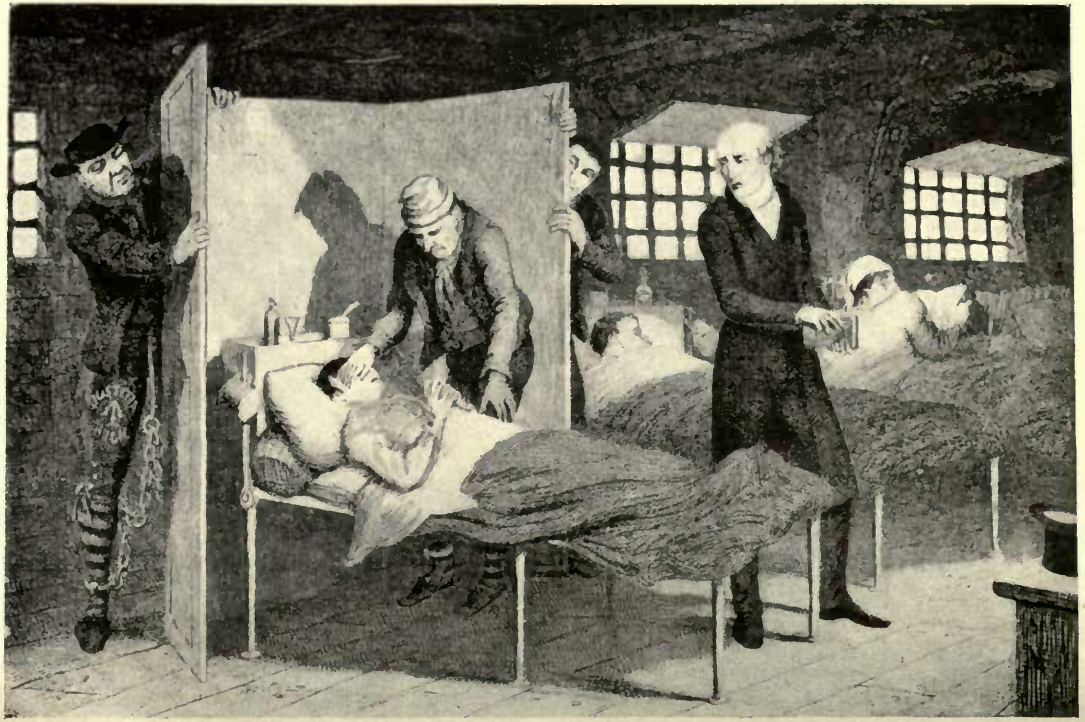
THE WORKS OF

CHARLES DICKENS

NATIONAL EDITION

VOLUME

XVIII



THE WRETCHED CONVICT DROOPS AND DIES.

National Library Edition

THE WORKS OF
CHARLES DICKENS

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS
PLAYS AND POEMS

Bigelow, Brown and Co., Inc.
New York

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

From 'The Examiner,' 'Household Words, and 'All the Year Round'

PLAYS AND POEMS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

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The 'Miscellaneous Papers' appeared in the pages of 'The Examiner,' 'Household Words,' and 'All the Year Round' during the years 1838 —1869, *many of which have been now identified for the first time (see introduction to this volume).*

Of the six Plays included in this Edition, the first three were written by Dickens for the St. James's Theatre, London, under Braham's management. 'The Strange Gentleman,' 'The Village Coquettes,' and 'Is she his Wife?' were first performed in that theatre on September 29, 1836, *December* 6, 1836, *and March* 6, 1837 *respectively, and were, soon after each performance, published in pamphlet form; 'The Lamplighter' was written in* 1838, *but did not meet with the approval of Macready and his company for whom it was written, and was withdrawn and afterwards converted into the story with the same name: it is reprinted from the manuscript in the Forster Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum; 'Mr. Nightingale's Diary' was written by Dickens and Mark Lemon, and was first performed at Devonshire House on May* 27, 1851, *and printed as a pamphlet in that year; 'No Thoroughfare' was written by Dickens and Wilkie Collins, and was first performed at the New Royal Adelphi Theatre, London, on December* 26, 1867, *and published in pamphlet form in the same year.*

'The Poems' were collected from various sources in 1903, *and edited with bibliographical notes by F. G. Kitton, whose work is retained in the present Edition. To these, three recently discovered poems are added (see introduction).*

INTRODUCTION

In planning the 'National' Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens, the publishers decided that the volumes should be free from anything in the way of introductory matter, beyond the brief bibliographical note which prefaces each work. In the case, however, of these two volumes of Miscellanies it is felt that a few editorial notes are necessary, for the reason that their contents have never before been included in any collection of the author's works, whilst a great quantity of the material, notably the majority of Dickens's contributions to *Household Words*, is now identified for the first time.

It is not our intention to attempt to 'place' these contributions to *The Examiner*, *Household Words*, and *All the Year Round* of the author of the immortal *Pickwick*, or to offer any estimate of their comparative value in the scheme of Dickens's work as a whole. Our object has been to gather together all Dickens's writings, from whatever source available, that can be said to be worthy, as the scattered writings of other authors have been gathered together, and added to existing editions. And in doing so, we make no apology, for it will be found that the majority of these articles, essays, and stories are not the efforts of immaturity, but the work of a great writer composed during the prime of his literary career.

The contents of the two volumes are arranged in five sections under headings of *The Examiner*, *Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, *Plays*, and *Poems*. Dickens's other

articles and sketches from *The Morning Chronicle*, *The Daily News*, *The Times*, his contributions to certain periodical literature, and his introductions to books, which the publishers announced would form part of the scheme of the 'National' Edition of his works, and which have never before appeared in a collected edition of the novelist's writings, will be found added, for convenience in grouping, to *Reprinted Pieces*, which forms volume xxxiv. of the series. These pieces have always been known to exist, and therefore need no comment, in that respect, here, except the one entitled 'The Spirit of Chivalry in Westminster Hall,' which is reprinted from the galley proof in the Forster Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum. There is no indication on the proof where this article appeared, and we were unable to discover the magazine in which it was published until after the volume had been printed, when we learned that it was to be found in *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine* for August 1845. Although it was cut down in that periodical obviously to fit a certain space, we have given it in its entirety.

It will be seen, therefore, that the publishers' announcement that the 'National' Edition would be the most complete and comprehensive ever published, may well be considered as justified.

Regarding the Miscellanies in these two volumes, there are one or two notes and annotations to be recorded.

Dickens was probably a frequent contributor to the pages of *The Examiner* during the editorship of his friend John Forster, but beyond the statements made by his biographer, there is no means of identifying his contributions. In the following pages everything is reprinted that can be traced under Forster's guidance, and in hunting these out from the files of his old paper, we have been a little more fortunate than previous searchers. Richard Herne Shepherd was

probably the first to place on record some of the dates of the publication of these articles. More recently Frederic G. Kitton devoted much time and energy to amplifying the list, and reprinted many of them, with others from different sources, in a volume entitled *To be Read at Dusk; and other Stories, Sketches and Essays,* by Charles Dickens, published by George Redway in 1898. But both he and Mr. Shepherd were unable to trace the following articles, the MSS. of which are in the Forster Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum. (1) 'London Crime,' (2) 'Judicial Special Pleading,' (3) 'Edinburgh Apprentice School Association,' (4) 'Macready as "King Lear,"' (5) 'Latour's "Virginie" and Douglas Jerrold's "Black-Eyed Susan,"' (6) 'The Tooting Farm,' and (7) 'The Paradise at Tooting.'

We have, however, been more successful, and these articles now appear, in chronological order, with the rest. The title of the first of these was altered in the pages of *The Examiner* to 'Ignorance and Crime,' and the fourth appeared under the heading of 'Restoration of Shakespeare's Lear to the Stage.' There is also a third article, noted in Thomson's Bibliography, on the Tooting Farm scandal entitled 'The Verdict for Drouet,' and although Forster does not mention it, it is included here, as there seems no doubt from internal evidence that Dickens wrote it. Besides this, it completes the story of the scandal. It is interesting to note in regard to these Drouet articles, that Dickens refers to the subject of them more than once in his *Household Words* articles, and more pointedly in 'A Walk in a Workhouse' in *Reprinted Pieces,* wherein he speaks of the scandal as 'that most infamous and atrocious enormity committed at Tooting—an enormity which, a hundred years hence, will still be vividly remembered in the bye-ways of English life, and which has done more to engender a gloomy discontent and suspicion

among many thousands of the people than all the Chartist leaders could have done in all their lives.'

Possibly this was the establishment from which Guster, Snagsby's servant, originally emerged. Dickens tells us it was at Tooting, and that she went about in mortal fear of being sent back there.

The only article in *The Examiner* referred to by Forster that we have been unable to trace is the notice of Hood's 'Up the Rhine,' which Dickens had alluded to privately as 'rather poor, but I have not said so, because Hood is too, and ill besides.' Probably it did not appear in print for these reasons.

The novelist's political squibs and other verses, contributed to Forster's paper, find a place in the section devoted to Poems.

Dickens's own paper *Household Words* contained numerous contributions from his own pen, and in 1858 he collected and published some of them under the title of *Reprinted Pieces*. It cannot reasonably be supposed, however, that he considered those he selected as alone worthy of preservation, or of his genius. It was more likely that he was content to gather together just sufficient material to fill a volume. Or on the other hand, it may be reasonably inferred that most of those now discovered for the first time, dealing as they do with the political and social matters of the day, were not thought by the novelist to be suitable for inclusion in the collected works of one whose fame rested upon his works of fiction. But they are valuable to-day not only as definitely indicating his political opinions, but as a vital contribution showing how anxious he always was to help towards the reformation of what he thought the political and social wrongs of his day.

As is well known, all contributions to his paper were anony-

mous; hence the difficulty of discovering his or any one else's work. This has not, however, debarred many from making the attempt, the most notable effort being made at the time when Frederic G. Kitton and Charles Dickens the younger read through the volumes of the periodical with that object in view. But the fact that Dickens so thoroughly 'edited' all the articles and often rewrote many, and the knowledge that his 'brilliant young men,' as his staff was called, soon fell in with, and emulated their 'chief's' style, made that means of identification not only very troublesome, but practically impossible of success. In any case the outcome of all this research, fruitful as it was in some particulars, left many of his minor writings hidden away in the pages of his journal, whilst in several instances it was the means of attributing to Dickens the work of other pens. These we note hereafter.

There is now no longer any doubt existing concerning the identity of Dickens's own work (or the work of any contributor to his paper, for the matter of that), and his contributions are here reprinted for the first time on the following authority.

Like all well-conducted periodicals, *Household Words* possessed what is known as a 'Contributors' Book,' wherein were tabulated in manuscript, the titles of all articles, the names of their writers, the length, the price paid for same, and other particulars, under the date of each weekly issue. This book exists to-day in the possession of Mr. R. C. Lehmann, M.P., who very courteously placed it at the disposal of the present writer, in order, as he put it, 'to help carry out the "National" undertaking in hand of making a complete edition of the works of England's national novelist.' To Mr. Lehmann the publishers here wish to place on record an expression of their deep obligation and gratitude.

After careful examination, the identity of some eighty or so hitherto unknown writings of Dickens is revealed to the reading world, and henceforth these will form part of his acknowledged works.

In order that no doubt may exist as to the genuineness of this book we quote the certificate of its authenticity which is pasted in the front cover, and append a photographic reproduction of one of its pages.

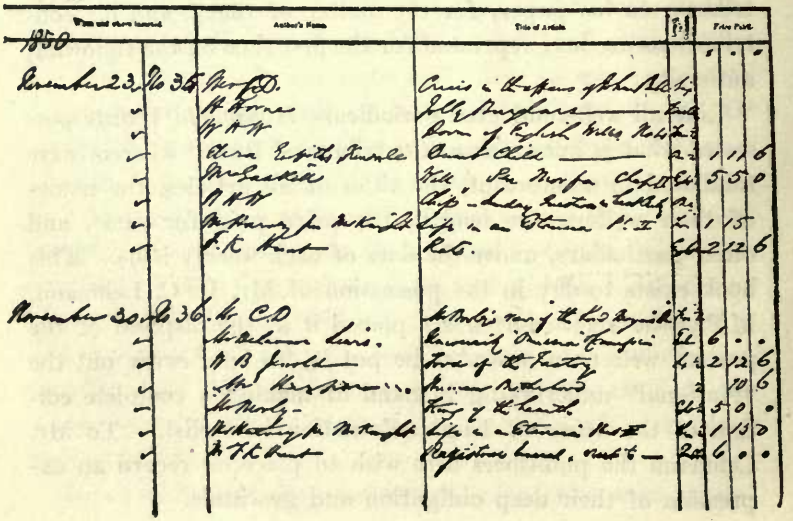
'WESTBROOK HALL
HORSHAM,
SURREY.'

'1*st Feby.*, 1903.

'This book belonged to Mr. Wills and was left to me by his widow, my Aunt Janet.

'I now present it to my nephew Rudolph Lehmann as a memento of Mr. and Mrs. Wills, who loved him as a child.

(Signed) 'ELIZA PRIESTLEY.'



As we have noted above, some of these contributions have been identified before by Frederic G. Kitton and other bibliographers, and were published in the volume *To be Read at Dusk* already referred to. This volume, however, contained an article entitled 'By Rail to Parnassus' as being from the pen of Dickens; but the 'Contributors' Book' shows it to have been written by Henry Morley. There is also another, 'Rochester and Chatham,' which is an excerpt from 'One Man in a Dockyard,' written by Dickens and R. H. Horne. This of course may be a 'good shot,' but is not authoritative.

Other articles have also been attributed to Dickens by bibliographers which were not written by him, and we append here the titles of them with the rightful authors' names attached.

'Foreign Portraits of Englishmen,' by W. H. Wills and E. Murray (September 21, 1850).

'Household Words and English Wills,' by W. H. Wills (November 16, 1850).

'Epsom,' by W. H. Wills (June 7, 1851).

'Douglas Jerrold,' by Wilkie Collins (February 5, 1859).

It was not an uncommon occurrence after Dickens's death to pick out articles and sketches from his famous paper which read like his work, and reprint them with his name as author. We can recall two American instances of this. Both 'A Suburban Romance' (W. H. Wills), and 'Lizzie Leigh' (Mrs. Gaskell's famous story), found places in literary annuals of the *Keepsake* pattern, and were ascribed to Dickens, whose name at the time was of course a one to conjure with. There is also a similar case in this country in 'A Curious Dance round a Curious Tree,' an article relating to St. Luke's Lunatic Asylum and written by W. H. Wills and Dickens, which has been frequently reprinted in pamphlet

form by that institution. This has been generally accepted by bibliographers as written by Dickens, although it appears in *Old Leaves gathered from 'Household Words,'* by W. H. Wills, published in 1860, wherein it is acknowledged as one of those articles which owed much to the collaboration of Dickens, 'whose masterly touches gave to the Old Leaves . . . their brightest tints.'

Throughout the pages of his paper Dickens contributed many articles in collaboration with various authors in this way, and these would easily fill more volumes if reprinted. But we have only preserved those written entirely by Dickens himself.

There is a curious point, however, in regard to one of these. In *Reprinted Pieces* there is a chapter entitled 'A Plated Article,' and as the contents of the volume were collected during Dickens's lifetime, there cannot be any doubt that he considered the article was his. Yet we find in the 'Contributors' Book' that it was by 'C. D. and W. H. W. (W. H. Wills), and Wills evidently took some credit to himself for it, as he included it in his volume of *Old Leaves* with his usual acknowledgment to his Editor's assistance. The question as to who was the rightful author of it cannot, under the circumstances, be decided at this late date.

These facts having been recorded, it is only necessary to state in regard to the *Household Words* section of these volumes, that the material has been arranged in chronological order, except in certain cases where articles forming a series, appeared at intervals. In those cases they have been allowed to follow each other in proper sequence, and comprise 'The Amusements of the People,' the sketches dealing with 'Mr. Bull' and 'Mr. Booley,' and the series of articles entitled 'From the Raven in the Happy Family.' The first chapter of the latter was called 'A Perfect Felicity in a Bird's Eye

View,' whilst 'The Good Hippopotamus,' added later, was also of the series.

There were two other features in the periodical, consisting of paragraphs of varying length by various writers, grouped under the general subject headings of 'Supposing' and 'Chips.' Those written by Dickens have been arranged together under these general headings, and placed at the end of the section.

Dickens's contributions to *All the Year Round* are here included on the authority of Frederic G. Kitton, who identified them by means of the 'office' set of that periodical, in which each article had appended the name of the author, written by a member of the staff. As in the case of *Household Words*, only the articles wholly written by Dickens have been included.

Of the six Plays in these volumes, it should be noted that 'Mr. Nightingale's Diary' was written by Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon, and 'No Thoroughfare' by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins. They are included here, as being inseparably connected with Dickens's fame both as a writer and as an actor. Indeed, no collection of his works could be said to be complete without them. 'The Lamplighter' is printed from the manuscript in the Forster collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

In 1903 the Poems of Dickens, scattered throughout newspapers, periodicals, and his novels, were collected and published in a small volume with bibliographical notes by Frederic G. Kitton. The text and arrangement of this little volume have been followed in the present instance, with the exception of the songs, etc., from 'The Village Coquettes' and 'The Lamplighter,' which, of course, will be found in their proper places in these volumes. The publishers have deemed it wise to retain Mr. Kitton's valuable bibliographical

notes. Three poems have been added, two of which were discovered in *Household Words*, entitled 'Hiram Power's Greek Slave' and 'Aspire!'; whilst the third, 'The Blacksmith,' appeared in *All the Year Round*, and is identified by means of Forster's *Life* of the novelist, as explained in the bibliographical note.

B. W. MATZ.

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MISCELLANIES

FROM

'THE EXAMINER'

1838–1849

THE RESTORATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S 'LEAR' TO THE STAGE

[February 4, 1838]

What we ventured to anticipate when Mr. Macready assumed the management of Covent Garden Theatre, has been every way realised. But the last of his well-directed efforts to vindicate the higher objects and uses of the drama has proved the most brilliant and the most successful. He has restored to the stage Shakespeare's true *Lear*, banished from it, by impudent ignorance, for upwards of a hundred and fifty years.

A person of the name of Boteler has the infamous repute of having recommended to a notorious poet-laureate, Mr. Nahum Tate, the 'new modelling' of *Lear*. 'I found the whole,' quoth Mr. Tate, addressing the aforesaid Boteler in his dedication, 'to answer your account of it; a heap of jewels unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder, that I soon perceived I had seized a treasure.' And accordingly to work set Nahum very busily indeed: strung the jewels and polished them with a vengeance; omitted the grandest things, the *Fool* among them; polished all that remained into commonplace; interlarded love-scenes; sent *Cordelia* into a comfortable cave with her lover, to dry her clothes and get warm, while her distracted and homeless old father was still left wandering without, amid all the pelting of the pitiless storm; and finally, rewarded the poor old man in his turn, and repaid him for all his suffering, by giving him back again his gilt robes and tinsel sceptre!

Betterton was the last great actor who played *Lear* before the commission of this outrage. His performances of it be-

tween the years 1663 and 1671 are recorded to have been the greatest efforts of his genius. Ten years after the latter date, Mr. Tate published his disgusting version, and this was adopted successively by Boheme, Quin, Booth, Barry, Garrick, Henderson, Kemble, Kean. Mr. Macready has now, to his lasting honour, restored the text of Shakespeare, and we shall be glad to hear of the actor foolhardy enough to attempt another restoration of the text of Mr. Tate! Mr. Macready's success has banished that disgrace from the stage for ever.

The *Fool* in the tragedy of *Lear* is one of the most wonderful creations of Shakespeare's genius. The picture of his quick and pregnant sarcasm, of his loving devotion, of his acute sensibility, of his despairing mirth, of his heart-broken silence—contrasted with the rigid sublimity of *Lear's* suffering, with the huge desolation of *Lear's* sorrow, with the vast and outraged image of *Lear's* madness—is the noblest thought that ever entered into the heart and mind of man. Nor is it a noble thought alone. Three crowded houses in Covent Garden Theatre have now proved by something better than even the deepest attention that it is for action, for representation; that it is necessary to an audience as tears are to an overcharged heart; and necessary to *Lear* himself as the recollections of his kingdom, or as the worn and faded garments of his power. We predicted some years since that this would be felt, and we have the better right to repeat it now. We take leave again to say that Shakespeare would have as soon consented to the banishment of *Lear* from the tragedy as to the banishment of his *Fool*. We may fancy him, while planning his immortal work, feeling suddenly, with an instinct of divinest genius, that its gigantic sorrows could never be presented on the stage without a suffering too frightful, a sublimity too remote, a grandeur too terrible—unless relieved by quiet pathos, and in some way brought home to the apprehensions of the audience by homely and familiar illustration. At such a moment that *Fool* rose to his mind, and not till then could he have contemplated his marvellous work in the greatness and beauty of its final completion.

The *Fool* in *Lear* is the solitary instance of such a character, in all the writings of Shakespeare, being identified with the pathos and passion of the scene. He is interwoven with *Lear*, he is the link that still associates him with *Cordelia's* love, and the presence of the regal estate he has surrendered. The rage of the wolf *Goneril* is first stirred by a report that her favourite gentleman had been struck by her father 'for chiding of his fool,'—and the first impatient questions we hear from the dethroned old man are: 'Where 's my knave —my fool? Go you and call my fool hither.'—'Where 's my fool? Ho! I think the world 's asleep.'—'But where 's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.'—'Go you and call hither my fool,'—all which prepare us for that affecting answer stammered forth at last by the knight in attendance: 'Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.' Mr. Macready's manner of turning off at this with an expression of half impatience, half ill-repressed emotion—'No more of that, I *have noted it well*'—was inexpressibly touching. We saw him, in the secret corner of his heart, still clinging to the memory of her who was used to be his best object, the argument of his praise, balm of his age, 'most best, most dearest.' And in the same noble and affecting spirit was his manner of fondling the *Fool* when he sees him first, and asks him with earnest care, 'How now, my pretty knave? *How dost thou?*' Can there be a doubt, after this, that his love for the *Fool* is associated with *Cordelia*, who had been kind to the poor boy, and for the loss of whom he pines away? And are we not even then prepared for the sublime pathos of the close, when *Lear*, bending over the dead body of all he had left to love upon the earth, connects with her the memory of that other gentle, faithful, and loving being who had passed from his side—unites, in that moment of final agony, the two hearts that had been broken in his service, and exclaims, 'And my poor fool is hanged!'

Mr. Macready's *Lear*, remarkable before for a masterly completeness of conception, is heightened by this introduction of the *Fool* to a surprising degree. It accords exactly with the view he seeks to present of *Lear's* character. The pas-

sages we have named, for instance, had even received illustration in the first scene, where something beyond the turbulent greatness or royal impatience of *Lear* had been presented—something to redeem him from his treatment of *Cordelia*. The bewildered pause after giving his 'father's heart' away—the hurry yet hesitation of his manner as he orders *France* to be called—'Who stirs? Call *Burgundy*'—had told us at once how much consideration he needed, how much pity, of how little of himself he was indeed the master, how crushing and irrepressible was the strength of his sharp impatience. We saw no material change in his style of playing the first great scene with *Goneril*, which fills the stage with true and appalling touches of nature. In that scene he ascends indeed with the heights of *Lear's* passion; through all its changes of agony, of anger, of impatience, of turbulent assertion, of despair, and mighty grief, till on his knees, with arms upraised and head thrown back, the tremendous Curse bursts from him amid heaving and reluctant throes of suffering and anguish. The great scene of the second act had also its great passages of power and beauty: his self-persuading utterance of 'hysterias passio'—his anxious and fearful tenderness to *Regan*—the elevated grandeur of his appeal to the heavens—his terrible suppressed efforts, his pauses, his reluctant pangs of passion, in the speech 'I will not trouble thee, my child,'—and surpassing the whole, as we think, in deep simplicity as well as agony of pathos, that noble conception of shame as he *hides his face* on the arm of *Goneril* and says—

> 'I'll go with thee;
> Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
> And thou art twice her love!'

The *Fool's* presence then enabled him to give an effect, unattempted before, to those little words which close the scene, when, in the effort of bewildering passion with which he strives to burst through the phalanx of amazed horrors that have closed him round, he feels that his intellect is shaking, and suddenly exclaims, 'O *Fool!* I shall go mad!' This is

better than hitting the forehead and ranting out a self-reproach.

But the presence of the *Fool* in the storm-scene! The reader must witness this to judge its power and observe the deep impression with which it affects the audience. Every resource that the art of the painter and the mechanist can afford is called in aid of this scene—every illustration is thrown on it of which the great actor of *Lear* is capable, but these are nothing to that simple presence of the *Fool!* He has changed his character there. So long as hope existed he had sought by his hectic merriment and sarcasms to win *Lear* back to love and reason, but that half of his work is now over, and all that remains for him is to soothe and lessen the certainty of the worst. *Kent* asks who is with *Lear* in the storm, and is answered—

> 'None but the *Fool,* who labours to outjest
> His heart-struck injuries!'

When all his attempts have failed, either to soothe or to outjest these injuries, he sings, in the shivering cold, about the necessity of 'going to bed at noon.' He leaves the stage to die in his youth, and we hear of him no more till we hear the sublime touch of pathos over the dead body of the hanged *Cordelia.*

The finest passage of Mr. Macready's scenes upon the heath is his remembrance of the 'poor naked wretches,' wherein a new world seems indeed to have broken upon his mind. Other parts of these scenes wanted more of tumultuous extravagance, more of a preternatural cast of wildness. We should always be made to feel something beyond physical distress predominant here. His colloquy with *Mad Tom,* however, was touching in the last degree, and so were the two last scenes, the recognition of *Cordelia* and the death, which elicited from the audience the truest and best of all tributes to their beauty and pathos. Mr. Macready's representation of the father at the end, broken down to his last despairing struggle, his heart swelling gradually upwards till it bursts in its closing sigh, completed the only perfect picture that we have had of *Lear* since the age of Betterton.

We never saw any tragedy, in so far as we could judge, affect an audience more deeply than the manner of the whole management of this tragedy of *Lear*. It was, indeed, a triumph for the stage, in an assertion of its highest uses. The performers generally exerted themselves to the utmost. Mr. Bartley's *Kent* was every way masterly, and Miss P. Horton's *Fool* as exquisite a performance as the stage has ever boasted. Mr. Elton's *Edgar* is the best we have seen, excepting that of Mr. Charles Kemble; Miss Huddart's *Regan* contributed much to the general effect; and Mr. Anderson's *Edmund* was energetic and graceful. Of the other resources called in aid with such knowledge, taste, and care, we cannot do better than speak in the language of an excellent critic in the *John Bull*.

[Here follows a somewhat lengthy extract from *John Bull* dealing only with the scenery and staging of the piece.]

SCOTT AND HIS PUBLISHERS

I

[March 31, 1839]

When the *Refutation*, to which this pamphlet [1] is a reply, was put forth, we took occasion to examine into the nature of the charges of misstatement and misrepresentation which were therein brought against Mr. Lockhart, to point out how very slight and unimportant they appeared to be, even upon the refuter's own showing, and to express our opinion that the refutation originated in the overweening vanity of the Ballantyne family, who, confounding their own importance with that of the great man who condescended (to his cost) to patronise them, sought to magnify and exalt themselves with a degree of presumption and conceit which leaves the fly on the wheel, the organ bellows-blower, and the

[1] The Ballantyne Humbug Handled; in a letter to Sir Adam Fergusson. By the Author of *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*. Cadell, Edinburgh; Murray, London.

aspiring frog of the fable, all at an immeasurable distance behind.

Much as we may wonder, after an attentive perusal of the pamphlet before us, how the lad, James Ballantyne's son, can have been permitted by those who must have known from the commencement what facts were in reserve, to force on this exposure of the most culpable negligence and recklessness on the part of the men who have been paraded as the victims of erring and ambitious genius, it is impossible to regard the circumstance in any other light than as a most fortunate and happy one for the memory of Sir Walter Scott. If ever engineer were 'hoist with his own petard,' if ever accusations recoiled upon the heads of those who made them, if ever the parties in the witness-box and the dock changed places, it is in this case of the Ballantynes and Sir Walter Scott. And the proof, be it remembered, is to be found—not in the unsupported assertions of Mr. Lockhart or his ingenious reasoning from assumed facts, but in the letters, accounts, and statements of the Ballantynes themselves.

Premising that Mr. Lockhart, in glancing at the 'unanswerable refutation' and 'the overwhelming exposure' notices of the Ballantyne pamphlet in other journals, might fairly and justly have noticed this journal [1] as an exception (in whose columns more than one head of his reply was anticipated long ago), we will proceed to quote—first, Mr. Lockhart's statement of his reasons for introducing in the biography detailed descriptions of the habits and manners of the Ballantynes, which we take to have been the head and front of his offence; and secondly, such scraps of evidence bearing upon the allegation that the Ballantynes were ruined by the improvidence and lavish expenditure of Scott, as we can afford space for, in a very brief analysis of the whole.

With regard to the first point, Mr. Lockhart writes thus:—

'The most curious problem in the life of Scott could receive no fair attempt at solution, unless the inquirer were made acquainted, in as far as the biographer could make him so, with the nature, and habits, and manners of Scott's partners and agents. Had the reader been left to take his

[1] *The Examiner.*

ideas of those men from the eloquence of epitaphs—to conceive of them as having been capitalists instead of penniless adventurers—men regularly and fitly trained for the callings in which they were employed by Scott, in place of being the one and the other entirely unacquainted with the prime requisites for success in such callings—men exact and diligent in their proper business, careful and moderate in their personal expenditure, instead of the reverse; had such hallucinations been left undisturbed, where was the clue of extrication from the mysterious labyrinth of Sir Walter's fatal entanglements in commerce? It was necessary, in truth and justice, to show—not that he was without blame in the conduct of his pecuniary affairs—(I surely made no such ridiculous attempt)—but that he could not have been ruined by commerce, had his partners been good men of business. It was necessary to show that he was in the main the victim of his own blind over-confidence in the management of the two Ballantynes. In order to show how excessive was the kindness that prompted such over-confidence, it was necessary to bring out the follies and foibles, as well as the better qualities, of the men.'

Does any reasonable and dispassionate man doubt this? Is there any man who does not know that the titles of a hundred biographies might be jotted down in half an hour, in each and every of which there shall be found a hundred personal sketches of a hundred men, a hundred times more important, clever, excellent, and worthy, than Mr. James Ballantyne, the Printer of Edinburgh, and whilom of Kelso, regarding which the world has never heard one syllable of remonstrance or complaint?

Of Mr. John Ballantyne, the less said the better. If he were an honest, upright, honourable man, it is a comfort to know that there are plentiful store of such characters living at this moment in the rules of our Debtors' Prison, and passing through the Insolvent Court by dozens every day. As an instance of Mr. Lockhart's easy mode of assertion, we were given to understand in the *Refutation* that Mr. John Ballantyne had never been a banker's clerk. Mr. Cadell and another gentleman bear testimony that he used to *say* he

had been (which seems by no means conclusive evidence that he ever was), and if he were, as Mr. Lockhart tells us he has since learnt, a tailor, or superintendent of the tailoring department of the father's general shop at Kelso, a previously unintelligible fragment in one of Scott's letters becomes susceptible of a very startling and simple solution. 'If it takes nine tailors to make a man, how many will it take to ruin one?'

The descendants of Mr. James Ballantyne charge Sir Walter Scott with having ruined him by his profuse expenditure, and the tremendous responsibilities which he cast upon the printing concern. Mr. Lockhart charges Mr. James Ballantyne with having ruined the business by his own negligence, extravagance, and inattention. Let us see which of these charges is the best supported by facts.

Scott entered into partnership with James Ballantyne in May 1805. James Ballantyne's brother John (being then the bookkeeper) enters the amount of capital which James had invested in the concern, at £3694, 16s. 11d.; but of these figures no less than £2090 represents 'stock in trade,' which it appears from other statements that the same John Ballantyne was in the habit of valuing at most preposterous and exaggerated sums; and the balance of £1604, 16s. 11d. is represented by 'book debts' to that amount. Scott came in as the monied partner—as the man to prop up the concern; even then his patrimonial fortune was £10,000 or £12,000; he possessed at the time, independently of all literary exertions, an income of £1000 per annum; he advanced for the business £2008, 'including in the said advance the sum of £500 contained in Mr. Ballantyne's promissory note, dated 1st February last'—from which it would seem pretty clear that the affluent Mr. James Ballantyne ran rather short of money about this time—and £40 more, also advanced to Mr. Ballantyne previous to the execution of the deed. Scott, in consideration of this payment, was to have one-third of the business, and James Ballantyne two; his extra third being specially in consideration of his undertaking those duties of management, for the neglect and omission of which, throughout the long correspondence of a long term of years, we find

him apologising to Scott himself in every variety of humble, maudlin, abject, and whining prostration.

The very first entry in the very first 'State,' or statement of the partnership accounts, is a payment on behalf of James Ballantyne for 'an acceptance *at Kelso*,'—at Kelso, observe, in his original obscurity and small way of business —'£200.' There are advances to his father to the amount of £270, 19s. 5d., there are his own drafts during the first year of the partnership to the enormous amount of £2378, 4s. 9d., *his share of the profits being only* £786, 10s. 3d.; Scott's drafts for the same period being £100 and *his* share £393, 5s. 1d.! At the expiration of five years and a half, the injured and oppressed Mr. James Ballantyne had *overdrawn* his share of the profits to the amount of £2027, 2s. 5d., while Scott had *underdrawn* his share by the sum of £577, 2s. 8d. Now let any man of common practical sense, from Mr. Rothschild's successor, whoever he may be, down to the commonest light-porter and warehouseman who can read and write and cast accounts, say, upon such a statement of figures as this, who was the gainer by the partnership, who may be supposed to have objects and designs of his own to serve in forming it, and in what pecuniary situation Mr. James Ballantyne—the needy and embarrassed printer of Kelso—must have been placed, when Scott first shed upon him the light of his countenance.

'Scott, in those days,' says Mr. Lockhart, 'had neither bought land, nor indulged in any private habits likely to hamper his pecuniary condition. He had a handsome income, nowise derived from commerce. He was already a highly popular author, and had received from the booksellers copy-monies of then unprecedented magnitude. With him the only speculation and the only source of embarrassment was this printing concern; and how, had the other partner conducted himself in reference to it as Scott did, could it have been any source of embarrassment at all? He was, I cannot but think, imperfectly acquainted with James Ballantyne's pecuniary means, as well as with his habits and tastes, when the firm was set up. He was deeply injured by his partner's want of skill and care in the conduct of the

concern, and not less so by that partner's irreclaimable personal extravagance; and he was systematically mystified by the States, etc., prepared by Mr. John. In fact, every balance-sheet that has been preserved, or made accessible to me, seems to be fallacious. They are not of the company's entire affairs, but of one particular account in their books only—viz. the expenditure on the printing work done, and the produce of that work. This delusive system appears to have continued till the end of 1823, after which date the books are not even *added* or *written* up.'

In 1809 the bookselling firm started, Scott having one moiety for his share, and the two brothers the remaining moiety for theirs. He put down £1000 for his share, and LENT Mr. James Ballantyne £500 for his (!), and by the month of June 1810 he had embarked £9000 in the two concerns. Mr. James Ballantyne, even now, had no capital; he borrowed capital from Scott to form the bookselling establishment; he rendered the system of accommodation bills necessary by so egregiously overdrawing so small a capital as they started with; and not satisfied with this, he grossly neglected and mismanaged the business (by his own confession) during the whole time of its superintendence being entrusted to him.

In 1815 (the year of Mr. James Ballantyne's marriage) the bookselling business was abandoned; there were no resources with which to meet its obligations but those of the printing company, and Scott, in January 1816, writes thus to him—

'The burthen must be upon you and me—that is, on the printing office. If you will agree to conduct this business henceforth with steadiness and care, and to content yourself with £400 a year from it for your private purposes, its profits will ultimately set us free. I agree that we should grant mutual discharges as booksellers, and consider the whole debt as attaching to you and me as printers. I agree, farther, that the responsibility of the whole debt should be assumed by myself alone for the present—provided you, on your part, never interfere with the printing profits, beyond your allowance, until the debt has been obliterated, or put

into such a train of liquidation that you see your way clear, and voluntarily reassume your station as my partner, instead of continuing to be, as you now must consider yourself, merely my steward, book-keeper, and manager in the Canongate.'

Now, could the dullest and most addle-headed man alive be brought to believe—is it in human nature, in common sense, or common reason—that if Mr. James Ballantyne had the smallest ground of just complaint against Scott at this time, he would have listened to such a proposition? But he *did* listen to it, and eagerly embraced it; and in the October of that very year this same Mr. James Ballantyne, whose besotted trustees have dragged the circumstance to light from the concealment in which Mr. Lockhart mercifully left it —this same Mr. James Ballantyne, the plundered and deluded victim of Scott, announces to him that, being pressed by a younger brother at Kelso for a personal debt—not a partnership liability—a personal debt of £500, he had paid away to him a bill of the company, and, but for this bill being dishonoured by an accidental circumstance, Scott would, in all human probability, have never heard one word of the matter down to the day of his death.

Does Mr. James Ballantyne brazen this proceeding out, and retort upon Scott, 'I have been your tool and instrument. But for you I should have been by this time a man in affluent circumstances, and well able to pay this money. You brought me to this pass by your misconduct; it was your bounden duty to extricate me, and I had a right to extricate myself by the use of your name for my own purposes, when you have so often used mine for yours'? Judge from the following extracts from his letters on the subject:—

'It is needless for me to dwell on my deep regret at the *discreditable incident* which has taken place. . . . *I was not aware of the terrible consequences arising from one acting partner's using the copartnery signature for his personal purposes. I assure you, Sir, I should very nearly as soon* FORGE *your own signature as use one which implicated your credit and property for what belonged to me personally.*'

And then he goes on in a tone of great humility, endeavouring to excuse himself thus:—

'I respectfully beg leave to call to your recollection a very long and not very pleasant correspondence two years ago, on the subject of the debts due to my brother Alexander, and I may now shortly re-state, that the money advanced by him went into the funds of the business, and at periods when it was imperiously wanted. No doubt it went *in my name, to help up my share of stock equal to yours;* but I honestly confess to you, that this consideration never went into my calculation, and that when I agreed that the name of James B. and Co. should be given to the bills for that money, I had no other idea than that it was an *easy mode of procuring money,* at a very serious crisis, when money was greatly wanted; nor did I see that I should refuse it because the lender was my brother. His cash was as good as another's. *Personally,* I never received a sixpence of it.'

Personally he never received a sixpence of it! Oh, certainly not. That is to say, Mr. James Ballantyne paid the money to the partnership banking account towards his share of the joint capital, and immediately set about drawing private cheques as fast as he could draw for three times the sum.

In 1821 Mr. John Ballantyne died, and Mr. James Ballantyne, petitioning Scott that a termination might be put to his stewardship, and that he might be admitted to a new share in the business, he becomes, under a deed bearing date on the 1st of April 1822 (the missive letter, in Scott's handwriting, laying down the heads of which, is given by Mr. Lockhart at length), once more a partner in the business. The circumstances under which his stewardship had been undertaken—and this request for a new partnership was conceded by Scott—are thus stated by Mr. Lockhart; and the statement is, in every respect in which we have been able to examine it, borne out by facts:—

'For the preparation of the formal contract of 1822, Sir Walter selected Mrs. James Ballantyne's brother. We have seen that this Mr. George Hogarth, a man of business, a Writer to the Signet, a gentleman whose ability and intelli-

gence no one can dispute, was privy to all the transactions between Scott and James, whereupon the matrimonial negotiation proceeded to its close;—and that Mr. Hogarth approved of, and Mr. Ballantyne expressed deep gratitude for, the arrangements then dictated by Sir Walter Scott. Must not these Trustees themselves, when confronted with the evidence now given, admit that these arrangements were most liberal and generous? Scott, "the business being in difficulties," takes the whole of these difficulties upon himself. He assumes, for a prospective series of five or six years, the whole responsibility of its debts and its expenditure, including a liberal salary to James as manager. In order to provide him with the means of paying a *personal* debt of £3000 due to himself—and wholly distinct from copartnery debts—Scott agrees to secure for him a certain part of the proceeds of every novel that shall be written during the continuance of this arrangement. With the publishing of these novels James was to have no trouble—there was no risk about them—the gain on each was clear and certain,—and of every sum thus produced by the exertion of Scott's genius and industry, James Ballantyne was to have a sixth, as a mere bonus to help him in paying off his debt of £3000, upon which debt, moreover, no interest was to be charged. In what respect did this differ from drawing the pen, every five or six months, through a very considerable portion of the debt? Scott was undertaking neither more nor less than to take the money out of his own pocket, and pay it regularly into James's, who had no more risk or trouble in the publication of those immortal works than any printer in Westminster. The Pamphleteers must admit that James, pending this arrangement, was not the partner, but literally the paid servant of his benefactor, and that while "the total responsibility of the debts and expenditure of the business" lay on Scott, Scott had the perfect right to make any use he pleased of its profits and credit. They must admit, that after the arrangement had continued for five years, James examined the state of the concern, and petitioned Scott to replace him as a partner; that so far from finding any reason to complain of what Scott had done with

the business while it was solely his, without one word of complaint as to this large amount of floating bills so boldly averred in the Pamphlet to have been drawn for Scott's personal accommodation, James, in praying for readmission, acknowledged that down to the close of the period (June 1821) he had grossly neglected *the most important parts* of the business whereof he had had charge as Scott's stipendiary servant;—acknowledged, that notwithstanding his salary as manager of the printing-office, another salary of £200 a year as editor of a newspaper, and the large sums he derived from novel-copyrights given to him *ex merâ gratiâ*—he had so misconducted his own private affairs, that having begun his stewardship as debtor to Scott for £3000, he, when he wished the stewardship to terminate, owed Scott much more than £3000; but that, acknowledging all this, he made at the same time such solemn promises of amendment for the future, that Scott consented to do as he prayed; only stipulating, that until the whole affairs of the printing business should be reduced to perfect order, *debts discharged*, its stock and disposable funds increased, each partner should limit himself to drawing £500 per annum for his personal use. They must admit that James made all these acknowledgments and promises; that Scott accepted them graciously; and that the moment before the final copartnership was signed, James Ballantyne was Sir Walter Scott's debtor, entirely at his mercy; that down to that moment, by James's own clear confession, Scott, as connected with this printing establishment, had been sinned against, not sinning.

'The contract prepared and written by Mr. Hogarth was signed on the 1st of April 1822. It bears express reference to the "missive letter dated the 15th and 22nd of June last," by which the parties had "concluded an agreement for the settlement of the accounts and transactions subsisting between them, and also for the terms of the said new copartnery, and agreed to execute a regular deed in implement of said agreement"; and "therefore and for the reasons more particularly specified in the said missive letters, which are here specially referred to, and held as repeated, they have agreed, and hereby agree, to the following articles." Then

follow the articles of agreement, embodying the substance of the missive. Scott is to draw the whole profits of the business prior to Whitsunday 1822, in respect of the responsibility he had undertaken. Ballantyne acknowledges a personal debt of £1800 as at Whitsunday 1821, which was to be paid out of the funds specified in the missives, no interest being due until after Whitsunday 1822. Sir Walter having advanced £2575 for buildings in the Canongate, new types, etc., James is to grant a bond for the half of that sum. It further appears by the only cashbook exhibited to me, that James, notwithstanding his *frugal* mode of living, had quietly drawn £1629 more than his allowance between 1816 and 1822, but of *this*, as it is stated, as *a balance of cash*, due by James at Whitsunday 1822, Scott could not have been aware when with his own hand he wrote the missive letter. Sir Walter, I have said, was to be liable for all the debts contracted between 1816 and 1822, but to have the exclusive right of property in all the current funds, to enable him to pay off these debts, and as the deed bears, "to indemnify him for his advances on account of the copartnery"—*i. e.*, from 1816 to 1822. Finally, JAMES BECOMES BOUND TO KEEP REGULAR AND DISTINCT BOOKS, WHICH ARE TO BE BALANCED ANNUALLY. Now, on looking at the import of this legal instrument, as well as the missive which it corroborated, and the prior communications between the parties, whom would an unbiassed reader suppose to have been the partner most benefited by this concern in time past,—whom to be the person most likely to have trespassed upon its credit, and embarrassed its resources?'

How did Mr. James Ballantyne perform his part of *this* contract? From January 1822 to May 1826, when the affairs were wound up, he was entitled to have drawn in all about £1750. He drew in all £7581, 15s. 5d. Of whose money? Assuredly not his own.

For Mr. Lockhart's explanation of the *Vidimus*, and of the refuter's construction and distortion of certain important items which go a long way towards accounting for the great increase in the accommodation bills, and show how improperly, and with what an appearance of wilful error,

certain receipts and charges have been fixed upon Scott, which might with as much justice have been fixed upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the Bank of Scotland, we must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself, and merely state these general results: That in 1823, the accommodations of James Ballantyne and Co. amounted to £36,000; that there is no shadow or scrap of evidence to show that any of these accommodation bills had been issued for Scott's private purposes; that it is made a matter of charge in the *Refutation* pamphlet that in 1826 they had increased to £46,000; that we now find that of this additional £10,000 Mr. James Ballantyne himself pocketed (calculating interest) more than £8000, and that all the expenses of stamps and renewals have to be charged against the remaining £2000; finally, that Scott, who is asserted to have ruined these Ballantynes by his ambition to become a landed proprietor, invested in all, up to June 1821, £29,083 in the purchase of land, having received since 1811 an official income of £1600 per annum, and gained, as an author, £80,000. Let any plain, unprejudiced man, who has learnt that two and two make four, and who has moved in the world in the ordinary pursuits of life, put these facts together, read this correspondence with acknowledgments of error and misconduct on the part of the Messrs. Ballantyne repeated from day to day and urged from year to year—let him examine these transactions, and find that in every one which is capable of explanation now the parties are in their graves, the extravagance, thoughtlessness, recklessness, and wrong have been upon the part of these pigmies, and the truest magnanimity and forbearance on the side of the giant who upheld them, and under the shadow of whose protection they gradually came to lose sight of their own stature, and to imagine themselves as great as he—let any man divest himself of that lurking desire to carp and cavil over the actions of men who have raised themselves high above their fellows, which unhappily seems inherent in human nature, and bring to this subject but the calmest and most plodding consideration of facts and probabilities—and say whether it is possible to arrive at any conclusion but that Messrs.

Ballantyne and the Messrs. Ballantyne's descendants owe a deep and lasting debt of gratitude to Sir Walter Scott as the originator of all the name, fame, and fortune they may possess, or to which they can ever aspire—and that this attempt to blacken the memory of the dead benefactor of their house would be an act of the basest and most despicable ingratitude, were it not one of the most puling and drivelling folly.

That Mr. James Ballantyne did not know at what time Abbotsford had ceased to stand 'between him and ruin,'—that he did not know, and well know, that Sir Walter Scott had made the settlement of it which he did upon his son's marriage, is next to impossible. All Edinburgh rung with it for days; the topic was canvassed in every bookseller's shop and discussed at every street corner; gossips carried it from door to door; advocates discoursed upon it in loquacious groups in the outer house; and the very boys at the High School bandied it from mouth to mouth. To Professor Wilson, Mr. Sheriff Cay, Mr. Peter Robertson, all the known men and women of Edinburgh, and all the unknown men and women also, it was notorious as the existence of Arthur's Seat or Holyrood. Is it to be believed that Mr. James Ballantyne alone, shut up in his printing-office in solitary admiration of his old critiques on Mrs. Siddons or his improvements in Scott's romances, was in ignorance of the fact while it resounded through the city from end to end, or that he could have remained so for the space of nine long months? The insinuations put forth by the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne respecting his marriage, and his throwing his wife's portion into the partnership fund at Scott's command, are no less monstrous. How stands this fact? Why, that but for Scott's kindness and goodness he never could have contracted it.—'I fear I am in debt for more than all I possess—to a lenient creditor, no doubt; but still the debt exists.'—'I am *de jure et de facto*, wholly dependent on you.'—'All, and more than all, belonging ostensibly to me, is, I presume, yours.'—'God be praised *that, after all your cruel vexations, you know the extent of your loss. It has been great, but few men have such resources.*'

Such are the terms in which Mr. James Ballantyne addresses his 'dear friend and benefactor' when, being deep in love as well as in debt, he solicits that aid from his lenient creditor, which, after all the cruel loss and vexation, the latter did not withhold.

Ruin! ruin brought upon the Ballantynes by Scott—by Scott, who aided and assisted them at every turn, from the first hour when he found Mr. James Ballantyne, a poor and struggling tradesman in a small Scotch town, down to those later days when the same patronage and notice enabled him to affect criticism and taste, Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses, and to get a good business—which would have been a better one if he had minded it—and to leave it to this very son, who is made to talk about his father having cast his bread upon the waters, and so forth, in a style not unworthy of Mr. James Ballantyne's own extravagant solemnity! Ruin! Where are the signs and tokens of this ruin? Are they discernible in the position of Mr. James Ballantyne at any one time after he had fluttered, butterfly-like, into Edinburgh notoriety through the influence of Scott, but for whom he would have lived and died a grub at Kelso? Are they manifest in the present condition of his son, who has acquired and inherited an honourable trade which he will do well to stick to, disregarding the promptings of weak and foolish friends? Good God! How much of the profits of the last edition of the Waverley Novels has gone to the schooling, apprenticing, boarding, lodging, washing, clothing, and feeding of this very young man, and in how different a manner would he have been schooled, apprenticed, boarded, lodged, washed, clothed, and fed, without them!

There is nothing in the whole of these transactions, which, to our mind, casts the smallest doubt or suspicion upon Sir Walter Scott, save in one single particular. His repeated forgiveness of his careless partners, and his constant and familiar association with persons so much beneath a man of his transcendent abilities and elevated station, lead us to fear that he turned a readier ear than became him to a little knot of toad-eaters and flatterers.

II

[SEPTEMBER 29, 1839]

IT is not our intention to administer to the diseased craving after notoriety so conspicuous in 'the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne,' by noticing this pamphlet [1] of theirs at any length, or entering into a minute examination of its details. Its general character may be described in a very few words.

From first to last there is visible throughout it, the same want of understanding of their own position, the same confounding of Mr. James Ballantyne with Sir Walter Scott, the same preposterous and inflated notions that the Ballantynes are great public characters, the same stilted imitation of the man who played the cock to Garrick's *Hamlet*, which these gentlemen have before displayed, and upon which we have already had occasion to observe. The major part of the contradictions which are given to Mr. Lockhart are founded upon partial statements of documents to which the contradicting parties *only* have access, and which may very possibly be susceptible of different or wider construction; other contradictions are based upon mere inferences and assumptions, than which none of Mr. Lockhart's are less probable, while many are more so; on other points loose denials are hazarded, or pretended indifference shown, when there are, both living and accessible, parties whose evidence might be of great importance, and who—carefully sought out and canvassed when they have a word to say or write which will tell in favour of the pamphleteers—are kept most scrupulously at a distance when their testimony might prove unfavorable.

It still remains, untouched and unquestioned by any of the lengthy and grandiloquent statements of this bulky pam-

[1] *Reply to Mr. Lockhart's Pamphlet, entitled 'The Ballantyne Humbug Handled.'* By the authors of a 'Refutation of the Misstatements and Calumnies contained in Mr. Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*, respecting the Messrs. Ballantyne.' Longman and Co.

phlet, a clear and indisputable fact that Sir Walter Scott was the architect of the Ballantyne fortunes; that he raised Messrs. James and John from obscurity, brought them into notice and established for them good connexions; and finally, that Mr. James did at last and after all his alleged misfortunes leave to his son, for a sufficient support and maintenance, that creditable business to which he has succeeded, and which was founded and altogether made by Sir Walter Scott. He left to his children beside what this very lofty and aspiring young gentleman, the son of Mr. James aforesaid, calls 'an inheritance of four or five thousand pounds,' and which we—taking into consideration that Mr. James had always lived pretty gaily and close upon his means—would humbly suggest was rather more than they might have expected, and quite enough to have made all his sons, heirs, trustees, and descendants, contented and grateful.

We should not have bestowed so many words upon this 'reply' but for certain documents which appear in the appendix; and we have sufficient faith in the manly feeling of the deceased Mr. James Ballantyne—who, notwithstanding his solemn conceit and very laughable exaggeration of his intellectual and social position, seems to have been on the whole an estimable person—we place credit enough in his love and reverence for Sir Walter Scott, in his gratitude and esteem for that true benefactor and most condescending friend, to believe he would rather have submitted to be burnt alive than have his name disgraced, and every feeling of honourable confidence violated, by their publication.

In this appendix there are set forth—wholly unconnected with the text of the reply—not referred to—not called for in any way—the following, among other letters from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. James Ballantyne; printed and published now, to show Mr. James Ballantyne the printer as the great patron of Sir Walter Scott the author, the dispenser to him and his family of bread and cheese and clothing while he worked at his death!

DEAR SIR,—Please to settle the enclosed accompt, Falkner and Co., for £94 odds, and place the same to my debit in accompt.—Your obedient Servant, WALTER SCOTT.

EDINBURGH, 29th *June*.
Mr. JAMES BALLANTYNE, PRINTER,
Edinburgh, Canongate.

DEAR JAMES,—I will be obliged to you *for twenty-four pounds sterling, being for a fortnight's support for my family.*—Yours truly, WALTER SCOTT.

CASTLE STREET, 23rd *January*.
Mr. JAMES BALLANTYNE.

October 15, 1820.

SIR,—You will find beneath an order on Mr. James Ballantyne to settle your account by payment or acceptance, which will be the same as if I did so myself. I could wish to be furnished with these bills before they exceed £50, for your convenience as well as mine.—I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, 13th *October*.
Mr. BLACKWOOD, *etc.*

SIR,—Be pleased to settle with Messrs. Blackwood, mercers, etc., Edinburgh, an accompt due by my family to them, amounting in sum to £218 sterling, and this by payment, or a bill at short date, as most convenient, and place the amount to my debit in accompting.—I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

ABBOTSFORD, 13th *October* 1820.

If Mr. Thompson will take the trouble to call on Mr. James Ballantyne, printer, Paul's Work, Canongate, and show Mr. Ballantyne this note, he will receive payment of his accompt of thirty-three pounds odds, for hay and corn due by Sir Walter Scott. WALTER SCOTT.

CASTLE STREET, 8th *July*.

July 13, 1825.

Lady Scott, with best compliments to Mr. Ballantyne, takes the liberty of enclosing him two of Miss Scott's bills, which have been omitted being added with her own, and might occasion some difficulty in the settling of them, as Misses Jollie and Brown are giving up business. Lady Scott has many apologies to make for giving all this trouble, and having also to request that, when he is so obliging to settle her account with Mr. Pringle the butcher, that he would also settle her last account with him,

that she may be quite clear with him. Lady Scott thinks that her second account will amount nearly to £40.

CASTLE STREET, *Saturday morning.*

Now, we ask all those who have been cheered and delighted by the labours of this great man, who have hearts to feel or heads to understand his works, and in whose mouths the creations of his brain are familiar as household words—we ask all those who, in the ordinary transactions of common life, have respect for delicacy and honour,—What sympathy are they prepared to show to the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne, who, unable sufficiently to revenge their quarrel with Mr. Lockhart upon Mr. Lockhart himself, presume to turn upon the subjects of his biography, and seek a retaliation in means so pitiful and disgusting as these?

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT [1]

[JULY 16, 1842]

YOU may perhaps be aware that during my stay in America I lost no opportunity of endeavouring to awaken the public mind to a sense of the unjust and iniquitous state of the law in that country, in reference to the wholesale piracy of British works.

Having been successful in making the subject one of general discussion in the United States, I carried to Washington, for presentation to Congress by Mr. Clay, a petition from the whole body of American authors, earnestly praying for the enactment of an international copyright law. It was signed by Mr. Washington Irving, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Cooper, and every man who has distinguished himself in the literature of America; and has since been referred to a select committee of the House of Representatives.

To counteract any effect which might be produced by that petition, a meeting was held in Boston—which, you will remember, is the seat and stronghold of learning in the

[1] Appeared also in the *Athenæum* and other papers.

United States—at which a memorial against any change in the existing state of things in this respect was agreed to, with but one dissentient voice. This document, which, incredible as it may appear to you, was actually forwarded to Congress, and received, deliberately stated that if English authors were invested with any control over the republication of their own books, it would be no longer possible for American editors to alter and adapt them (as they do now) to the American taste!

This memorial was, without loss of time, replied to by Mr. Prescott, who commented, with the natural indignation of a gentleman and a man of letters, upon its extraordinary dishonesty. I am satisfied that this brief mention of its tone and spirit is sufficient to impress you with the conviction, that it becomes all those who are in any way connected with the literature of England to take that high stand to which the nature of their pursuits and the extent of their sphere and usefulness justly entitle them; to discourage the upholders of such doctrines by every means in their power, and to hold themselves aloof from the remotest participation in a system, from which the moral sense and honourable feeling of all just men must instinctively recoil.

For myself, I have resolved that I will never from this time enter into any negotiation with any person for the transmission, across the Atlantic, of early proofs of anything I may write, and that I will forego all profit derivable from such a source. I do not venture to urge this line of proceeding upon you, but I would beg to suggest, and to lay great stress upon the necessity of observing, one other course of action, to which I cannot too emphatically call your attention.

The persons who exert themselves to mislead the American public on this question, to put down its discussion, and to suppress and distort the truth in reference to it in every possible way, are (as you may easily suppose) those who have a strong interest in the existing system of piracy and plunder; inasmuch as, so long as it continues, they can gain a very comfortable living out of the brains of other men, while they would find it very difficult to earn bread by the

exercise of their own. These are the editors and proprietors of newspapers almost exclusively devoted to the republication of popular English works. They are, for the most part, men of very low attainments, and of more than indifferent reputation; and I have frequently seen them, in the same sheet in which they boast of the rapid sale of many thousand copies of an English reprint, coarsely and insolently attacking the author of that very book, and heaping scurrility and slander upon his head.

I would therefore entreat you, in the name of the honourable pursuit with which you are so intimately connected, never to hold correspondence with any of these men, and never to negotiate with them for the sale of early proofs of any work over which you have control; but to treat, on all occasions, with some respectable American publishing house, and with such an establishment only.

Our common interest in this subject, and my advocacy of it, single-handed, on every occasion that has presented itself during my absence from Europe, form my excuse for addressing you.

And I am, faithfully yours.

1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate,
Regent's Park,
7th July 1842.

MACREADY AS 'BENEDICT'

[March 4, 1843]

Much Ado about Nothing and *Comus* were repeated on Tuesday to a crowded house.[1] They were received with no less enthusiasm than on the night of Mr. Macready's benefit, and are announced for repetition twice a week.

We are desirous to say a few words of Mr. Macready's performance of *Benedick;* not because its striking merits require any commendation to those who witness it—as is suf-

[1] Drury Lane Theatre.

ficiently shown by its reception—but because justice is scarcely done to his impersonation of the character, as we think, by some of those who have reported upon it for the nobility and gentry (not quite so limited a one as could be desired, perhaps), who seldom enter a theatre unless it be a foreign one; or who, when they do repair to an English temple of the drama, would seem to be attracted thither solely by an amiable desire to purify, by their presence, a scene of vice and indecorum; and who select their place of entertainment accordingly.

There are many reasons why a tragic actor incurs considerable risk of failing to enlist the sympathies of his audience when he appears in comedy. In the first place, some people are rather disposed to take it ill that he should make them laugh who has so often made them cry. In the second, he has not only to make the impression which he seeks to produce in that particular character, but has to render it at once, so obvious and distinct, as to cast into oblivion for the time all the host of grave associations with which he is identified. Lastly, there is a very general feeling abroad in reference to all the arts, and every phase of public life, that the path which a man has trodden for many years—even though it should be the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire—must be of necessity his allotted one, and that it is, as a matter of course, the only one in which he is qualified to walk.

First impressions, too, even with persons of a cultivated understanding, have an immense effect in settling their notions of a character; and it is no heresy to say that many people unconsciously form their opinion of such a creation as *Benedick*, not so much from the exercise of their own judgment in reading the play, as from what they have seen bodily presented to them on the stage. Thus, when they call to mind that in such a place Mr. A. or Mr. B. used to stick his arms akimbo and shake his head knowingly; or that in such another place he gave the pit to understand, by certain confidential nods and winks, that in good time they should see what they should see; or in such another place, swaggered; or in such another place, with one hand clasping each of his sides, heaved his shoulders as with laughter; they recall his

image, not as the Mr. A. or B. aforesaid, but as Shakespeare's *Benedick*—the real *Benedick* of the book, not the conventional *Benedick* of the boards—and missing any familiar action, miss, as it were, something of right belonging to the part.

Against all of these difficulties Mr. Macready has had to contend, as any such man must, in his performance of *Benedick*, and yet before his very first scene was over on the first night of the revival, the whole house felt that there was before them a presentment of the character so fresh, distinct, vigorous, and enjoyable, as they could not choose but relish, and go along with, delightedly, to the fall of the curtain.

If it be beyond the province of what we call genteel comedy—a term which Shakespeare would have had some difficulty in understanding, perhaps—to make people laugh, then, assuredly, Mr. Macready is far from being a genteelly comic *Benedick*. But as we find him—*Signior Benedick* of Padua, that is, not the *Benedick* of this or that theatrical company—the constant occasion of merriment among the persons represented in *Much Ado about Nothing*, 'all mirth,' as *Don Pedro* has it, 'from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot'; and as we find him, in particular, constantly moving to laughter both the *Prince* and *Claudio*, who may be reasonably supposed to possess their share of refined and courtier-like behaviour; we venture to think that those who sit below the salt, or t' other side the lamps, should laugh also. And that they did and do, both loud and long, let the ringing walls of Drury Lane bear witness.

Judging of it by analogy; by comparison with anything we know in nature, literature, art; by any test we can apply to it, from within us or without, we can imagine no purer or higher piece of genuine comedy than Mr. Macready's performance of the scene in the orchard after emerging from the arbour. As he sat, uneasily cross-legged, on the garden chair, with that face of grave bewilderment and puzzled contemplation, we seemed to be looking on a picture by Leslie. It was just such a figure as that excellent artist, in his fine appreciation of the finest humour, might have delighted to produce. Those who consider it broad, or farcical, or over-

strained, cannot surely have considered all the train and course of circumstances leading up to that place. If they take them into reasonable account, and try to imagine for a moment how any master of fiction would have described *Benedick's* behaviour at that crisis—supposing it had been impossible to contemplate the appearance of a living man in the part, and therefore necessary to describe it at all—can they arrive at any other conclusion than that such ideas as are here presented by Mr. Macready would have been written down? Refer to any passage in any play of Shakespeare's, where it has been necessary to describe, as occurring beyond the scene, the behaviour of a man in a situation of ludicrous perplexity; and by that standard alone (to say nothing of any mistaken notion of natural behaviour that may have suggested itself at any time to Goldsmith, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Scott, or other such unenlightened journeymen) criticise, if you please, this portion of Mr. Macready's admirable performance.

The nice distinction between such an aspect of the character as this, and the after love scenes with *Beatrice*, the challenging of *Claudio*, or the gay endurance and return of the *Prince's* jests at last, was such as none but a master could have expressed, though the veriest tyro in the house might feel its truth when presented to him. It occurred to us that Mr. Macready's avoidance of *Beatrice* in the second act was a little too earnest and real; but it is hard dealing to find so slight a blemish in such a finished and exquisite performance. For such, in calm reflection, and not in the excitement of having recently witnessed it, we unaffectedly and impartially believe it to be.

The other characters are, for the most part, exceedingly well played. *Claudio*, in the gay and gallant scenes, has an efficient representative in Mr. Anderson; but his perfect indifference to *Hero's* supposed death is an imputation on his good sense, and a disagreeable circumstance in the representation of the play, which we should be heartily glad to see removed. Mr. Compton has glimpses of *Dogberry*, though iron was never harder than he. If he could but derive a little oil from his contact with Keeley (whose utter absorption in

his learned neighbour is amazing), he would become an infinitely better leader of the *Prince's* Watch. Mrs. Nisbett is no less charming than at first, and Miss Fortescue is more so, from having a greater share of confidence in her bearing, and a somewhat smaller nosegay in her breast. Both Mr. Phelps and Mr. W. Bennett deserve especial notice, as acting at once with great spirit and great discretion.

Let those who still cling to the opinion that the Senate of ancient Rome represented by five-shillings' worth of supernumerary assistance huddled together at a rickety table, with togas above the cloth and corduroys below, is more gratifying and instructive to behold than the living Truth presented to them in *Coriolanus* during Mr. Macready's management of Covent Garden,—let such admirers of the theatre track the mazes of the wild wood in *Comus*, as it is now produced; let them look upon the stage, what time

> 'He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
> Like stabbed wolves, or tigers at their prey,
> Doing abhorred rights to Hecate
> In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers,'

—and reconcile their previous notions with any principle of human reason, if they can.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED TO INQUIRE INTO THE CONDITION OF THE PERSONS VARIOUSLY ENGAGED IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

[June 3, 1843]

It can scarcely be necessary for us to remind our readers that a Commission under the Great Seal was appointed some months since, to inquire into the deplorable amount of ignorance and superstition alleged to prevail in the University of Oxford; concerning which, the representatives of that learned

body in the Commons' House of Parliament, had then, and have since, at divers times, publicly volunteered the most alarming and astounding evidence. The Commission was addressed to those gentlemen who had investigated the moral condition of the Children and Young Persons employed in Mines and Manufactories; it being wisely considered that their opportunities of reporting on the darkness of Colleges as compared with Mines, and on the prejudicial atmosphere of Seats of Learning as compared with Seats of Labour, would be highly advantageous to the public interest, and might possibly open the public eyes.

The Commissioners have ever since been actively engaged in pursuing their inquiries into this subject, and deducing from the mass of evidence such conclusions as appeared to them to be warranted by the facts. Their Report is now before us, and though it has not yet been presented to Parliament, we venture to give it entire.

The Commissioners find:

First, with regard to EMPLOYMENT—

That the intellectual works in the University of Oxford are, in all essential particulars, precisely what they were when it was first established for the Manufacture of Clergymen. That they alone have stood still (or, in the very few instances in which they have moved at all, have moved backward), when all other works have advanced and improved. That the nature of the employment in which the young persons are engaged is, by reason of its excessive dust and rust, extremely pernicious and destructive. That they all become short-sighted in a most remarkable degree; that, for the most part, they lose the use of their reason at a very early age, and are seldom known to recover it. That the most hopeless and painful extremes of deafness and blindness are frequent among them. That they are reduced to such a melancholy state of apathy and indifference as to be willing to sign anything, without asking what it is, or knowing what it means; which is a common custom with these unhappy persons, even to the extent of nine-and-thirty articles at once. That, from the monotonous nature of their employment, and the dull routine of their unvarying drudgery (which requires no

exercise of original intellectual power, but is a mere parrot-like performance), they become painfully uniform in character and perception, and are reduced to one dead level (a very dead one, as your Commissioners believe) of mental imbecility. That cramps and paralysis of all the higher faculties of the brain are the ordinary results of this system of labour. And your Commissioners can truly add, that they found nothing in the avocations of the miners of Scotland, the knife-grinders of Sheffield, or the workers in iron of Wolverhampton, one-half so prejudicial to the persons engaged therein, or one-half so injurious to society, as this fatal system of employment in the University of Oxford.

Secondly, with regard to the PREVAILING IGNORANCE—

That the condition of the University of Oxford, under this head, is of the most appalling kind; insomuch that your Commissioners are firmly of opinion that, taking all the attendant circumstances into consideration, the Young Persons employed in Mines and Manufactories are enlightened beings, radiant with intelligence, and overflowing with the best results of knowledge, when compared with the persons, young and old, employed in the Manufacture of Clergymen at Oxford. And your Commissioners have been led to this conclusion: not so much by the perusal of prize poems, and a due regard to the very small number of Young Persons accustomed to University Employment who distinguish themselves in after life, or become in any way healthy and wholesome; as by immediate reference to the evidence taken on the two Commissions, and an impartial consideration of the two classes of testimony, side by side.

That it is unquestionably true that a boy was examined under the Children's Employment Commission, at Brinsley, in Derbyshire, who had been three years at school, and could not spell 'Church'; whereas there is no doubt that the persons employed in the University of Oxford can all spell Church with great readiness, and, indeed, very seldom spell anything else. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that, in the minds of the persons employed in the University of Oxford, such comprehensive words as justice, mercy, charity, kindness, brotherly love, forbearance, gentleness, and Good

Works, awaken no ideas whatever; while the evidence shows that the most preposterous notions are attached to the mere terms Priest and Faith. One young person, employed in a Mine, had no other idea of a Supreme Being than 'that he had heard him constantly damned at'; but use the verb to damn, in this horrible connection, with the Fountain Head of Mercy, in the active sense, instead of in the passive one; and make the Deity the nominative case instead of the objective; and how many persons employed in the University of Oxford have their whole faith in, and whole knowledge of, the Maker of the World, presented in a worse and far more impious sentence!

That the answers of persons employed in the said University, to questions put to them by the Sub-Commissioners in the progress of this inquiry, bespoke a moral degradation infinitely lower than any brought to light in Mines and Factories, as may be gathered from the following examples. A vast number of witnesses being interrogated as to what they understood by the words Religion and Salvation, answered Lighted Candles. Some said water; some, bread; others, little boys; others mixed the water, lighted candles, bread, and little boys all up together, and called the compound, Faith. Others again, being asked if they deemed it to be a matter of great interest in Heaven, and of high moment in the vast scale of creation, whether a poor human priest should put on, at a certain time, a white robe or a black one; or should turn his face to the East or to the West; or should bend his knees of clay; or stand, or worm on end upon the earth, said 'Yes, they did': and being further questioned, whether a man could hold such mummeries in his contempt, and pass to everlasting rest, said boldly, 'No.' (*See evidence of Pusey and others.*)

And one boy (quite an old boy, too, who might have known better) being interrogated in a public class, as to whether it was his opinion that a man who professed to go to church was of necessity a better man than one who went to chapel, also answered 'Yes'; which your Commissioners submit, is an example of ignorance, besotted dulness, and obstinacy, wholly

without precedent in the inquiry limited to Mines and Factories; and is such as the system of labour adopted in the University of Oxford could alone produce. (*See evidence of Inglis.*) In the former Commission, one boy anticipated all examination by volunteering the remark, 'that he warn't no judge of nuffin'; but the persons employed in the University of Oxford, almost to a man, concur in saying 'that they ain't no judges of nuffin' (with the unimportant exception of other men's souls); and that, believing in the divine ordination of any minister to whom they may take a fancy, 'they ain't answerable for nuffin to nobody'; which your Commissioners again submit is an infinitely worse case, and is fraught with much greater mischief to the general welfare. (*See the evidence in general.*)

We humbly represent to your Majesty that the persons who give these answers, and hold these opinions, and are in this alarming state of ignorance and bigotry, have it in their power to do much more evil than the other ill-qualified teachers of Young Persons employed in Mines and Factories, inasmuch as those were voluntary instructors of youth, who can be removed at will, and as the public improvement demands, whereas these are the appointed Sunday teachers of the empire, forced by law upon your Majesty's subjects, and not removable for incompetence or misconduct otherwise than by certain overseers called Bishops, who are, in general, more incompetent and worse conducted than themselves. Wherefore it is our loyal duty to recommend to your Majesty that the pecuniary, social, and political privileges now arising from the degradation and debasement of the minds and morals of your Majesty's subjects, be no longer granted to these persons; or at least that if they continue to exercise an exclusive power of conferring Learned degrees and distinctions, the titles of the same be so changed and altered, that they may in some degree express the tenets in right of which they are bestowed. And this, we suggest to your Majesty, may be done without any great violation of the true Conservative principle: inasmuch as the initial letters of the present degrees (not by any means the least important

parts of them) may still be retained as Bachelor of Absurdity, Master of Arrogance, Doctor of Church Lunacy, and the like.

All which we humbly certify to your Majesty.

THOMAS TOOKE (L.S.)
T. SOUTHWOOD SMITH (L.S.)
LEONARD HORNER (L.S.)
ROBT. J. SAUNDERS (L.S.)

WESTMINSTER, *June* 1, 1843.

IGNORANCE AND CRIME [1]

[APRIL 22, 1848]

A REMARKABLE document, and one suggesting many weighty considerations and supplying much important evidence in reference to the alliance of crime with ignorance, has been recently published by the Government. It is a statement of the number of persons taken into custody by the Metropolitan Police, summarily disposed of, and tried and convicted in the year 1847; to which are appended certain comparative statements from the years 1831 to 1847 inclusive.

In one part of this return the various trades and professions of the various persons taken into custody in the course of the year, are set forth in detail. Although this information is necessarily imperfect, in the absence of an accurate statistical return, set forth side by side with it, of the gross number of persons pursuing each of such trades or professions in the metropolis, it is very curious. Out of a total of between forty-one and forty-two thousand male offenders distributed over seventy-nine trades, twelve thousand four hundred and ten are labourers, of whom one-twelfth offended against the vagrant laws. Next in point of number come sailors, who exceed eighteen hundred. Next, the carpenters, who are about a hundred below the sailors. Next, the shoe-

[1] The Manuscript of this article is in the Dyce and Forster Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum, and bears the title of 'London Crime.' It is here printed from the MS.

makers, who muster some six hundred weaker than the carpenters. Next, the tailors, who are about a hundred in the rear of the shoemakers. Next, the bricklayers, who are again about a hundred below the tailors. And so on down to four sheriff's officers, three clergymen, and one umbrella-maker. Nor are the offences of each class less notable. Thus, of the three clergymen, one is drunk, one disorderly, and one pugilistic; which is exactly the case with the sheriff's officers. The solitary umbrella-maker figures as a murderer. Of five parish officers, one is a suspicious character, one a horse stealer, and three commit assaults. Of sixteen postmen, seven steal money from letters, and six get drunk. Butchers are more disposed to common assaults than to any other class of offence. The chief weakness of carpenters is drunkenness; after that, a disposition to assault the lieges; after that, a tendency to petty larceny. Tailors, as we all know, are disorderly in their drink, and pot-valiant. Female servants are greatly tempted into theft. Ill-paid milliners and dressmakers would seem to lapse the most into such offences as may be supposed to arise from, or lead to, prostitution.

One extraordinary feature of the tables, is the immense number of persons who have no trade or occupation, which may be stated, in round numbers, as amounting to eleven thousand one hundred out of forty-one thousand men, and to seventeen thousand one hundred out of twenty thousand five hundred women. Of this last-mentioned number of women, nine thousand can neither read nor write, eleven thousand can only read, or read and write imperfectly, and only fourteen can read and write well! The proportion of total ignorance, among the men, is as thirteen thousand out of forty-one thousand; only one hundred and fifty out of all that forty-one thousand can read and write well; and no more knowledge than the mere ability to blunder over a book like a little child, or to read and write imperfectly, is possessed by the rest. This state of mental comparison is what has been commonly called 'education' in England for a good many years. And that ill-used word might, quite as reasonably, be employed to express a teapot.

It should be remembered that the very best aspect of this widely diffused ignorance among criminals, is presented through the medium of these returns, and that they are probably unduly favourable to the attainments of these wretched persons. It is one of the properties of ignorance to believe itself wiser than it is. Striking instances are within our knowledge in which this alleged ability to read well, and write a little—appearing to be claimed by offenders in perfect good faith—has proved, on examination, scarcely to include the lowest rudiments of a child's first primer. Of this vast number of women who have no trade or occupation —seventeen thousand out of twenty thousand—it is pretty certain that an immense majority have never been instructed in the commonest household duties, or the plainest use of needle and thread. Every day's experience in our great prisons shows the prevailing ignorance in these respects among the women who are constantly passing and repassing through them, to be scarcely less than their real ignorance of the arts of reading and writing and the moral ends to which they conduce. And in the face of such prodigious facts, sects and denominations of Christians quarrel with each other and leave the prisons full up and ever filling with people who begin to be educated within the prison walls!

The notion that education for the general people is comprised in the faculty of tumbling over words, letter by letter, and syllable by syllable, like the learned pig, or of making staggering pothooks and hangers inclining to the right, has surely had its day by this time, and a long day too. The comfortable conviction that a parrot acquaintance with the Church Catechism and the Commandments is enough shoe-leather for poor pilgrims by the Slough of Despond, sufficient armour against the Giants Slay-Good and Despair, and a sort of Parliamentary train for third-class passengers to the beautiful Gate of the City, must be pulled up by the roots, as its growth will overshadow this land. Side by side with Crime, Disease, and Misery in England, Ignorance is always brooding, and is always certain to be found. The union of Night with Darkness is not more certain and indisputable. Schools of Industry, schools where the simple knowledge

learned from books is made pointedly *useful*, and immediately applicable to the duties and business of life, directly conducive to order, cleanliness, punctuality, and economy—schools where the sublime lessons of the New Testament are made the superstructure to be reared, enduringly, on such foundations; not frittered away piece-meal into harassing intelligibilities, and associated with weariness, languor, and distaste, by the use of the Gospel as a dog's-eared spelling-book, than which nothing in what is called instruction is more common, and nothing more to be condemned—schools on such principles, deep as the lowest depth of Society, and leaving none of its dregs untouched, are the only means of removing the scandal and the danger that beset us in this nineteenth century of our Lord. Their motto they may take from More: 'Let the State prevent vices, and take away the occasions for offences by well ordering its subjects, and not by suffering wickedness to increase, afterward to be punished.'

Old Sir Peter Laurie's sagacity does not appear by these returns to have quite 'put down' suicide yet. It has remained almost as steady, indeed, as if the world rejoiced in no such magnate. Four years ago, the number of metropolitan suicides committed in a twelvemonth was one hundred and fifty-five; last year it was one hundred and fifty-two: not to mention two thousand persons reported last year to the police as lost or missing, of whom only half were found again.

THE CHINESE JUNK

[June 24, 1848]

The shortest road to the Celestial Empire is by the Blackwall railway. You may take a ticket, through and back, for a matter of eighteen pence. With every carriage that is cast off on the road—at Stepney, Limehouse, Poplar, West India docks—thousands of miles of space are cast off too, the flying dream of tiles and chimney-pots, backs of squalid houses, frowzy pieces of waste ground, narrow courts and streets,

swamps, ditches, masts of ships, gardens of dock-weed, and unwholesome little bowers of scarlet beans, whirls away in half a score of minutes. Nothing is left but China.

How the flowery region ever got, in the form of the junk *Keying*, into the latitude and longitude where it is now to be found, is not the least part of the marvel. The crew of Chinamen aboard the *Keying* devoutly believed that their good ship would arrive quite safe, at the desired port, if they only tied red rags enough upon the mast, rudder, and cable. Perhaps they ran short of rag, through bad provision of stores; certain it is, that they had not enough on board to keep them from the bottom, and would most indubitably have gone there, but for such poor aid as could be rendered by the skill and coolness of a dozen English sailors, who brought this extraordinary craft in safety over the wide ocean.

If there be any one thing in the world that it is not at all like, that thing is a ship of any kind. So narrow, so long, so grotesque, so low in the middle, so high at each end (like a China pen-tray), with no rigging, with nowhere to go aloft, with mats for sails, great warped cigars for masts, gaudy dragons and sea monsters disporting themselves from stem to stern, and, on the stern, a gigantic cock of impossible aspect, defying the world (as well he may) to produce his equal—it would look more at home at the top of a public building, at the top of a mountain, in an avenue of trees, or down in a mine, than afloat on the water. Of all unlikely callings with which imagination could connect the Chinese lounging on the deck, the most unlikely and the last would be the mariner's craft. Imagine a ship's crew, without a profile among them, in gauze pinafores and plaited hair; wearing stiff clogs, a quarter of a foot thick in the sole; and lying at night in little scented boxes, like backgammon men or chess pieces, or mother of pearl counters!

The most perplexing considerations obtrude themselves on your mind when you go down in the cabin. As, what became of all those lanterns hanging to the roof, when the junk was out at sea? Whether they dangled there, hanging and beating against each other, like so many jesters' baubles? Whether the idol, Chin Tee, of the eighteen arms, enshrined in a

celestial Puppet Show, in the place of honour, ever tumbled out in heavy weather? Whether the incense and the joss-stick still burnt before her with a faint perfume and a little thread of smoke, while the mighty waves were roaring all around? Whether that preposterous umbrella in the corner was always spread, as being a convenient maritime instrument for walking about the decks with, in a storm? Whether all the cool and shiny little chairs and tables were continually sliding about and bruising each other, and if not, why not? Whether anybody, on the voyage, ever read those two books printed in characters like bird-cages and fly-traps? Whether the Mandarin passenger, He Sing, who had never been ten miles from home in his life before, lying sick on a bamboo couch in a private China closet of his own (where he is now perpetually writing autographs for inquisitive barbarians), ever began to doubt the potency of the goddess of the sea, whose counterfeit presentment, like a flowery monthly nurse, occupies the sailors' joss-house in the second gallery? Whether it is possible that the said Mandarin, or the artist of the ship, Sam Sing, Esquire, R.A., of Canton, *can* ever go ashore without a walking staff of cinnamon, agreeably to the usage of their likenesses in British tea-shops? Above all, whether the hoarse old ocean can ever have been seriously in earnest with this floating toy shop, or merely played with it in lightness of spirit—roughly, but meaning no harm—as the bull did with the china-shop, on St. Patrick's day in the morning?

Here, at any rate, is the doctrine of finality beautifully worked out, and shut up in a corner of a dock near the Whitebait-house at Blackwall, for the edification of men. Thousands of years have passed away since the first Chinese junk was constructed on this model; and the last Chinese junk that was ever launched was none the better for that waste and desert of time. In all that interval, through all the immense extent of the strange kingdom of China—in the midst of its patient and ingenious, but never advancing art, and its diligent agricultural cultivation—not one new twist or curve has been given to a ball of ivory; not one blade of experience has been grown.

The general eye has opened no wider, and seen no farther, than the mimic eye upon this vessel's prow, by means of which she is supposed to find her way; or has been set in the flowery-head to as little purpose, for thousands of years. Sir Robert Inglis, member for the University of Oxford, ought to become Ty Kong or managing man of the *Keying*, and nail the red rag of his party to the mast for ever.

There is no doubt, it appears, that if any alteration took place, in this junk or any other, the Chinese form of government would be destroyed. It has been clearly ascertained by the wise men and lawgivers that to make the cock upon the stern (the Grand Falcon of China) by a feather's breadth a less startling phenomenon, or to bring him within the remotest verge of ornithological possibility, would be to endanger the noblest institutions of the country. For it is a remarkable circumstance in China (which is found to obtain nowhere else) that although its institutions are the perfection of human wisdom, and are the wonder and envy of the world by reason of their stability, they are constantly imperilled in the last degree by very slight occurrences. So, such wonderful contradictions as the neatness of the *Keying's* cups and saucers, and the ridiculous rudeness of her guns and rudder, continue to exist. If any Chinese maritime generation were the wiser for the wisdom of the generation gone before, it is agreed upon by all the Ty Kongs in the navy that the Chinese constitution would immediately go by the board, and that the church of the Chinese Bonzes would be effectually done for.

It is pleasant, coming out from behind the wooden screen that encloses this interesting and remarkable sight (which all who can, should see), to glance upon the mighty signs of life, enterprise, and progress that the great river and its busy banks present. It is pleasant, coming back from China by the Blackwell railway, to think that WE trust no red rags in storms, and burn no joss-sticks before idols; that WE never grope our way by the aid of conventional eyes which have no sight in them; and that, in our civilisation, we sacrifice absurd forms to substantial facts. The ignorant crew of the *Keying* refused to enter on the ship's books, until 'a

considerable amount of silvered paper, tinfoil, and joss-sticks' had been laid in, by the owners, for the purposes of their worship; but OUR seamen—far less our bishops, priests, and deacons—never stand out upon points of silvered paper and tinfoil, or the lighting up of joss-sticks upon altars! Christianity is not Chin-Teeism; and therein all insignificant quarrels as to means, are lost sight of in remembrance of the end.

There is matter for reflection aboard the *Keying* to last the voyage home to England again.

CRUIKSHANK'S 'THE DRUNKARD'S CHILDREN'

[JULY 8, 1848]

A 'SEQUEL TO THE BOTTLE,' [1] seems to us to demand a few words by way of gentle protest. Few men have a better right to erect themselves into teachers of the people than Mr. George Cruikshank. Few men have observed the people as he has done, or know them better; few are more earnestly and honestly disposed to teach them for their good; and there are very, very few artists, in England or abroad, who can approach him in his peculiar and remarkable power.

But this teaching, to last, must be fairly conducted. It must not be all on one side. When Mr. Cruikshank shows us, and shows us so forcibly and vigorously, that side of the medal on which the people in their crimes and faults are stamped, he is bound to help us to a glance at that other side on which the government that forms the people, with all *its* faults and vices, is no less plainly impressed. Drunkenness, as a national horror, is the effect of many causes. Foul smells, disgusting habitations, bad workshops and workshop customs, want of light, air, and water, the absence of all easy means of decency and health, are commonest among its common, everyday, physical causes. The mental weariness

[1] The Drunkard's Children. A Sequel to the Bottle. In eight Plates. By George Cruikshank.

and languor so induced, the want of wholesome relaxation, the craving for *some* stimulus and excitement, which is as much a part of such lives as the sun is; and, last and inclusive of all the rest, ignorance, and the need there is amongst the English people of reasonable, rational training, in lieu of mere parrot-education, or none at all; are its most obvious moral causes. It would be as sound philosophy to issue a series of plates under the title of The Physic Bottle, or the Saline Mixture, and, tracing the history of typhus fever by such means, to refer it all to the gin-shop, as it is to refer Drunkenness thither and to stop there. Drunkenness does not begin there. It has a teeming and reproachful history anterior to that stage; and at the remediable evil in that history, it is the duty of the moralist, if he strikes at all, to strike deep and spare not.

Hogarth avoided the Drunkard's Progress, we conceive, precisely because the causes of drunkenness among the poor were so numerous and widely spread, and lurked so sorrowfully deep and far down in all human misery, neglect, and despair, that even *his* pencil could not bring them fairly and justly into the light. That he was never contented with beginning at the effect, witness the Miser (his shoe newsoled with the binding of his Bible) dead before the Young Rake begins his career; the worldly father, listless daughter, impoverished nobleman, and crafty lawyer in the first plate of the *Marriage à la Mode;* the detestable advances in the Stages of Cruelty; and the progress downward of Thomas Idle! That he did not spare that kind of drunkenness which was of more 'respectable' engenderment, his midnight modern conversation, the election plates, and a crowd of stupid aldermen and other guzzlers, amply testify. But after one immortal journey down Gin Lane, he turned away in grief and sorrow—perhaps in hope of better things one day, from better laws, and schools, and poor men's homes—and went back no more. It is remarkable of that picture, that while it exhibits drunkenness in its most appalling forms, it forces on the attention of the spectator a most neglected, wretched neighbourhood (the same that is only just now cleared away for the extension of Oxford Street) and an unwholesome,

indecent, abject condition of life, worthy to be a Frontispiece to the late Report of the Sanitary Commissioners, made nearly one hundred years afterwards. We have always been inclined to think the purpose of this piece not adequately stated, even by Charles Lamb. 'The very houses seem absolutely reeling,' it is true; but they quite as powerfully indicate some of the more prominent causes of intoxication among the neglected orders of society, as any of its effects. There is no evidence that any of the actors in the dreary scene have ever been much better off than we find them. The best are pawning the commonest necessaries, and tools of their trades, and the worst are homeless vagrants who give us no clue to their having been otherwise in bygone days. All are living and dying miserably. Nobody is interfering for prevention or for cure in the generation going out before us, or the generation coming in. The beadle (the only sober man in the composition except the pawnbroker) is mightily indifferent to the orphan-child crying beside its parent's coffin. The little charity-girls are not so well taught or looked after, but that they can take to dram-drinking already. The church is very prominent and handsome, but coldly surveys these things, in progress underneath the shadow of its tower (it was in the year of grace eighteen hundred and forty-eight that a Bishop of London first came out respecting something wrong in poor men's social accommodations), and is passive in the picture. We take all this to have a meaning, and to the best of our knowledge it has not grown obsolete in a century.

Whereas, to all such considerations Mr. Cruikshank gives the go-by. The hero of the Bottle, and father of these children, lived in undoubted comfort and good esteem until he was some five-and-thirty years of age, when, happening, unluckily, to have a goose for dinner one day in the bosom of his thriving family, he jocularly sent out for a bottle of gin, and persuaded his wife (until then a pattern of neatness and good housewifery) to take a little drop, after the stuffing, from which moment the family never left off drinking gin, and rushed downhill to destruction, very fast.

Entertaining the highest respect for Mr. Cruikshank's

great genius, and no less respect for his motives in these publications, we deem it right on the appearance of a sequel to the Bottle, to protest against this. First, because it is a compromising of a very serious and pressing truth; secondly, because it will, in time, defeat the end these pictures are designed to bring about. There is no class of society so certain to find out their weak place, as the class to which they are especially addressed. It is particularly within their knowledge and experience.

In the present series we trace the brother and sister whom we left in that terrible representation of the father's madness with which the first series closed, through the career of vice and crime then lowering before them. The gin-shop, beer-shop, and dancing-rooms receive them in turn. They are tried for a robbery. The boy is convicted, and sentenced to transportation; the girl acquitted. He dies, prematurely, on board the hulks; and she, desolate and mad, flings herself from London Bridge into the night-darkened river.

The power of this closing scene is extraordinary. It haunts the remembrance, like an awful reality. It is full of passion and terror, and we question whether any other hand could so have rendered it. Nor, although far exceeding all that has gone before, as such a catastrophe should, is it without the strongest support all through the story. The death-bed scene on board the hulks—the convict who is composing the face—and the other who is drawing the screen round the bed's head—are masterpieces, worthy of the greatest painter. The reality of the place, and the fidelity with which every minute object illustrative of it is presented, are quite surprising. But the same feature is remarkable throughout. In the trial scene at the Old Bailey the eye may wander round the court, and observe everything that is a part of the place. The very light and atmosphere of the reality are reproduced with astonishing truth. So in the gin-shop and the beer-shop; no fragment of the fact is indicated and slurred over, but every shred of it is honestly made out. It is curious, in closing the book, to recall the number of faces we have seen that have as much individual character and identity in our remembrance as if we had been looking at

so many living people of flesh and blood. The man behind the bar in the gin-shop, the barristers round the table in court, the convicts already mentioned, will be, like the figures in the pictures of which the Spanish Friar spoke to Wilkie, realities, when thousands of living shadows shall have passed away. May Mr. Cruikshank linger long behind to give us many more of such realities, and to do with simple means, such as are used here, what the whole paraphernalia and resources of Art could not effect, without a master hand!

The Sequel to the Bottle is published at the same price as its predecessor. The eight large plates may be bought for a shilling!

THE NIGER EXPEDITION

[August 19, 1848]

It might be laid down as a very good general rule of social and political guidance, that whatever Exeter Hall champions, is the thing by no means to be done. If it were harmless on a cursory view, if it even appeared to have some latent grain of common-sense at the bottom of it—which is a very rare ingredient in any of the varieties of gruel that are made thick and slab by the weird old women who go about, and exceedingly roundabout, on the Exeter Hall platform—such advocacy might be held to be a final and fatal objection to it, and to any project capable of origination in the wisdom or folly of man.

The African Expedition, of which these volumes [1] contain the melancholy history, is in no respect an exception to the rule. Exeter Hall was hot in its behalf, and it failed. Exeter Hall was hottest on its weakest and most hopeless objects, and in those it failed (of course) most signally.

[1] 'Narrative of the Expedition sent by Her Majesty's Government to the River Niger in 1841, under the command of Captain H. D. Trotter, R.N.' By Captain William Allen, R.N., Commander of H.M.S. *Wilberforce*, and T. R. H. Thomson, M.D., one of the medical officers of the Expedition. Published with the sanction of the Colonial Office and the Admiralty. Two vols. Bentley.

Not, as Captain Allen justly claims for himself and his gallant comrades, not through any want of courage and self-devotion on the part of those to whom it was entrusted—the sufferings of all, the deaths of many, the dismal wear and tear of stout frames and brave spirits, sadly attest the fact; —but because, if the ends sought to be attained are to be won, they must be won by other means than the exposure of inestimable British lives to certain destruction by an enemy against which no gallantry can contend, and the enactment of a few broad farces for the entertainment of a King Obi, King Boy, and other such potentates, whose respect for the British force is, doubtless, likely to be very much enhanced by their relishing experience of British credulity in such representations, and our perfect impotency in opposition to their climate, their falsehood, and deceit.

The main ends to be attained by the Expedition were these: The abolition, in great part, of the Slave-Trade, by means of treaties with native chiefs, to whom were to be explained the immense advantages of general unrestricted commerce with Great Britain in lieu thereof; the substitution of free for slave labour in the dominions of those chiefs; the introduction into Africa of an improved system of agricultural cultivation; the abolition of human sacrifices; the diffusion among those Pagans of the true doctrines of Christianity; and a few other trifling points, no less easy of attainment. A glance at this short list, and a retrospective glance at the great number of generations during which they have all been comfortably settled in our own civilised land, never more to be the subjects of dispute, will tend to materially remove any aspect of slight difficulty they may present. To make the treaties, certain officers of the Expedition were constituted her Majesty's Commissioners. To render them attractive to the native chiefs, a store of presents was provided. And to enforce them, 'one or more small forts' were to be built, on land to be bought for the purpose on the banks of the Niger; which forts were 'to assist in the abolition of the Slave-Trade, and further the innocent trade of her Majesty's subjects.' The Niger was to be explored, the resources and productions of the country were to be inquired

into and reported on, and various important and scientific observations, astronomical, geographical, and otherwise, were to be made; but these were by the way. A Model Farm was to be established by an agricultural society at home; and besides allowing stowage-room on board ship for its various stores, implements, etc., the Admiralty granted a free passage to Mr. Alfred Carr, a West Indian gentleman of colour, engaged as its superintendent. By all these means combined, as Dr. Lushington and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton wrote to Lord John Russell, who was then Colonial Secretary, the people of Africa were 'to be awakened to a proper sense of their own degradation.'

On this awakening mission three vessels were appointed. They were flat-bottomed iron steam vessels, built for the purpose. The *Albert* and the *Wilberforce*, each 139 feet 4 inches in length, and 27 feet in breadth of beam, and drawing 6 feet water, were in all respects exactly alike. The *Soudan*, intended for detached service, was much smaller, and drew a foot and a half less water. They were very ingeniously conceived, with certain rudder-tails and sliding keels for sea service; but they performed most unaccountable antics in bad weather, and had a perverse tendency to go to leeward, which nothing would conquer. Dr. Reid fitted them up with what 'My Lords' describe as an ingenious and costly ventilating apparatus, the preparation of which occasioned a loss of much valuable time, and the practical effect of which was to suffocate the crews. 'That truly amiable Prince,' the Prince Consort, came on board at Woolwich, and gave a handsome gold chronometer to each of the three captains. The African Civilisation Society came down with a thousand pounds. The Church of England Missionary Society provided a missionary and a catechist. Exeter Hall, in a ferment, was for ever blocking up the gangway. At last, on the 12th of May 1841, at half-past six in the morning, the line of battleships anchored in Plymouth Sound gave three cheers to the Expedition as it steamed away, unknowing, for 'the Gate of the Cemetery.' Such was the sailors' name, thereafter, for the entrance to the fatal river whither they were bound.

At Sierra Leone, in the middle of June following, the interpreters were taken on board, together with some liberated Africans, their wives and children, who were engaged there by Mr. Carr, as labourers on the Model Farm. Also a large gang of Krumen to assist in working the vessels, and to save the white men as much as possible from exposure to the sun and heavy rains. Of these negroes—a faithful, cheerful, active, affectionate race—a very interesting account is given; which seems to render it clear that they, under civilised direction, are the only hopeful human agents to whom recourse can ultimately be had for aid in working out the slow and gradual raising up of Africa. Those eminent Krumen, Jack Frying Pan, King George, Prince Albert, Jack Sprat, Bottle-of-Beer, Tom Tea Kettle, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and some four-score others, enrolled themselves on the ships' books, here, under Jack Andrews, their head man; and these being joined, at Cape Palmas, by Jack Smoke, Captain Allen's faithful servant and attendant in sickness in his former African expedition, the complement was complete. Thence the Expedition made for Cape Coast Castle, where much valuable assistance was derived from Governor MacLean; and thence for the Nun branch of the Niger—the Gate of the Cemetery.[1]

[1] Most English readers will be as unwilling as the manly writers of these volumes, to leave one spot at Cape Coast Castle without a word of remembrance.

'In passing across the square within the walls, an object of deep interest presents itself in the little space containing all that was mortal of the late Mrs. McLean; the once well-known, amiable, and accomplished. L. E. L. A plain marble slab, bearing the following inscription, is placed over the spot:

Hic jacet sepultum,
Omne quod mortale fuit
Letitiæ Elizabethæ McLean,
Quam egregia ornatam indole, Musis
Unice amatam. Omniumque amores
Secum trahentem; in ipso etatis flore,
Mors immatura rapuit.
Die Octobris xv., mdcccxxxviii. Ætatis xxxvi.
Quod spectas viator marmor vanum
Heu doloris monumentum
Conjux mærens erexit.

After a fortnight's voyage up the river the royal residence of King Obi was reached. A solemn conference with this sovereign was soon afterwards held on board the *Albert*. His Majesty was dressed in a sergeant-major's coat, given him by Lander, and a loose pair of scarlet trousers, presented to him on the same occasion, and a conical black velvet cap was stuck on his head in a slanting manner. The following extracts describe the process of

TREATY-MAKING WITH OBI.

On being shown to the after-part of the quarter-deck, where seats were provided for himself and the Commissioners, he sat down to collect his scattered ideas, which appeared to be somewhat bewildered; and after a few complimentary remarks from Captain Trotter and the other Commissioners, the conference was opened.

Captain Trotter, Senior Commissioner, explained to Obi Osaï, that her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain had sent him and the three other gentlemen composing the Commission, to endeavour to enter into treaties with African chiefs for the abolition of the trade in human beings, which her Majesty and all the British nation held to be an injustice to their fellow-creatures, and repugnant to the laws of God; that the vessels which he saw were not trading-ships, but belonging to our Queen, and were sent, at great expense, expressly to convey the Commissioners appointed by her Majesty, for the purpose of carrying out her benevolent intentions, for the benefit of Africa. Captain Trotter therefore requested the King to give a patient hearing to what the Commissioners had to say to him on the subject.

Obi expressed himself through his interpreter, or 'mouth,' much gratified at our visit; that he understood what was said, and would pay attention.

The Commissioners then explained that the principal object in inviting him to a conference was, to point out the injurious effects to himself and to his people of the practice of selling their slaves, thus depriving themselves of their services for ever, for

'The beams of the setting sun throw a rich but subdued colouring over the place, and as we stood in sad reflection on the fate of the gifted poetess, some fine specimens of the *Hirundo Senegalensis*, or African swallow, fluttered gracefully about, as if to keep watch over a spot sacred indeed to the Muses; while the noise of the surf, breaking on the not distant shore, seemed to murmur a requiem over departed genius.'

a trifling sum; whereas, if these slaves were kept at home, and employed in the cultivation of the land, in collecting palm oil, or other productions of the country for commerce, they would prove a permanent source of revenue. Obi replied, that he was very willing to do away with the slave-trade *if a better traffic could be substituted.*

COMMISSIONERS.—Does Obi sell slaves from his own dominions?

OBI.—No; they come from countries far away.

COMMISSIONERS.—Does Obi make war to procure slaves?

OBI.—When other chiefs quarrel with me and make war, I take all I can as slaves.

COMMISSIONERS.—What articles of trade are best suited to your people, or what would you like to be brought to your country?

OBI.—Cowries, cloth, muskets, powder, handkerchiefs, coral beads, hats—anything from the white man's country will please.

COMMISSIONERS.—You are the King of this country, as our Queen is the sovereign of Great Britain; but she does not wish to trade with you; she only desires that her subjects may trade fairly with yours. Would they buy salt?

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—The Queen of England's subjects would be glad to trade for raw cotton, indigo, ivory, gums, camwood. Now have your people these things to offer in return for English trade goods?

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—Englishmen will bring everything to trade but rum or spirits, which are injurious. If you induce your subjects to cultivate the ground, you will all become rich; but if you sell slaves, the land will not be cultivated, and you will become poorer by the traffic. If you do all these things which we advise you for your own benefit, our Queen will grant you, for your own profit and revenue, one out of every twenty articles sold by British subjects in the Abòh territory; so that the more you persuade your people to exchange native produce for British goods, the richer you will become. You will then have a regular profit, enforced by treaty, instead of trusting to a 'dash' or present, which depends on the willingness of the traders.

OBI.—I will agree to discontinue the slave-trade, but I expect the English to bring goods for traffic.

COMMISSIONERS.—The Queen's subjects cannot come here to trade, unless they are certain of a proper supply of your produce.

OBI.—I have plenty of palm oil.

COMMISSIONERS.—Mr. Schön, missionary, will explain to you in the Ibu language what the Queen wishes, and if you do not understand, it shall be repeated.

Mr. Schön began to read the address drawn up for the purpose of showing the different tribes what the views of the Expedition were; but Obi soon appeared to be tired of a palaver which lasted so much longer than those to which he was accustomed. He manifested some impatience, and at last said: 'I have made you a promise to drop this slave-trade, and do not wish to hear anything more about it.'

COMMISSIONERS.—Our Queen will be much pleased if you do, and you will receive the presents which she sent for you. When people in the white man's country sign a treaty or agreement, they always abide by it. The Queen cannot come to speak to you, Obi Osaï, but she sends us to make the treaty for her.

OBI.—I can only engage my word for my own country.

COMMISSIONERS.—You cannot sell your slaves if you wish, for our Queen has many warships at the mouth of the river, and Spaniards are afraid to come and buy there.

OBI.—I understand.

He seemed to be highly amused on our describing the difficulties the slave-dealers have to encounter in the prosecution of the trade; and on one occasion he laughed immoderately when told that our cruisers often captured slave-ships, with the cargo on board. We suspected, however, that much of his amusement arose from his knowing that slaves were shipped off at parts of the coast little thought of by us. The abundance of Brazilian rum in Abòh showed that they often traded with nations who have avowedly no other object.

It is not difficult to imagine that Obi was 'highly amused' with the whole 'palaver,' except when the recollection of its interposing between him and the presents made him restless. For nobody knew better than Obi what a joke it all was, as the result very plainly showed.

Some of the presents were now brought in, which Obi looked at with evident pleasure. His anxiety to examine them completed his inattention to the rest of the palaver.

COMMISSIONERS.—These are not all the presents that will be given to you. We wish to know if you are willing to stop boats carrying slaves through the waters of your dominions?

OBI.—Yes, very willing; except those I do not see.

COMMISSIONERS.—Also to prevent slaves being carried over your land?

OBI.—Certainly; but the English must furnish me and my people with arms, as my doing so will involve me in war with my neighbours.

Obi then retired for a short time to consult with his headmen.

COMMISSIONERS (*on his return*).—Have you power to make an agreement with the Commissioners in the name of all your subjects?

OBI.—I am the King. What I say is law. Are there two Kings in England? There is only one here.

COMMISSIONERS.—Understanding you have sovereign power, can you seize slaves on the river?

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—You must set them free.

OBI.—Yes (*snapping his fingers several times*).

COMMISSIONERS.—The boats must be destroyed.

OBI.—I will break the canoe, but kill no one.

COMMISSIONERS.—Suppose a man of war takes a canoe, and it is proved to be a slaver, the officer's word must be taken by the King. You, Obi, or some one for you, can be present to see justice done.

OBI.—I understand.

COMMISSIONERS.—Any new men coming henceforth to Abòh are not to be made slaves.

OBI.—Very good.

COMMISSIONERS.—If any King, or other person, sends down slaves, Obi must not buy them.

OBI.—I will not go to market to sell slaves.

COMMISSIONERS.—Any white men that are enslaved are to be made free.

The Commissioners here alluded to the case of the Landers, and asked Obi if he did not remember the circumstance of their being detained some time as slaves. Obi, turning round to his sons and headmen, appealed to them, and then denied all knowledge of Lander's detention.

COMMISSIONERS.—British people who settle in Abòh must be treated as friends, in the same way as Obi's subjects would be if they were in England.

OBI.—What you say to me I will hold fast and perform.

COMMISSIONERS.—People may come here, and follow their own religion without annoyance? Our countrymen will be happy to teach our religion, without which blessing we should not be prosperous as a nation as we now are.

OBI.—Yes, let them come; we shall be glad to hear them.

COMMISSIONERS.—British people may trade with your people; but whenever it may be in Abòh, one-twentieth part of the goods sold is to be given to the King. Are you pleased with this?

OBI.—Yes—'makka.'—It is good (*snapping his fingers*).

COMMISSIONERS.—Is there any road from Abòh to Benìn?

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—They must all be open to the English.

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—All the roads in England are open alike to all foreigners.

OBI.—In this way of trade I am agreeable.

COMMISSIONERS.—Will Obi let the English build, cultivate, buy and sell, without annoyance?

OBI.—Certainly.

COMMISSIONERS.—If your people do wrong to them, will you punish them?

OBI.—They shall be judged, and if guilty, punished.

COMMISSIONERS.—When the English do wrong, Obi must send word to an English officer, who will come and hold a palaver. You must not punish white people.

OBI.—I assent to this. (*He now became restless and impatient.*)

COMMISSIONERS.—If your people contract debts with the English, they must be made to pay them.

OBI.—They shall be punished if they do not.

COMMISSIONERS.—The Queen may send an agent?

OBI.—If any Englishman comes to reside, I will show him the best place to build a house and render him every assistance.

. . . . . .

COMMISSIONERS.—Obi must also give every facility for forwarding letters, etc., down the river, so that the English officer who receives them may give a receipt, and also a reward for sending them.

OBI.—Very good (*snapping his fingers*).

COMMISSIONERS.—Have you any opportunity of sending to Bonny?

OBI.—I have some misunderstanding with the people intermediate between Abòh and Bonny; but I can do it through the Brass people.

COMMISSIONERS.—Will you agree to supply men of war with firewood, provisions, etc, etc., at a fair and reasonable price?

OBI.—Yes, certainly.

The Commissioners requested Mr. Schön, the respected missionary, *to state to King Obi, in a concise manner, the difference between the Christian religion and heathenism,* together with some description of the settlement at Sierra Leone.

Mr. Schön.—There is but one God.

Obi.—*I always understood there were two.*[1]

Mr. Schön recapitulated the Decalogue and the leading truths of the Christian faith, and then asked Obi if this was not a good religion, to which he replied, with a snap of his fingers, 'Yes, very good' (makka).

Obi concluded the conference by remarking very emphatically 'that he wanted this palaver settled; that he was tired of so much talking, and that he wished to go on shore.' He finally said, with great impatience, 'that this Slave Palaver was all over now, and he didn't wish to hear anything more of it.'

The upshot of the Slave Palaver was, that Obi agreed to every article of the proposed treaty, and plighted his troth to it then and there amidst a prodigious beating of tom-toms, which lasted all night. Of course he broke the treaty on the first opportunity (being one of the falsest rascals in Africa), and went on slave-dealing vigorously. When the expedition became helpless and disabled, newly captured slaves, chained down to the bottom of canoes, were seen passing along the river in the heart of this same Obi's dominions.

The following is curious:—

Obi on Capital Punishment

28*th.* Agreeably to his promise, Obi Osaï went on board the *Albert* this morning, where he was received by Captain Trotter and the Commissioners, with whom he breakfasted. His dress was not so gay as on his visit of yesterday, being merely a cotton jacket and trousers, much in want of a laundress, a red cap on his head, and some strings of coral, and teeth of wild beasts, round his neck, wrists, and ankles. He entered frankly into the views previously explained to him, and assented unhesitatingly to all

[1] Some former traveller—Lander, perhaps—had possibly bewildered Obi with the Athanasian Creed.

required from him. It was, however, necessary that the Treaty, which had been drawn upon the basis of the draft furnished by Lord John Russell, with the addition of some articles relating especially to the free navigation of the river, should be again read and explained to Obi and his principal headmen, especially the heir-presumptive and the chief Ju-juman, much to their annoyance; and as all this occupied a long while, apparently to very little purpose, he completely turned against ourselves the charge we made against the black people—of not knowing the value of time. In agreeing to the additional article, binding the Chief and his people to the discontinuance of the horrid custom of sacrificing human beings, Obi very reasonably inquired what should be done with those who might deserve death as punishment for the commission of great crimes.

Something very like this question of Obi's has been asked, once or twice, by the very Government which sent out these 'devil-ships,' or steamers, to remodel his affairs for him; and the point has not been settled yet.

Now let us review this Diplomacy for a moment. Obi, though a savage in a sergeant-major's coat, may claim with Master Slender, and perhaps with better reason, to be not altogether an ass. Obi knows, to begin with, that the English Government maintains a blockade, the object of which is to prevent the exportation of slaves from his native coasts, and which is inefficient and absurd. The very mention of it sets him a-laughing. Obi, sitting on the quarter-deck of the *Albert*, looking slyly out from under his savage forehead and his conical cap, sees before him her Majesty's white Commissioners from the distant blockade-country gravely propounding, at one sitting, a change in the character of his people (formed, essentially, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, by the soil they work on and the air they breathe)—the substitution of a religion it is utterly impossible he can appreciate or understand, be the mutual interpretation never so exact and never so miraculously free from confusion, for that in which he has been bred, and with which his priest and jugglers subdue his subjects, the entire subversion of his whole barbarous system of trade and revenue—and the uprooting, in a word, of all his, and his nation's, preconceived ideas, methods, and customs. In return for this, the

white men are to trade with him by means of ships that are to come there one day or other; and are to quell infractions of the treaty by means of other white men, who are to learn how to draw the breath of life there, by some strong charm they certainly have not discovered yet. Can it be supposed that on this earth there lives a man who better knows than Obi, leering round upon the river's banks, the dull dead mangrove trees, the slimy and decaying earth, the rotting vegetation, that these are shadowy promises and shadowy threats, which he may give to the hot winds? In any breast in the white group about him, is there a dark presentiment of death (the pestilential air is heavier already with such whispers, to some noble hearts) half so certain as this savage's foreknowledge of the fate fast closing in? In the mind's eye of any officer or seaman looking on, is there a picture of the bones of white men bleaching in a pestilential land, and of the timbers of their poor, abandoned, pillaged ships, showing, on the shore, like gigantic skeletons, half so vivid as Obi's? 'Too much palaver,' says Obi, with good reason. 'Give me the presents and let me go home, and beat my tom-toms all night long for joy!'

Yet these were the means by which the African people were to be awakened to a proper sense of their own degradation. For the conclusion of such treaties with such powers, the useful lives of scholars, students, mariners, and officers—more precious than a wilderness of Africans—were thrown away!

There was another monarch at another place on the Niger, a certain Attàh of Iddàh, 'whose feet, enclosed in very large red leather boots, surrounded with little bells, dangled carelessly over the side of the throne,' who spoke through a State functionary, called the King's mouth, and who had this very orthodox notion of the Divine right: 'God made me after His image; I am all the same as God; and He appointed me a King.' With this good old sovereign a similar scene was enacted; and he, too, promised everything that was asked, and was particularly importunate to see the presents. He also was very much amused by the missionary's spectacles, it was supposed; and as royalty in these parts must not smile

in public, the fan-bearers found it necessary to hide his face very often. The Attàh dines alone—like the Pope—and is equally infallible. Some land for the Model Farm was purchased of him, and the settlement established. The reading of the deed was very patiently attended to, 'unless,' say the writers of these volumes, with the frankness which distinguishes them—'unless we mistook apathy for such a laudable bearing.'

So much is done towards the great awakening of the African people. By this time the Expedition has been in the river five weeks; fever has appeared on board of all the ships in the river; for the last three days especially it has progressed with terrible rapidity. On board the *Soudan* only six persons can move about. On board the *Albert* the assistant surgeon lies at the point of death. On board the *Wilberforce* several are nearly at the same pass. Another day, and sixty in all are sick, and thirteen dead. 'Nothing but muttering delirium or suppressed groans are heard on every side on board the vessels.' Energy of character and strength of hope are lost, even among those not yet attacked. One officer, remarkable for fortitude and resignation, burst into tears on being addressed, and being asked the reason, replies that it is involuntary weakness produced by the climate; though it afterwards appears that, 'in addition to this cause, he has been disheartened, during a little repose snatched from his duties, by a feverish dream of home and family.' An anxious consultation is held. Captain Trotter decides to send the sick back to the sea, in the *Soudan*, but Captain Allen knows the river will begin to fall straightway, and that the most unhealthy season will set in, and places his opinion on record that the ships had better all return, and make no further effort at that time to ascend the river.

Departure of the Sick

The *Soudan* was accordingly got ready with the utmost possible despatch to receive her melancholy cargo, and Commander W. Allen was directed to send his sick on board. That officer, however, feeling perfectly convinced from his former experience of the river, that in a very short time H.M.S. *Wilberforce* would

be reduced to the necessity of following the *Soudan*, requested permission to send such only of the sick as might desire to go; especially as he considered—in which his surgeon, Dr. Pritchett, concurred—that the removal of the men in the state in which they were would be attended with great risk. Only six expressed a wish to leave; the others, sixteen in number, preferred to remain by their ship. One man, on being asked whether he would like to go, said he thought we had got into a very bad place, and the sooner we were out of it the better, but he would stay by his ship.

In order to have as much air as possible for the sufferers, and to keep them from the other men, Commander W. Allen had a large screened berth fitted on the upper deck, in the middle of the vessel, well protected from the sun and the dews at night, by thick awnings, from which was suspended a large punkah.

Sunday, 19th.—The *Soudan* came alongside the *Wilberforce* to receive our invalids, who took a melancholy farewell of their officers and messmates.

Prayers were read to the crews of both vessels. It was an affecting scene. The whole of one side of the little vessel was covered with invalids, and the cabins were full of officers; there was, indeed, no room for more.

The separation from so many of our companions under such circumstances could not be otherwise than painful to all;—the only cheering feature was in the hope that the attenuated beings who now departed would soon be within the influence of a more favourable climate, and that we might meet under happier auspices.

In a short time the steam was got up, and our little consort—watched by many commiserating eyes—rapidly glided out of view.

Only two or three days have elapsed since this change was effected, and now the *Wilberforce* has thirty-two men sick of the fever, leaving only thirteen, officers and seamen, capable of duty. She, too, returns to the sea, on Captain Allen's renewed protest and another council; and the *Albert* goes on up the melancholy river alone.

The 'Wilberforce' on her return

We proceeded through these narrow and winding reaches with feelings very different to those we experienced in ascending the river. Then the elasticity of health and hope gave to the scenery

a colouring of exceeding loveliness. The very silence and solitude had a soothing influence which invited to meditation and pleasing anticipations for the future. Now it was the stillness of death,—broken only by the strokes and echoes of our paddle-wheels and the melancholy song of the leadsmen, which seemed the knell and dirge of our dying comrades. The palm-trees, erst so graceful in their drooping leaves, were now gigantic hearse-like plumes.

So she drops down to Fernando Po, where the *Soudan* is lying, on whose small and crowded decks death has been, and is still, busy. Commanding-officer, surgeons, seamen, engineers, marines, all sick, many dead. Captain Allen, with the sick on board the *Wilberforce*, sails for Ascension, as a last hope of restoring the sick; and the *Soudan* is sent back to assist the *Albert*. She meets her coming out of the Gate of the Cemetery; thus:

THE 'ALBERT' ON HER RETURN

It was a lovely morning, and the scenery about the river looked very beautiful, affording a sad contrast to the dingy and deserted look of the *Albert*.

Many were, of course, the painful surmises as to the fate of those on board. On approaching, however, the melancholy truth was soon told. The fever had been doing its direst work; several were dead, many dying, and of all the officers, but two, Drs. McWilliam and Stanger, were able to move about. The former presented himself and waved his hand, and one emaciated figure was seen to be raised up for a second. This was Captain Trotter, who in his anxiety to look at the *Soudan* again, had been lifted out of his cot.

A spectacle more full of painful contemplation could scarcely have been witnessed. Slowly and portentously, like a plague-ship filled with its dead and dying, onwards she moved in charge of her generous pilot, Mr. Beecroft. Who would have thought that little more than two months previously she had entered that same river with an enterprising crew, full of life, and buoyant with bright hopes of accomplishing the objects on which all had so ardently entered?

The narrative of the *Albert's* solitary voyage, which occu-

pied about a month, is given from the journal of Dr. McWilliam, and furnishes, to our thinking, one of the most remarkable instances of quiet courage and unflinching constancy of purpose that is to be found in any book of travel ever written. The sickness spreading, Captain Trotter falling very ill, officers, engineers, and men lying alike disabled, and the *Albert's* head turned, in the necessity of despair, once more towards the sea, the two doctors on board, Dr. McWilliam and Dr. Stanger—names that should ever be memorable and honoured in the history of truly heroic enterprise—took upon themselves, in addition to the duty of attending the sick, the task of navigating the ship down the river. The former took charge of her, the latter worked the engines, and, both persevering by day and night—through all the horrors of such a voyage, with their friends raving and dying around them, and some, in the madness of the fever, leaping overboard—brought her in safety to the sea. We would fain hope this feat would live, in Dr. McWilliam's few, plain, and modest words; and, better yet, in the grateful remembrance handed down by the survivors of this fatal expedition; when the desperate and cruel of whole generations of the world shall have fallen into oblivion.

Calling at the Model Farm as they came down the Niger, they found the superintendent, Mr. Carr, and the schoolmaster and gardener—both Europeans—lying prostrate with fever. These were taken on board the *Albert* and brought away for the restoration of their health; and the settlement—now mustering about forty natives, in addition to the people brought from Sierra Leone—was left in the charge of one Ralph Moore, an American negro emigrant.

The rest of the sad story is soon told. The sea-breeze blew too late on many wasted forms, to shed its freshness on them for their restoration, and Death, Death, Death was aboard the *Albert* day and night. Captain Trotter, as the only means of saving his life, was with difficulty prevailed on to return to England; and after a long delay at Ascension and in the Bay of Amboises (in the absence of instructions from the Colonial Office), and when the Expedition, under Captain Allen, was on the eve of another hopeless at-

tempt to ascend the Niger, it was ordered home. It being necessary to revisit the Model Farm, in obedience to orders, Lieutenant Webb, Captain Allen's first officer, immediately volunteered for that service; and with the requisite number of officers, and a black crew, took command of the *Wilberforce*, and once again went boldly up the fatal Niger. Disunion and dismay were rife at the Model Farm, on their arrival there; Mr. Carr, who had returned from Fernando Po when restored to health, had been murdered—by direction of 'King Boy,' it would appear, and not without strong suspicion of co-operation on the part of our friend Obi—and the settlement was abandoned. Obi (though he is somewhat unaccountably complimented by Dr. McWilliam) came out in his true colours on the *Wilberforce's* return, and, not being by any means awakened to a proper sense of his own degradation, appears to have evinced an amiable intention of destroying the crew and seizing the ship. Being baffled in this design, however, by the coolness and promptitude of Lieutenant Webb and his officers, the white men happily left him behind in his own country, where he is no doubt ready at this moment, if still alive, to enter into any treaty that may be proposed to him, with presents to follow; and to be highly amused again on the subject of the slave-trade, and to beat his tom-toms all night long for joy.

The fever, which wrought such terrible desolation in this and the preceding Expedition, becomes a subject of painful interest to the readers of these volumes. The length to which our notice has already extended, prevents our extracting, as we had purposed, the account of it which is given in the present narrative. Of the predisposing causes, little can be positively stated; for the most delicate chemical tests failed to detect, in the air or water, the presence of those deleterious gases which were very confidently supposed to exist in both. It is preceded either by a state of great prostration, or great excitement, and unnatural indifference; it develops itself on board ship about the fifteenth day after the ascent of the river is commenced; a close and sultry atmosphere without any breeze stirring, is the atmosphere most unfavourable to it; it appears to yield to calomel in the first instance, and

strong doses of quinine afterwards, more than to any other remedies; and it is remarkable that in cases of 'total abstinence' patients, it seems from the first to be hopelessly and surely fatal.

The history of this Expedition is the history of the Past, in reference to the heated visions of philanthropists for the railroad Christianisation of Africa, and the abolition of the Slave-Trade. May no popular cry, from Exeter Hall or elsewhere, ever make it, as to one single ship, the history of the Future! Such means are useless, futile, and we will venture to add—in despite of hats broad-brimmed or shovel-shaped, and coats of drab or black, with collars or without—wicked. No amount of philanthropy has a right to waste such valuable life as was squandered here, in the teeth of all experience and feasible pretence of hope. Between the civilised European and the barbarous African there is a great gulf set.

The air that brings life to the latter brings death to the former. In the mighty revolutions of the wheel of time, some change in this regard may come about; but in this age of the world, all the white armies and white missionaries of the world would fall, as withered reeds, before the rolling of one African river. To change the customs even of civilised and educated men, and impress them with new ideas, is—we have good need to know it—a most difficult and slow proceeding; but to do this by ignorant and savage races, is a work which, like the progressive changes of the globe itself, requires a stretch of years that dazzles in the looking at. It is not, we conceive, within the likely providence of God, that Christianity shall start to the banks of the Niger, until it shall have overflowed all intervening space. The stone that is dropped into the ocean of ignorance at Exeter Hall, must make its widening circles, one beyond another, until they reach the negro's country in their natural expansion. There is a broad, dark sea between the Strand in London and the Niger, where those rings are not yet shining; and through all that space they must appear, before the last one breaks upon the shore of Africa. Gently and imperceptibly the widening circle of enlightenment must stretch and stretch, from man to

man, from people on to people, until there is a girdle round the earth; but no convulsive effort, or far-off aim, can make the last great outer circle first, and then come home at leisure to trace out the inner one. Believe it, African Civilisation, Church of England Missionary, and all other Missionary Societies! The work at home must be completed thoroughly, or there is no hope abroad. To your tents, O Israel! but see they are your own tents! Set *them* in order; leave nothing to be done *there;* and outpost will convey your lesson on to outpost, until the naked armies of King Obi and King Boy are reached and taught. Let a knowledge of the duty that man owes to man, and to his God, spread thus, by natural degrees and growth of example, to the outer shores of Africa, and it will float in safety up the rivers, never fear!

We will not do injustice to Captain Allen's scheme of future operations, by reproducing it, shorn of its fair proportions. As a most distinguished officer and a highly accomplished gentleman, than whom there is no one living so well entitled to be heard on all that relates to Africa, it merits, and assuredly will receive, great attention. We are not, on the ground we have just now indicated, so sanguine as he; but there is sound wisdom in his idea of approaching the black man through the black man, and in his conviction that he can only be successfully approached by a studied reference to the current of his own opinions and customs instead of ours. So true is this, that it is doubtful whether any European save Bruce—who had a perfectly marvellous genius for accommodating himself, not only to the African character, but to every variety of character with which he came in contact—has ever truly won to himself a mingled sentiment of confidence, respect, and fear in that country. So little has our government profited by his example, that one of the foremost objects of this very Expedition is to repeat the self-same mistake with which Clapperton so astonished the King Boy and King Obi of his time, by running head foremost at the abolition of the Slave-Trade; which, of all possible objects, is the most inconceivable, unpalatable, and astounding to these barbarians!

Captain Allen need be under no apprehension that the

failure of the Expedition will involve his readers in any confusion as to the sufferings and deserts of those who sacrificed themselves to achieve its unattainable objects. No generous mind can peruse this narrative without a glow of admiration and sympathy for himself and all concerned. The quiet spot by Lander's tomb, lying beyond the paths of guava and the dark-leaved trees, where old companions dear to his heart lie buried side by side beneath the sombre and almost impenetrable brushwood, is not to be ungratefully remembered, or lightly forgotten. Though the African is not yet awakened to a proper sense of his degradation, the resting-place of those brave men is sacred, and their history a solemn truth.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE

[DECEMBER 9, 1848]

JUDGING from certain indications scattered here and there in this book,[1] we presume that its author would not consider himself complimented by the remark that we are perhaps indebted for the publication of such a work to the author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, who, by rendering the general subject popular, and awakening an interest and spirit of inquiry in many minds, where these had previously lain dormant, has created a reading public—not exclusively scientific or philosophical—to whom such offerings can be hopefully addressed. This, however, we believe to be the case; and in this, as we conceive, the writer of that remarkable and well-abused book has not rendered his least important service to his own time.

The design of Mr. Hunt's volume is striking and good. To show that the facts of science are at least as full of poetry, as the most poetical fancies ever founded on an imperfect observation and a distant suspicion of them (as, for example, among the ancient Greeks); to show that if the

[1] The Poetry of Science, or Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature. By Robert Hunt. Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

Dryades no longer haunt the woods, there is, in every forest, in every tree, in every leaf, and in every ring on every sturdy trunk, a beautiful and wonderful creation, always changing, always going on, always bearing testimony to the stupendous workings of Almighty Wisdom, and always leading the student's mind from wonder on to wonder, until he is wrapt and lost in the vast worlds of wonder by which he is surrounded from his cradle to his grave; it is a purpose worthy of the natural philosopher, and salutary to the spirit of the age. To show that Science, truly expounding Nature, can, like Nature herself, restore in some new form whatever she destroys; that, instead of binding us, as some would have it, in stern utilitarian chains, when she has freed us from a harmless superstition, she offers to our contemplation something better and more beautiful, something which, rightly considered, is more elevating to the soul, nobler and more stimulating to the soaring fancy; is a sound, wise, wholesome object. If more of the learned men who have written on these themes had had it in their minds, they would have done more good, and gathered upon their track many followers on whom its feeblest and most distant trace has only now begun to shine.

Science has gone down into the mines and coal-pits, and before the safety-lamp the Gnomes and Genii of those dark regions have disappeared. But in their stead, the process by which metals are engendered in the course of ages; the growth of plants which, hundreds of fathoms underground, and in black darkness, have still a sense of the sun's presence in the sky, and derive some portion of the subtle essence of their life from his influence; the histories of mighty forests and great tracts of land carried down into the sea, by the same process which is active in the Mississippi and such great rivers at this hour; are made familiar to us. Sirens, mermaids, shining cities glittering at the bottom of the quiet seas and in deep lakes, exist no longer; but in their place, Science, their destroyer, shows us whole coasts of coral reef constructed by the labours of minute creatures, points to our own chalk cliffs and limestone rocks as made of the dust of myriads of generations of infinitesimal beings that have

passed away; reduces the very element of water into its constituent airs, and re-creates it at her pleasure. Caverns in rocks, choked with rich treasures shut up from all but the enchanted hand, Science has blown to atoms, as she can rend and rive the rocks themselves; but in those rocks she has found, and read aloud, the great stone book which is the history of the earth, even when darkness sat upon the face of the deep. Along their craggy sides she has traced the footprints of birds and beasts, whose shapes were never seen by man. From within them she has brought the bones, and pieced together the skeletons, of monsters that would have crushed the noted dragons of the fables at a blow. The stars that stud the firmament by night are watched no more from lonely towers by enthusiasts or impostors, believing, or feigning to believe, those great worlds to be charged with the small destinies of individual men down here; but two astronomers, far apart, each looking from his solitary study up into the sky, observe, in a known star, a trembling which forewarns them of the coming of some unknown body through the realms of space, whose attraction at a certain period of its mighty journey causes that disturbance. In due time it comes, and passes out of the disturbing path; the old star shines at peace again; and the new one, evermore to be associated with the honoured names of Le Verrier and Adams, is called Neptune! The astrologer has faded out of the castle turret-room (which overlooks a railroad now), and forebodes no longer that because the light of yonder planet is diminishing, my lord will shortly die; but the professor of an exact science has arisen in his stead, to *prove* that a ray of light must occupy a period of six years in travelling to the earth from the nearest of the fixed stars; and that if one of the remote fixed stars were 'blotted out of heaven' to-day, several generations of the mortal inhabitants of this earth must perish out of time, before the fact of its obliteration could be known to man!

This ample compensation, in respect of poetry alone, that Science has given us in return for what she has taken away, it is the main object of Mr. Hunt's book to elucidate. The subject is very ably dealt with, and the object very well at-

tained. We might object to an occasional discursiveness, and sometimes we could have desired to be addressed in a plainer form of words. Nor do we quite perceive the force of Mr. Hunt's objection (at p. 307) to certain geological speculations; which we must be permitted to believe many intelligent men to be capable of making, and reasonably sustaining, on a knowledge of certain geological facts; albeit they are neither practical chemists nor palæontologists. But the book displays a fund of knowledge, and is the work of an eloquent and earnest man; and, as such, we are too content and happy to receive it, to enlarge on these points. We subjoin a few extracts.

HOW WE 'COME LIKE SHADOWS, SO DEPART

A plant exposed to the action of natural or artificial decomposition passes into air, leaving but a few grains of solid matter behind it. An animal, in like manner, is gradually resolved into 'thin air.' Muscle, and blood, and bones having undergone the change, are found to have escaped as gases, 'leaving only a pinch of dust,' which belongs to the more stable mineral world. Our dependency on the atmosphere is therefore evident. We derive our substance from it—we are, after death, resolved again into it. We are really but fleeting shadows. Animal and vegetable forms are little more than consolidated masses of the atmosphere. The sublime creations of the most gifted bard cannot rival the beauty of this, the highest and the truest poetry of science. Man has divined such changes by the unaided powers of reason, arguing from the phenomena which Science reveals in unceasing action around him. The Grecian sage's doubts of his own identity was only an extension of a great truth beyond the limits of our reason. Romance and superstition resolve the spiritual man into a visible form of extreme ethereality in the spectral creations, 'clothed in their own horror,' by which their reigns have been perpetuated.

When Shakespeare made his charming Ariel sing—

'Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange';

he little thought how correctly he painted the chemical changes, by which decomposing animal matter is replaced by a siliceous or calcareous formation.

Why Mr. Hunt should be of opinion that Shakespeare 'little thought' how wise he was, we do not altogether understand. Perhaps he founds the supposition on Shakespeare's not having been recognized as a practical chemist or palæontologist.

We conclude with the following passage, which seems to us strikingly suggestive of the shortness and hurry of our little life which is rounded with a sleep, and the calm majesty of Nature.

RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF TIME TO MAN AND NATURE

All things on the earth are the result of chemical combination. The operation by which the commingling of molecules and the interchange of atoms take place, we can imitate in our laboratories; but in Nature they proceed by slow degrees, and, in general, in our hands they are distinguished by suddenness of action. In Nature chemical power is distributed over a long period of time, and the process of change is scarcely to be observed. By arts we concentrate chemical force, and expend it in producing a change which occupies but a few hours at most.

THE AMERICAN PANORAMA

[DECEMBER 16, 1848]

A VERY extraordinary exhibition is open at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, under the title of 'Banvard's Geographical Panorama of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers.' With one or two exceptions, its remarkable claims to public notice seem scarcely to have been recognised as they deserve. We recommend them to the consideration of all holiday-makers and sight-seers this Christmas.

It may be well to say what the panorama is *not*. It is not a refined work of art (nor does it claim to be, in Mr. Banvard's modest description); it is not remarkable for accuracy of drawing, or for brilliancy of color, or for subtle

effects of light and shade, or for any approach to any of the qualities of those delicate and beautiful pictures by Mr. Stanfield which used, once upon a time, to pass before our eyes in like manner. It is not very skilfully set off by the disposition of the artificial light; it is not assisted by anything but a pianoforte and a seraphine.

But it is a picture three miles long, which occupies two hours in its passage before the audience. It is a picture of one of the greatest streams in the known world, whose course it follows for upwards of three thousand miles. It is a picture irresistibly impressing the spectator with a conviction of its plain and simple truthfulness, even though that were not guaranteed by the best testimonials. It is an easy means of travelling, night and day, without any inconvenience from climate, steamboat company, or fatigue, from New Orleans to the Yellow Stone Bluffs (or from the Yellow Stone Bluffs to New Orleans, as the case may be), and seeing every town and settlement upon the river's banks, and all the strange wild ways of life that are afloat upon its waters. To see this painting is, in a word, to have a thorough understanding of what the great American river is—except, we believe, in the colour of its water—and to acquire a new power of testing the descriptive accuracy of its best describers.

These three miles of canvas have been painted by one man, and there he is, present, pointing out what he deems most worthy of notice. This is history. Poor, untaught, wholly unassisted, he conceives the idea—a truly American idea—of painting 'the largest picture in the world.' Some capital must be got for the materials, and the acquisition of that is his primary object. First, he starts 'a floating diorama' on the Wabash river, which topples over when people come to see it, and keeps all the company at the pumps for dear life. This entertainment drawing more water than money, and being set upon, besides, by robbers armed with bowie knives and rifles, is abandoned. Then he paints a panorama of Venice, and exhibits it in the West successfully, until it goes down in a steamer on the Western waters. Then he sets up a museum at St. Louis, which fails. Then he comes down to

Cincinnati, where he does no better. Then, without a farthing, he rows away on the Ohio in a small boat, and lives, like a wild man, upon nuts; until he sells a revolving pistol which cost him twelve dollars, for five-and-twenty. With the proceeds of this commercial transaction he buys a larger boat, lays in a little store of calicoes and cottons, and rows away again among the solitary settlers along-shore, bartering his goods for bee's wax. Thus, in course of time, he earns enough to buy a little skiff, and go to work upon the largest picture in the world!

In his little skiff he travels thousands of miles, with no companions but his pencil, rifle and dog, making the preparatory sketches for the largest picture in the world. Those completed, he erects a temporary building at Louisville, Kentucky, in which to paint the largest picture in the world. Without the least help, even in the grinding of his colours or the splitting of the wood for his machinery, he falls to work, and keeps at work; maintaining himself meanwhile, and buying more colours, wood, and canvas, by doing odd jobs in the decorative way. At last he finishes the largest picture in the world, and opens it for exhibition on a stormy night, when not a single 'human' comes to see it. Not discouraged yet, he goes about among the boatmen, who are well acquainted with the river, and gives them free admissions to the largest picture in the world. The boatmen come to see it, are astonished at it, talk about it. 'Our country' wakes up from a rather sullen doze at Louisville, and comes to see it too. The upshot is, that it succeeds; and here it is in London, with its painter standing on a little platform by its side explaining it; and probably, by this time next year, it and he may be in Timbuctoo.

Few can fail to have some interest in such an adventure and in such an adventurer, and they will both repay it amply. There is a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in the latter, which is very prepossessing; a modesty, and honesty, and an odd original humour, in his manner of telling what he has to tell, that give it a peculiar relish. The picture itself, as an indisputably true and faithful representation of a wonderful region—wood and water, river and prairie, lonely log hut

and clustered city rising in the forest—is replete with interest throughout. Its incidental revelations of the different states of society, yet in transition, prevailing at different points of these three thousand miles—slaves and free republicans, French and Southerners; immigrants from abroad, and restless Yankees and Down-Easters ever steaming somewhere; alligators, store-boats, show-boats, theatre-boats, Indians, buffaloes, deserted tents of extinct tribes, and bodies of dead Braves, with their pale faces turned up to the night sky, lying still and solitary in the wilderness, nearer and nearer to which the outposts of civilisation are approaching with gigantic strides to tread their people down, and erase their very track from the earth's face—teem with suggestive matter. We are not disposed to think less kindly of a country when we see so much of it, although our sense of its immense responsibility may be increased.

It would be well to have a panorama, three miles long, of England. There might be places in it worth looking at, a little closer than we see them now; and worth the thinking of, a little more profoundly. It would be hopeful, too, to see some things in England, part and parcel of a *moving* panorama; and not of one that stood still, or had a disposition to go backward.

JUDICIAL SPECIAL PLEADING

[December 23, 1848]

It is unnecessary for us to observe that we have not the least sympathy with physical-force chartism in the abstract, or with the tried and convicted physical-force chartists in particular. Apart from the atrocious designs to which these men, beyond all question, willingly and easily subscribed, even if it be granted that such extremes of wickedness were mainly suggested by the spies in whom their dense ignorance confided, they have done too much damage to the cause of rational liberty and freedom all over the world to be regarded

in any other light than as enemies of the common weal, and the worst foes of the common people.

But, for all this, we would have the language of common-sense and knowledge addressed to these offenders—especially from the Bench. They need it very much; and besides that the truth should be spoken at all times, it is desirable that it should always appear in conjunction with the gravity and authority of the judicial ermine.

Mr. Baron Alderson, we regret to observe, opened the late special commission for the county of Chester with a kind of judicial special-constableism by no means edifying. In sporting phrase, he 'went in' upon the general subject of Revolution with a determination to win; and as nothing is easier than for a man, wigged or unwigged, to say what he pleases when he has all the talk to himself and there is nobody to answer him, he improved the occasion after a somewhat startling manner. It is important that it should not be left wholly unnoticed. On Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff's magic thermometer, at his apartment in Shoe Lane, the Church was placed between zeal and moderation; and Mr. Bickerstaff observed that if the enchanted liquor rose from the central point, Church, too high in zeal, it was in danger of going up to wrath, and from wrath to persecution. The substitution of 'Bench' for 'Church' by the wise old censor of Great Britain, would no doubt have been attended with the same result.

Mr. Baron Alderson informed the grand jury, for their edification, that 'previous to the Revolution in France, of 1790, the physical comforts possessed by the poor greatly exceeded those possessed by them subsequent to that event.' Before we pass to Mr. Baron Alderson's proof in support of this allegation, we would inquire whether, at this time of day, any rational man supposes that the first Revolution in France was an event that could have been avoided, or that is difficult to be accounted for, on looking back? Whether it was not the horrible catastrophe of a drama, which had already passed through every scene and shade of progress, inevitably leading on to that fearful conclusion? Whether there is

any record, in the world's history, of a people among whom the arts and sciences, and the refinements of civilised life existed, so oppressed, degraded, and utterly miserable, as the mass of the French population were before that Revolution? Physical comforts! No such thing was known among the French people—among *the people*—for years before the Revolution. They had died of sheer want and famine, in numbers. The hunting-trains of their kings had ridden over their bodies in the royal forests. Multitudes had gone about, crying and howling for bread, in the streets of Paris. The line of road from Versailles to the capital had been blocked up by starvation and nakedness pouring in from the departments. The tables spread by Egalité Orleans in the public streets had been besieged by the foremost stragglers of a whole nation of paupers, on the face of every one of whom the shadow of the coming guillotine was black. An infamous feudality and a corrupt government had plundered and ground them down, year after year, until they were reduced to a condition of distress which has no parallel. As their wretchedness deepened, the wantonness and luxury of their oppressors heightened, until the very fashions and customs of the upper classes ran mad from being unrestrained, and became monstrous.

'All,' says Thiers, 'was monopolised by a few hands, and the burdens bore upon a single class. The nobility and the clergy possessed nearly two-thirds of the landed property. The other third, belonging to the people, paid taxes to the king, a multitude of feudal dues to the nobility, the tithe to the clergy, and was, moreover, liable to the devastations of noble sportsmen and their game. The taxes on consumption weighed heavily on the great mass, and consequently on the people. The mode in which they were levied was vexatious. The gentry might be in arrear with impunity; the people, on the other hand, ill-treated and imprisoned, were doomed to suffer in body, in default of goods. They defended with their blood the upper classes of society, without being able to subsist themselves.'

Bad as the state of things was which succeeded to the Rev-

olution, and must always follow any such dire convulsion, if there be anything in history that is certain, it is certain that the French people had no physical comforts when the Revolution occurred. And when Mr. Baron Alderson talks to the grand jury of that Revolution being a mere struggle for 'political rights,' he talks (with due submission to him) nonsense, and loses an opportunity of pointing his discourse to the instruction of the chartists. It was a struggle on the part of the people for social recognition and existence. It was a struggle for vengeance against intolerable oppressors. It was a struggle for the overthrow of a system of oppression, which in its contempt of all humanity, decency, and natural rights, and in its systematic degradation of the people, had trained them to be the demons that they showed themselves, when they rose up and cast it down for ever.

Mr. Baron Alderson's proof of his position would be a strange one, by whomsoever addressed, but is an especially strange one to be put forward by a high functionary, one of whose most important duties is the examination and sifting of evidence, with a view to its being better understood by minds unaccustomed to such investigations.

'It had been assumed, on very competent authority, that the physical comforts of the poor might be safely judged of by the quantity of meat consumed by the population; and, taking this as the criterion, the statistics of Paris gave the following results: In 1789, during the period of the old monarchy, the quantity of meat consumed was 147 lbs. per man; in 1817, after the Bourbon dynasty had been restored to the throne, subsequent to the Revolution, it was 110 lbs. 2 ozs. per man; and in 1827, the medium period between the restoration of the Bourbons and the present time, the average was still about 110 lbs.; while, after the Revolution of 1830, it fell to 98 lbs. 11ozs., and at this period it was in all probability still less.'

The statistics, *of Paris*, in 1789! When the Court, displaying extraordinary magnificence, was in Paris; when the three orders, all the great dignitaries of the State, and all their immense train of followers and dependants, were in Paris; when the aristocracy, making their last effort at accommodation with the king, were in Paris, and remained

there until the close of the year; when there was the great procession to the church of Notre Dame, in Paris; when the opening of the States-General took place, in Paris; when the Commons constituted themselves the National Assembly, in Paris; when the electors, assembled from sixty districts, refused to depart from Paris; when the garden of the Palais Royal was the scene of the nightly assemblage of more foreigners, debauchees, and loungers, than had ever been seen in Paris; when people came into Paris from all parts of France; when there was all the agitation, uproar, revelling, banqueting, and delirium in Paris, which distinguished that year of great events;—when, in short, the meat-eating classes were all in Paris, and all at high-feasting in the whirl and fury of such a time!

Mr. Baron Alderson takes this very year of 1789, and dividing the quantity of meat consumed by the population of Paris, sets before the grand jury the childish absurdity of there having been 147 lbs. of meat per man, as a proof of the physical comforts of the people! This year of 1789 being on record as the hardest ever known by the French people since the disasters of Louis XIV., and the immortal charity of Fénelon! This year of 1789 being the year when Mirabeau was speaking in the Assembly of 'famished Paris'; when the king was forced to receive deputations of women who demanded bread; and when they rang out to all Paris, 'Bread! rise up for bread!' with the great bell of the Hôtel de Ville!

It would be idle to dissect such evidence more minutely. It is too gross and palpable. We will conclude with a final and grave reason, as it seems to us, for noticing this serious mistake on the part of Baron Alderson.

That learned judge is much deceived if he imagines that there are not, among the chartists, men possessed of sufficient information to detect such juggling, and make the most of it. Those active and mischievous agents of the chartists who live by lecturing will do more with such a charge as this, than they could do with all the misery in England for the next twelve months. In any common history of the French Revolution, they have the proof against

Mr. Baron Alderson under their hands. The grade of education and intellect they address, is particularly prone to accept a brick as a specimen of a house, and its ready conclusion from such an exposition as this is, that the whole system which rules and restrains it is a falsehood and a cheat.

It was but the other day that Mr. Baron Alderson stated to some chartist prisoners, as a fact which everybody knew, that any man in England who was industrious and persevering could obtain political power. Are there no industrious and persevering men in England on whom this comfortable doctrine casts a slur? We rather think the chartist lecturers might find out some.

EDINBURGH APPRENTICE SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

[December 30, 1848]

We cannot allow the annual report of this excellent educational society to appear, without a word of notice and approval. It records the interesting success of the apprentice schools during four years, and records, too, some of those impressive instances of individual perseverance and ardour in the pursuit of knowledge which any such undertaking, properly directed, is sure to bring to light.

These schools were established for the instruction of workmen and apprentices; a class of persons who have no such claim upon the public as is recognised (and righteously) in crime and social degradation, but who, having begun to labour for their daily bread early in life, and being usually at work when other schools were open, stood grievously in need of assistance. Instruction is furnished from eight to ten o'clock in the evening, for the charge of fifteen pence monthly to each student; and although this is a far higher charge, we believe, than is made at the school in connexion with the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution for similar instruction to the apprentices *of members*, it cannot but be re-

garded as a very small one in the circumstances of the Edinburgh Association.

The usual results have followed this useful undertaking. 'The success of the Society's scheme,' says the report, 'has amply shown how truly such opportunities were wanted, and how gladly they have been received by the parties for whom they were designed. A steady increase has taken place in the numbers attending the classes, a marked improvement in the order and discipline of the scholars, and a decided advancement in the interest taken in their success, by all ranks of society.'

Mr. Sheriff Gordon, at the annual meeting some days ago, made these wise remarks:—

'I have not any perplexity or any hesitation about the Apprentice Schools. They cannot possibly do any harm, while their capability of doing good is not to be calculated by any single generation of men. There is no work so absolutely certain to remunerate in some way the workman as the work laid out on the improvement of the human mind. It does not, of course, ensure anybody success, but it may make him contented and merry while he toils; it will not, perhaps, make the pot boil to-day, but by prompting quick thoughts for a sound head, it may keep alive hope and courage for the happier efforts of to-morrow; it may not in any worldly sense enrich a man at all, but it shall bestow such enjoyment on the hours of leisure—it shall impart such a relish to the intervals of friendship—it shall spread such a glow round the fireside at home, as we know that the miser cannot buy with all his hoards. (Applause.) . . . These are occupations which, if our working classes cling to them faithfully, are not only productive of present tranquillity, but are big with the largest interests of our future prosperity. I may feel as a magistrate even a selfish satisfaction in knowing that the working men of this city are being imbued with a thirst that has no affinity to the pernicious draught of intemperance, and that large numbers of them rather listen to the serene and sure-footed lessons of science than to the slippery clamours of a rash hesitation. But I am more glad as an humble individual member of this great commonwealth of Britain to hail and encourage the widest diffusion of knowledge. I see no peril in that whatever. For the effect of this movement will be that while the working classes are educating themselves in their leisure hours,

the higher classes must take care that their education, to which they can devote so much more time, shall practically manifest its superiority, by an increasing vigour and an increasing wisdom in guiding the destinies and wielding the power of a community so enlightened.'

If we had had a few sheriffs like Mr. Sheriff Gordon on this side of the Tweed, years ago, our sheriffs would have had less to do at the foot of the gallows. He is a good and earnest man, and his earnestness begins at the right end. We have no fear but that Edinburgh, of all the cities in the world, will support her sheriff in such views as these, and continue to maintain societies like these.

LEECH'S 'THE RISING GENERATION'

[December 30, 1848]

These are not stray crumbs that have fallen from Mr. Punch's well-provided table, but a careful reproduction by Mr. Leech, in a very graceful and cheerful manner, of one of his best series of designs. Admirable as the 'Rising Generation' is in Mr. Punch's gallery, it shows to infinitely greater advantage in the present enlarged and separate form of publication.[1]

It is to be remarked of Mr. Leech that he is the very first English caricaturist (we use the word for want of a better) who has considered beauty as being perfectly compatible with his art. He almost always introduces into his graphic sketches some beautiful faces or agreeable forms; and in striking out this course and setting this example, we really believe he does a great deal to refine and elevate that popular branch of art which the facilities of steam printing and wood-engraving are rendering more popular every day.

If we turn back to a collection of the works of Rowlandson or Gilray, we shall find, in spite of the great humour displayed in many of them, that they are rendered wearisome

[1] The Rising Generation, a series of twelve Drawings on Stone. By John Leech. From his Original Designs in the Gallery of Mr. Punch. *Punch* Office.

and unpleasant by a vast amount of personal ugliness. Now, besides that it is a poor device to represent what is satirised as being necessarily ugly—which is but the resource of an angry child or a jealous woman—it serves no purpose but to produce a disagreeable result. There is no reason why the farmer's daughter in the old caricature who is squalling at the harpsichord (to the intense delight, by the bye, of her worthy father, the farmer, whom it is her duty to please) should be squab and hideous. The satire on the manner of her education, if there be any in the thing at all, would be just as good if she were pretty. Mr. Leech would have made her so. The average of farmers' daughters in England are not impossible lumps of fat. One is quite as likely to find a pretty girl in a farmhouse as to find an ugly one; and we think, with Mr. Leech, that the business of this style of art is with the pretty one. She is not only a pleasanter object in our portfolio, but we have more interest in her. We care more about what does become her and does not become her. In Mr. Punch's *Almanack* for the new year, there is one illustration by Mr. Leech representing certain delicate creatures with bewitching countenances, encased in several varieties of that amazing garment, the ladies' paletot. Formerly these fair creatures would have been made as ugly and ungainly as possible, and there the point would have been lost, and the spectator, with a laugh at the absurdity of the whole group, would not have cared one farthing how such uncouth creatures disguised themselves, or how ridiculous they became.

But to represent female beauty as Mr. Leech represents it, an artist must have a most delicate perception of it, and the gift of being able to realise it to us with two or three slight, sure touches of his pencil. This power Mr. Leech possesses in an extraordinary degree.

For this reason, we enter our protest against those of the 'rising generation' who are precociously in love, being made the subject of merriment by a pitiless and unsympathising world. We never saw a boy more distinctly in the right than the young gentleman kneeling on the chair to beg a lock of hair from his pretty cousin, to take back to school. Mad-

ness is in her apron, and Virgil, dog's-eared and defaced, is in her ringlets. Doubts may suggest themselves of the perfect disinterestedness of this other young gentleman contemplating the fair girl at the piano—doubts engendered by his worldly allusion to 'tin' (though even that may arise in his modest consciousness of his own inability to support an establishment); but that he should be 'deucedly inclined to go and cut that fellow out,' appears to us one of the most natural emotions of the human breast. The young gentleman with the dishevelled hair and clasped hands, who loves the transcendent beauty with the bouquet, and can't be happy without her, is, to us, a withering and desolate spectacle. Who *could* be happy without her?

The growing boys, or the rising generation, are not less happily observed and agreeably depicted than the grown women. The languid little creature who 'hasn't danced since he was quite a boy,' is perfect, and the eagerness of the little girl whom he declines to receive for a partner at the hands of the glorious old lady of the house—her feet quite ready for the first position—her whole heart projected into the quadrille—and her glance peeping timidly at him out of her flutter of hope and doubt—is quite delightful to look at. The intellectual juvenile who awakens the tremendous wrath of a Norma of private life, by considering woman an inferior animal, is lecturing, this present Christmas, we understand, on the Concrete in connection with the Will. We recognise the legs of the philosopher who considers Shakespeare an over-rated man, dangling over the side of an omnibus last Tuesday. The scowling young gentleman who is clear that 'if his governor don't like the way he goes on in, why, he must have chambers and so much a week,' is not of our acquaintance; but we trust he is by this time in Van Diemen's Land, or he will certainly come to Newgate. We should be exceedingly unwilling to stand possessed of personal property in a strong box, and be in the relation of bachelor-uncle to that youth. We would on no account reside at that suburb of ill omen, Camberwell, under such circumstances, remembering the Barnwell case.

In all his drawings, whatever Mr. Leech desires to do, he

does. The expression indicated, though indicated by the simplest means, is exactly the natural expression, and is recognised as such immediately. His wit is good-natured, and always the wit of a true gentleman. He has a becoming sense of responsibility and self-restraint; he delights in pleasant things; he imparts some pleasant air of his own to things not pleasant in themselves; he is suggestive and full of matter, and he is always improving. Into the tone, as well as into the execution of what he does, he has brought a certain elegance which is altogether new, without involving any compromise of what is true. He is an acquisition to popular art in England who has already done great service, and will, we doubt not, do a great deal more. Our best wishes for the future, and our cordial feeling towards him for the past, attend him in his career.

It is eight or ten years ago since a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, making mention of Mr. George Cruikshank, commented, in a few words, on the absurdity of excluding such a man from the Royal Academy, because his works were not produced in certain materials, and did not occupy a certain space annually on its walls. Will no Members and Associates be found upon its books, one of these days, the labours of whose oils and brushes will have sunk into the profoundest obscurity, when the many pencil-marks of Mr. Cruikshank and of Mr. Leech will still be fresh in half the houses in the land?

THE PARADISE AT TOOTING

[JANUARY 20, 1849]

WHEN it first became known that a virulent and fatal epidemic had broken out in Mr. Drouet's farming establishment for pauper children at Tooting, the comfortable flourish of trumpets usual on such occasions (Sydney Smith's admirable description of it will be fresh in the minds of many of our readers) was performed as a matter of course. Of all similar establishments on earth, that at Tooting was the most admirable. Of all similar contractors on earth, Mr.

Drouet was the most disinterested, zealous, and unimpeachable. Of all the wonders ever wondered at, nothing perhaps had ever occurred more wonderful than the outbreak and rapid increase of a disorder so horrible, in a place so perfectly regulated. There was no warning of its approach. Nothing was less to be expected. The farmed children were slumbering in the lap of peace and plenty; Mr. Drouet, the farmer, was slumbering with an easy conscience, but with one eye perpetually open, to keep watch upon the blessings he diffused, and upon the happy infants under his paternal charge; when, in a moment, the destroyer was upon them, and Tooting churchyard became too small for the piles of children's coffins that were carried out of this Elysium every day.

The learned coroner for the county of Surrey deemed it quite unnecessary to hold any inquests on these dead children, being as perfectly satisfied in his own mind that Mr. Drouet's farm was the best of all possible farms, as ever the innocent Candide was that the great chateau of the great Baron Thunder-ten Trouekh was the best of all possible chateaux. Presuming that this learned functionary is amenable to some authority or other, and that he will be duly complimented on his sagacity, we will refer to the proceedings before a very different kind of coroner, Mr. Wakley, and his deputy Mr. Mills. But that certain of the miserable little creatures removed from Tooting happened to die within Mr. Wakley's jurisdiction, it is by no means unlikely that a committee might have sprung into existence by this time, for presenting Mr. Drouet with some magnificent testimonial, as a mark of public respect and sympathy.

Mr. Wakley, however, being of little faith, holds inquests, and even manifests a disposition to institute a very searching inquiry into the causes of these horrors; rather thinking that such grievous effects must have some grievous cause. Remembering that there is a public institution called the 'Board of Health,' Mr. Wakley summons before him Dr. Grainger, an inspector acting under that board, who has examined Mr. Drouet's Elysium, and has drawn up a report concerning it.

It then comes out—truth is so perverse—that Mr. Drouet

is not altogether that golden farmer he was supposed to be. It appears that there is a little alloy in his composition. The 'extreme closeness, oppression, and foulness of air' in that supposed heaven upon earth over which he presides, 'exceeds in offensiveness anything ever yet witnessed by the inspector, in apartments in hospitals, or elsewhere, occupied by the sick.' He has a bad habit of putting four cholera patients in one bed. He has a weakness in respect of leaving the sick to take care of themselves, surrounded by every offensive, indecent, and barbarous circumstance that can aggravate the horrors of their condition and increase the dangers of infection. He is so ignorant, or so criminally careless, that he has taken none of the easy precautions, and provided himself with none of the simple remedies, expressly enjoined by the Board of Health in their official announcement published in the *Gazette*, and distributed all over the country. The experience of all the medical observers of cholera, in all parts of the world, is not in an instant overthrown by Mr. Drouet's purity, for he had unfortunately one fortnight's warning of the impending danger, which he utterly disregarded. He has been admonished by the authorities to take only a certain number of unfortunates into his farm, and he increases that number immensely at his own pleasure, for his own profit. His establishment is crammed. It is in no respect a fit place for the reception of the throng shut up in it. The dietary of the children is so unwholesome and insufficient, that they climb secretly over palings, and pick out scraps of sustenance from the tubs of hog-wash. Their clothing by day, and their covering by night, are shamefully defective. Their rooms are cold, damp, dirty, and rotten. In a word, the age of miracles is past, and of all conceivable places in which pestilence might—or rather *must*—be expected to break out, and to make direful ravages, Mr. Drouet's model farm stands foremost.

In addition to these various proofs of his mortal fallibility, Mr. Drouet, even when he is told what to do to save life, has an awkward habit of prevaricating, and not doing it. He also bullies his assistants, in the inspector's presence, when they show an inclination to reveal disagreeable truths. He

has a pleasant brother—a man of an amiable eccentricity—who besides being active, for all improper purposes, in the farm, is 'with difficulty restrained' from going to Kensington 'to thrash the guardians' of that Union for proposing to remove their children! The boys under Mr. Drouet's fostering protection are habitually knocked down, beaten, and brutally used. They are put on short diet if they complain. They are 'very lean and emaciated.' Mr. Drouet's system is admirable, but it entails upon them such slight evils as 'wasting of the limbs, debility, boils, etc.,' and a more dreadful aggravation of the itch than a medical witness of great experience has ever beheld in thirty years' practice. A kick, which would be nothing to a child in sound health, becomes, under Mr. Drouet's course of management, a serious wound. Boys who were intelligent before going to Mr. Drouet, lose their animation afterwards (so swears a Guardian) and become fools. The surgeon of St. Pancras reported, five months ago, of the excellent Mr. Drouet, 'that a great deal of severity, not to use a harsh term,'—but why not a harsh term, surgeon, if the occasion require it?—'has been exercised by the masters in authority, as well as some out of authority,' meaning, we presume, the amiably eccentric brother. Everything, in short, that Mr. Drouet does, or causes to be done, or suffers to be done, is vile, vicious, and cruel. All this is distinctly in proof before the coroner's jury, and therefore we see no reason to abstain from summing it up.

But there is blame elsewhere; and though it cannot diminish the heavy amount of blame that rests on this sordid contractor's head, there is great blame elsewhere. The parish authorities who sent these children to such a place, and, seeing them in it, left them there, and showed no resolute determination to reform it altogether, are culpable in the highest degree. The Poor-Law Inspector who visited this place, and did not in the strongest terms condemn it, is not less culpable. The Poor-Law Commissioners, if they had the power to issue positive orders for its better management (a point which is, however, in question), were as culpable as any of the rest.

It is wonderful to see how those who, by slurring the matter when they should have been active in it, have become, in some sort, *participes criminis*, desire to make the best of it, even now. The Poor-Law Inspector thinks that the issuing of an order by the Poor-Law Commissioners, prohibiting boards of guardians from sending children to such an institution, would have been 'a very strong measure.' As if very strong cases required very weak measures, or there were no natural affinity between the measure and the case! He certainly did object to the children sleeping three in a bed, and Mr. Drouet afterwards told him he had reduced the number to two—its increase to four when the disease was raging being, we suppose, a special sanitary arrangement. He did not make any recommendation as to ventilation. He did not call the children privately before him, to inquire how they were treated. He considers the dietary a fair dietary—IF *proper quantities were given where no precise quantity is specified.* He thinks that, with care, the premises might have been occupied without injury to health, IF *all the accommodation on the premises had been judiciously applied.* As though a man should say he felt convinced he could live pretty comfortably on the top of the monument, IF a handsome suite of furnished apartments were constructed there expressly for him, and a select circle came up to dinner every day!

These children were farmed to Mr. Drouet at four shillings and sixpence a week each; and some of the officials seem to set sore by its being a great deal of money, and to think exoneration lies in that. It may be a very sufficient sum, considering that Mr. Drouet was entitled to the profits of the children's work besides; but this seems to us to be no part of the question. If the payment had been fourteen and sixpence a week each, the blame of leaving the children to Mr. Drouet's tender mercies without sufficient protection, and of leaving Mr. Drouet to make his utmost profit without sufficient check, would have been exactly the same. When a man keeps his horse at livery, he does not take the corn for granted, because he pays five-and-twenty shillings a week. In the history of this calamity, one undoubted predisposing

cause was insufficient clothing. What says Mr. William Robert James, solicitor and clerk to the Board of Guardians of the Holborn Union, on that head? Mr. Drouet *'told him in conversation* (!) that the four and sixpence a week would include clothing. *No particular description of clothing was mentioned.*' Is it any wonder that the flannel petticoats worn by the miserable female children in the severest weather of this winter, could be—as was publicly stated in another metropolitan union a few days ago—'read through'?

This same Mr. James produces minutes of visits made by deputations of guardians to the Tooting Paradise. Thus:—

'As regards the complaint of Hannah Sleight, as to the insufficiency of food, we believe it to be unfounded. Elizabeth Male having complained that on her recent visit she found her children in a dirty state, her children had our particular attention, and we beg to state that there was no just cause of complaint on her part.'

It being clear to the meanest capacity that Elizabeth Male's children not being dirty then, never could by possibility have been dirty at any antecedent time.

But it appears that this identical James, solicitor and clerk to the Board of Guardians of the Holborn Union, had a valuable system of his own for eliciting the truth, which was, to ask the boys in Mr. Drouet's presence if they had anything to complain of, and when they answered 'Yes,' to recommend that they should be instantly horsewhipped. We learn this from the following extraordinary minute of one of these official visits:—

'We beg to report to the board our having on Tuesday, the 9th of May, visited Mr. Drouet's establishment to ascertain the state of the children belonging to this union. We were there at the time of dinner being supplied, and in our opinion the meat provided was good, but the potatoes were bad. We visited the schoolrooms, dormitories, and workshops. *Everything appeared clean and comfortable, yet we are of opinion that the new sleeping rooms for infants on the ground floor have a very unhealthy smell.* The girls belonging to the union looked very well. *The boys appeared sickly,* which induced us to question them as to

whether they had any cause of complaint as to supply of food or otherwise. About forty of them held up their hands to intimate their dissatisfaction, upon which Mr. Drouet's conduct became violent. He called the boys liars, described some that had held up their hands as the worst boys in the school, and said that if he had done them justice, he would have followed out the suggestion of Mr. James, and well thrashed them. (Laughter.) We then began to question the boys individually, and some of them complained of not having sufficient bread at their breakfast. Whilst pressing the inquiry, Mr. Drouet's conduct became more violent. He said we were acting unfairly in the mode of inquiry, that we ought to be satisfied of his character without such proceedings, and that we had no right to pursue the inquiry in the way we were doing, and that he would be glad to get rid of the children. To avoid further altercation we left, not having fully completed the object of our visit.'

If Mr. Drouet were sincere in saying he would be glad to get rid of the children, he must be in a very complacent frame of mind at present when he has succeeded in getting rid, for ever, of so many. But the general complacency, on the occasions of these visits, is marvellous. Hear Mr. Winch, one of the guardians of the poor for the Holborn Union, who was one of the visiting party at the Tooting Paradise on this 9th of May:—

'I was in company with Mr. Mayes and Mr. Rebbeck. The children were at dinner. They were all standing; I was informed they never sit at their meals. I tasted the meat, and I cut open about 100 potatoes at different tables, *none of which were fit to eat.* They were black and diseased. I told Mr. Drouet the potatoes were very bad. He replied that they cost him £7 a ton. The children had no other vegetables. *I told Mr. Drouet I should give them other food. He made no reply. I also told Mr. Drouet I thought the newly erected rooms smelt unhealthy.* Mr. Mayes said it was a pity when he was building he had not made the rooms higher; when *Mr. Drouet said he would have enough to do if he paid attention to everybody.* We went through some of the sleeping-rooms, which appeared very clean. The girls looked well; but the boys, who were mustered in the schoolroom, appeared very sickly and unhealthy. *Mr. Drouet, his brother, and the schoolmaster were present.* Mr.

Rebbeck said to the boys: "Now, if you have anything to complain of—want of food, or anything else—hold up your hands"; and from thirty to forty held up their hands. *Mr. Drouet became very violent,* and said we were treating him in an ungentlemanly manner; he said that some of the boys who had held up their hands were liars, and scoundrels, and rascals. He said we were using him very unfairly; *that his character was at stake;* and if we had anything to complain of, that was not the way to proceed. *One of the boys whom I questioned told me they had not bread enough either for breakfast or supper; and, on comparing their dietary with that in the workhouse, I think such is the case.* In consequence of the confusion, we left Mr. Drouet's without signing the visitors' book. I did not make any motion in the Board of Guardians for the removal of the children. I again visited Mr. Drouet's establishment on the 30th of May. The potatoes were then of excellent quality. *I went into the pantry, and was surprised to find the bread was not weighed out. We weigh it out in the union, as we find that is the only way to give satisfaction.* The loaves at Mr. Drouet's were cut into sixteen pieces without being weighed. I saw no supply of salt in the dining-room, but some of the boys who had salt in bags were bartering their salt for potatoes. *I did not ask the children whether they had been punished in consequence of what had taken place at my previous visit.* We were in the establishment for an hour and a half or two hours on the 30th. *We then expressed our satisfaction at what we witnessed.* We made no further inquiry as to what had occurred on our previous visit. I made no suggestion to the board for the improvement of the dietary. *We had no means of ascertaining that the children received the amount of food mentioned in the diet-table.'*

But we expressed our satisfaction at what we witnessed. Oh dear, yes! Our unanimity was delightful. Nobody complained. The boys had had ample encouragement to complain. They had seen Mr. Drouet standing glowering by, on the previous occasion. They had heard him break out about liars, and scoundrels, and rascals. They had understood that his precious character—unmeasurably more precious than the existence of any number of pauper children—was at stake. They had had the benefit of a little fatherly advice and caution from him, in the interval. They were in a position, moral and physical, to be high-spirited.

bold and open. Yet not a boy complained. We went home to our Holborn Union, rejoicing. Our clerk was in tip-top spirits about the thrashing joke. Everything was comfortable and pleasant. Of all places in the world, how could the cholera ever break out, after this, in Mr. Drouet's Paradise at Tooting!

If we had been left to the so-much vaunted self-government, it might have been unanswered still, and the Drouet testimonial might have been in full vigour. But the Board of Health—an institution of which every day's experience attests in some new form the value and importance—has settled the question. Plainly thus:—The cholera, or some unusually malignant form of typhus assimilating itself to that disease, broke out in Mr. Drouet's farm for children, because it was brutally conducted, vilely kept, preposterously inspected, dishonestly defended, a disgrace to a Christian community, and a stain upon a civilised land.

THE TOOTING FARM

[January 27, 1849]

On Tuesday last the coroner's jury, after a long inquiry before Mr. Wakley, returned a verdict of manslaughter against the Tooting Farmer, coupled with an expression of their regret at the defects of the Poor-Law Act, and of their hope that establishments similar to that at Tooting would soon cease to exist.

Nothing came out in the further progress of the inquiry to soften those results of evidence which we summed up generally last week. The new testimony did anything but weaken the case against the person now criminally inculpated. On the contrary, the physical deterioration of the surviving children, as a body, was more affectingly and convincingly shown than before. What good legal assistance could do for the defence, was done, but it could do nothing. What deplorable shifts and attempts at evasion on the part of an

educated witness could do on the same side, was also done. But it could do nothing either.

We observe that one metropolitan Board of Guardians considers itself ill-used by the public comments that have been made on this case, and is about to enter on a voluntary defence of itself. Any individual or body of individuals made the subject of uncomplimentary newspaper remark, *is* ill-used as a matter of course. It never was otherwise. The precedents are numerous. Mr. Thurtell was very bitter on this point, and so was Mr. Greenacre. But while we recognise a broad distinction between the culpability of those who consigned hundreds of children to this hateful place, too easily satisfied by formal, periodical visitation of it—and the guilt of its administrator, who knew it at all hours and times, at its worst as well as at its best, and who drove a dangerous and cruel traffic, for his own profit, at his own peril,—we must take leave to repeat that the Board of Guardians concerned are grossly in the wrong. The plain truth is, that they took for granted what they should have thoroughly sifted and ascertained. A certain establishment for the reception of pauper children exists. One Board of Guardians sends its children there: other Boards of Guardians follow one another in its wake, like sheep. We will assume that the existing accommodation in their Unions was insufficient for the reception of these children. For aught we know, it may, in the case of the St. Pancras workhouse, for example, have been perfectly inadequate. But that is no reason for sending them to Tooting, and no ground of defence for having sent them there. The sending them to Norfolk Island, on the banks of the Niger, might be justified as well, by the same logic.

We have no intention of prejudging a case which is now to be brought to issue before a criminal court. It will be decided upon the law, and upon the evidence, and there is not the least fear that the general humanity will unjustly prejudice the party impeached. That is not at all a common vice of such a trial in England. What we desire to do, is to point out in a few words why we hold it to be particularly desirable that this case, in all its relations, should be rigidly

dealt with upon its own merits; and why that vague disposition to smooth over the things that be, which sometimes creeps into the most important English proceedings, should, in this instance of all others, have no pin's-point of place to rest upon.

In town and country, for some months past, we have been trying and punishing with necessary severity certain seditious men who did their utmost to incite the discontented to disturbance of the public peace. We have, within the last year, counted our special constables by tens of thousands, and our loyal addresses to the throne by tens of scores. All these demonstrations have been necessary, but some of them have been sad necessities, and, on the subsidence of the natural indignation of the moment, have not left much occasion for triumph.

The chartist leaders who are now undergoing their various sentences in various prisons, found the mass of their audience among the discontented poor. The foremost of them had not the plea of want to urge for themselves; but their misrepresentations were addressed to the toiling multitudes, on whom social irregularities impossible to be avoided, and complicated commercial circumstances difficult to be explained to them, pressed heavily. There is no doubt that among this numerous class, chartist principles are rife; that wherever the class is found in a large amount, there, also, is a great intensity of discontent. There are few poor working-men in the kingdom who *might* not find themselves next year, next month, next week, in the position of those fathers whose children were sent to Tooting; and there are probably very few poor working-men who have not thought 'this might be my child's case, to-morrow.'

No opportunity of doing something towards the education of such men in the conviction that the State is unfeignedly mindful of them, and truly anxious to redress their tangible and obvious wrongs, could be plainer than that which now arises. If the system of farming pauper children cannot exist without the danger of another Tooting Farm being weeded by the grisly hands of Want, Disease, and Death, let it be now abolished. If the Poor-Law, as it stands, be not effi-

cient for the prevention of such inhuman evils, let it be now rendered more efficient. If it has unfortunately happened, though by no man's deliberate intention or malignity—as who can doubt it has?—that the children of sundry poor men and women have been carried to untimely graves, who might have lived and thriven, let there be seen a resolute determination that the like shall never happen any more. It is not only even-handed justice, but it is clear, straightforward policy. It is the correction of widely spread and artfully fomented prejudice, dissatisfaction, and suspicion. It is to challenge and to win the confidence of the poor man on his tenderest point, and at his own fireside.

But to waste the occasion in play with foolscap and red tape; to bewilder all these listening ears with mere official gabble about Boards, and Inspectors, and Guardians, and responsibility, and non-responsibility, and divided responsibility, and powers, and clauses, and sections, and chapters, until the remedy is crushed to pieces in a mill of words; will be to swell the mischief to an extent that is incalculable. There are scores of heads in the mills of Lancashire and the shops of Birmingham, sufficiently confused already by something more perplexing than the rattling of looms or the beating of hammers. Such dazed men must be spoken to distinctly. They will hear then, and hear aright. Let the debtor and creditor account between the governors and the governed be kept in a fair, bold hand, that all may read, and the governed will soon read it for themselves, and dispense with interpreters who are paid by chartist clubs.

THE VERDICT FOR DROUET

[April 21, 1849]

The peculiarity of this verdict is that while it has released the accused from the penalties of the law, it has certainly not released him from the guilt of the charge. The prosecution, badly as it was conducted, established what was alleged against Drouet. The hunger and thirst were proved; the

bad food, and the insufficient clothing; the cold, the ill-treatment, the uncleanliness; the diseases generated by filth and neglect; the itch (much to Baron Platt's amusement), the scald heads, the sore eyes, the scrofulous affections, the pot bellies, and the thin shanks. All were proved. We give a thousand cubic feet of respirable air to every felon in his prison, and each child in Drouet's prison had little more than a tenth part so much. They were half-starved, and more than half-suffocated. A terrible malady broke out, and a hundred and fifty perished. It was in evidence that every indecent and revolting incident that could aggravate the slightest illness, or increase the horrors of the most dangerous infection, existed in the establishment for which Drouet was responsible, when disease appeared there. But it was not satisfactorily proved that the disease might not have killed as many without such help, and therefore Mr. Baron Platt very properly told the jury that the case had broken down.

The legal point arose upon that part of the indictment which charged Drouet with having neglected the duty of a right mode of treatment to the child named in it; in support of which the fact of the constitutional energy of the child having been so reduced by his management as to render it unable to resist the particular disease, was relied upon as having brought Drouet within the penalties of manslaughter. But the judge, setting aside this argument as inapplicable to the case, directed an acquittal on the ground that there had been no evidence adduced to show that the child was ever, at any time, in such a state of health as to render it probable he would have recovered from the malady but for the treatment of the defendant.

The extent of the wrong, in other words, precluded the remedy. For who, in such a crowd of children, could have singled out one poor child at any time, to say whether he was well or ill? The deputy-matron of the workhouse from which he went to Tooting, and to which he returned to die, could only say of the whole hundred and fifty-six that came back to her on the same night, that 'they were not so strong and healthy as when they went to Mr. Drouet's.' No—

she was certain they were not. 'They were very sore in their bodies, and had sore feet, and there were wounds on different parts of their persons,' and some lived, and some died, and among the latter was little Andrews. That is the whole humble history. There was no doctor to examine the children when they left, or when they returned; and evidence of half the wickedness of the 'farm' was rejected, because one wretched little figure could not always be separated from a crowd exactly like himself, and shown as he contended with horrors to which all were equally exposed.

Mr. Baron Platt declared himself early. The prosecution being less strongly represented than the defence, he took the very first opportunity of siding with the stronger. Witnesses that required encouragement, he brow-beated; and witnesses that could do without it, he insulted or ridiculed. Medical men are not famous for the clearness of their testimony at any time, and such questions from the bench as whether hunger and the itch were connected, and whether cholera was producible by the itch, did not put them more at their ease. Of course there was laughter at the facetiousness. There was also zealous applause, with which the prisoner signified his concurrence by tapping with his hand in front of the dock.

Nevertheless the trial cannot be read without much anguish of heart. The inexpressible sadness of its details is not relieved by Mr. Baron Platt's jocoseness. One little touch came out in the evidence of a peculiarly affecting kind, such as the masters of pathos have rarely excelled in fiction. The learned baron was not moved by it; naturally enough, for he had not the least notion what it meant.

Mary Harris, examined by Mr. Clarkson:—I am a nurse at Holborn Union Workhouse, and went to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road. I recollect Andrews coming with the other boys. He was not well. I gave him some milk and bread.

Mr. Clarkson: *Did he eat his bread?*—Witness: *No; he held up his head, and said, 'Oh, nurse, what a big bit of bread this is!'* Baron Platt: *It was too much for him, I suppose?*—Witness: *He could not eat it.*

'Oh, nurse!' says the poor little fellow, with an eager sense that what he had longed for had come too late; *'what a big bit of bread this is!'* Yes, Mr. Baron Platt, it is clear that it was too much for him. His head was lifted up for an instant, but it sank again. He could not but be full of wonder and pleasure that the big bit of bread had come, though he could not eat it. An English poet in the days when poetry and poverty were inseparable companions, received a bit of bread in somewhat similar circumstances which proved too much for him, and he died in the act of swallowing it. The difference is hardly worth pointing out. The pauper child had not even strength for the effort which choked the pauper poet.

Drouet was 'affected to tears' as he left the dock. It might be gratitude for his escape, or it might be grief that his occupation was put an end to. For no one doubts that the child-farming system is effectually broken up by this trial. And every one must recognise that a trade which derived its profits from the deliberate torture and neglect of a class the most innocent on earth, as well as the most wretched and defenceless, can never on any pretence be resumed.

'VIRGINIE' AND 'BLACK-EYED SUSAN'

[May 12, 1849]

A play in five acts by the Oxenford, founded on the French *Virginie*, by M. Latour de St. Ytres, was produced here [1] on Monday night to a crowded house, with very great success, thoroughly deserved in all respects. The English version of the play is most spirited, scholarly, and elegant; the principal characters were sustained with great power; and the getting-up of the piece was quite extraordinary in respect of the care, good sense, and good taste bestowed upon it.

There is sufficient novelty in this version of the great Norman story, to which the Oxenford has done such delicate

[1] Marylebone Theatre.

poetical justice, to attract and interest even that portion of the play-going public who are familiar with the fine tragedy of Mr. Knowles. A much larger share of the interest is thrown upon the heroine. Icilius, like Queen Elizabeth in Mr. Puff's Tragedy, is kept in the Green Room all night, until he is slain through the treachery of Appius Claudius. And the curtain falls upon the death of Virginia, and the slaying of Appius Claudius by Virginius on the Judgment Seat.

Virginia was acted by Mrs. Mowatt. Throughout, and especially in the more quiet scenes, as in the appeal to the Household Gods before leaving home on the bridal morning, the character was rendered in a touching, truthful, and womanly manner, that might have furnished a good lesson to some actresses of high pretensions we could name. There is great merit in all this lady does. She very rarely oversteps the modesty of nature. She is not a conventional performer. She has a true feeling for nature and for her art; and we question whether any one now upon the stage could have acted this part better, or have acted it so well. Mr. Davenport also, as Virginius, played admirably; with a great deal of pathos, passion, and dignity. Both were loudly called for at the close of the play, and heartily greeted.

We have already spoken, in general terms, of the manner in which this piece was put upon the stage. It would be unjust not to particularise the last scene of the Roman Forum, which exhibits quite a wonderful use of the space and resources of the theatre, and is a most complete and beautiful thing. The same spirit pervades all that is brought forward here. A fortnight since, we saw *Romeo and Juliet* on this stage, really presented in a way that would do credit to any theatre in the world.

The tragedy was followed by Mr. Jerrold's *Black-Eyed Susan*, at which the audience laughed and wept with all their hearts, and which is a remarkable illustration of what a man of genius may do with a common-enough thing, and how what he does will remain a thing apart from all imitation. Of the many nautical dramas that have come and gone like showers (and not very wholesome showers either) since *Black-*

Eyed Susan was first produced, there is probably not one but has had this piece for its model, and has pillaged and rifled it, according to its (Dramatic) author's taste. And the whole run of them are as like it, at least, as the Marylebone Theatre is like St. Paul's or St. Peter's. Acted as it is here, it should be seen again. Nothing can be better than Mr. Davenport's William; Miss Vining, a very clever actress, is excellent in Susan; and neither the Court Martial nor the Execution Scene were ever half so well presented in our remembrance. It is a pleasant duty to point out the deserts of this theatre as it is now conducted, and to recommend it honestly. We know what some minor theatres in London are, and we know what this was before it became a refuge for the proscribed drama. The influence of such a place cannot but be beneficial and salutary. It richly deserves support, and we hope it will be supported.

AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE

[July 21, 1849]

Why an honest republican, coming from the United States to England on a mission of inquiry into ploughs, turnips, mangel-wurzel, and live stock, cannot be easy unless he is for ever exhibiting himself to his admiring countrymen, with a countess hanging on each arm, a duke or two walking deferentially behind, and a few old English barons (all his very particular friends) going on before, we cannot, to our satisfaction, comprehend. Neither is his facility of getting into such company quite intelligible; unless something of the spirit which rushes into print with a record of these genteel processions, pervades the aristocratic as well as the republican breast, and tickles the noble fancy with a bird's-eye view of some thousands of American readers across the water, poring, with open mouths and goggle-eyes, over descriptions of its owner's domestic magnificence. We are bound to confess, in justice to a stranger with Mr. Colman's opportuni-

ties, that we are not altogether free from a suspicion of this kind.

Mr. Colman came here, as we have already intimated, charged with a mission of inquiry into the general agricultural condition of the country. In this capacity he wrote some reports very creditable to his good sense, expressed in plain nervous English, and testifying to his acquaintance with the rural writings of Cobbett. It would have been better for Mr. Colman, and more agreeable, we conceive, to all Americans of good sense and good taste, if he had contented himself with such authorship; but in an evil hour he committed the two volumes before us,[1] in which

> He talks so like a waiting gentlewoman,
> Of napkins, forks, and spoons (God save the mark!)

—that the dedication of his book to Lady Byron is an obvious mistake, and an outrage on the rights of Mr. N. P. Willis.

Mr. Colman's letters have one very remarkable feature which our readers will probably never have observed before in any similar case. They were not intended for publication. Of this unprecedented fact, there is no doubt. He wrote them, without a twinkle of his eye at the public, to some partial friends; who were so delighted with them and talked so much about them, that all his other friends cried out for copies. They *would have* copies. Now these may be excellent friends, but they are bitter bad judges: still they may be turned to good account; for if Mr. Colman should ever, in future, write anything that is particularly agreeable to this audience, he may rely upon it that the nearest fire will be its fittest destination.

We do not say but that there are parts of these letters which exhibit the writer in the character of a good-natured, kind-hearted private individual, though of a somewhat cumbrous and elephantine jocularity, and of a rather startling sentimentality—as when he goes to see the charity children as-

[1] European Life and Manners, in Familiar Letters to Friends. By Henry Colman, author of 'European Agriculture of France, Holland, and Switzerland.' 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. London: Letherham.

sembled at St. Paul's, and has impulses, on account of their extraordinary beauty, to pitch himself out of the whispering-gallery head foremost into the midst of those young Christians; a homage to youth and innocence necessarily involving the annihilation of the wearers of several undersized pairs of leather-breeches. But what Mr. Colman may choose to write, in this private aspect of himself, to his friends, is a very different thing from what he is justified in calling upon the public to read. A man may play at horses with his children, in his own parlour, and give nobody offence; but if he should hire the Opera House in London, or the Théâtre Français in Paris, for the exhibition of that performance at so much a head, he would challenge criticism, and might very justly be hissed.

The one great impression on our letter-writer's mind, of which it does not appear at all probable that he will ever completely relieve himself, is made by the internal economy of an English nobleman's country house.

MR. COLMAN AT A GREAT COUNTRY MANSION

As soon as you arrive at the house, your name is announced, your portmanteau is immediately taken into your chamber, which the servant shows you, with every requisite convenience and comfort. At Lord Spencer's the watch opens your door in the night to see if all is safe, as his house was once endangered by a gentleman's reading in bed, and if he should find your light burning after you had retired, excepting the night taper, or you reading in bed, without a single word, he would stretch out a long extinguisher, and put it out. In the morning, a servant comes in to let you know the time in season for you to dress for breakfast. At half-past nine you go in to family prayers, if you find out the time. They are happy to have the guests attend, but they are never asked. The servants are all assembled in the room fitted for a chapel. They all kneel, and the master of the house, or a chaplain, reads the morning service. As soon as it is over they all wait until he and his guests retire, and then the breakfast is served. At breakfast there is no ceremony whatever. You are asked by the servant what you will have, tea or coffee, or you get up and help yourself. Dry toast, boiled eggs, and bread and butter are on the table, and on the side table you

will find cold ham, tongue, beef, etc., to which you carry your own plate and help yourself, and come back to the breakfast table and sit as long as you please. All letters or notes addressed to you are laid by your plate, and letters to be sent by mail are put in the post-box in the entry, and are sure to go. The arrangements for the day are then made, and parties are formed, horses and carriages for all the guests are found at the stables, and each one follows the bent of his inclination. When he returns, if at noon, he finds a side table with an abundant lunch upon it if he chooses, and when he goes to his chamber for preparation for dinner, he finds his dress clothes brushed and folded in the nicest manner, and cold water, and hot water, and clean napkins in the greatest abundance.

One would think this sufficiently explicit, but here, a few pages further on, is

MR. COLMAN AGAIN AT A GREAT COUNTRY MANSION

In most families the hour of breakfast is announced to you before retiring, and the breakfast is entirely without ceremony. Your letters are brought to you in the morning, and the mail goes out every day. The postage of letters is always prepaid by those who write them, who paste double or single stamps upon them; and it is considered an indecorum to send a letter unpaid, or sealed with a wafer. Any expense incurred for you, if it be only a penny upon a letter, is at once mentioned to you, and you of course pay it. At breakfast the arrangements are made for the day; you are generally left to choose what you will do, and horses and carriages are always at the service of the guests, or guns and implements for sporting, if those are their habits. There is your chamber, or the library, the billiard room, or the garden, the park, or the village. You are not looked for again, unless you make one of some party, until dinner time, which is generally in a nobleman's house, seven o'clock. Breakfast from nine to ten. Lunch, to which you go if you choose, which in truth is a dinner, though most things are cold, at half-past one; coffee immediately after dinner, and tea and cake immediately after coffee. At eleven o'clock there is always a candle for each guest, placed on the sideboard or in the entry, with allumettes alongside of them, and at your pleasure you light your own candle, and bid good night. In a Scotch family you are expected to shake hands on retiring, with all the party, and

on meeting in the morning. The English are a little more reserved, though in general, the master of the house shakes hands with you. On a first introduction, no gentlemen shake hands, but simply bow to each other. In the morning you come down in undress, with boots, trousers of any colour, frock coat, etc. At dinner, you are always expected to be in full dress; straight coat, black satin, or white waistcoat, silk stockings and pumps, but not gloves; and if you dine abroad in London, you keep your hat in your hand until you go in to dinner, when you give it to a servant, or leave it in an ante-room. The lady of the house generally claims the arm of the principal stranger, or the gentleman of the highest rank; she then assigns the other ladies and gentlemen by name, and commonly waits until all her guests precede her in to dinner, though this is not invariable. The gentleman is expected to sit near the lady whom he hands in. Grace is almost always said by the master, and it is done in the shortest possible way. Sometimes no dishes are put upon the table until the soup is done with, but at other times there are two covers besides the soup. The soup is various; in Scotland it is usually what they call hodge-podge, a mixture of vegetables with some meat. After soup, the fish cover is removed, and this is commonly served round without any vegetables, but certainly not more than one kind. After fish, come the plain joints, roast or boiled, with potatoes, peas or beans, and cauliflowers. Then sherry wine is handed by the servant to every one. German wine is offered to those who prefer it; this is always drunk in green glasses; then come the entrées, which are a variety of French dishes, and hashes; then champagne is offered; after this remove, come ducks, or partridges, or other game; after this the bonbons, puddings, tarts, sweetmeats, blancmange; then cheese and bread, and a glass of strong ale is handed round; then the removal of the upper cloth, and oftentimes the most delicious fruits and confectionery follow, such as grapes, peaches, melons, apples, dried fruits, etc. etc. After this is put upon the table a small bottle of Constantia wine, which is deemed very precious, and handed round in small wine glasses, or noyeau, or some other cordial. Finger glasses are always furnished, though in some cases I have seen a deep silver plate filled with rose-water presented to each guest in which he dips the corner of his napkin, to wipe his lips or his fingers. No cigars or pipes are ever offered, and soon after the removal of the cloth, the ladies retire to the drawing-room, the gentlemen close up at the table, and after sitting as long as you please, you go into the drawing-room

to have coffee and then tea. The wines at table are generally of the most expensive quality; port, sherry, claret, seldom madeira; but I have never heard any discussion about the character of wines, excepting that I have been repeatedly asked what wine we usually drank in America.

In connection with this same establishment, we have the happiness of learning that the butler 'takes care of all the wines, fruit, glasses, candlesticks, lamps, and plate'; also that he has an under-butler 'for his adjunct.' The ladies, it seems, 'never wear a pair of white satin shoes or white gloves more than once.' And we have a dim vision of the agitation of the tremendous depths of this social sea which looks so smooth at top, when we are informed that 'some of them (the ladies) if they find, on going into society, *another person of inferior rank wearing the same dress as themselves*' —which would certainly appear an inconvenient proceeding —'the dress, upon being taken off, is at once thrown aside, and the lady's maid perfectly understands her perquisite.'

Having recovered our breath, impeded in the contemplation of this awful picture, and the mysterious shadow thrown around the lady's maid, we expect to find our American friend in some new scene; and, indeed, we *do* find him, for a little time, in the company of Scotch gentlemen, who keep small ivory spoons in their pockets 'to shove their snuff up their noses,' and who likewise carry small brushes in their pockets to sweep their noses and upper lips with afterwards—which is well known to be a practice universal with the bench and bar of Scotland, and with the principal members of the Scottish Universities, whose snuff is for the most part carried after them in coal-scuttles by Highlanders, who cannot be made to sneeze by any artificial process whatever. But our traveller's foot is not upon his native heath in this society, and he is back again in no time.

MR. COLMAN AGAIN AT A GREAT COUNTRY MANSION

The house is one of the most magnificent and ancient in the country, having been long in the possession of the family. It was once the property of the Marquis of Rockingham, one of the most distinguished ministers of the crown in the war of the

revolution, and always an ardent friend of America. I think, upon the whole, it is upon the largest scale of anything I have yet seen. The house itself is six hundred and ten feet in length, and the width proportionate. I was forewarned that I should lose my way in it, and so I have done two or three times, until at last, I have made sure of my own bedroom. The house is elegantly furnished, parts of it superbly, and the style of living is in keeping. I arrived about six, and after a short walk with my noble host, the dressing bell rung, and I was shown at once to my chamber. The chamber is a large and superb room, called the blue-room, because papered with elegant blue satin paper, and the bed and the windows hung with superb blue silk curtains. My portmanteau had already been carried there, and the straps untied for opening; a large coal fire was blazing; candles were burning on the table, and water and everything else necessary for ablution and comfort. There was, likewise, what is always to be found in an English house, a writing-table, letter paper, note paper, new pens, ink, sealing wax, and wax-taper, and a letter-box is kept in the house, and notice given to the guests always at what time the post will leave.

Nor is his mind yet discharged of the mere froth and foam of that one idea, which must work henceforth with him while memory lasts; for, after travelling a few pages, we find

MR. COLMAN AGAIN AT A GREAT COUNTRY MANSION

Imagine an elegant dining-room, the table covered with the richest plate, and this plate filled with the richest viands which the culinary art and the vintage and the fruit-garden can supply; imagine a horse at your disposal, a servant at your command to anticipate every want; imagine an elegant bed-chamber, a bright coal fire, fresh water in basins, in goblets, in tubs, napkins without stint as white as snow, a double mattress, a French bed, sheets of the finest linen, a canopy of the richest silk, a table portfolio, writing apparatus and stationery, allumettes, a night lamp, candles, and silver candlesticks, and beautiful paintings and exquisite statuary, and every kind of chair or sofa but a rocking-chair, and then you will have some little notion of the place where I now am.

And yet a few pages more and here is

I asked, when I retired, what time do you breakfast? The Duke replied, 'just what time you please, from nine to twelve.' I always came down at nine precisely, and found the Duchess at her breakfast. About half-past nine the Duke would come in, and the ladies, one by one, soon after. At breakfast, the side table would have on it cold ham, cold chicken, cold pheasant or partridge, which you ask for, or to which, as is most common, you get up and help yourself. On the breakfast table were several kinds of the best bread possible, butter always fresh, made that morning, as I have found at all these houses, and if you ask for coffee or chocolate, it would be brought to you in a silver coffee-pot, and you help yourself; if for tea, you would have a silver urn to each guest, heated by alcohol, placed by you, a small teapot, and a small caddie of black and green tea to make for yourself, or the servant for you. The papers of the morning, from London (for a country paper is rarely seen) were then brought to you, and your letters, if any. At breakfast, the arrangements were made for the day, and if you were to ride, choose your mode, and at the minute the horses and servants would be at the door.

At two o'clock is the lunch, which I was not at home to take, and very rarely do take. A lunch at such houses, is in fact a dinner; the table is set at half-past one, not quite so large as for dinner. Commonly, there is roast meat, warm, birds, warm or cold, cold chicken, cold beef, cold ham, bread, butter, cheese, fruit, beer, ale, and wines, and every one takes it as he pleases, standing, sitting, waiting for the rest, or not, and going away when he pleases; dinner at seven, sometimes at eight, when all are congregated in the drawing-room, five minutes before the hour, in full dress. I have already told you the course at dinner, but at many houses, there is always a bill of fare—in this case written, I had almost said engraved, on the most elegant embossed and coloured paper; always in French, and passed round to the guests.

'The Duke' meantime, it is to be presumed, keeping his noble eyes on Mr. Colman's waistcoat, until he satisfies his noble mind that it is not a waistcoat, like his waistcoat; which would render it indispensable for his Grace instantly to depart from table, take it off in desperation, and bestow it on his valet.

But there is one phase of the national character which impresses our good traveller more than any other. It is remarkable that the guests at a gentleman's house do not dash at the dishes, and contend with one another for 'the fixings' they contain, but put their trust in Providence, and in the servants, and in the good time coming if they wait a little longer;—it is a grave consideration that they have water to wash in, sheets to sleep in, paper to write letters on, and allumettes to light their sealing-wax by;—it is matter for a philosopher's reflection that at breakfast you find the cold beef on the sideboard, and at night the chamber candlestick in the entry;—but the distinctive mark of the national character, the centre prong in the trident of Britannia, the strong tuft in the mane of the British lion, is the national propensity to perform that humble household service which is familiarly called 'emptying the slops.' This, and the kindred national propensity to brush a man's clothes and polish his boots, whensoever and wheresoever the clothes and boots can be seized without the man, are the noteworthy things that can never be effaced from an observant traveller's remembrance.

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,

—even 'the Duke,' with his four-and-twenty silver tea-caddies all of a row, may be made hay of by the inexorable getter-in of human grass—but the ducal housemaid and the ducal bootsboy will flourish in immortal freshness.

'I forgot to say,' writes Mr. Colman, and strange it is indeed that any man should forget the having such a thing to say—'I forgot to say, if you leave your chamber twenty times a day, after using your basin, you would find it clean, and the pitcher replenished on your return; and that you cannot take your clothes off, but they are taken away, brushed, folded, pressed, and placed in the bureau; and at the dressing hour, before dinner, you find your candles lighted, your clothes laid out, your shoes cleaned, and everything arranged for use.'

By and by he expiates on the bell-rope being always within reach; on 'a worked night-cap' being 'not unfrequently' placed ready for you (though we suspect the

Duchess of a personal attention to this article); on the unwonted luxury of a bootjack; on the high civilisation of a little copper tea-kettle; on the imposing solemnity of that complicated Institution known as dinner napkins—which, we are told, 'are never left upon the table, but either thrown into your chair, or on the floor under the table,'—but faithful to the one great trait of Britain, he falls back on the boots and clothes for ever 'brushed and folded and laid out for use.'

Again and again we find Mr. Colman again at a great country mansion—those to which we have followed him having numerous successors. And again and again, after simmering in his 'copper-kettle of hot-water,' and floundering in his 'tub of cold,' he sinks into a gentle trance of admiration at the brushing of his clothes and cleaning of his boots. We could desire to have known whose blacking the Duke uses, and we must regard the maker's name as unaccountably omitted. It is one of the few such things Mr. Colman has 'forgotten to say.'

Much as we admire Mr. Colman in private life, we must confess to being a little staggered by his appearances in public. They are rare, but marvellous. His singular emotions at St. Paul's we have already referred to, but his experience of another public occasion is still more remarkable.

MR. COLMAN AT THE OLD BAILEY

The judge, again and again, passed dreadful and heart-rending sentences upon some wretched boy, or some poor, miserable, affrighted woman; and, after telling them, in the harshest manner, that they might congratulate themselves upon escaping so lightly, *turned round and laughed heartily at the concern of the compassionate alderman, who sat at his side and did what he could to stay his violence, and at the surprise and anguish of the poor convicts.*

Next to our curiosity in respect of the Duke's blacking-maker, and the conflict of our hopes and fears between Warren's blacking, 30 Strand, and Day and Martin's, 97 High Holborn, we confess to a desire to be favoured with the name

of this judge. For we cannot help thinking that it must be Jeffreys, and that Mr. Colman, falling into a magnetic slumber one day, when they had taken away his boots, became clairvoyant as to the Bloody Assize.

With this we think we may conclude. How Mr. Colman could espy no beggars on the roads in France, and how he could find out nothing in Paris, of all the cities upon earth, that had a poverty-stricken or vagabond aspect, we will not relate. We hope, and believe, that he writes better about things agricultural than about the topics of the *Court Circular*. We are chiefly sorry for the folly of his letters, because we take him to be a man of better stuff than their contents would indicate; and because, in the still increasing facilities of friendly communication between the two sides of the Atlantic (long may they continue to increase, and to make the inhabitants of each shore better acquainted with the other, to their mutual improvement, forbearance, and advantage!) we feel for the many American gentlemen with an undoubted claim on the hospitality and respect of all classes of English society who stand committed by such very egregious slip-slop.

COURT CEREMONIES

[December 15, 1849]

The late Queen Dowager, whose death has given occasion for many public tributes to exalted worth, often formally and falsely rendered on similar occasions, and rarely, if ever, better deserved than on this, committed to writing eight years ago her wishes in reference to her funeral. This truly religious and most unaffected document has been published by her Majesty the Queen's directions. It is more honourable to the memory of the noble lady deceased than broadsides upon broadsides of fulsome panegyric, and is full of good example to all persons in this empire, but particularly, as we think, to the highest persons of all.

I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God, and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be moved to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible.

I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight; no procession; the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel.

All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who wish to attend may do so. My nephew, Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, Lords Howe, and Denbigh, the Hon. William Ashley, Mr. Wood, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Sir D. Davies, with my dressers, and those of my Ladies who may wish to attend.

I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and the pomp of this world.

I request not to be dissected, nor embalmed; and desire to give as little trouble as possible.

November 1841. ADELAIDE R.

It may be questionable whether the 'Ceremonial for the private interment of her late Most Excellent Majesty, Adelaide the Queen Dowager, in the Royal Chapel of St. George at Windsor,' published at the same time as this affecting paper, be quite in unison with the feelings it expresses. Uneasy doubts obtrude themselves upon the mind whether 'her late Majesty's state carriage drawn by six horses, in which will be the crown of her late Majesty, borne on a velvet cushion,' would not have been more in keeping with the funeral requests of the late Mr. Ducrow. The programme setting forth in four lines,

THE CHIEF MOURNER,
the Duchess of Norfolk
(veiled)
Attended by a Lady,

is like a bad play-bill. The announcement how 'the Archbishop having concluded the service, Garter will pronounce near the grave the style of Her late Majesty; after which the Lord Chamberlain and the Vice Chamberlain of Her late Majesty's household will break their staves of office, and,

kneeling, deposit the same in the Royal Vault,' is more like the announcement outside a booth at a fair, respecting what the elephant or the conjurer will do within, by and by, than consists with the simple solemnity of that last Christian service which is entered upon with the words, 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

We would not be misunderstood on this point, and we wish distinctly to express our full belief that the funeral of the good Dowager Queen was conducted with a proper absence of conventional absurdity. We are persuaded that the highest personages in the country respected the last wishes so modestly expressed, and were earnest in impressing upon all concerned a desire for their exact fulfilment. It is not so much because of any inconsistencies on this particular occasion, as because the Lord Chamberlain's office is the last stronghold of an enormous amount of tomfoolery, which is infinitely better done upon the stage in *Tom Thumb*, which is cumbrous and burdensome to all outside the office itself, and which is negative for any good purpose and often positive for much harm, as making things ridiculous or repulsive which can only exist beneficially in the general love and respect, that we take this occasion of hoping that it is fast on the decline.

This is not the first occasion on which we have observed upon the preposterous constraints and forms that set a mark upon the English Court among the nations of Europe, and amaze European Sovereigns when they first become its guests. In times that are marked beyond all others by rapidity of change, and by the condensation of centuries into years in respect of great advances, it is in the nature of things that these constraints and forms should yearly, daily, hourly, become more preposterous. What was obsolete at first, is rendered in such circumstances, a thousand times more obsolete by every new stride that is made in the onward road. A Court that does not keep pace with a People will look smaller, through the tube which Mr. Stephenson is throwing across the Menai Straits, than it looked before.

It is typical of the English Court that its state dresses, though greatly in advance of its ceremonies, are always behind the time. We would bring it up to the time, that it may have the greater share in, and the stronger hold upon, the affections of the time. The spectacle of a Court going down to Windsor by the Great Western Railway, to do, from morning to night, what is five hundred years out of date; or sending such messages to Garter by electric telegraph, as Garter might have received in the lists, in the days of King Richard the First, is not a good one. The example of the Dowager Queen, reviving and improving on the example of the late Duke of Sussex, makes the present no unfit occasion for the utterance of a hope that these things are at last progressing, changing, and resolving themselves into harmony with all other things around them. It is particularly important that this should be the case when a new line of Sovereigns is stretching out before us. It is particularly important that this should be the case when the hopes, the happiness, the property, the liberties, the lives of innumerable people may, and in great measure must, depend on Royal Childhood not being too thickly hedged in, or loftily walled round, from a great range of human sympathy, access, and knowledge. Therefore we could desire to have the words of their departed relative, 'We are all alike before the throne of God,' commended to the earliest understanding of our rising Princes and Princesses. Therefore we could desire to bring the chief of the Court ceremonies a little more into the outer world, and cordially to give him the greeting,

My good Lord Chamberlain,
Well are you welcome to this open air!

MISCELLANIES

FROM

'HOUSEHOLD WORDS'

1850-1859

ADDRESS IN THE FIRST NUMBER OF 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS'

[March 30, 1850]

A PRELIMINARY WORD

The name that we have chosen for this publication expresses, generally, the desire we have at heart in originating it.

We aspire to live in the Household affections, and to be numbered among the Household thoughts, of our readers. We hope to be the comrade and friend of many thousands of people, of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions, on whose faces we may never look. We seek to bring into innumerable homes, from the stirring world around us, the knowledge of many social wonders, good and evil, that are not calculated to render any of us less ardently persevering in ourselves, less tolerant of one another, less faithful in the progress of mankind, less thankful for the privilege of living in the summer-dawn of time.

No mere utilitarian spirit, no iron binding of the mind to grim realities, will give a harsh tone to our *Household Words.* In the bosoms of the young and old, of the well-to-do and of the poor, we would tenderly cherish that light of Fancy which is inherent in the human breast; which, according to its nurture, burns with an inspiring flame, or sinks into a sullen glare, but which (or woe betide that day!) can never be extinguished. To show to all, that in all familiar things, even in those which are repellent on the surface, there is Romance enough, if we will find it out:—to teach the hardest workers at this whirling wheel of toil, that their lot is not necessarily a moody, brutal fact, excluded from the sympathies and graces of imagination; to bring the greater and the lesser in degree, together, upon that wild field, and mutually dispose

them to a better acquaintance and a kinder understanding —is one main object of our *Household Words*.

The mightier inventions of this age are not, to our thinking, all material, but have a kind of souls in their stupendous bodies which may find expression in *Household Words*. The traveller whom we accompany on his railroad or his steamboat journey, may gain, we hope, some compensation for incidents which these later generations have outlived, in new associations with the Power that bears him onward; with the habitations and the ways of life of crowds of his fellow-creatures among whom he passes like the wind; even with the towering chimneys he may see, spirting out fire and smoke upon the prospect. The Swart giants, Slaves of the Lamp of Knowledge, have their thousand and one tales, no less than the Genii of the East; and these, in all their wild, grotesque, and fanciful aspects, in all their many phases of endurance, in all their many moving lessons of compassion and consideration, we design to tell.

Our *Household Words* will not be echoes of the present time alone, but of the past too. Neither will they treat of the hopes, the enterprises, triumphs, joys, and sorrows, of this country only, but, in some degree, of those of every nation upon earth. For nothing can be a source of real interest in one of them, without concerning all the rest.

We have considered what an ambition it is to be admitted into many homes with affection and confidence; to be regarded as a friend by children and old people; to be thought of in affliction and in happiness; to people the sick-room with airy shapes 'that give delight and hurt not,' and to be associated with the harmless laughter and the gentle tears of many hearths. We know the great responsibility of such a privilege; its vast reward; the pictures that it conjures up, in hours of solitary labour, of a multitude moved by one sympathy; the solemn hopes which it awakens in the labourer's breast, that he may be free from self-reproach in looking back at last upon his work, and that his name may be remembered in his race in time to come, and borne by the dear objects of his love with pride. The hand that writes these faltering lines, happily associated with *some* Household

Words before to-day, has known enough of such experiences to enter in an earnest spirit upon this new task, and with an awakened sense of all that it involves.

Some tillers of the field, into which we now come, have been before us, and some are here whose high usefulness we readily acknowledge, and whose company it is an honour to join. But there are others here—Bastards of the Mountain, draggled fringe on the Red Cap, Panders to the basest passions of the lowest natures—whose existence is a national reproach. And these we should consider it our highest service to displace.

Thus, we begin our career! The adventurer in the old fairy story, climbing towards the summit of a steep eminence on which the object of his search was stationed, was surrounded by a roar of voices, crying to him, from the stones in the way, to turn back. All the voices *we* hear, cry Go on! The stones that call to us have sermons in them, as the trees have tongues, as there are books in the running brooks, as there is good in everything! They, and the Time, cry out to us Go on! With a fresh heart, a light step, and a hopeful courage, we begin the journey. The road is not so rough that it need daunt our feet: the way is not so steep that we need stop for breath, and, looking faintly down, be stricken motionless. Go on, is all we hear, Go on! In a glow already, with the air from yonder height upon us, and the inspiriting voices joining in this acclamation, we echo back the cry, and go on cheerily!

ANNOUNCEMENT IN 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS' OF THE APPROACHING PUBLICATION OF 'ALL THE YEAR ROUND'

[May 28, 1859]

After the appearance of the present concluding Number of *Household Words*, this publication will merge into the new weekly publication, *All the Year Round*, and the title, *House-*

hold Words, will form a part of the title-page of *All the Year Round.*

The Prospectus of the latter Journal describes it in these words:

'ADDRESS

'Nine years of *Household Words*, are the best practical assurance that can be offered to the public, of the spirit and objects of *All the Year Round.*

'In transferring myself, and my strongest energies, from the publication that is about to be discontinued, to the publication that is about to be begun, I have the happiness of taking with me the staff of writers with whom I have laboured, and all the literary and business co-operation that can make my work a pleasure. In some important respects, I am now free greatly to advance on past arrangements. Those, I leave to testify for themselves in due course.

'That fusion of the graces of the imagination with the realities of life, which is vital to the welfare of any community, and for which I have striven from week to week as honestly as I could during the last nine years, will continue to be striven for "all the year round." The old weekly cares and duties become things of the Past, merely to be assumed, with an increased love for them and brighter hopes springing out of them, in the Present and the Future.

'I look, and plan, for a very much wider circle of readers, and yet again for a steadily expanding circle of readers, in the projects I hope to carry through "all the year round." And I feel confident that this expectation will be realised, if it deserve realisation.

'The task of my new journal is set, and it will steadily try to work the task out. Its pages shall show to what good purpose their motto is remembered in them, and with how much of fidelity and earnestness they tell

'the story of our lives from year to year.

CHARLES DICKENS.'

Since this was issued, the Journal itself has come into existence, and has spoken for itself five weeks. Its fifth Number is published to-day, and its circulation, moderately stated, trebles that now relinquished in *Household Words*.

In referring our readers, henceforth, to *All the Year Round*, we can but assure them afresh, of our unwearying and faithful service, in what is at once the work and the chief pleasure of our life. Through all that we are doing, and through all that we design to do, our aim is to do our best in sincerity of purpose, and true devotion of spirit.

We do not for a moment suppose that we may lean on the character of these pages, and rest contented at the point where they stop. We see in that point but a starting-place for our new journey; and on that journey, with new prospects opening out before us everywhere, we joyfully proceed, entreating our readers—without any of the pain of leave-taking incidental to most journeys—to bear us company All the year round.

ADDRESS IN 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS'

[May 28, 1859]

A LAST HOUSEHOLD WORD

The first page of the first of these Nineteen Volumes, was devoted to a Preliminary Word from the writer by whom they were projected, under whose constant supervision they have been produced, and whose name has been (as his pen and himself have been), inseparable from the Publication ever since.

The last page of the last of these Nineteen Volumes, is closed by the same hand.

He knew perfectly well, knowing his own rights, and his means of attaining them, that it could not be but that this Work must stop, if he chose to stop it. He therefore announced, many weeks ago, that it would be discontinued on the day on which this final Number bears date. The Public have read a great deal to the contrary, and will observe that it has not in the least affected the result.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE

I

[March 30, 1850]

As one half of the world is said not to know how the other half lives, so it may be affirmed that the upper half of the world neither knows nor greatly cares how the lower half amuses itself. Believing that it does not care, mainly because it does not know, we purpose occasionally recording a few facts on this subject.

The general character of the lower class of dramatic amusements is a very significant sign of a people, and a very good test of their intellectual condition. We design to make our readers acquainted in the first place with a few of our experiences under this head in the metropolis.

It is probable that nothing will ever root out from among the common people an innate love they have for dramatic entertainment in some form or other. It would be a very doubtful benefit to society, we think, if it could be rooted out. The Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, where an infinite variety of ingenious models are exhibited and explained, and where lectures comprising a quantity of useful information on many practical subjects are delivered, is a great public benefit and a wonderful place, but we think a people formed *entirely* in their hours of leisure by Polytechnic Institutions would be an uncomfortable community. We would rather not have to appeal to the generous sympathies of a man of five-and-twenty, in respect of some affliction of which he had had no personal experience, who had passed all his holidays, when a boy, among cranks and cogwheels. We should be more disposed to trust him if he had been brought into occasional contact with a Maid and a Magpie; if he had made one or two diversions into the Forest of Bondy; or had even gone the length of a Christmas Pantomime. There is a range of imagination in most of us, which no amount of steam-engines will satisfy; and which The-

great-exhibition-of-the-works-of-industry-of - all - nations, itself, will probably leave unappeased. The lower we go, the more natural it is that the best relished provision for this should be found in dramatic entertainments; as at once the most obvious, the least troublesome, and the most real, of all escapes out of the literal world. Joe Whelks, of the New Cut, Lambeth, is not much of a reader, has no great store of books, no very commodious room to read in, no very decided inclination to read, and no power at all of presenting vividly before his mind's eye what he reads about. But put Joe in the gallery of the Victoria Theatre; show him doors and windows in the scene that will open and shut, and that people can get in and out of; tell him a story with these aids, and by the help of live men and women dressed up, confiding to him their innermost secrets, in voices audible half a mile off; and Joe will unravel a story through all its entanglements, and sit there as long after midnight as you have anything left to show him. Accordingly, the Theatres to which Mr. Whelks resorts, are always full; and whatever changes of fashion the drama knows elsewhere, it is always fashionable in the New Cut.

The question, then, might not unnaturally arise, one would suppose, whether Mr. Whelks's education is at all susceptible of improvement, through the agency of his theatrical tastes. How far it is improved at present, our readers shall judge for themselves.

In affording them the means of doing so, we wish to disclaim any grave imputation on those who are concerned in ministering to the dramatic gratification of Mr. Whelks. Heavily taxed, wholly unassisted by the State, deserted by the gentry, and quite unrecognised as a means of public instruction, the higher English Drama has declined. Those who would live to please Mr. Whelks, must please Mr. Whelks to live. It is not the Manager's province to hold the Mirror up to Nature, but to Mr. Whelks—the only person who acknowledges him. If, in like manner, the actor's nature, like the dyer's hand, becomes subdued to what he works in, the actor can hardly be blamed for it. He grinds hard at his vocation, is often steeped in direful poverty, and lives, at the

best, in a little world of mockeries. It is bad enough to give away a great estate six nights a-week, and want a shilling; to preside at imaginary banquets, hungry for a mutton chop; to smack the lips over a tankard of toast and water, and declaim about the mellow produce of the sunny vineyard on the banks of the Rhine; to be a rattling young lover, with the measles at home; and to paint sorrow over, with burnt cork and rouge; without being called upon to despise his vocation too. If he can utter the trash to which he is condemned, with any relish, so much the better for him, Heaven knows; and peace be with him!

A few weeks ago, we went to one of Mr. Whelks's favourite Theatres, to see an attractive Melo-Drama called *May Morning*, or *The Mystery of* 1715, *and the Murder!* We had an idea that the former of these titles might refer to the month in which either the mystery or the murder happened, but we found it to be the name of the heroine, the pride of Keswick Vale; who was 'called May Morning' (after a common custom among the English Peasantry) 'from her bright eyes and merry laugh.' Of this young lady, it may be observed, in passing, that she subsequently sustained every possible calamity of human existence, in a white muslin gown with blue tucks; and that she did every conceivable and inconceivable thing with a pistol, that could anyhow be effected by that description of fire-arms.

The Theatre was extremely full. The prices of admission were, to the boxes, a shilling; to the pit, sixpence; to the gallery, threepence. The gallery was of enormous dimensions (among the company, in the front row, we observed Mr. Whelks); and overflowing with occupants. It required no close observation of the attentive faces, rising one above another, to the very door in the roof, and squeezed and jammed in, regardless of all discomforts, even there, to impress a stranger with a sense of its being highly desirable to lose no possible chance of effecting any mental improvement in that great audience.

The company in the pit were not very clean or sweet-savoured, but there were some good-humoured young mechanics among them, with their wives. These were generally

accompanied by 'the baby,' insomuch that the pit was a perfect nursery. No effect made on the stage was so curious, as the looking down on the quiet faces of these babies fast asleep, after looking up at the staring sea of heads in the gallery. There were a good many cold fried soles in the pit, besides; and a variety of flat stone bottles, of all portable sizes.

The audience in the boxes was of much the same character (babies and fish excepted) as the audience in the pit. A private in the Foot Guards sat in the next box; and a personage who wore pins on his coat instead of buttons, and was in such a damp habit of living as to be quite mouldy, was our nearest neighbour. In several parts of the house we noticed some young pickpockets of our acquaintance; but as they were evidently there as private individuals, and not in their public capacity, we were little disturbed by their presence. For we consider the hours of idleness passed by this class of society as so much gain to society at large; and we do not join in a whimsical sort of lamentation that is generally made over them, when they are found to be unoccupied.

As we made these observations the curtain rose, and we were presently in possession of the following particulars.

Sir George Elmore, a melancholy Baronet with every appearance of being in that advanced stage of indigestion in which Mr. Morrison's patients usually are, when they happen to hear through Mr. Moat, of the surprising effects of his Vegetable Pills, was found to be living in a very large castle, in the society of one round table, two chairs, and Captain George Elmore, 'his supposed son, the Child of Mystery, and the Man of Crime.' The Captain, in addition to an undutiful habit of bullying his father on all occasions, was a prey to many vices: foremost among which may be mentioned his desertion of his wife, 'Estella de Neva, a Spanish lady,' and his determination unlawfully to possess himself of May Morning; M. M. being then on the eve of marriage to Will Stanmore, a cheerful sailor, with very loose legs.

The strongest evidence, at first, of the Captain's being the Child of Mystery and the Man of Crime was deducible from his boots, which, being very high and wide, and apparently

made of sticking-plaister, justified the worst theatrical suspicions to his disadvantage. And indeed he presently turned out as ill as could be desired: getting into May Morning's Cottage by the window after dark; refusing to 'unhand' May Morning when required to do so by that lady; waking May Morning's only surviving parent, a blind old gentleman with a black ribbon over his eyes, whom we shall call Mr. Stars, as his name was stated in the bill thus * * * and showing himself desperately bent on carrying off May Morning by force of arms. Even this was not the worst of the Captain; for, being foiled in his diabolical purpose—temporarily by means of knives and pistols, providentially caught up and directed at him by May Morning, and finally, for the time being, by the advent of Will Stanmore—he caused one Slink, his adherent, to denounce Will Stanmore as a rebel, and got that cheerful mariner carried off, and shut up in prison. At about the same period of the Captain's career, there suddenly appeared in his father's castle, a dark complexioned lady of the name of Manuella, 'a Zingara Woman from the Pyrenean Mountains; the Wild Wanderer of the Heath, and the Pronouncer of the Prophecy,' who threw the melancholy baronet, his supposed father, into the greatest confusion by asking him what he had upon his conscience, and by pronouncing mysterious rhymes concerning the Child of Mystery and the Man of Crime, to a low trembling of fiddles. Matters were in this state when the Theatre resounded with applause, and Mr. Whelks fell into a fit of unbounded enthusiasm, consequent on the entrance of 'Michael the Mendicant.'

At first we referred something of the cordiality with which Michael the Mendicant was greeted, to the fact of his being 'made up' with an excessively dirty face, which might create a bond of union between himself and a large majority of the audience. But it soon came out that Michael the Mendicant had been hired in old time by Sir George Elmore, to murder his (Sir George Elmore's) elder brother—which he had done; notwithstanding which little affair of honour, Michael was in reality a very good fellow; quite a tender-hearted man; who, on hearing of the Captain's determination to settle Will Stanmore, cried out, 'What! more bel-ood!' and fell flat—

overpowered by his nice sense of humanity. In like manner, in describing that small error of judgment into which he had allowed himself to be tempted by money, this gentleman exclaimed, 'I ster-ruck him down, and fel-ed in er-orror!' and further he remarked, with honest pride, 'I have liveder as a beggar—a roadersider vaigerant, but no ker-rime since then has stained these hands!' All these sentiments of the worthy man were hailed with showers of applause; and when, in the excitement of his feelings on one occasion, after a soliloquy, he 'went off' *on his back*, kicking and shuffling along the ground, after the manner of bold spirits in trouble, who object to be taken to the station-house, the cheering was tremendous.

And to see how little harm he had done, after all! Sir George Elmore's elder brother was NOT dead. Not he! He recovered, after this sensitive creature had 'fel-ed in er-orror,' and, putting a black ribbon over his eyes to disguise himself, went and lived in a modest retirement with his only child. In short, Mr. Stars was the identical individual! When Will Stanmore turned out to be the wrongful Sir George Elmore's son, instead of the Child of Mystery and the Man of Crime, who turned out to be Michael's son (a change having been effected, in revenge, by the lady from the Pyrenean Mountains, who became the Wild Wanderer of the Heath, in consequence of the wrongful Sir George Elmore's perfidy to her and desertion of her), Mr. Stars went up to the Castle, and mentioned to his murdering brother how it was. Mr. Stars said it was all right; he bore no malice; he had kept out of the way, in order that his murdering brother (to whose numerous virtues he was no stranger) might enjoy the property; and now he would propose that they should make it up and dine together. The murdering brother immediately consented, embraced the Wild Wanderer, and it is supposed sent instructions to Doctors' Commons for a license to marry her. After which, they were all very comfortable indeed. For it is not much to try to murder your brother for the sake of his property, if you only suborn such a delicate assassin as Michael the Mendicant!

All this did not tend to the satisfaction of the Child of Mystery and Man of Crime, who was so little pleased by the

general happiness, that he shot Will Stanmore, now joyfully out of prison and going to be married directly to May Morning, and carried off the body, and May Morning to boot, to a lone hut. Here, Will Stanmore, laid out for dead at fifteen minutes past twelve, P.M., arose at seventeen minutes past, infinitely fresher than most daisies, and fought two strong men single-handed. However, the Wild Wanderer, arriving with a party of male wild wanderers, who were always at her disposal—and the murdering brother arriving arm-in-arm with Mr. Stars—stopped the combat, confounded the Child of Mystery and Man of Crime, and blessed the lovers.

The adventures of *Red Riven the Bandit* concluded the moral lesson of the evening. But, feeling by this time a little fatigued, and believing that we already discerned in the countenance of Mr. Whelks a sufficient confusion between right and wrong to last him for one night, we retired: the rather as we intended to meet him, shortly, at another place of dramatic entertainment for the people.

II

[April 30, 1850]

Mr. Whelks being much in the habit of recreating himself at a class of theatres called 'Saloons,' we repaired to one of these, not long ago, on a Monday evening; Monday being a great holiday-night with Mr. Whelks and his friends.

The Saloon in question is the largest in London (that which is known as the Eagle, in the City Road, should be excepted from the generic term, as not presenting by any means the same class of entertainment), and is situate not far from Shoreditch Church. It announces 'The People's Theatre,' as its second name. The prices of admission are, to the boxes, a shilling; to the pit, sixpence; to the lower gallery, fourpence; to the upper gallery and back seats, threepence. There is no half-price. The opening piece on this occasion was described in the bills as 'The greatest hit of the season, the grand new legendary and traditionary drama, combin-

ing supernatural agencies with historical facts, and identifying extraordinary superhuman causes with material, terrific, and powerful effects.' All the queen's horses and all the queen's men could not have drawn Mr. Whelks into the place like this description. Strengthened by lithographic representations of the principal superhuman causes, combined with the most popular of the material, terrific, and powerful effects, it became irresistible. Consequently, we had already failed, once, in finding six square inches of room within the walls, to stand upon; and when we now paid our money for a little stage box, like a dry shower-bath, we did so in the midst of a stream of people who persisted on paying theirs for other parts of the house in despite of the representations of the Money-taker that it was 'very full, everywhere.'

The outer avenues and passages of the People's Theatre bore abundant testimony to the fact of its being frequented by very dirty people. Within, the atmosphere was far from odoriferous. The place was crammed to excess, in all parts. Among the audience were a large number of boys and youths, and a great many very young girls grown into bold women before they had well ceased to be children. These last were the worst features of the whole crowd and were more prominent there than in any other sort of public assembly that we know of, except at a public execution. There was no drink supplied, beyond the contents of the porter-can (magnified in its dimensions, perhaps), which may be usually seen traversing the galleries of the largest Theatres as well as the least, and which was here seen everywhere. Huge ham sandwiches, piled on trays like deals in a timber-yard, were handed about for sale to the hungry; and there was no stint of oranges, cakes, brandy-balls, or other similar refreshments. The Theatre was capacious, with a very large, capable stage, well lighted, well appointed, and managed in a business-like, orderly manner in all respects; the performances had begun so early as a quarter past six, and had been then in progress for three-quarters of an hour.

It was apparent here, as in the theatre we had previously visited, that one of the reasons of its great attraction was its being directly addressed to the common people, in the pro-

vision made for their seeing and hearing. Instead of being put away in a dark gap in the roof of an immense building, as in our once National Theatres, they were here in possession of eligible points of view, and thoroughly able to take in the whole performance. Instead of being at a great disadvantage in comparison with the mass of the audience, they were here *the* audience, for whose accommodation the place was made. We believe this to be one great cause of the success of these speculations. In whatever way the common people are addressed, whether in churches, chapels, schools, lecture-rooms, or theatres, to be successfully addressed they must be directly appealed to. No matter how good the feast, they will not come to it on mere sufferance. If, on looking round us, we find that the only things plainly and personally addressed to them, from quack medicines upwards, be bad or very defective things,—so much the worse for them and for all of us, and so much the more unjust and absurd the system which has haughtily abandoned a strong ground to such occupation.

We will add that we believe these people have a right to be amused. A great deal that we consider to be unreasonable, is written and talked about not licensing these places of entertainment. We have already intimated that we believe a love of dramatic representations to be an inherent principle in human nature. In most conditions of human life of which we have any knowledge, from the Greeks to the Bosjesmen, some form of dramatic representation has always obtained.[1] We have a vast respect for county magistrates, and for the lord chamberlain; but we render greater deference to such extensive and immutable experience, and think it will outlive the whole existing court and commission. We

[1] In the remote interior of Africa, and among the North American Indians, this truth is exemplified in an equally striking manner. Who that saw the four grim, stunted, abject Bush-people at the Egyptian Hall *—with two natural actors among them out of that number, one a male and the other a female—can forget how something human and imaginative gradually broke out in the little ugly man, when he was roused from crouching over the charcoal fire, into giving a dramatic representation of the tracking of a beast, the shooting of it with poisoned arrows, and the creature's death?

* See *The American Panorama.*

would assuredly not bear harder on the fourpenny theatre, than on the four shilling theatre, or the four guinea theatre; but we would decidedly interpose to turn to some wholesome account the means of instruction which it has at command, and we would make that office of Dramatic Licenser, which, like many other offices, has become a mere piece of Court favour and dandy conventionality, a real, responsible, educational trust. We would have it exercise a sound supervision over the lower drama, instead of stopping the career of a real work of art, as it did in the case of Mr. Chorley's play at the Surrey Theatre, but a few weeks since, for a sickly point of form.

To return to Mr. Whelks. The audience, being able to see and hear, were very attentive. They were so closely packed, that they took a little time in settling down after any pause; but otherwise the general disposition was to lose nothing, and to check (in no choice language) any disturber of the business of the scene.

On our arrival, Mr. Whelks had already followed Lady Hatton the Heroine (whom we faintly recognised as a mutilated theme of the late Thomas Ingoldsby) to the 'Gloomy Dell and Suicide's Tree,' where Lady H. had encountered the 'apparition of the dark man of doom,' and heard the 'fearful story of the Suicide.' She had also 'signed the compact in her own Blood'; beheld 'the Tombs rent asunder'; seen 'skeletons start from their graves, and gibber Mine, mine, for ever!' and undergone all these little experiences (each set forth in a separate line in the bill) in the compass of one act. It was not yet over, indeed, for we found a remote king of England of the name of 'Enerry,' refreshing himself with the spectacle of a dance in a Garden, which was interrupted by the 'thrilling appearance of the Demon.' This 'superhuman cause' (with black eyebrows slanting up into his temples, and red-foil cheekbones,) brought the Drop-Curtain down as we took possession of our Shower-Bath.

It seemed, on the curtain's going up again, that Lady Hatton had sold herself to the Powers of Darkness, on very high terms, and was now overtaken by remorse, and by jealousy too; the latter passion being excited by the beautiful

Lady Rodolpha, ward to the king. It was to urge Lady Hatton on to the murder of this young female (as well as we could make out, but both we and Mr. Whelks found the incidents complicated) that the Demon appeared 'once again in all his terrors.' Lady Hatton had been leading a life of piety, but the Demon was not to have his bargain declared off, in right of any such artifices, and now offered a dagger for the destruction of Rodolpha. Lady Hatton hesitating to accept this trifle from Tartarus, the Demon, for certain subtle reasons of his own, proceeded to entertain her with a view of the 'gloomy court-yard of a convent,' and the apparitions of the 'Skeleton Monk,' and the 'King of Terrors.' Against these superhuman causes, another superhuman cause, to wit, the ghost of Lady H.'s mother came into play, and greatly confounded the Powers of Darkness, by waving the 'sacred emblem' over the head of the else devoted Rodolpha, and causing her to sink unto the earth. Upon this the Demon, losing his temper, fiercely invited Lady Hatton to 'Be-old the tortures of the damned!' and straightway conveyed her to a 'grand and awful view of Pandemonium, and Lake of Transparent Rolling Fire,' whereof, and also of 'Prometheus chained, and the Vulture gnawing at his liver,' Mr. Whelks was exceedingly derisive.

The Demon still failing, even there, and still finding the ghost of the old lady greatly in his way, exclaimed that these vexations had such a remarkable effect upon his spirit as to 'sear his eyeballs,' and that he must go 'deeper down,' which he accordingly did. Hereupon it appeared that it was all a dream on Lady Hatton's part, and that she was newly married and uncommonly happy. This put an end to the incongruous heap of nonsense, and set Mr. Whelks applauding mightily; for, except with the lake of transparent rolling fire (which was not half infernal enough for him) Mr. Whelks was infinitely contented with the whole of the proceedings.

Ten thousand people, every week, all the year round, are estimated to attend this place of amusement. If it were closed to-morrow—if there were fifty such, and they were all closed to-morrow—the only result would be to cause that to be privately and evasively done, which is now publicly done; to

render the harm of it much greater, and to exhibit the suppressive power of the law in an oppressive and partial light. The people who now resort here, *will be* amused somewhere. It is of no use to blink that fact, or to make pretences to the contrary. We had far better apply ourselves to improving the character of their amusement. It would not be exacting much, or exacting anything very difficult, to require that the pieces represented in these Theatres should have, at least, a good, plain, healthy purpose in them.

To the end that our experiences might not be supposed to be partial or unfortunate, we went, the very next night, to the Theatre where we saw *May Morning*, and found Mr. Whelks engaged in the study of an 'Original old English Domestic and Romantic Drama,' called *Eva the Betrayed*, or *The Ladye of Lambythe*. We proceed to develop the incidents which gradually unfolded themselves to Mr. Whelks's understanding.

One Geoffrey Thornley the younger, on a certain fine morning, married his father's ward, Eva the Betrayed, the Ladye of Lambythe. She had become the betrayed, in right —or in wrong—of designing Geoffrey's machinations; for that corrupt individual, knowing her to be under promise of marriage to Walter More, a young mariner (of whom he was accustomed to make slighting mention as 'a minion'), represented the said More to be no more, and obtained the consent of the too trusting Eva to their immediate union.

Now, it came to pass, by a singular coincidence, that on the identical morning of the marriage, More came home, and was taking a walk about the scenes of his boyhood—a little faded since that time—when he rescued 'Wilbert the Hunchback' from some very rough treatment. This misguided person, in return, immediately fell to abusing his preserver in round terms, giving him to understand that he (the preserved) hated 'manerkind, wither two eckerceptions,' one of them being the deceiving Geoffrey, whose retainer he was, and for whom he felt an unconquerable attachment; the other, a relative, whom, in a similar redundancy of emphasis, adapted to the requirements of Mr. Whelks, he called his 'assister.' This misanthrope also made the cold-blooded declaration, 'There was a timer when I loved my fellow kere-

tures, till they deserpised me. Now, I live only to witness man's disergherace and woman's misery!' In furtherance of this amiable purpose of existence, he directed More to where the bridal procession was coming home from church, and Eva recognised More, and More reproached Eva, and there was a great to-do, and a violent struggling, before certain social villagers who were celebrating the event with morris-dances. Eva was borne off in a tearing condition, and the bill very truly observed that the end of that part of the business was 'despair and madness.'

Geoffrey, Geoffrey, why were you already married to another! Why could you not be true to your lawful wife Katherine, instead of deserting her, and leaving her to come tumbling into public-houses (on account of weakness) in search of you! You might have known what it would end in, Geoffrey Thornley! You might have known that she would come up to your house on your wedding day with her marriage-certificate in her pocket, determined to expose you. You might have known beforehand, as you now very composedly observe, that you would have 'but one course to pursue.' That course clearly is to wind your right hand in Katherine's long hair, wrestle with her, stab her, throw down the body behind the door (cheers from Mr. Whelks), and tell the devoted Hunchback to get rid of it. On the devoted Hunchback's finding that it is the body of his 'assister,' and taking her marriage-certificate from her pocket and denouncing you, of course you have still but one course to pursue, and that is to charge the crime upon him, and have him carried off with all speed into the 'deep and massive dungeons beneath Thornley Hall.'

More having, as he was rather given to boast, 'a goodly vessel on the lordly Thames,' had better have gone away with it, weather permitting, than gone after Eva. Naturally, he got carried down to the dungeons, too, for lurking about, and got put into the next dungeon to the Hunchback, then expiring from poison. And there they were, hard and fast, like two wild beasts in dens, trying to get glimpses of each other through the bars, to the unutterable interest of Mr. Whelks.

But when the Hunchback made himself known, and when More did the same; and when the Hunchback said he had got the certificate which rendered Eva's marriage illegal; and when More raved to have it given to him, and when the Hunchback (as having some grains of misanthropy in him to the last) persisted in going into his dying agonies in a remote corner of his cage, and took unheard-of trouble not to die anywhere near the bars that were within More's reach; Mr. Whelks applauded to the echo. At last the Hunchback was persuaded to stick the certificate on the point of a dagger, and hand it in; and that done, died extremely hard, knocking himself violently about, to the very last gasp, and certainly making the most of all the life that was in him.

Still, More had yet to get out of his den before he could turn this certificate to any account. His first step was to make such a violent uproar as to bring into his presence a certain 'Norman Free Lance' who kept watch and ward over him. His second, to inform this warrior, in the style of the Polite Letter-Writer, that 'circumstances had occurred' rendering it necessary that he should be immediately let out. The warrior declining to submit himself to the force of these circumstances, Mr. More proposed to him, as a gentleman and a man of honour, to allow him to step out into the gallery, and there adjust an old feud subsisting between them, by single combat. The unwary Free Lance, consenting to this reasonable proposal, was shot from behind by the comic man, whom he bitterly designated as 'a snipe' for that action, and then died exceedingly game.

All this occurred in one day—the bridal day of the Ladye of Lambythe; and now Mr. Whelks concentrated all his energies into a focus, bent forward, looked straight in front of him, and held his breath. For, the night of the eventful day being come, Mr. Whelks was admitted to the 'bridal chamber of the Ladye of Lambythe,' where he beheld a toilet table, and a particularly large and desolate four-post bedstead. Here the Ladye, having dismissed her bridesmaids, was interrupted in deploring her unhappy fate, by the entrance of her husband; and matters, under these circumstances, were proceeding to very desperate extremities, when

the Ladye (by this time aware of the existence of the certificate) found a dagger on the dressing-table, and said, 'Attempt to enfold me in thy pernicious embrace, and this poignard—!' etc. He did attempt it, however, for all that, and he and the Ladye were dragging one another about like wrestlers, when Mr. More broke open the door, and entering with the whole domestic establishment and a Middlesex magistrate, took him into custody and claimed his bride.

It is but fair to Mr. Whelks to remark on one curious fact in this entertainment. When the situations were very strong indeed, they were very like what some favourite situations in the Italian Opera would be to a profoundly deaf spectator. The despair and madness at the end of the first act, the business of the long hair, and the struggle in the bridal chamber, were as like the conventional passion of the Italian singers, as the orchestra was unlike the opera band, or its 'hurries' unlike the music of the great composers. So do extremes meet; and so is there some hopeful congeniality between what will excite Mr. Whelks, and what will rouse a Duchess.

PERFECT FELICITY

IN A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

[April 6, 1850]

I am the Raven in the Happy Family—and nobody knows what a life of misery I lead!

The dog informs me (he was a puppy about town before he joined us; which was lately) that there is more than one Happy Family on view in London. Mine, I beg to say, may be known by being the Family which contains a splendid Raven.

I want to know why I am to be called upon to accommodate myself to a cat, a mouse, a pigeon, a ringdove, an owl (who is the greatest ass I have ever known), a guinea-pig, a sparrow, and a variety of other creatures with whom I have

no opinion in common. Is this national education? Because, if it is, I object to it. Is our cage what they call neutral ground, on which all parties may agree? If so, war to the beak I consider preferable.

What right has any man to require me to look complacently at a cat on a shelf all day? It may be all very well for the owl. My opinion of *him* is that he blinks and stares himself into a state of such dense stupidity that he has no idea what company he is in. I have seen him, with my own eyes, blink himself, for hours, into the conviction that he was alone in a belfry. But *I* am not the owl. It would have been better for me, if I had been born in that station of life.

I am a Raven. I am, by nature, a sort of collector, or antiquarian. If I contributed, in my natural state, to any Periodical, it would be *The Gentleman's Magazine.* I have a passion for amassing things that are of no use to me, and burying them. Supposing such a thing—I don't wish it to be known to our proprietor that I put this case, but I say, supposing such a thing—as that I took out one of the Guinea-Pig's eyes; how could I bury it here? The floor of the cage is not an inch thick. To be sure, I could dig through it with my bill (if I dared), but what would be the comfort of dropping a Guinea-Pig's eye into Regent Street?

What *I* want, is privacy. I want to make a collection. I desire to get a little property together. How can I do it here? Mr. Hudson couldn't have done it, under corresponding circumstances.

I want to live by my own abilities, instead of being provided for in this way. I am stuck in a cage with these incongruous companions, and called a member of the Happy Family; but suppose you took a Queen's Counsel out of Westminster Hall, and settled him board and lodging free, in Utopia, where there would be no excuse for 'his quiddits, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks,' how do you think *he* 'd like it? Not at all. Then why do you expect *me* to like it, and add insult to injury by calling me a 'Happy' Raven!

This is what *I* say: I want to see men do it. I should like to get up a Happy Family of men, and show 'em. I

should like to put the Rajah Brooke, the Peace Society, Captain Aaron Smith, several Malay Pirates, Dr. Wiseman, the Reverend Hugh Stowell, Mr. Fox of Oldham, the Board of Health, all the London undertakers, some of the Common (very common *I* think) Council, and all the vested interests in the filth and misery of the poor into a good-sized cage, and see how *they* 'd get on. I should like to look in at 'em through the bars, after they had undergone the training I have undergone. You wouldn't find Sir Peter Laurie 'putting down' Sanitary Reform then, or getting up in *that* vestry, and pledging his word and honour to the non-existence of Saint Paul's Cathedral, I expect! And very happy *he* 'd be, wouldn't he, when he couldn't do that sort of thing?

I have no idea of you lords of the creation coming staring at me in this false position. Why don't you look at home? If you think I 'm fond of the dove, you 're very much mistaken. If you imagine there is the least goodwill between me and the pigeon, you never were more deceived in your lives. If you suppose I wouldn't demolish the whole Family (myself excepted), and the cage too, if I had my own way, you don't know what a real Raven is. But if you *do* know this, why am *I* to be picked out as a curiosity? Why don't you go and stare at the Bishop of Exeter? 'Ecod, he 's one of our breed, if anybody is!

Do you make me lead this public life because I seem to be what I ain't? Why, I don't make half the pretences that are common among you men! You never heard *me* call the sparrow my noble friend. When did *I* ever tell the Guinea-Pig that he was my Christian brother? Name the occasion of my making myself a party to the 'sham' (my friend Mr. Carlyle will lend me his favourite word for the occasion) that the cat hadn't really her eye upon the mouse! Can *you* say as much? What about the last Court Ball, the next Debate in the Lords, the last great Ecclesiastical Suit, the next long assembly in the *Court Circular?* I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the eye! I am an independent Member—of the Happy Family; and I ought to be let out.

I have only one consolation in my inability to damage anything, and that is that I hope I am instrumental in prop-

agating a delusion as to the character of Ravens. I have a strong impression that the sparrows on our beat are beginning to think they may trust a Raven. Let 'em try! There 's an uncle of mine in a stable-yard down in Yorkshire who will very soon undeceive any small bird that may favour him with a call.

The dogs too. Ha, ha! As they go by, they look at me and this dog in quite a friendly way. They never suspect how I should hold on to the tip of his tail, if I consulted my own feelings instead of our proprietor's. It 's almost worth being here, to think of some confiding dog who has seen me, going too near a friend of mine who lives at a hackney-coach stand in Oxford Street. You wouldn't stop *his* squeaking in a hurry, if my friend got a chance at him.

It 's the same with the children. There 's a young gentleman with a hat and feathers, resident in Portland Place, who brings a penny to our proprietor twice a week. He wears very short white drawers, and has mottled legs above his socks. He hasn't the least idea what I should do to his legs, if I consulted my own inclinations. He never imagines what I am thinking of when we look at one another. May he only take those legs, in their present juicy state, close to the cage of my brother-in-law of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park!

Call yourselves rational beings, and talk about our being reclaimed? Why, there isn't one of us who wouldn't astonish you, if we could only get out. Let *me* out, and see whether *I* should be meek or not. But this is the way you always go on in—you know you do. Up at Pentonville, the sparrow says—and he ought to know, for he was born in a stack of chimneys in that prison—you are spending I am afraid to say how much, every year out of the rates, to keep men in solitude, where they CAN'T do any harm (that you know of), and then you sing all sorts of choruses about their being good. So am I what you call good—here. Why? Because I can't help it. Try me outside!

You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, the Magpie says; and I agree with him. If you are determined to pet only those who take things and hide them, why don't you pet the

Magpie and me? We are interesting enough for you, ain't we? The Mouse says you are not half so particular about the honest people. He is not a bad authority. He was almost starved when he lived in a workhouse, wasn't he? He didn't get much fatter, I suppose, when he moved to a labourer's cottage? He was thin enough when he came from that place, here—I know that. And what does the Mouse (whose word is his bond) declare? He declares that you don't take half the care you ought; of your own young, and don't teach 'em half enough. Why don't you then? You might give our proprietor something to do, I should think, in twisting miserable boys and girls *into* their proper nature, instead of twisting us out of ours. You are a nice set of fellows, certainly, to come and look at Happy Families, as if you had nothing else to look after!

I take the opportunity of our proprietor's pen and ink in the evening to write this. I shall put it away in a corner—quite sure, as it 's intended for the Post Office, of Mr. Rowland Hill's getting hold of it somehow, and sending it to somebody. I understand he can do anything with a letter. Though the Owl says (but I don't believe him), that the present prevalence of measles and chicken-pox among infants in all parts of this country, has been caused by Mr. Rowland Hill. I hope I needn't add that we Ravens are all good scholars, but that we keep our secret (as the Indians believe the Monkeys do, according to a Parrot of my acquaintance) lest our abilities should be imposed upon. As nothing worse than my present degradation as a member of the Happy Family can happen to me, however, I desert the General Freemason's Lodge of Ravens, and express my disgust in writing.

FROM THE RAVEN IN THE HAPPY FAMILY

I

[May 11, 1850]

I won't bear it, and I don't see why I should.

Having begun to commit my grievances to writing, I have made up my mind to go on. You men have a saying, 'I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.' Very good, *I* may as well get into a false position with our proprietor for a ream of manuscript as a quire. Here goes!

I want to know who Buffon [1] was. I 'll take my oath he wasn't a bird. Then what did *he* know about birds—especially about Ravens? He pretends to know all about Ravens. Who told him? Was his authority a Raven? I should think not. There never was a Raven yet who committed himself, you 'll find, if you look into the precedents.

There 's a schoolmaster in dusty black knee-breeches and stockings, who comes and stares at our establishment every Saturday, and brings a lot of boys with him. He is always bothering the boys about Buffon. That 's the way I know what Buffon says. He is a nice man, Buffon; and you 're all nice men together, ain't you?

What do you mean by saying that I am inquisitive and impudent, that I go everywhere, that I affront and drive off the dogs, that I play pranks on the poultry, and that I am particularly assiduous in cultivating the goodwill of the cook? That 's what your friend Buffon says, and you adopt him it appears. And what do you mean by calling me 'a glutton by nature and a thief by habit'? Why, the identical boy who was being told this, on the strength of Buffon, as he looked through our wires last Saturday, was almost out of his mind with pudding, and had got another boy's top in his pocket!

I tell you what. I like the idea of you men, writing histories of *us*, and settling what we are, and what we are not.

[1] Comte de G. L. L. Buffon, Naturalist, 1707–1788.

and calling us any names you like best. What colours do you think you would show in, yourselves, if some of us were to take it into our heads to write histories of *you?* I know something of Astley's Theatre, I hope; I was about the stables there a few years. Ecod! if you heard the observations of the Horses after the performance, you 'd have some of the conceit taken out of you!

I don't mean to say that I admire the Cat. I *don't* admire her. On the whole, I have a personal animosity towards her. But being obliged to lead this life, I condescend to hold communication with her, and I have asked her what *her* opinion is. She lived with an old lady of property before she came here, who had a number of nephews and nieces. She says she could show you up to that extent, after her experience in that situation, that even you would be hardly brazen enough to talk of cats being sly and selfish any more.

I am particularly assiduous in cultivating the goodwill of the cook, am I? Oh! I suppose you never do anything of this sort, yourselves? No politician among you was ever particularly assiduous in cultivating the goodwill of a minister, eh? No clergyman in cultivating the goodwill of a bishop, humph? No fortune-seeker in cultivating the goodwill of a patron, hah? You have no toad-eating, no time-serving, no place-hunting, no lacqueyship of gold and silver sticks, or anything of that sort, I suppose? You haven't too many cooks, in short, whom you are all assiduously cultivating, till you spoil the general broth? Not you. You leave that to the Ravens.

Your friend Buffon, and some more of you, are mighty ready, it seems, to give *us* characters. Would you like to hear about your own temper and forbearance? Ask the Dog. About your never overloading or ill-using a willing creature? Ask my brother-in-law's friend, the Camel, up in the Zoological. About your gratitude to, and your provision for, old servants? I wish I could refer you to the last horse I dined off (he was very tough), up at a knacker's yard in Battle Bridge. About your mildness,

and your abstinence from blows and cudgels? Wait till the Donkey's book comes out!

You are very fond of laughing at the parrot, I observe. Now, I don't care for the parrot. I don't admire the parrot's voice—it wants hoarseness. And I despise the parrot's livery—considering black the only true wear. I would as soon stick my bill into the parrot's breast as look at him. Sooner. But if you come to that, and you laugh at the parrot because the parrot says the same thing over and over again, don't you think you could get up a laugh at yourselves? Did you ever know a Cabinet Minister say of a flagrant job or great abuse, perfectly notorious to the whole country, that he had never heard a word of it himself, but could assure the honourable gentleman that every inquiry should be made? Did you ever hear a Justice remark, of any extreme example of ignorance, that it was a most extraordinary case, and he couldn't have believed in the possibility of such a case—when there had been, all through his life, ten thousand such within sight of his chimney-pots? Did you ever hear, among yourselves, anything approaching to a parrot repetition of the words, Constitution, Country, Public Service, Self-Government, Centralisation, Un-English, Capital, Balance of Power, Vested Interests, Corn, Rights of Labour, Wages, or so forth? *Did* you ever? No! Of course you never!

But to come back to that fellow Buffon. He finds us Ravens to be most extraordinary creatures. We have properties so remarkable, that you 'd hardly believe it. 'A piece of money, a teaspoon, or a ring,' he says, 'are always tempting baits to our avarice. These we will slily seize upon; and, if not watched, carry to our favourite hole.' How odd!

Did you ever hear of a place called California? *I* have. I understand there are a number of animals over there, from all parts of the world, turning up the ground with their bills, grubbing under the water, sickening, moulting, living in want and fear, starving, dying, tumbling over on their backs, murdering one another, and all for what? Pieces of

money that they want to carry to their favourite holes. Ravens every one of 'em! Not a man among 'em, bless you!

Did you ever hear of Railway Scrip? *I* have. We made a pretty exhibition of ourselves about that, we feathered creatures! Lord, how we went on about that Railway Scrip! How we fell down, to a bird, from the Eagle to the Sparrow, before a scarecrow, and worshipped it for the love of the bits of rag and paper fluttering from its dirty pockets! If it hadn't tumbled down in its rottenness, we should have clapped a title on it within ten years, I 'll be sworn!—Go along with you, and your Buffon, and don't talk to me!

'The Raven don't confine himself to petty depredations on the pantry or the larder'—here you are with your Buffon again—'but he soars at more magnificent plunder, that he can neither exhibit nor enjoy.' This must be very strange to you men—more than it is to the Cat who lived with that old lady, though!

Now, I am not going to stand this. You shall not have it all your own way. I am resolved that I won't have Ravens written about by men, without having men written about by Ravens—at all events by one Raven, and that 's me. I shall put down my opinions about you. As leisure and opportunity serve, I shall collect a natural history of you. You are a good deal given to talk about *your* missions. That 's my mission. How do you like it?

I am open to contributions from any animal except one of your set; bird, beast or fish, may assist me in my mission, if he will. I have mentioned it to the Cat, intimated it to the Mouse, and proposed it to the Dog. The Owl shakes his head when I confide it to him, and says he doubts. He always did shake his head and doubt. Whenever he brings himself before the public, he never does anything except shake his head and doubt. I should have thought he had got himself into a sufficient mess by doing that, when he roosted for a long time in the Court of Chancery. But he can't leave off. He's always at it.

Talking of missions, here 's our Proprietor's Wife with a mission now! She has found out that she ought to go and vote at elections; ought to be competent to sit in Parliament;

ought to be able to enter the learned professions—the army and navy, too, I believe. She has made the discovery that she has no business to be the comfort of our Proprietor's life, and to have the hold upon him of not being mixed up in all the janglings and wranglings of men, but is quite ill-used in being the solace of his home, and wants to go out speechifying. That 's our Proprietor's Wife's new mission. Why, you never heard the Dove go on in that ridiculous way. She knows her true strength better.

You are mighty proud about your language; but it seems to me that you don't deserve to have words, if you can't make a better use of 'em. You know you are always fighting about 'em. Do you never mean to leave that off, and come to things a little? I thought you had high authority for *not* tearing each other's eyes out, about words. You respect it, don't you?

I declare I am stunned with words, on my perch in the Happy Family. I used to think the cry of a Peacock bad enough, when I was on sale in a menagerie, but I had rather live in the midst of twenty peacocks, than one Gorham and a Privy Council. In the midst of your wordy squabbling, you don't think of the lookers-on. But if you heard what *I* hear in my public thoroughfare, you 'd stop a little of that noise, and leave the great bulk of the people something to believe in peace. You are overdoing it, I assure you.

I don't wonder at the Parrot picking words up and occupying herself with them. She has nothing else to do. There are no destitute parrots, no uneducated parrots, no foreign parrots in a contagious state of distraction, no parrots in danger of pestilence, no festering heaps of miserable parrots, no parrots crying to be sent away beyond the sea for dear life. But among you!—

Well! I repeat, I am not going to stand it. Tame submission to injustice is unworthy of a Raven. I croak the croak of revolt, and call upon the Happy Family to rally round me. You men have had it all your own way for a long time. *Now*, you shall hear a sentiment or two about yourselves.

I find my last communication gone from the corner where

I hid it. I rather suspect the magpie, but he says, 'Upon his honour.' If Mr. Rowland Hill has got it, he will do me justice—more justice than you have done him lately, or I am mistaken in my man.

II

[JUNE 8, 1850]

HALLOA!

You *won't* let me begin that Natural History of you, eh? You *will* always be doing something or other, to take off my attention? Now, you have begun to argue with the Undertakers, have you? What next!

Ugh! you are a nice set of fellows to be discussing, at this time of day, whether you shall countenance that humbug any longer. 'Performing' funerals, indeed! I have heard of performing dogs and cats, performing goats and monkeys, performing ponies, white-mice, and canary-birds; but performing drunkards at so much a day, guzzling over your dead, and throwing half of you into debt for a twelvemonth, beats all I ever heard of. Ha, ha!

The other day there was a person 'went and died' (as our Proprietor's wife says) close to our establishment. Upon my beak I thought I should have fallen off my perch, you made me laugh so, at the funeral.

Oh my crop and feathers, what a scene it was! *I* never saw the Owl so charmed. It was just the thing for him.

First of all, two dressed-up fellows came—trying to look sober, but they couldn't do it—and stuck themselves outside the door. There they stood, for hours, with a couple of crutches covered over with drapery; cutting their jokes on the company as they went in, and breathing such strong rum and water into our establishment over the way, that the Guinea-Pig (who has a poor little head) was drunk in ten minutes. You are so proud of your humanity. Ha, ha! As if a pair of respectable crows wouldn't have done it much better?

By and by, there came a hearse and four, and then two carriages and four; and on the tops of 'em, and on all the horses' heads, were plumes of feathers, hired at so much per plume; and everything, horses and all, was covered over with black velvet, till you couldn't see it. Because there were not feathers enough yet, there was a fellow in the procession carrying a board of 'em on his head, like Italian images; and there were about five-and-twenty or thirty other fellows (all hot and red in the face with eating and drinking) dressed up in scarves and hat-bands, and carrying —shut-up fishing-rods, I believe—who went draggling through the mud, in a manner that I thought would be the death of me; while the 'Black Jobmaster'—that 's what he calls himself—who had let the coaches and horses to a furnishing undertaker, who had let 'em to a haberdasher, who had let 'em to a carpenter, who had let 'em to the parish-clerk, who had let 'em to the sexton, who had let 'em to the plumber painter and glazier who had got the funeral to do, looked out of the public-house window at the corner, with his pipe in his mouth, and said—for I heard him—'That was the sort of turn-out to do a gen-teel party credit.' That! As if any two-and-sixpenny masquerade, tumbled into a vat of blacking, wouldn't be quite as solemn, and immeasurably cheaper!

Do you think I don't know you? You 're mistaken if you think so. But perhaps you do. Well! Shall I tell you what I know? Can you bear it? Here it is then. The Black Jobmaster is right. The root of all this, is the gen-teel party.

You don't mean to deny it, I hope? You don't mean to tell me that this nonsensical mockery isn't owing to your gentility. Don't I know a Raven in a Cathedral Tower, who has often heard your service for the Dead? Don't I know that you always begin it with the words, 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out'? Don't I know that in a monstrous satire on those words, you carry your hired velvets, and feathers, and scarves, and all the rest of it, to the edge of the grave, and

get plundered (and serve you right!) in every article, because you WILL be gen-teel parties to the last?

Eh? Think a little! Here's the plumber, painter and glazier come to take the funeral order which he is going to give to the sexton, who is going to give it to the clerk, who is going to give it to the carpenter, who is going to give it to the haberdasher, who is going to give it to the furnishing undertaker, who is going to divide it with the Black Jobmaster. 'Hearse and four, Sir?' says he. 'No, a pair will be sufficient.' 'I beg your pardon, Sir, but when we buried Mr. Grundy at number twenty, there was four on 'em, Sir; I think it right to mention it.' 'Well, perhaps there had better be four.' 'Thank you, Sir. Two coaches and four, Sir, shall we say?' 'No. Coaches and pair.' 'You 'll excuse my mentioning it, Sir, but pairs to the coaches, and four to the hearse, would have a singular appearance to the neighbours. When we put four to anything, we always carry four right through.' 'Well! say four!' 'Thank you, Sir. Feathers of course?' 'No. No feathers. They 're absurd.' 'Very good, Sir. *No* feathers?' 'No.' '*Very* good, Sir. We *can* do fours without feathers, Sir, but it 's what we never do. When we buried Mr. Grundy, there was feathers, and—I only throw it out, Sir—Mrs. Grundy might think it strange.' 'Very well! Feathers!' 'Thank you, Sir,'—and so on.

Is it and so on, or not, through the whole black job of jobs, because of Mrs. Grundy and the gen-teel party?

I suppose you 've thought about this? I suppose you 've reflected on what you 're doing, and what you 've done? When you read about those poisonings for the burial society money, you consider how it is that burial societies ever came to be, at all? You perfectly understand—you who are not the poor, and ought to set 'em an example—that, besides making the whole thing costly, you 've confused their minds about this burying, and have taught 'em to confound expense and show, with respect and affection. You know all you 've got to answer for, you gen-teel parties? I 'm glad of it.

I believe it 's only the monkers who are servile imitators,

is it? You reflect! To be sure you do. So does Mrs. Grundy—and she casts reflections—don't she?

What animals are those who scratch shallow holes in the ground in crowded places, scarcely hide their dead in 'em, and become unnaturally infected by their dead, and die by thousands? Vultures, I suppose. I think you call the Vulture an obscene bird? I don't consider him agreeable, but I never caught him misconducting himself in that way.

My honourable friend, the dog—I call him my honourable friend in your Parliamentary sense, because I hate him—turns round three times before he goes to sleep. I ask him why? He says he don't know; but he always does it. Do *you* know how you ever came to have that board of feathers carried on a fellow's head? Come. You 're a boastful race. Show yourselves superior to the dog, and tell me!

Now, I don't love many people; but I do love the undertakers. I except them from the censure I pass upon you in general. They know you so well, that I look upon 'em as a sort of Ravens. They are so certain of your being gen-teel parties, that they stick at nothing. They are sure they 've got the upper hand of you. Our proprietor was reading the paper, only last night, and there was an advertisement in it from a sensitive and libelled undertaker, to wit, that the allegation 'that funerals were unnecessarily expensive, was an insult to his professional brethren.' Ha! ha! Why, he knows he has you on the hip. It 's nothing to him that their being unnecessarily expensive is a fact within the experience of all of you as glaring as the sun when there 's not a cloud. He is certain that when you want a funeral 'performed,' he has only to be down upon you with Mrs. Grundy, to do what he likes with you—and then he 'll go home, and laugh like a Hyæna.

I declare (supposing I wasn't detained against my will by our proprietor) that, if I had any arms, I 'd take the undertakers to 'em! There 's another, in the same paper, who says they 're libelled, in the accusation of having disgracefully disturbed the meeting in favour of what you call your General Interment Bill. Our establishment was in the Strand, that night. There was no crowd of undertakers'

men there, with circulars in their pockets, calling on 'em to come in coloured clothes to make an uproar; it wasn't undertakers' men who got in with forged orders to yell and screech; it wasn't undertakers' men who made a brutal charge at the platform, and overturned the ladies like a troop of horse. Of course not. *I* know all about it.

But—and lay this well to heart, you Lords of the creation, as you call yourselves!—it *is* these undertakers' men to whom, in the last trying, bitter grief of life, you confide the loved and honoured forms of your sisters, mothers, daughters, wives. It *is* to these delicate gentry, and to their solemn remarks, and decorous behaviour, that you entrust the sacred ashes of all that has been the purest to you, and the dearest to you, in this world. Don't improve the breed! Don't change the custom! Be true to my opinion of you, and to Mrs. Grundy!

I nail the black flag of the black Jobmaster to our cage—figuratively speaking—and I stand up for the gen-teel parties. So (but from different motives) does the Owl. You 've got a chance, by means of that bill I 've mentioned—by and by, I call my own a General Interment Bill, for it buries everything it gets hold of—to alter the whole system; to avail yourselves of the results of all improved European experience; to separate death from life; to surround it with everything that is sacred and solemn, and to dissever it from everything that is shocking and sordid. You won't read the bill? You won't dream of helping it? You won't think of looking at the evidence on which it 's founded—Will you? No. That 's right!

Gen-teel parties, step forward, if you please, to the rescue of the black Jobmaster! The rats are with you. I am informed that they have unanimously passed a resolution that the closing of the London churchyards will be an insult to their professional brethren, and will oblige 'em 'to fight for it.' The Parrots are with you. The Owl is with you. The Raven is with you. No General Interments. Carrion for ever!

Ha, ha! Halloa!

III

[August 24, 1850]

I suppose you thought I was dead? No such thing. Don't flatter yourselves that I haven't got my eye upon you. I am wide awake, and you give me plenty to look at.

I have begun my great work about you. I have been collecting materials from the Horse, to begin with. You are glad to hear it, ain't you? Very likely. Oh, he gives you a nice character. He makes you out a charming set of fellows.

He informs me, by the bye, that he is a distinct relation of the pony that was taken up in a balloon a few weeks ago; and that the pony's account of your going to see him at Vauxhall Gardens, is an amazing thing. The pony says, that when he looked round on the assembled crowd, come to see the realisation of the wood-cut in the bill, he found it impossible to discover which was the real Mister Green—there were so many Mister Greens—and they were all so very green!

But that 's the way with you. You know it is. Don't tell me! You 'd go to see anything that other people went to see. And don't flatter yourselves that I am referring to 'the vulgar curiosity,' as you choose to call it, when you mean some curiosity in which you don't participate yourselves. The polite curiosity in this country, is as vulgar as any curiosity in the world.

Of course you 'll tell me, no it isn't, but I say yes it is. What have you got to say for yourselves about the Nepaulese Princes, I should like to know? Why, there has been more crowding, and pressing, and pushing, and jostling, and struggling, and striving, in genteel houses this last season on account of those Nepaulese Princes, than would take place in vulgar Cremorne Gardens and Greenwich Park, at Easter time and Whitsuntide! And what for? Do you know anything about 'em? Have you any idea why they came here? Can you put your finger on their country in

the map? Have you ever asked yourselves a dozen common questions about its climate, natural history, government, productions, customs, religion, manners? Not you! Here are a couple of swarthy Princes very much out of their element, walking about in wide muslin trousers, and sprinkled all over with gems (like the clock-work figure on the old round platform in the street, grown up), and they 're fashionable outlandish monsters, and it 's a new excitement for you to get a stare at 'em. As to asking 'em to dinner and seeing 'em sit at table without eating in your company (unclean animals as you are!), you fall into raptures at that. Quite delicious, isn't it? Ugh, you dunder-headed boobies!

I wonder what there is, new and strange, that you *wouldn't* lionise, as you call it. Can you suggest anything? It 's not a hippopotamus, I suppose. I hear from my brother-in-law in the Zoological Gardens, that you are always pelting away into the Regent's Park, by thousands, to see the hippopotamus. Oh, you 're very fond of hippopotami, ain't you? You study one attentively, when you *do* see one, don't you? You come away, so much wiser than you went, reflecting so profoundly on the wonders of creation—eh?

Bah! You follow one another like wild geese, but you are not so good to eat!

These, however, are not the observations of my friend the Horse. *He* takes you, in another point of view. Would you like to read his contribution to my Natural History of you? No? You shall then.

He is a Cab-horse now. He wasn't always, but he is now, and his usual stand is close to our Proprietor's usual stand. That 's the way we have come into communication, we 'dumb animals.' Ha, ha! Dumb, too! Oh, the conceit of you men, because you can bother the community out of their five wits, by making speeches!

Well. I mentioned to this Horse that I should be glad to have his opinions and experiences of you. Here they are:

'At the request of my honourable friend the Raven, I proceed to offer a few remarks in reference to the animal called Man. I have had varied experience of this strange creature for fifteen

years, and am now driven by a man, in the hackney cabriolet, number twelve thousand four hundred and fifty-two.

'The sense Man entertains of his own inferiority to the nobler animals—and I am now more particularly referring to the Horse—has impressed me forcibly, in the course of my career. If a Man knows a Horse well, he is prouder of it than of any knowledge of himself, within the range of his limited capacity. He regards it as the sum of all human acquisition. If he is learned in a Horse, he has nothing else to learn. And the same remark applies, with some little abatement, to his acquaintance with Dogs. I have seen a good deal of Man in my time, but I think I have never met a Man who didn't feel it necessary to his reputation to pretend, on occasion, that he knew something of Horses and Dogs, though he really knew nothing. As to making us a subject of conversation, my opinion is that we are more talked about, than history, philosophy, literature, art, and science, all put together. I have encountered innumerable gentlemen in the country, who were totally incapable of interest in anything but Horses and Dogs—except Cattle. And I have always been given to understand that they were the flower of the civilised world.

'It is very doubtful, to me, whether there is, upon the whole, anything Man is so ambitious to imitate, as an ostler, a jockey, a stage coachman, a horse-dealer, or a dog-fancier. There may be some other character which I do not immediately remember, that fires him with emulation; but, if there be, I am sure it is connected with Horses, or Dogs, or both. This is an unconscious compliment, on the part of the tyrant, to the nobler animals, which I consider to be very remarkable. I have known Lords, and Baronets, and Members of Parliament, out of number, who have deserted every other calling, to become but indifferent stablemen or kennelmen, and be cheated on all hands by the real aristocracy of those pursuits who were regularly born to the business.

'All this, I say, is a tribute to our superiority which I consider to be very remarkable. Yet, still, I can't quite understand it. Man can hardly devote himself to us, in admiration of our virtues, because he never imitates them. We Horses are as honest, though I say it, as animals can be. If, under the pressure of circumstances, we submit to act at a Circus, for instance, we always show that we are acting. We never deceive anybody. We would scorn to do it. If we are called upon to do anything in earnest, we do our best. If we are required to run a race falsely, and to lose when we could win, we are not to be relied upon, to commit a fraud; Man must come in at that point, and

force us to it. And the extraordinary circumstance to me, is, that Man (whom I take to be a powerful species of Monkey) is always making us nobler animals the instruments of his meanness and cupidity. The very name of our kind has become a byword for all sorts of trickery and cheating. We are as innocent as counters at a game—and yet this creature WILL play falsely with us!

'Man's opinion, good or bad, is not worth much, as any rational Horse knows. But, justice is justice; and what I complain of, is, that Mankind talks of us as if We had something to do with all this. They say that such a man was "ruined by Horses." Ruined by Horses! They can't be open, even in that, and say he was ruined by Men; but they lay it at *our* stable-door! As if we ever ruined anybody, or were ever doing anything but being ruined ourselves, in our generous desire to fulfil the useful purposes of our existence!

'In the same way, we get a bad name as if we were profligate company. "So-and-so got among Horses, and it was all up with him." Why, *we* would have reclaimed him—*we* would have made him temperate, industrious, punctual, steady, sensible,—what harm would he ever have got from *us*, I should wish to ask?

'Upon the whole, speaking of him as I have found him, I should describe Man as an unmeaning and conceited creature, very seldom to be trusted, and not likely to make advances towards the honesty of the nobler animals. I should say that his power of warping the nobler animals to bad purposes, and damaging their reputation by his companionship, is, next to the art of growing oats, hay, carrots, and clover, one of his principal attributes. He is very unintelligible in his caprices; seldom expressing with distinctness what he wants of us; and relying greatly on our better judgment to find out. He is cruel, and fond of blood—particularly at a steeple-chase—and is very ungrateful.

'And yet, so far as I can understand, he worships us too. He sets up images of us (not particularly like, but meant to be) in the streets, and calls upon his fellows to admire them, and believe in them. As well as I can make out, it is not of the least importance what images of Men are put astride upon these images of Horses, for I don't find any famous personage among them—except one, and *his* image seems to have been contracted for, by the gross. The jockeys who ride our statues are very queer jockeys, it appears to me, but it is something to find Man even posthumously sensible of what he owes to us. I believe

that when he has done any great wrong to any very distinguished Horse, deceased, he gets up a subscription to have an awkward likeness of him made, and erects it in a public place, to be generally venerated. I can find no other reason for the statues of us that abound.

'It must be regarded as a part of the inconsistency of Man, that he erects no statues to the Donkeys—who, though far inferior animals to ourselves, have great claims upon him. I should think a Donkey opposite the Horse at Hyde Park, another in Trafalgar Square, and a group of Donkeys, in brass, outside the Guildhall of the City of London (for I believe the Common Council Chamber is inside that building) would be pleasant and appropriate memorials.

'I am not aware that I can suggest anything more, to my honourable friend the Raven, which will not already have occurred to his fine intellect. Like myself, he is the victim of brute force, and must bear it until the present state of things is changed—as it possibly may be in the good time which I understand is coming, if I wait a little longer.'

There! How do you like that? That 's the Horse. You shall have another animal's sentiments, soon. I have communicated with plenty of 'em, and they are all down upon you. It 's not I alone who have found you out. You are generally detected, I am happy to say, and shall be covered with confusion.

Talking about the horse, are you going to set up any more horses? Eh? Think a bit. Come! You haven't got horses enough yet, surely? Couldn't you put somebody else on horseback, and stick him up, at the cost of a few thousands? You have already statues to most of the 'benefactors of mankind' (SEE ADVERTISEMENT) in your principal cities. You walk through groves of great inventors, instructors, discoverers, assuagers of pain, preventers of disease, suggesters of purifying thoughts, doers of noble deeds. Finish the list. Come!

Whom shall you hoist into the saddle? Let 's have a cardinal virtue! Shall it be Faith? Hope? Charity? Aye, Charity 's the virtue to ride on horseback! Let 's have Charity!

How shall we represent it? Eh? What do you think?

Royal? Certainly. Duke? Of course. Charity always was typified in that way, from the time of a certain widow, downwards. And there 's nothing less left to put up; all the commoners who were 'benefactors of mankind' having had their statues in the public places, long ago.

How shall we dress it? Rags? Low. Drapery? Commonplace. Field-Marshal's uniform? The very thing! Charity in a Field-Marshal's uniform (none the worse for wear) with thirty thousand pounds a year, public money, in its pocket, and fifteen thousand more, public money, up behind, will be a piece of plain uncompromising truth in the highways, and an honour to the country and the time.

Ha, ha, ha! You can't leave the memory of an unassuming, honest, good-natured, amiable old Duke alone, without bespattering it with your flunkeyism, can't you? That 's right—and like you! Here are three brass buttons in my crop. I 'll subscribe 'em all. One, to the statue of Charity; one, to a statue of Hope; one, to a statue of Faith. For Faith, we 'll have the Nepaulese Ambassador on horseback—being a prince. And for Hope, we 'll put the Hippopotamus on horseback, and so make a group.

Let 's have a meeting about it!

THE 'GOOD' HIPPOPOTAMUS

[October 12, 1850]

Our correspondent, the Raven in the Happy Family, suggested in these pages, not long ago, the propriety of a meeting being held, to settle the preliminary arrangements for erecting an equestrian statue to the Hippopotamus. We are happy to have received some exclusive information on this interesting subject, and to be authorised to lay it before our readers.

It appears that Mr. Hamet Safi Cannana, the Arabian gentleman who acts as Secretary to H. R. H. (His Rolling Hulk) the Hippopotamus, has been, for some time, reflecting that he is under great obligations to that distinguished creature. Mr. Hamet Safi Cannana (who is remark-

able for candour) has not hesitated to say that, but for his accidental public connection with H. R. H., he Mr. Cannana would no doubt have remained to the end of his days an obscure individual, perfectly unknown to fame, and possessing no sort of claim on the public attention. H. R. H. having been the means of getting Mr. Cannana's name into print on several occasions, and having afforded Mr. Cannana various opportunities of plunging into the newspapers, Mr. Cannana has felt himself under a debt of gratitude to H. R. H., requiring some public acknowledgment and return. Mr. Cannana, after much consideration, has been able to think of no return, at once so notorious and so cheap, as a monument to H. R. H., to be erected at the public expense. We cannot positively state that Mr. Cannana founded this idea on our Correspondent's suggestion—for, indeed, we have reason to believe that he promulgated it before our Correspondent's essay appeared—but, we trust it is not claiming too much for the authority of our Correspondent to hope that it may have confirmed Mr. Cannana in a very noble, a very sensible, a very spirited, undertaking.

We proceed to record its history, as far as it has yet gone.

Mr. Hamet Safi Cannana, having conceived the vast original idea of erecting a Public Monument to H. R. H., set himself to consider next, by what adjective H. R. H. could be most attractively distinguished in the advertisements of that Monument. After much painful and profound cogitation, Mr. Cannana was suddenly inspired with the wonderful thought of calling him the 'Good' Hippopotamus!

This is so obviously an inspiration,—a fancy reserved, through all the previous ages of the world, for this extraordinary genius,—that we have been at some pains to trace it, if possible, to its source. But, as usually happens in such cases, Mr. Cannana can give no account of the process by which he arrived at the result. Mr. Cannana's description of himself, rendered into English, would be, that he was 'bothered'; that he had thought of a number of adjectives, as, the oily Hippopotamus, the bland Hippopotamus, the bathing Hippopotamus, the expensive Hippopotamus, the valiant Hippopotamus, the sleepy Hippopotamus, when, in a mo-

ment, as it were in the space of a flash of lightning, he found he had written down, without knowledge why or wherefore, and without being at all able to account for it, those endearing words, the 'Good Hippopotamus.'

Having got the phrase down, in black and white, for speedy publication, the next step was to explain it to an unimaginative public. This process Mr. Cannana can describe. He relates, that when he came to consider the vast quantities of milk of which the Hippopotamus partook, his amazing consumption of meal, his unctuous appetite for dates, his jog-trot manner of going, his majestic power of sleep, he felt that all these qualities pointed him out emphatically as the 'Good' Hippopotamus. He never howled, like the Hyena; he never roared, like the Lion; he never screeched, like the Parrot; he never damaged the tops of high trees, like the Giraffe; he never put a trunk in people's way, like the Elephant; he never hugged anybody, like the Bear; he never projected a forked tongue, like the Serpent. He was an easy, basking, jolly, slow, inoffensive, eating and drinking Hippopotamus. Therefore, he was, supremely, the 'Good' Hippopotamus.

When Mr. Cannana observed the subject from a closer point of view, he began to find that H. R. H. was not only the 'Good,' but a Benefactor to the whole human race. He toiled not, neither did he spin, truly—but he bathed in cool water when the weather was hot, he slept when he came out of the bath; and he bathed and slept, serenely, for the public gratification. People, of all ages and conditions, rushed to see him bathe, and sleep, and feed; and H. R. H. had no objection. As H. R. H. lay luxuriously winking at the striving public, one warm summer day, Mr. Cannana distinctly perceived that the whole of H. R. H.'s time and energy was devoted to the service of that public. Mr. Cannana's eye, wandering round the hall, and observing, there assembled, a number of persons labouring under the terrible disorder of having nothing particular to do, and too much time to do it in, moistened, as he reflected that the whole of H. R. H.'s life, in giving them some temporary excitement, was an act of charity; was 'devoted' (Mr. Cannana has since printed

these words) 'to the protection and affectionate care of the sick and the afflicted.' He perceived, upon the instant, that H. R. H. was a Hippopotamus of 'unsurpassed worth,' and he drew up an advertisement so describing him.

Mr. Cannana, having brought his project thus far on its road to prosperity, without stumbling over any obstacle in the way, now considered it expedient to impart the great design to some other person or persons who would go hand in hand with him. He concluded (having some knowledge of the world) that those who had lifted themselves into any degree of notoriety by means of H. R. H., would be the most likely (but only as best knowing him) to possess a knowledge of his unsurpassed worth. It is an instance of Mr. Cannana's sagacity, that he communicated with the Milkman who supplies the Zoological Gardens.

The Milkman immediately put down his name for ten pounds, his wife's for five pounds, and each of their twin children for two pounds ten. He added, in a spirited letter, addressed to Mr. Cannana, and a copy of which is now before us, 'You may rely on my assistance in any way, or in every way, that may be useful to your patriotic project, of erecting a Monument to the "Good" Hippopotamus. We have not Monuments enough. We want more. H. R. H.'s consumption of milk has far exceeded, from the first moment of his unwearied devotion of himself to the happiness of Mankind, any animal's with which I am acquainted; and that nature must be base indeed, that would not vibrate to your appeal.' Emboldened by this sympathy, Mr. Cannana next addressed himself to the Mealman, who replied, 'This is as it should be,' and enclosed a subscription of seven pounds ten —with a request that it might be stated in the published list that the number of his house was ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR B, at the right-hand corner of High Street, and Blue Lion Street, and that it had no connection with any similar establishments in the same neighbourhood, which were all impositions.

Mr. Cannana now proceeded to form a Committee. The Milkman and the Mealman both consented to serve. Also the two Policemen usually on duty (under Mr. Cannana's

auspices), in H. R. H.'s den; the principal Money-taker at the gardens; the Monkey who, early in the season, was appointed (by Mr. Cannana) to a post on H. R. H.'s grounds; and all the artificers employed (under Mr. Cannana's directions), in constructing the existing accommodation for H. R. H.'s entire dedication of his life and means to the consolation of the afflicted. Still, Mr. Cannana deemed it necessary to his project to unite in one solid phalanx all the leading professional keepers of Show Animals in and near London; and this extensive enterprise he immediately pursued, by circular-letter signed Hamet Safi Cannana, setting forth the absolute and indispensable necessity of 'raising a permanent monument in honor of the "Good" Hippopotamus, which, while it becomes a record of gratitude for his self-sacrifices in the cause of charity, shall serve as a guide and example to all who wish to become the benefactors of mankind.'

The response to this letter, was of the most gratifying nature. Mr. Wombwell's keepers joined the Committee; all the keepers at the Surrey Zoological enrolled themselves without loss of time; the exhibitor of the dancing dogs came forward with alacrity; the proprietor of 'Punch's Opera, containing the only singing dogs in Europe,' became a Committee-man; and the hoarse gentleman who trains the birds to draw carriages, and the white mice to climb the tight rope and go up ladders, gave in his adhesion, in a manner that did equal honour to his head and heart. The Italian boys were once thought of, but these Mr. Cannana rejected as low; for all Mr. Cannana's proceedings are characterised by a delicate gentility.

The Committee, having been thus constituted, and being reinforced by the purveyors to the different animals (who are observed to be very strong in the cause) held a meeting of their body, at which Mr. Cannana explained his general views. Mr. Cannana said, that he had proposed to the various keepers of Show Animals then present, to form themselves into that union for the erection of a Monument to the 'Good' Hippopotamus, because, laying aside individual jealousies, it appeared to him that the cause of that animal of 'unsurpassed worth,' was, in fact, the common cause of all

Show Animals. There was one point of view (Mr. Cannana said) in which the design they had met to advance appeared to him to be exceedingly important. Some Show Animals had not done well of late. Pathetic appeals had been made to the public on their behalf; but the Public had appeared a little to mistrust the Animals—why, he could not imagine—and their funds did not bear that proportion to their expenditure which was to be desired. Now, here were they, the Representatives of those Show Animals, about, one and all, to address the Public on the subject of the 'Good' Hippopotamus. If they took the solid ground they ought to take; if they united in telling the Public without any misgiving that he was a creature 'of unsurpassed worth,' that 'his whole life was devoted to the protection and affectionate care of the sick and the afflicted'; that 'his self-sacrifices demanded the public admiration and gratitude'; and that he was 'a guide and example to all who wished to become the benefactors of Mankind';—if they did this, what he, Mr. Cannana, said, was, that the Public would judge of their representations of their Show Animals generally, by the self-evident nature of these statements; and their Show Animals, whatever they had been in the past, could not fail to be handsomely supported by the Public in future, and to win their utmost confidence.

This position was universally applauded, but it was reduced to still plainer terms, by the straight-forward gentleman with the hoarse voice who trains the birds and mice.

'In short,' said that gentleman, addressing Mr. Cannana, 'if we puts out this here 'Tizement, the Public will know in a minute that there isn't a morsel of Humbug about us?'

Mr. Cannana replied, with earnestness, 'Exactly so! My honourable friend has stated precisely what I mean!'

This distinct statement of the case was much applauded, and gave the greatest satisfaction to the assembled company.

It was then suggested by the Secretary, to Mr. Tyler's tiger, that several thousand circulars, embodying these statements (with a promise that the collector should shortly call for a subscription) ought to be immediately signed by Mr. Hamet Safi Cannana, addressed, and posted. This work Mr. Cannana undertook to superintend, and we understand

that some ten thousand of these letters have since been delivered. The gentleman in waiting on Mr. Wombwell's Sloth (who is of an ardent temperament) was of opinion that the company should instantly vote subscriptions towards the Monument from the funds of their respective establishments: considering the fact, that the funds did not belong to them, of secondary importance to the erection of a Monument to the 'Good' Hippopotamus. But, it was resolved to defer this point until the public feeling on the undertaking should have an opportunity of expressing itself.

This, as far as it has yet reached, is the history of the Monument to the 'Good' Hippopotamus. The collector has called, we understand, at a great many houses, but has not yet succeeded in getting into several, in consequence of the entrance being previously occupied by the collector of the Queen's Taxes, going his rounds for the annuity to the young Duke of Cambridge. Whom Heaven preserve!

SOME ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY TRAVELLER

[April 20, 1850]

No longer ago than this Easter time last past, we became acquainted with the subject of the present notice. Our knowledge of him is not by any means an intimate one, and is only of a public nature. We have never interchanged any conversation with him, except on one occasion when he asked us to have the goodness to take off our hat, to which we replied 'Certainly.'

Mr. Booley was born (we believe) in Rood Lane, in the City of London. He is now a gentleman advanced in life, and has for some years resided in the neighbourhood of Islington. His father was a wholesale grocer (perhaps) and he was (possibly) in the same way of business; or he may, at an early age, have become a clerk in the Bank of England or in a private bank, or in the India House. It will be observed that we make no pretence of having any

information in reference to the private history of this remarkable man, and that our account of it must be received as rather speculative than authentic.

In person Mr. Booley is below the middle size, and corpulent. His countenance is florid, he is perfectly bald, and soon hot; and there is a composure in his gait and manner, calculated to impress a stranger with the idea of his being, on the whole, an unwieldy man. It is only in his eye that the adventurous character of Mr. Booley is seen to shine. It is a moist, bright eye, of a cheerful expression, and indicative of keen and eager curiosity.

It was not until late in life that Mr. Booley conceived the idea of entering on the extraordinary amount of travel he has since accomplished. He had attained the age of sixty-five before he left England for the first time. In all the immense journeys he has since performed, he has never laid aside the English dress, nor departed in the slightest degree from English customs. Neither does he speak a word of any language but his own.

Mr. Booley's powers of endurance are wonderful. All climates are alike to him. Nothing exhausts him; no alternations of heat and cold appear to have the least effect upon his hardy frame. His capacity of travelling, day and night, for thousands of miles, has never been approached by any traveller of whom we have any knowledge through the help of books. An intelligent Englishman may have occasionally pointed out to him objects and scenes of interest; but otherwise he has travelled alone and unattended. Though remarkable for personal cleanliness, he has carried no luggage; and his diet has been of the simplest kind. He has often found a biscuit, or a bun, sufficient for his support over a vast tract of country. Frequently, he has travelled hundreds of miles, fasting, without the least abatement of his natural spirits. It says much for the Total Abstinence cause, that Mr. Booley has never had recourse to the artificial stimulus of alcohol, to sustain him under his fatigues.

His first departure from the sedentary and monotonous life he had hitherto led, strikingly exemplifies, we think, the energetic character, long suppressed by that unchanging

routine. Without any communication with any member of his family—Mr. Booley has never been married, but has many relations—without announcing his intention to his solicitor, or banker, or any person entrusted with the management of his affairs, he closed the door of his house behind him at one o'clock in the afternoon of a certain day, and immediately proceeded to New Orleans, in the United States of America.

His intention was to ascend the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, to the base of the Rocky Mountains. Taking his passage in a steamboat without loss of time, he was soon upon the bosom of the Father of Waters, as the Indians call the mighty stream which, night and day, is always carrying huge instalments of the vast continent of the New World down into the sea.

Mr. Booley found it singularly interesting to observe the various stages of civilisation obtaining on the banks of these mighty rivers. Leaving the luxury and brightness of New Orleans—a somewhat feverish luxury and brightness, he observed, as if the swampy soil were too much enriched in the hot sun with the bodies of dead slaves—and passing various towns in every stage of progress, it was very curious to observe the changes of civilisation and of vegetation too. Here, while the doomed negro race were working in the plantations, while the republican overseer looked on, whip in hand, tropical trees were growing, beautiful flowers in bloom; the alligator, with his horribly sly face, and his jaws like two great saws, was basking on the mud; and the strange moss of the country was hanging in wreaths and garlands on the trees, like votive offerings. A little farther towards the west, and the trees and flowers were changed, the moss was gone, younger infant towns were rising, forests were slowly disappearing, and the trees, obliged to aid in the destruction of their kind, fed the heavily-breathing monster that came clanking up those solitudes laden with the pioneers of the advancing human army. The river itself, that moving highway, showed him every kind of floating contrivance, from the lumbering flat-bottomed boat, and the raft of logs, upward to the steamboat, and downward to the poor

Indian's frail canoe. A winding thread through the enormous range of country, unrolling itself before the wanderer like the magic skein in the story, he saw it tracked by wanderers of every kind, roaming from the more settled world, to those first nests of men. The floating theatre, dwelling-house, hotel, museum, shop; the floating mechanism for screwing the trunks of mighty trees out of the mud, like antediluvian teeth; the rapidly-flowing river, and the blazing woods; he left them all behind—town, city, and log-cabin, too; and floated up into the prairies and savannahs, among the deserted lodges of tribes of savages, and among their dead, lying alone on little wooden stages with their stark faces upward towards the sky. Among the blazing grass, and herds of buffaloes and wild horses, and among the wigwams of the fast-declining Indians, he began to consider how, in the eternal current of progress setting across this globe in one unchangeable direction, like the unseen agency that points the needle to the Pole, the Chiefs who only dance the dances of their fathers, and will never have a new figure for a new tune, and the Medicine men who know no Medicine but what was Medicine a hundred years ago, must be surely and inevitably swept from the earth, whether they be Choctawas, Mandans, Britons, Austrians, or Chinese.

He was struck, too, by the reflection that savage nature was not by any means such a fine and noble spectacle as some delight to represent it. He found it a poor, greasy, paint-plastered, miserable thing enough; but a very little way above the beasts in most respects; in many customs a long way below them. It occurred to him that the 'Big Bird,' or the 'Blue Fish,' or any of the other Braves, was but a troublesome braggart after all; making a mighty whooping and halloaing about nothing particular, doing very little for science, not much more than the monkeys for art, scarcely anything worth mentioning for letters, and not often making the world greatly better than he found it. Civilisation, Mr. Booley concluded, was, on the whole, with all its blemishes, a more imposing sight, and a far better thing to stand by.

Mr. Booley's observations of the celestial bodies, on this

voyage, were principally confined to the discovery of the alarming fact, that light had altogether departed from the moon; which presented the appearance of a white dinner-plate. The clouds, too, conducted themselves in an extraordinary manner, and assumed the most eccentric forms, while the sun rose and set in a very reckless way. On his return to his native country, however, he had the satisfaction of finding all these things as usual.

It might have been expected that at his advanced age, retired from the active duties of life, blessed with a competency, and happy in the affections of his numerous relations, Mr. Booley would now have settled himself down, to muse, for the remainder of his days, over the new stock of experience thus acquired. But travel had whetted, not satisfied, his appetite; and remembering that he had not seen the Ohio River, except at the point of its junction with the Mississippi, he returned to the United States, after a short interval of repose, and appearing suddenly at Cincinnati, the queen City of the West, traversed the clear waters of the Ohio to its Falls. In this expedition he had the pleasure of encountering a party of intelligent workmen from Birmingham who were making the same tour. Also his nephew Septimus, aged only thirteen. This intrepid boy had started from Peckham, in the old country, with two and sixpence sterling in his pocket; and had, when he encountered his uncle at a point of the Ohio River, called Snaggy Bar, still one shilling of that sum remaining!

Again at home, Mr. Booley was so pressed by his appetite for knowledge as to remain at home only one day. At the expiration of that short period, he actually started for New Zealand.

It is almost incredible that a man in Mr. Booley's station of life, however adventurous his nature, and however few his artificial wants, should cast himself on a voyage of thirteen thousand miles from Great Britain with no other outfit than his watch and purse, and no arms but his walking-stick. We are, however, assured on the best authority, that thus he made the passage out, and thus appeared, in the act of wiping his smoking head with his pocket-handkerchief, at the

entrance to Port Nicholson in Cook's Straits: with the very spot within his range of vision, where his illustrious predecessor, Captain Cook, so unhappily slain at Otaheite, once anchored.

After contemplating the swarms of cattle maintained on the hills in this neighbourhood, and always to be found by the stockmen when they are wanted, though nobody takes any care of them—which Mr. Booley considered the more remarkable, as their natural objection to be killed might be supposed to be augmented by the beauty of the climate—Mr. Booley proceeded to the town of Wellington. Having minutely examined it in every point, and made himself perfect master of the whole natural history and process of manufacture of the flax-plant, with its splendid yellow blossoms, he repaired to a Native Pa, which, unlike the Native Pa to which he was accustomed, he found to be a town, and not a parent. Here he observed a chief with a long spear, making every demonstration of spitting a visitor, but really giving him the Maori or welcome—a word Mr. Booley is inclined to derive from the known hospitality of our English Mayors—and here also he observed some Europeans rubbing noses, by way of shaking hands, with the aboriginal inhabitants. After participating in an affray between the natives and the English soldiers in which the former were defeated with great loss, he plunged into the Bush, and there camped out for some months, until he had made a survey of the whole country.

While leading this wild life, encamped by night near a stream for the convenience of water in a Ware, or hut, built open in the front, with a roof sloping backward to the ground, and made of poles, covered and enclosed with bark or fern, it was Mr. Booley's singular fortune to encounter Miss Creeble, of The Misses Creeble's Boarding and Day Establishment for Young Ladies, Kennington Oval, who, accompanied by three of her young ladies in search of information, had achieved this marvellous journey, and was then also in the Bush. Miss Creeble having very unsettled opinions on the subject of gunpowder, was afraid that it entered into the composition of the fire before the tent, and

that something would presently blow up or go off. Mr. Booley, as a more experienced traveller, assuring her that there was no danger; and calming the fears of the young ladies, an acquaintance commenced between them. They accomplished the rest of their travels in New Zealand together, and the best understanding prevailed among the little party. They took notice of the trees, as the Kaikatea, the Kauri, the Ruta, the Pukatea, the Hinau, and the Tanakaka —names which Miss Creeble had a bland relish in pronouncing. They admired the beautiful, aborescent, palm-like fern, abounding everywhere, and frequently exceeding thirty feet in height. They wondered at the curious owl, who is supposed to demand 'More Pork!' wherever he flies, and whom Miss Creeble termed 'an admonition of Nature against greediness!' And they contemplated some very rampant natives of cannibal propensities. After many pleasing and instructive vicissitudes, they returned to England in company, where the ladies were safely put into a hackney cabriolet by Mr. Booley, in Leicester Square, London.

And now, indeed, it might have been imagined that that roving spirit, tired of rambling about the world, would have settled down at home in peace and honour. Not so. After repairing to the tubular bridge across the Menai Straits, and accompanying Her Majesty on her visit to Ireland (which he characterised as 'a magnificent Exhibition'), Mr. Booley, with his usual absence of preparation, departed for Australia.

Here again, he lived out in the Bush, passing his time chiefly among the working-gangs of convicts who were carrying timber. He was much impressed by the ferocious mastiffs chained to barrels, who assist the sentries in keeping guard over those misdoers. But he observed that the atmosphere in this part of the world, unlike the descriptions he had read of it, was extremely thick, and that objects were misty, and difficult to be discerned. From a certain unsteadiness and trembling, too, which he frequently remarked on the face of Nature, he was led to conclude that this part of the globe was subject to convulsive heavings and earthquakes. This caused him to return with some precipitation.

Again at home, and probably reflecting that the countries

he had hitherto visited were new in the history of man, this extraordinary traveller resolved to proceed up the Nile to the second cataract. At the next performance of the great ceremony of 'opening the Nile,' at Cairo, Mr. Booley was present.

Along that wonderful river, associated with such stupendous fables, and with a history more prodigious than any fancy of man, in its vast and gorgeous facts; among temples, palaces, pyramids, colossal statues, crocodiles, tombs, obelisks, mummies, sand and ruin; he proceeded, like an opium-eater in a mighty dream. Thebes rose before him. An avenue of two hundred sphinxes, with not a head among them,—one of six or eight, or ten such avenues, all leading to a common centre—conducted to the Temple of Carnak: its walls, eighty feet high and twenty-five feet thick, a mile and three-quarters in circumference; the interior of its tremendous hall, occupying an area of forty-seven thousand square feet, large enough to hold four great Christian churches, and yet not more than one-seventh part of the entire ruin. Obelisks he saw, thousands of years of age, as sharp as if the chisel had cut their edges yesterday; colossal statues fifty-two feet high, with 'little' fingers five feet and a half long; a very world of ruins, that were marvellous old ruins in the days of Herodotus; tombs cut high up in the rock, where European travellers live solitary, as in stony crows' nests, burning mummied Thebans, gentle and simple —of the dried blood-royal maybe—for their daily fuel, and making articles of furniture of their dusty coffins. Upon the walls of temples, in colours fresh and bright as those of yesterday, he read the conquests of great Egyptian monarchs; upon the tombs of humbler people in the same blooming symbols, he saw their ancient way of working at their trades, of riding, driving, feasting, playing games; of marrying and burying, and performing on instruments, and singing songs, and healing by the power of animal magnetism, and performing all the occupations of life. He visited the quarries of Silsileh, whence nearly all the red stone used by the ancient Egyptian architects and sculptors came; and there beheld enormous single-stoned colossal fig-

ures, nearly finished—redly snowed up, as it were, and trying hard to break out—waiting for the finishing touches, never to be given by the mummied hands of thousands of years ago. In front of the temple of Abou Simbel, he saw gigantic figures sixty feet in height and twenty-one across the shoulders, dwarfing live men on camels down to pigmies. Elsewhere he beheld complacent monsters tumbled down like ill-used Dolls of a Titanic make, and staring with stupid benignity at the arid earth whereon their huge faces rested. His last look of that amazing land was at the Great Sphinx, buried in the sand—sand in its eyes, sand in its ears, sand drifted on its broken nose, sand lodging, feet deep, in the ledges of its head—struggling out of a wide sea of sand, as if to look hopelessly forth for the ancient glories once surrounding it.

In this expedition, Mr. Booley acquired some curious information in reference to the language of hieroglyphics. He encountered the Simoon in the Desert, and lay down, with the rest of his caravan until it had passed over. He also beheld on the horizon some of those stalking pillars of sand, apparently reaching from earth to heaven, which, with the red sun shining through them, so terrified the Arabs attendant on Bruce, that they fell prostrate, crying that the Day of Judgment was come. More Copts, Turks, Arabs, Fellahs, Bedouins, Mosques, Mamelukes, and Moosulmen he saw, than we have space to tell. His days were all Arabian Nights, and he saw wonders without end.

This might have satiated any ordinary man, for a time at least. But Mr. Booley, being no ordinary man, within twenty-four hours of his arrival at home was making the overland journey to India.

He has emphatically described this, as 'a beautiful piece of scenery,' and 'a perfect picture.' The appearance of Malta and Gibraltar he can never sufficiently commend. In crossing the desert from Grand Cairo to Suez he was particularly struck by the undulations of the Sandscape (he preferred that word to Landscape, as more expressive of the region), and by the incident of beholding a caravan upon its line of march; a spectacle which in the remembrance

always affords him the utmost pleasure. Of the stations on the desert, and the cinnamon gardens of Ceylon, he likewise entertains a lively recollection. Calcutta he praises also; though he has been heard to observe that the British military at that seat of Government were not as well proportioned as he could desire the soldiers of his country to be; and that the breed of horses there in use was susceptible of some improvement.

Once more in his native land, with the vigour of his constitution unimpaired by the many toils and fatigues he had encountered, what had Mr. Booley now to do, but, full of years and honour, to recline upon the grateful appreciation of his Queen and country, always eager to distinguish peaceful merit? What had he now to do, but to receive the decoration ever ready to be bestowed, in England, on men deservedly distinguished, and to take his place among the best? He had this to do. He had yet to achieve the most astonishing enterprise for which he was reserved. In all the countries he had yet visited, he had seen no frost and snow. He resolved to make a voyage to the ice-bound arctic regions.

In pursuance of this surprising determination, Mr. Booley accompanied the expedition under Sir James Ross, consisting of Her Majesty's ships the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, which sailed from the River Thames on the 12th of May 1848, and which, on the 11th of September, entered Port Leopold Harbour.

In this inhospitable region, surrounded by eternal ice, cheered by no glimpse of the sun, shrouded in gloom and darkness, Mr. Booley passed the entire winter. The ships were covered in, and fortified all round with walls of ice and snow; the masts were frozen up; hoar frost settled on the yards, tops, shrouds, stays, and rigging; around, in every direction, lay an interminable waste, on which only the bright stars, the yellow moon, and the vivid Aurora Borealis looked, by night or day.

And yet the desolate sublimity of this astounding spectacle was broken in a pleasant and surprising manner. In the remote solitude to which he had penetrated, Mr. Booley (who saw no Esquimaux during his stay, though he looked

for them in every direction) had the happiness of encountering two Scotch gardeners; several English compositors, accompanied by their wives; three brass-founders from the neighbourhood of Long Acre, London; two coach painters, a gold-beater and his only daughter, by trade a staymaker; and several other working-people from sundry parts of Great Britain who had conceived the extraordinary idea of 'holiday-making' in the frozen wilderness. Hither, too, had Miss Creeble and her three young ladies penetrated: the latter attired in braided peacoats of a comparatively light material; and Miss Creeble defended from the inclemency of a Polar Winter by no other outer garment than a wadded Polka-jacket. He found this courageous lady in the act of explaining, to the youthful sharers of her toils, the various phases of nature by which they were surrounded. Her explanations were principally wrong, but her intentions always admirable.

Cheered by the society of these fellow-adventurers, Mr. Booley slowly glided on into the summer season. And now, at midnight, all was bright and shining. Mountains of ice, wedged and broken into the strangest forms—jagged points, spires, pinnacles, pyramids, turrets, columns in endless succession and in infinite variety, flashing and sparkling with ten thousand hues, as though the treasures of the earth were frozen up in all that water—appeared on every side. Masses of ice, floating and driving hither and thither, menaced the hardy voyagers with destruction; and threatened to crush their strong ships, like nutshells. But, below those ships was clear sea-water, now; the fortifying walls were gone; the yards, tops, shrouds and rigging, free from that hoary rust of long inaction, showed like themselves again; and the sails, bursting from the masts, like foliage which the welcome sun at length developed, spread themselves to the wind, and wafted the travellers away.

In the short interval that has elapsed since his safe return to the land of his birth, Mr. Booley has decided on no new expedition; but he feels that he will yet be called upon to undertake one, perhaps of greater magnitude than any he has achieved, and frequently remarks, in his own easy

way, that he wonders where the deuce he will be taken to next! Possessed of good health and good spirits, with powers unimpaired by all he has gone through, and with an increase of appetite still growing with what it feeds on, what may not be expected yet from this extraordinary man!

It was only at the close of Easter week that, sitting in an armchair, at a private club called the Social Oysters, assembling at Highbury Barn, where he is much respected, this indefatigable traveller expressed himself in the following terms:

'It is very gratifying to me,' said he, 'to have seen so much at my time of life, and to have acquired a knowledge of the countries I have visited, which I could not have derived from books alone. When I was a boy, such travelling would have been impossible, as the gigantic-moving-panorama or diorama mode of conveyance, which I have principally adopted (all my modes of conveyance have been pictorial), had then not been attempted. It is a delightful characteristic of these times, that new and cheap means are continually being devised for conveying the results of actual experience to those who are unable to obtain such experiences for themselves; and to bring them within the reach of the people—emphatically of the people; for it is they at large who are addressed in these endeavours, and not exclusive audiences. Hence,' said Mr. Booley, 'even if I see a run on an idea, like the panorama one, it awakens no ill-humour within me, but gives me pleasant thoughts. Some of the best results of actual travel are suggested by such means to those whose lot it is to stay at home. New worlds open out to them, beyond their little worlds, and widen their range of reflection, information, sympathy, and interest. The more man knows of man, the better for the common brotherhood among us all. I shall, therefore,' said Mr. Booley, 'now propose to the Social Oysters, the healths of Mr. Banvard, Mr. Brees, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Allen, Mr. Prout, Messrs, Bonomi, Fahey, and Warren, Mr. Thomas Grieve, and Mr. Burford. Long life to them all, and more power to their pencils!'

The Social Oysters having drunk this toast with acclama-

tion, Mr. Booley proceeded to entertain them with anecdotes of his travels. This he is in the habit of doing after they have feasted together, according to the manner of Sinbad the Sailor—except that he does not bestow upon the Social Oysters the munificent reward of one hundred sequins per night, for listening.

A CARD FROM MR. BOOLEY

[May 18, 1850]

Mr. Booley (the great traveller) presents his compliments to the conductor of *Household Words*, and begs to call his attention to an omission in the account given in that delightful journal, of Mr. Booley's remarks, in addressing the Social Oysters.

Mr. Booley, in proposing the health of Mr. Thomas Grieve, in connection with the beautiful diorama of the route of the Overland Mail to India, expressly added (amid much cheering from the Oysters) the names of Mr. Telbin his distinguished coadjutor; Mr. Absolon, who painted the figures; and Mr. Herring, who painted the animals. Although Mr. Booley's tribute of praise can be of little importance to those gentlemen, he is uneasy in finding them left out of the delightful Journal referred to.

Mr. Booley has taken the liberty of endeavouring to give this communication an air of novelty, by omitting the words 'Now, Sir,' which are generally supposed to be essential to all letters written to Editors for publication. It may be interesting to add, in fact, that the Social Oysters considered it impossible that Mr. Booley could, by any means, throw off the present communication, without availing himself of that established form of address.

Highbury Barn, *Monday Evening.*

MR. BOOLEY'S VIEW OF THE LAST LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

Mr. Booley having been much excited by the accounts in the newspapers, informing the public that the eminent Mr. Batty, of Astley's Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge Road, Lambeth, would invent, arrange, and marshal the Procession on Lord Mayor's Day, took occasion to announce to the Social Oysters that he intended to be present at that great national spectacle. Mr. Booley remarked that into whatever regions he extended his travels, and however wide the range of his experience became, he still found, on repairing to Astley's Amphitheatre, that he had much to learn. For, he always observed within those walls, some extraordinary costume or curious weapon, or some apparently unaccountable manners and customs, which he had previously associated with no nation upon earth. Thus, Mr. Booley said, he had acquired a knowledge of Tartar Tribes, and also of Wild Indians, and Chinese, which had greatly enlightened him as to the habits of those singular races of men, in whom he observed, as peculiarities common to the whole, that they were always hoarse; that they took equestrian exercise in a most irrational manner, riding up staircases and precipices without the least necessity; that it was impossible for them to dance, on any joyful occasion, without keeping time with their forefingers, erect in the neighbourhood of their ears; and that whenever their castles were on fire (a calamity to which they were particularly subject) numbers of them immediately tumbled down dead, without receiving any wound or blow, while others, previously distinguished in war, fell an easy prey to the comic coward of the opposite faction, who was usually armed with a strange instrument resembling an enormous, supple cigar.

For such reasons alone, Mr. Booley took a lively interest in the preliminary announcements of the last Lord Mayor's Show; but, when he understood, besides, that the Show was to be an Allegory, devised by the ingenious Mr. Batty, in conjunction with the Lord Mayor, as a kind of practical

riddle for all beholders to make guesses at, he hired a window in the most eligible part of the line of march, resolved to devote himself to the discovery of its meaning.

The result of Mr. Booley's meditation on the Allegory which passed before his eyes on the ninth of the present month, was given to the Social Oysters, in the form of a report, emanating directly and personally from himself, their President. We have been favoured with a copy of the document and also with permission to make it public; a permission of which we now proceed to avail ourselves. Those who have any acquaintance with Mr. Booley, will be prepared to learn that the real intent and meaning of the Allegory has been entirely missed, except by his sagacious and original mind. We need scarcely observe that its obviousness and simplicity must not be allowed to detract from the merit either of Mr. Booley or of Mr. Batty, or of the Lord Mayor. It is in the essence of these things that they *should* be obvious and simple, when the clue is once found.

'At an early hour of the morning,' says Mr. Booley,—'for I observe, in the newspapers, that when any public spectacle takes place, it always begins to take place at an early hour of the morning,—I stationed myself at the window which had been engaged for me. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on looking down Cheapside. I am conscious of having thought of Whittington and his cat, and of Hogarth's idle and industrious apprentice—also of the weather, which was extremely fine.

'When the Procession began, with the Tallow Chandlers' Company, succeeded by the Under Beadle of the Worshipful Company of Tallow Chandlers, walking alone, as a Being so removed and awful should, tears of solemn pleasure rose to my eyes; but, I am not aware that I then suspected any latent meaning in particular. Even when the "Beadle of the Tallow Chandlers' Company in his gown," caused the vast assemblage to hold its breath, and sent a thrill through all the multitude, I believe I only regarded him as the eminent Beadle in question, and not as a symbol. The appearance of "The Captain and Lieutenant of the Band of Pensioners," and also of a Band of Pensioners, each carrying a Javelin

and Shield, struck me (though the band was by no means numerous enough) as a happy idea, emblematic of those bulwarks of our constitution, the Pension-List, Places, and Sinecures; but, it was not until "two pages bearing flambeaux filled with burning incense," preceded a young lady "attired in a white satin robe and mounted on a white palfrey," that the joint idea of Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor burst upon me. I will not expatiate on the pleasure with which I found my discovery confirmed by every succeeding object. I will endeavour to state the idea to you in a tranquil manner, and to do justice to Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor.

'The Tallow Chandlers' Company,' Mr. Booley proceeds, 'with their Under Beadle and Beadle, I found to be the representatives of noxious trades and unwholesome smells; at present very rife within the City of London, but shortly to disappear before the penitent exertions of the Corporation. The Band of Pensioners, with javelins and shields, were clearly the persons interested in the maintenance of such nuisances, though powerless either for attack or defence, and only following those sources of disease and death into oblivion. The burning incense, I need not observe, was used to purify and disinfect the foul air before the appearance of the Goddess Hygeia (called Peace in the programme, that the Allegory might not be too obvious), who was very properly represented with a spotless dress, and riding on a spotless palfrey. It was a happy part of this thoughtful fancy, that the civic authorities, and the Aldermen in their carriages, had gone before; Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor being sensible that until those distinguished functionaries had moved on a little, and been got out of the way, the appearance of the Goddess of Health could not possibly be expected.

'The Goddess, that distinguished stranger,' Mr. Booley goes on to say, 'having been received by the City of London with loud acclamations, and having been most eagerly and enthusiastically welcomed by the multitudes, who were to be seen squeezed into courts, byeways, and cellars, gave place to "The Horse of Europe"; in which generous quadruped I perceived a pledge and promise on the part of the Corpora-

tion, that filled me with the liveliest emotions. For, not to dwell upon the significant fact that the body, which it is my welcome function to commend so highly, paraded, on this solemn occasion, a Horse, and not a Donkey—which is in itself worthy of observation: the City having, very frequently heretofore, made a surprising show of Donkeys when the Public Health has been under discussion—I had only to refer to Buffon, to strengthen my sense of the importance of this beautiful symbol. "Horses," says he, "are gentle, and their tempers social; they seldom show their ardour and strength by any other sign than emulation. They endeavour to be foremost in the course." And again, "They renounce their very being for the service of man." And again, "Their manners almost wholly depend on their education." And again, "A horse naturally morose, gloomy, or stubborn, produces foals of the same disposition; and as the defects of confirmation, as well as the vices of the humours, perpetuate with still more certainty than the natural qualities, great care should be taken to exclude from the stud all deformed, vicious, glandered, broken-winded, or mad horses." No animal could have better illustrated the united meaning of Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor. The City pledged itself by that token to show its ardour and strength by emulation in all efforts for the public good, and to abandon all other considerations to the service of man. Further, it recognised the great truth, that the manners of a people depend upon their education; and that gloomy, morose, or otherwise ill-conditioned parents will perpetuate an ill-conditioned and constantly degenerating race; irksome to itself and dangerous to all. Hence, it promised to extend, by all possible means, among the poor, the blessings of light, air, cleanliness, and instruction; and no longer to enforce filth, squalor, ill-health, and ignorance, upon thousands of God's creatures. I was particularly struck,' Mr. Booley remarks, 'by this beautiful part of the Allegory, and shall ever regard Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor with a feeling of personal affection.

'The Horse of Europe was followed by the Camel of Asia. And difficult, indeed, it would have been,' says Mr. Booley,

'to have presented, next in order, any animal more felicitously carrying out the general idea. For, the impossibility of people being healthy and clean without a good and cheap supply of water, must be as obvious to the meanest capacity, as even the dearness, bad quality, and insufficient quantity, of the present supply of water in London. I therefore consider that anything happier than the exhibition at this point of an animal who is supplied with a subtle inward mechanism for storing this first necessary of life—who is furnished, as I may say, with an inexpensive Water Works of its own—was one of the most agreeable and pointed illustrations ever presented to a populace. I consider it a stroke of genius, and beg thus publicly to tender the poor tribute of my warmest admiration to Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor.

'After the Camel of Asia, came the Elephant of Africa. I found this idea, likewise, very pleasant. The exquisite scent possessed by the elephant rendered it out of the question that he could have been produced at an earlier stage of the Procession, or the Tallow-Chandlers, with their Under Beadles, Beadles, and Band of Pensioners, might have roused him to a state of fury. Therefore, the Civic Dignitaries and Aldermen (whose noses are not keen) immediately followed that ill-savoured Company, and the Elephant was reserved until now.

'His capacity of intellectual development under proper training, his strength and docility, his industry, his many noble qualities, his patience and attachment under gentle treatment, and his blind resentment, when provoked too far by ill-usage, rendered him, besides, a touching symbol of the great English people; and this idea was still further expressed by his carrying trophies on his back, expressive of their enterprise and valour. In parading an animal so well known for its aversion to carrion, and its liking for clean provender, the City of London, pleasantly but pointedly, avowed its determination to seek out and confiscate all improper human food exposed for sale within its liberties, and particularly to look, with a searching eye, into the knackers'-yards, and the sausage trade. I almost fancied,' Mr. Booley proceeds, 'that the sagacious elephant knew his part in the

Allegory, and was conscious of the whole Castle of meaning on his back, as he proceeded gravely on, surveying the crowd with his small, but highly intelligent eye.

'The two negroes by whom he was led,' Mr. Booley goes on to remark, 'rather perplexed me. Can it be, that they had any reference to certain estimable, but pig-headed members of the Civic Parliament, who learn no wisdom from experience and instruction; and in humorous reference to whom, Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor suggested the impossibility of ever washing the Blackamoor white?

'But now,' he adds, 'appeared what I cannot but consider the crowning feature of the Allegory: in perfect harmony and keeping with the rest, and pointing directly at the removal of an absurd, a monstrous, and cruel nuisance. I allude to the "Two Deer of America," whose horns I no sooner observed advancing along Cheapside, than I immediately felt that an illusion was intended to Smithfield market. The little play upon words, in which it was candidly admitted that that nuisance was Two Dear to the Corporation generally, might have struck me, perhaps, as rather too obvious, if I had been disposed to be hypercritical; but, the introduction of horned beasts among the crowd was in itself an Allegory, so pointed and yet so ingenious and complete, that I think I was never better pleased in my life. On further reflection, I discovered a still more profound and delicate meaning in the exhibition of these animals. Their association with the chase, typified the constant flight and pursuit going on all over the City, and, indeed, all over the Metropolis, on market-days; while their easy connection in the beholder's mind with those periods of English history when it was a far greater crime to kill a stag than to kill a man, reflected with just severity on the obsolete inhumanity and rapacity of the Corporation that cared for the lives and limbs, neither of beasts nor men, in the tenacity of its clutch at an old, pestilential, worn out abuse.

'This,' says Mr. Booley, in conclusion, 'is the Allegory that was presented to the people last Lord Mayor's Day, and which I have now had the satisfaction of explaining to the Social Oysters. I deem it highly honourable to the new Lord

Mayor, whom I cordially wish a prosperous and happy reign; together with a vigorous determination to do his utmost to carry out the needful reforms, and remedy the crying evils, so ably glanced at, by himself, on this auspicious occasion. As I dined in the Guildhall after the show, I had the honour of giving utterance to these wishes (but not within his hearing) after dinner; when, remembering this Allegory, I divined a new meaning in the Loving Cup, and was charmed to find the first city in the universe bravely devoting its charter and liberties to the welfare of the community, and not poorly sheltering itself behind them as an immunity from the plainest human responsibilities. I had the honour and pleasure of drinking his lordship's health in a bumper of very excellent wine; and I should have been happy to have drunk to Mr. Batty too, if his health had been proposed, which it was not.'

PET PRISONERS

[April 27, 1850]

The system of separate confinement first experimented on in England at the model prison, Pentonville, London, and now spreading through the country, appears to us to require a little calm consideration and reflection on the part of the public. We purpose, in this paper, to suggest what we consider some grave objections to this system.

We shall do this temperately, and without considering it necessary to regard every one from whom we differ, as a scoundrel, actuated by base motives, to whom the most unprincipled conduct may be recklessly attributed. Our faith in most questions where the good men are represented to be all *pro*, and the bad men to be all *con*, is very small. There is a hot class of riders of hobby-horses in the field, in this century, who think they do nothing unless they make a steeple-chase of their object, throw a vast quantity of mud about, and spurn every sort of decent restraint and reasonable consideration under their horses' heels. This question has not escaped such championship. It has its steeple-chase riders, who hold the dangerous principle that the end justi-

fies any means, and to whom no means, truth and fair-dealing usually excepted, come amiss.

Considering the separate system of imprisonment, here, solely in reference to England, we discard, for the purpose of this discussion, the objection founded on its extreme severity, which would immediately arise if we were considering it with any reference to the State of Pennsylvania in America. For whereas in that State it may be inflicted for a dozen years, the idea is quite abandoned at home of extending it usually, beyond a dozen months, or in any case beyond eighteen months. Besides which, the school and the chapel afford periods of comparative relief here, which are not afforded in America.

Though it has been represented by the steeple-chase riders as a most enormous heresy to contemplate the possibility of any prisoner going mad or idiotic, under the prolonged effects of separate confinement; and although any one who should have the temerity to maintain such a doubt in Pennsylvania would have a chance of becoming a profane St. Stephen; Lord Grey, in his very last speech in the House of Lords on this subject, made in the present session of Parliament, in praise of this separate system, said of it: 'Wherever it has been fairly tried, one of its great defects has been discovered to be this,—that it cannot be continued for a sufficient length of time without danger to the individual, and that human nature cannot bear it beyond a limited period. The evidence of medical authorities proves beyond dispute that, if it is protracted beyond twelve months, the health of the convict, mental and physical, would require the most close and vigilant superintendence. Eighteen months is stated to be the *maximum* time for the continuance of its infliction, and, as a general rule, it is advised that it never be continued for more than twelve months.' This being conceded, and it being clear that the prisoner's mind, and all the apprehensions weighing upon it, must be influenced from the first hour of his imprisonment by the greater or less extent of its duration in perspective before him, we are content to regard the system as dissociated in England from the American objection of too great severity.

We shall consider it, first in the relation of the extraordinary contrast it presents, in a country circumstanced as England is, between the physical condition of the convict in prison, and that of the hard-working man outside, or the pauper outside. We shall then inquire, and endeavour to lay before our readers some means of judging, whether its proved or probable efficiency in producing a real, trustworthy, practically repentant state of mind, is such as to justify the presentation of that extraordinary contrast. If, in the end, we indicate the conclusion that the associated silent system is less objectionable, it is not because we consider it in the abstract a good secondary punishment, but because it is a severe one, capable of judicious administration, much less expensive, not presenting the objectionable contrast so strongly, and not calculated to pet and pamper the mind of the prisoner and swell his sense of his own importance. We are not acquainted with any system of secondary punishment that we think reformatory, except the mark system of Captain Macconnochie, formerly governor of Norfolk Island, which proceeds upon the principle of obliging the convict to some exercise of self-denial and resolution in every act of his prison life, and which would condemn him to a sentence of so much labour and good conduct instead of so much time. There are details in Captain Macconnochie's scheme on which we have our doubts (rigid silence we consider indispensable); but, in the main, we regard it as embodying sound and wise principles. We infer from the writings of Archbishop Whateley, that those principles have presented themselves to his profound and acute mind in a similar light.

We will first contrast the dietary of The Model Prison at Pentonville, with the dietary of what we take to be the nearest workhouse, namely, that of Saint Pancras. In the prison, every man receives twenty-eight ounces of meat weekly. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult receives eighteen. In the prison, every man receives one hundred and forty ounces of bread weekly. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult receives ninety-six. In the prison, every man receives one hundred and twelve ounces of potatoes weekly. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult receives thirty-six. In the

prison, every man receives five pints and a quarter of liquid cocoa weekly (made of flaked cocoa or cocoa-nibs), with fourteen ounces of milk and forty-two drams of molasses; also seven pints of gruel weekly, sweetened with forty-two drams of molasses. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult receives fourteen pints and a half of milk-porridge weekly, and no cocoa, and no gruel. In the prison, every man receives three pints and a half of soup weekly. In the workhouse, every able-bodied adult male receives four pints and a half, and a pint of Irish stew. This, with seven pints of table-beer weekly, and six ounces of cheese, is all the man in the workhouse has to set off against the immensely superior advantages of the prisoner in all other respects we have stated. His lodging is very inferior to the prisoner's, the costly nature of whose accommodation we shall presently show.

Let us reflect upon this contrast in another aspect. We beg the reader to glance once more at The Model Prison dietary, and consider its frightful disproportion to the dietary of the free labourer in any of the rural parts of England. What shall we take his wages at? Will twelve shillings a week do? It cannot be called a low average, at all events. Twelve shillings a week make thirty-one pounds four a year. The cost, in 1848, for the victualling and management of every prisoner in the Model Prison was within a little of thirty-six pounds. Consequently, that free labourer, with young children to support, with cottage-rent to pay, and clothes to buy, and no advantage of purchasing his food in large amounts by contract, has, for the whole subsistence of himself and family, between four and five pounds a year *less* than the cost of feeding and overlooking one man in the Model Prison. Surely to his enlightened mind, and sometimes low morality, this must be an extraordinary good reason for keeping out of it!

But we will not confine ourselves to the contrast between the labourer's scanty fare and the prisoner's 'flaked cocoa or cocoa-nibs,' and daily dinner of soup, meat, and potatoes. We will rise a little higher in the scale. Let us see what advertisers in the *Times* newspaper can board the middle classes at, and get a profit out of, too.

A LADY, residing in a cottage, with a large garden, in a pleasant and healthful locality, would be happy to receive one or two LADIES to BOARD with her. Two ladies occupying the same apartment may be accommodated for 12s. a week each. The cottage is within a quarter of an hour's walk of a good market town, 10 minutes' of a South-Western Railway Station, and an hour's distance from town.

These two ladies could not be so cheaply boarded in the Model Prison.

BOARD and RESIDENCE, at £70 per annum, for a married couple, or in proportion for a single gentleman or lady, with a respectable family. Rooms large and airy, in an eligible dwelling, at Islington, about 20 minutes' walk from the Bank. Dinner hour six o'clock. There are one or two vacancies to complete a small, cheerful, and agreeable circle.

Still cheaper than the Model Prison!

BOARD and RESIDENCE.—A lady, keeping a select school, in a town, about 30 miles from London, would be happy to meet with a LADY to BOARD and RESIDE with her. She would have her own bedroom and a sitting-room. Any lady wishing for accomplishments would find this desirable. Terms £30 per annum. References will be expected and given.

Again, some six pounds a year less than the Model Prison! And if we were to pursue the contrast through the newspaper file for a month, or through the advertising pages of two or three numbers of Bradshaw's Railway Guide, we might probably fill the present number of this publication with similar examples, many of them including a decent education into the bargain.

This Model Prison had cost at the close of 1847, under the heads of 'building' and 'repairs' alone, the insignificant sum of ninety-three thousand pounds—within seven thousand pounds of the amount of the last Government grant for the Education of the whole people, and enough to pay for the emigration to Australia of four thousand, six hundred and fifty poor persons at twenty pounds per head. Upon the work done by five hundred prisoners in the Model Prison, in the year 1848 (we collate these figures from the Reports,

and from Mr. Hepworth Dixon's useful work on the London Prisons), there was no profit, but an actual loss of upwards of eight hundred pounds. The cost of instruction, and the time occupied in instruction, when the labour is necessarily unskilled and unproductive, may be pleaded in explanation of this astonishing fact. We are ready to allow all due weight to such considerations, but we put it to our readers whether the whole system is right or wrong; whether the money ought or ought not rather to be spent in instructing the unskilled and neglected outside the prison walls. It will be urged that it is expended in preparing the convict for the exile to which he is doomed. We submit to our readers, who are the jury in this case, that all this should be done outside the prison, first; that the first persons to be prepared for emigration are the miserable children who are consigned to the tender mercies of a Drouet, or who disgrace our streets; and that in this beginning at the wrong end, a spectacle of monstrous inconsistency is presented, shocking to the mind. Where is our Model House of Youthful Industry, where is our Model Ragged School, costing, for building and repairs, from ninety to a hundred thousand pounds, and for its annual maintenance upwards of twenty thousand pounds a year? Would it be a Christian act to build that, first? To breed our skilful labour there? To take the hewers of wood and drawers of water in a strange country from the convict ranks, until those men by earnest working, zeal, and perseverance, proved themselves, and raised themselves? Here are two sets of people in a densely populated land, always in the balance before the general eye. Is Crime for ever to carry it against Poverty, and to have a manifest advantage? There are the scales before all men. Whirlwinds of dust scattered in men's eyes—and there is plenty flying about—cannot blind them to the real state of the balance.

We now come to inquire into the condition of mind produced by the seclusion (limited in duration as Lord Grey limits it) which is purchased at this great cost in money, and this greater cost in stupendous injustice. That it is a consummation much to be desired, that a respectable man, lapsing into crime, should expiate his offence without incurring

the liability of being afterwards recognised by hardened offenders who were his fellow-prisoners, we most readily admit. But, that this object, howsoever desirable and benevolent, is in itself sufficient to outweigh such objections as we have set forth, we cannot for a moment concede. Nor have we any sufficient guarantee that even this solitary point is gained. Under how many apparently insuperable difficulties, men immured in solitary cells, will by some means obtain a knowledge of other men immured in other solitary cells, most of us know from all the accounts and anecdotes we have read of secret prisons and secret prisoners from our school-time upwards. That there is a fascination in the desire to know something of the hidden presence beyond the blank wall of the cell; that the listening ear is often laid against that wall; that there is an overpowering temptation to respond to the muffled knock, or any other signal which sharpened ingenuity pondering day after day on one idea can devise: is in that constitution of human nature which impels mankind to communication with one another, and makes solitude a false condition against which nature strives. That such communication within the Model Prison, is not only probable, but indisputably proved to be possible by its actual discovery, we have no hesitation in stating as a fact. Some pains have been taken to hush the matter, but the truth is, that when the Prisoners at Pentonville ceased to be selected Prisoners, especially picked out and chosen for the purposes of that experiment, an extensive conspiracy was found out among them, involving, it is needless to say, extensive communication. Small pieces of paper with writing upon them, had been crushed into balls, and shot into the apertures of cell doors, by prisoners passing along the passages; false responses had been made during Divine Service in the chapel, in which responses they addressed one another; and armed men were secretly dispersed by the Governor in various parts of the building, to prevent the general rising, which was anticipated as the consequence of this plot. Undiscovered communication, under this system, we assume to be frequent.

The state of mind into which a man is brought who is the lonely inhabitant of his own small world, and who is only

visited by certain regular visitors, all addressing themselves to him individually and personally, as the object of their particular solicitude—we believe in most cases to have very little promise in it, and very little of solid foundation. A strange absorbing selfishness—a spiritual egotism and vanity, real or assumed—is the first result. It is most remarkable to observe, in the cases of murderers who become this kind of object of interest, when they are at last consigned to the condemned cell, how the rule is (of course there are exceptions), that the murdered person disappears from the stage of their thoughts, except as a part of their own important story; and how they occupy the whole scene. *I* did this, *I* feel that, *I* confide in the mercy of Heaven being extended to *me;* this is the autograph of *me*, the unfortunate and unhappy; in my childhood I was so and so; in my youth I did such a thing, to which I attribute my downfall—not this thing of basely and barbarously defacing the image of my Creator, and sending an immortal soul into eternity without a moment's warning, but something else of a venial kind that many unpunished people do. I don't want the forgiveness of this foully murdered person's bereaved wife, husband, brother, sister, child, friend; I don't ask for it, I don't care for it. I make no inquiry of the clergyman concerning the salvation of that murdered person's soul; *mine* is the matter; and I am almost happy that I came here, as to the gate of Paradise. 'I never liked him,' said the repentant Mr. Manning, false of heart to the last, calling a crowbar by a milder name, to lessen the cowardly horror of it, 'and I beat in his skull with the ripping chisel.' I am going to bliss, exclaims the same authority, in effect. Where my victim went to, is not my business at all. Now, God forbid that we, unworthily believing in the Redeemer, should shut out hope, or even humble trustfulness, from any criminal at that dread pass; but, it is not in us to call this state of mind repentance.

The present question is with a state of mind analogous to this (as we conceive) but with a far stronger tendency to hypocrisy; the dread of death not being present, and there being every possible inducement, either to feign contrition, or to set up an unreliable semblance of it. If I, John Styles,

the prisoner, don't do my work, and outwardly conform to the rules of the prison, I am a mere fool. There is nothing here to tempt me to do anything else, and everything to tempt me to do that. The capital dietary (and every meal is a great event in this lonely life) depends upon it; the alternative is a pound of bread a day. I should be weary of myself without occupation. I should be much more dull if I didn't hold these dialogues with the gentlemen who are so anxious about me. I shouldn't be half the object of interest I am, if I didn't make the professions I do. Therefore, I John Styles go in for what is popular here, and I may mean it, or I may not.

There will always, under any decent system, be certain prisoners betrayed into crime by a variety of circumstances, who will do well in exile, and offend against the laws no more. Upon this class, we think the Associated Silent System would have quite as good an influence as this expensive and anomalous one; and we cannot accept them as evidence of the efficiency of separate confinement. Assuming John Styles to mean what he professes, for the time being, we desire to track the workings of his mind, and to try to test the value of his professions. Where shall we find an account of John Styles, proceeding from no objector to this system, but from a staunch supporter of it? We will take it from a work called 'Prison Discipline, and the advantages of the separate system of imprisonment,' written by the Reverend Mr. Field, chaplain of the new County Gaol at Reading; pointing out to Mr. Field, in passing, that the question is not justly, as he would sometimes make it, a question between this system and the profligate abuses and customs of the old unreformed gaols, but between it and the improved gaols of this time, which are not constructed on his favourite principles.[1]

[1] As Mr. Field condescends to quote some vapouring about the account given by Mr. Charles Dickens in his *American Notes*, of the Solitary Prison at Philadelphia, he may perhaps really wish for some few words of information on the subject. For this purpose, Mr. Charles Dickens has referred to the entry in his Diary, made at the close of that day.

He left his hotel for the Prison at twelve o'clock, being waited on, by appointment, by the gentlemen who showed it to him; and he returned between seven and eight at night; dining in the Prison in the course

Now, here is John Styles, twenty years of age, in prison for a felony. He has been there five months, and he writes to his sister, 'Don't fret, my dear sister, about my being here. I cannot help fretting when I think about my usage to my father and mother: when I think about it, it makes me quite ill. I hope God will forgive me; I pray for it night and day from my heart. Instead of fretting about impris-

of that time; which, according to his calculation, in despite of the *Philadelphia* Newspaper, rather exceeds two hours. He found the Prison admirably conducted, extremely clean, and the system administered in a most intelligent, kind, orderly, tender, and careful manner. He did not consider (nor should he, if he were to visit Pentonville tomorrow) that the book in which visitors were expected to record their observation of the place, was intended for the insertion of criticisms on the system, but for honest testimony to the manner of its administration; and to that, he bore, as an impartial visitor, the highest testimony in his power. In returning thanks for his health being drunk, at the dinner within the walls, he said that what he had seen that day was running in his mind; that he could not help reflecting on it; and that it was an awful punishment. If the American officer who rode back with him afterwards should ever see these words, he will perhaps recall his conversation with Mr. Dickens on the road, as to Mr. Dickens having said so very plainly and strongly. In reference to the ridiculous assertion that Mr. Dickens in his book termed a woman 'quite beautiful' who was a Negress, he positively believes that he was shown no Negress in the Prison, but one who was nursing a woman much diseased, and to whom no reference whatever is made in his published account. In describing three young women, 'all convicted at the same time of a conspiracy,' he may, *possibly*, among many cases, have substituted in his memory for one of them whom he did not see, some other prisoner, confined for some other crime, whom he did see; but he has not the least doubt of having been guilty of the (American) enormity of detecting beauty in a pensive quadroon or mulatto girl, or of having seen exactly what he describes; and he remembers the girl more particularly described in this connection, perfectly. Can Mr. Field really suppose that Mr. Dickens had any interest or purpose in misrepresenting the system, or that if he could be guilty of such unworthy conduct, or desire to do it anything but justice, he would have volunteered the narrative of a man's having, of his own choice, undergone it for two years?

We will not notice the objection of Mr. Field (who strengthens the truth of Burns to nature, by the testimony of Mr. Pitt!) to the discussion of such a topic as the present in a work of 'mere amusement'; though, we had thought we remembered in that book a word or two about slavery, which, although very amusing, can scarcely be considered an unmitigatedly comic theme. We are quite content to believe, without seeking to make a convert of the Reverend Mr. Field, that no work need be one of 'mere amusement'; and that some works to which he would apply that designation have done a little good in advancing principles to which, we hope, and will believe, for the credit of his Christian office, he is not indifferent.

onment, I ought to thank God for it, for before I came here, I was living quite a careless life; neither was God in all my thoughts; all I thought about was ways that led me towards destruction. Give my respects to my wretched companions, and I hope they will alter their wicked course, for they don't know for a day nor an hour but what they may be cut off. I have seen my folly, and I hope they may see their folly; but I shouldn't if I had not been in trouble. It is good for me that I have been in trouble. Go to church, my sister, every Sunday, and don't give your mind to going to playhouses and theatres, for that is no good to you. There are a great many temptations.'

Observe! John Styles, who has committed the felony, has been 'living quite a careless life.' That is his worst opinion of it, whereas his companions, who did not commit the felony, are 'wretched companions.' John saw *his* 'folly,' and sees *their* 'wicked course.' It is playhouses and theatres which many unfelonious people go to, that prey upon John's mind —not felony. John is shut up in that pulpit to lecture his companions and his sister about the wickedness of the unfelonious world. Always supposing him to be sincere, is there no exaggeration of himself in this? Go to church where I can go, and don't go to theatres where I can't! Is there any tinge of the fox and the grapes in it? Is this the kind of penitence that will wear outside! Put the case that he had written, of his own mind, 'My dear sister, I feel that I have disgraced you and all who should be dear to me, and if it please God that I live to be free, I will try hard to repair that, and to be a credit to you. My dear sister, when I committed this felony, I stole something—and these pining five months have not put it back—and I will work my fingers to the bone to make restitution, and oh! my dear sister, seek out my late companions, and tell Tom Jones, that poor boy, who was younger and littler than me, that I am grieved I ever led him so wrong, and I am suffering for it now!' Would that be better? Would it be more like solid truth?

But no. This is not the pattern penitence. There would seem to be a pattern penitence, of a particular form, shape, limits, and dimensions, like the cells. While Mr. Field is

correcting his proof-sheets for the press, another letter is brought to him, and in that letter, too, that man, also a felon, speaks of his 'past folly,' and lectures his mother about labouring under 'strong delusions of the devil.' Does this overwhelming readiness to lecture other people, suggest the suspicion of any parrot-like imitation of Mr. Field, who lectures him, and any presumptuous confounding of their relative positions?

We venture altogether to protest against the citation, in support of this system, of assumed repentance which has stood no test or trial in the working world. We consider that it proves nothing, and is worth nothing, except as a discouraging sign of that spiritual egotism and presumption of which we have already spoken. It is not peculiar to the separate system at Reading; Miss Martineau, who was on the whole decidedly favourable to the separate prison at Philadelphia, observed it there. 'The cases I became acquainted with,' says she, 'were not all hopeful. Some of the convicts were so stupid as not to be relied upon, more or less. Others canted so detestably, and were (always in connection with their cant) so certain that they should never sin more, that I have every expectation that they will find themselves in prison again some day. One fellow, a sailor, notorious for having taken more lives than probably any man in the United States, was quite confident that he should be perfectly virtuous henceforth. He should never touch anything stronger than tea, or lift his hand against money or life. I told him I thought he could not be sure of all this till he was within sight of money and the smell of strong liquors; and that he was more confident than I should like to be. He shook his shock of red hair at me, and glared with his one ferocious eye, as he said he knew all about it. He had been the worst of men, and Christ had had mercy on his poor soul.' (Observe again, as in the general case we have put, that he is not at all troubled about the souls of the people whom he had killed.)

Let us submit to our readers another instance from Mr. Field, of the wholesome state of mind produced by the separate system. 'The 25th of March, in the last year, was

the day appointed for a general fast, on account of the threatened famine. The following note is in my journal of that day. "During the evening I visited many prisoners, and found with much satisfaction that a large proportion of them had observed the day in a manner becoming their own situation, and the purpose for which it had been set apart. I think it right to record the following remarkable proof of the effect of discipline. . . . They were all supplied with their usual rations. I went first this evening to the cells of the prisoners recently committed for trial (Ward A. 1), and amongst these (upwards of twenty) I found that but three had abstained from any portion of their food. I then visited twenty-one convicted prisoners who had spent some considerable time in the gaol (Ward C. 1), and amongst them I found that some had altogether abstained from food, and of the whole number two-thirds had partially abstained."' We will take it for granted that this was not because they had more than they could eat, though we know that with such a dietary even that sometimes happens, especially in the case of persons long confined. 'The remark of one prisoner whom I questioned concerning his abstinence was, I believe, sincere, and was very pleasing. "Sir, I have not felt able to eat to-day, whilst I have thought of those poor starving people; but I hope that I have prayed a good deal that God will give *them* something to eat."'

If this were not pattern penitence, and the thought of those poor starving people had honestly originated with that man, and were really on his mind, we want to know why he was not uneasy, every day, in the contemplation of his soup, meat, bread, potatoes, cocoa-nibs, milk, molasses, and gruel, and its contrast to the fare of 'those poor starving people' who, in some form or other, were taxed to pay for it?

We do not deem it necessary to comment on the authorities quoted by Mr. Field to show what a fine thing the separate system is, for the health of the body; how it never affects the mind except for good; how it is the true preventive of pulmonary disease; and so on. The deduction we must draw from such things is, that Providence was quite mistaken in making us gregarious, and that we had better all

shut ourselves up directly. Neither will we refer to that 'talented criminal,' Dr. Dodd, whose exceedingly indifferent verses applied to a system now extinct, in reference to our penitentiaries for convicted prisoners. Neither, after what we have quoted from Lord Grey, need we refer to the likewise quoted report of the American authorities, who are perfectly sure that no extent of confinement in the Philadelphia prison has ever affected the intellectual powers of any prisoner. Mr. Croker cogently observes, in the *Good-Natured Man*, that either his hat must be on his head or it must be off. By a parity of reasoning, we conclude that both Lord Grey and the American authorities, cannot possibly be right—unless indeed the notoriously settled habits of the American people, and the absence of any approach to restlessness in the national character, render them unusually good subjects for protracted seclusion, and an exception from the rest of mankind.

In using the term 'pattern penitence' we beg it to be understood that we do not apply it to Mr. Field, or to any other chaplain, but to the system; which appears to us to make these doubtful converts all alike. Although Mr. Field has not shown any remarkable courtesy in the instance we have set forth in a note, it is our wish to show all courtesy to him, and to his office, and to his sincerity in the discharge of its duties. In our desire to represent him with fairness and impartiality, we will not take leave of him without the following quotation from his book:

'Scarcely sufficient time has yet expired, since the present system was introduced, for me to report much concerning discharged criminals. Out of a class so degraded—the very dregs of the community—it can be no wonder that some, of whose improvement I cherished the hope, should have relapsed. Disappointed in a few cases I have been, yet by no means discouraged, since I can with pleasure refer to many whose conduct is affording proof of reformation. Gratifying indeed have been some accounts received from liberated offenders themselves, as well as from clergymen of parishes to which they have returned. I have also myself visited the homes of some of our former prisoners, and have been cheered by the testimony given, and the evi-

dent signs of improved character which I have there observed. Although I do not venture at present to describe the particular cases of prisoners, concerning whose reformation I feel much confidence, because, as I have stated, the time of trial has hitherto been short; yet I can with pleasure refer to some public documents which prove the happy effects of similar discipline in other establishments.'

It should also be stated that the Reverend Mr. Kingsmill, the chaplain of the Model Prison at Pentonville, in his calm and intelligent report made to the Commissioners on the first of February 1849, expresses his belief 'that the effects produced here upon the character of prisoners, have been encouraging in a high degree.'

But, we entreat our readers once again to look at that Model Prison dietary (which is essential to the system, though the system is so very healthy of itself); to remember the other enormous expenses of the establishment; to consider the circumstances of this old country, with the inevitable anomalies and contrasts it must present; and to decide on temperate reflection, whether there are any sufficient reasons for adding this monstrous contrast to the rest. Let us impress upon our readers that the existing question is, not between this system and the old abuses of the old profligate gaols (with which, thank Heaven, we have nothing to do), but between this system, and the associated silent system, where the dietary is much lower, where the annual cost of provision, management, repairs, clothing, etc., does not exceed, on a liberal average, £25 for each prisoner; where many prisoners are, and every prisoner would be (if due accommodation were provided in some overcrowded prisons), locked up alone, for twelve hours out of every twenty-four, and where, while preserved from contamination, he is still one of a society of men, and not an isolated being, filling his whole sphere of view with a diseased dilation of himself. We hear that the associated silent system is objectionable, because of the number of punishments it involves for breaches of the prison discipline; but how can we, in the same breath, be told that the resolutions of prisoners for the misty future are to be trusted, and that, on the least temptation, they are so

little to be relied on, as to the solid present? How can I set the pattern penitence against the career that preceded it, when I am told that if I put that man with other men, and lay a solemn charge upon him not to address them by word or sign, there are such and such great chances that he will want the resolution to obey?

Remember that this separate system, though commended in the English Parliament and spreading in England, has not spread in America, despite of all the steeplechase riders in the United States. Remember that it has never reached the State most distinguished for its learning, for its moderation, for its remarkable men of European reputation, for the excellence of its public Institutions. Let it be tried here, on a limited scale, if you will, with fair representatives of all classes of prisoners: let Captain Macconnochie's system be tried: let anything with a ray of hope in it be tried: but, only as a part of some general system for raising up the prostrate portion of the people of this country, and not as an exhibition of such astonishing consideration for crime, in comparison with want and work. Any prison built, at a great expenditure, for this system, is comparatively useless for any other; and the ratepayers will do well to think of this, before they take it for granted that it is a proved boon to the country which will be enduring.

Under the separate system, the prisoners work at trades. Under the associated silent system, the Magistrates of Middlesex have almost abolished the treadmill. Is it no part of the legitimate consideration of this important point of work, to discover what kind of work the people always filtering through the gaols of large towns—the pickpocket, the sturdy vagrant, the habitual drunkard, and the begging-letter impostor—like least, and to give them that work to do in preference to any other? It is out of fashion with the steeplechase riders we know; but we would have, for all such characters, a kind of work in gaols, badged and degraded as belonging to gaols only, and never done elsewhere. And we must avow that, in a country circumstanced as England is, with respect to labour and labourers, we have strong doubts of the propriety of bringing the results of prison labour into

the overstocked market. On this subject some public remonstrances have recently been made by tradesmen; and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they are well founded.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW ONES

[June 15, 1850]

The magician in *Aladdin* may possibly have neglected the study of men, for the study of alchemical books; but it is certain that in spite of his profession he was no conjuror. He knew nothing of human nature, or the everlasting set of the current of human affairs. If, when he fraudulently sought to obtain possession of the wonderful Lamp, and went up and down, disguised, before the flying-palace, crying New Lamps for Old ones, he had reversed his cry, and made it Old Lamps for New ones, he would have been so far before his time as to have projected himself into the nineteenth century of our Christian Era.

This age is so perverse, and is so very short of faith—in consequence, as some suppose, of there having been a run on that bank for a few generations—that a parallel and beautiful idea, generally known among the ignorant as the young England hallucination, unhappily expired before it could run alone, to the great grief of a small but a very select circle of mourners. There is something so fascinating, to a mind capable of any serious reflection, in the notion of ignoring all that has been done for the happiness and elevation of mankind during three or four centuries of slow and dearly-bought amelioration, that we have always thought it would tend soundly to the improvement of the general public, if any tangible symbol, any outward and visible sign, expressive of that admirable conception, could be held up before them. We are happy to have found such a sign at last; and although it would make a very indifferent sign, indeed, in the Licensed Victualling sense of the word, and would probably be rejected with contempt and horror by any

Christian publican, it has our warmest philosophical appreciation.

In the fifteenth century, a certain feeble lamp of art arose in the Italian town of Urbino. This poor light, Raphael Sanzio by name, better known to a few miserably mistaken wretches in these later days, as Raphael (another burned at the same time called Titian), was fed with a preposterous idea of Beauty—with a ridiculous power of etherealising and exalting to the very Heaven of Heavens, what was most sublime and lovely in the expression of the human face divine on Earth—with the truly contemptible conceit of finding in poor humanity the fallen likeness of the angels of God, and raising it up again to their pure spiritual condition. This very fantastic whim effected a low revolution in Art, in this wise, that Beauty came to be regarded as one of its indispensable elements. In this very poor delusion, artists have continued until this present nineteenth century, when it was reserved for some bold aspirants to 'put it down.'

The pre-Raphael Brotherhood, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the dread Tribunal which is to set this matter right. Walk up, walk up; and here, conspicuous on the wall of the Royal Academy of Art in England, in the eighty-second year of their annual exhibition, you shall see what this new Holy Brotherhood, this terrible Police that is to disperse all Post-Raphael offenders, has been and done!

You come—in this Royal Academy Exhibition, which is familiar with the works of Wilkie, Collins, Etty, Eastlake, Mulready, Leslie, Maclise, Turner, Stanfield, Landseer, Roberts, Danby, Creswick, Lee, Webster, Herbert, Dyce, Cope, and others who would have been renowned as great masters in any age or country—you come, in this place, to the contemplation of a Holy Family. You will have the goodness to discharge from your minds, all Post-Raphael ideas, all religious aspirations, all elevating thoughts; all tender, awful, sorrowful, ennobling, sacred, graceful, or beautiful associations; and to prepare yourselves, as befits such a subject—pre-Raphaelly considered—for the lowest depths of what is mean, odious, repulsive, and revolting.

You behold the interior of a carpenter's shop. In the fore-

ground of that carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering red-headed boy, in a bed-gown, who appears to have received a poke in the hand from the stick of another boy with whom he has been playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman, so horrible in her ugliness, that (supposing it were possible for any human creature to exist for a moment with that dislocated throat) she would stand out from the rest of the company as a Monster, in the vilest cabaret in France, or the lowest gin-shop in England. Two almost naked carpenters, master and journeymen, worthy companions of this agreeable female, are working at their trade; a boy, with some small flavour of humanity in him, is entering with a vessel of water; and nobody is paying any attention to a snuffy old woman who seems to have mistaken that shop for the tobacconist's next door, and to be hopelessly waiting at the counter to be served with half an ounce of her favourite mixture. Wherever it is possible to express ugliness of feature, limb, or attitude, you have it expressed. Such men as the carpenters might be undressed in any hospital where dirty drunkards, in a high state of varicose veins are received. Their very toes have walked out of Saint Giles's.

This, in the nineteenth century, and in the eighty-second year of the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Art, is the Pre-Raphael representation to us, Ladies and Gentlemen, of the most solemn passage which our minds can ever approach. This, in the nineteenth century, and in the eighty-second year of the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Art, is what Pre-Raphael Art can do to render reverence and homage to the faith in which we live and die! Consider this picture well. Consider the pleasure we should have in a similar Pre-Raphael rendering of a favourite horse, or dog, or cat; and, coming fresh from a pretty considerable turmoil about 'desecration' in connection with the National Post Office, let us extol this great achievement, and commend the National Academy.

In further considering this symbol of the great retrogressive principle, it is particularly gratifying to observe that such objects as the shavings which are strewn on the

carpenter's floor are admirably painted; and that the Pre-Raphael Brother is indisputably accomplished in the manipulation of his art. It is gratifying to observe this, because the fact involves no low effort at notoriety; everybody knowing that it is by no means easier to call attention to a very indifferent pig with five legs than to a symmetrical pig with four. Also, because it is good to know that the National Academy thoroughly feels and comprehends the high range and exalted purposes of art; distinctly perceives that art includes something more than the faithful portraiture of shavings, or the skilful colouring of drapery—imperatively requires, in short, that it shall be informed with mind and sentiment; will on no account reduce it to a narrow question of trade-juggling with a palette, palette-knife, and paint-box. It is likewise pleasing to reflect that the great educational establishment foresees the difficulty into which it would be led, by attaching greater weight to mere handicraft, than to any other consideration—even to considerations of common reverence or decency; which absurd principle in the event of a skilful painter of the figure becoming a very little more perverted in his taste, than certain skilful painters are just now, might place Her Gracious Majesty in a very painful position, one of these fine Private View Days.

Would it were in our power to congratulate our readers on the hopeful prospects of the great retrogressive principle, of which this thoughtful picture is the sign and emblem! Would that we could give our readers encouraging assurance of a healthy demand for Old Lamps in exchange for New ones, and a steady improvement in the Old Lamp Market! The perversity of mankind is such, and the untoward arrangements of Providence are such, that we cannot lay that flattering unction to their souls. We can only report what Brotherhoods, stimulated by this sign, are forming; and what opportunities will be presented to the people, if the people will but accept them.

In the first place, the Pre-Perspective Brotherhood will be presently incorporated, for the subversion of all known rules and principles of perspective. It is intended to swear every P.P.B. to a solemn renunciation of the art of perspective on

a soup-plate of the willow pattern; and we may expect on the occasion of the eighty-third annual exhibition of the Royal Academy of Art in England, to see some pictures by this pious Brotherhood, realising Hogarth's idea of a man on a mountain several miles off, lighting his pipe at the upper window of a house in the foreground. But we are informed that every brick in the house will be a portrait; that the man's boots will be copied with the utmost fidelity from a pair of Bluchers sent up out of Northamptonshire for the purpose; and that the texture of his hands (including four chilblains, a whitlow, and ten dirty nails) will be a triumph of the painter's art.

A Society, to be called the Pre-Newtonian Brotherhood, was lately projected by a young gentleman, under articles to a Civil Engineer, who objected to being considered bound to conduct himself according to the laws of gravitation. But this young gentleman, being reproached by some aspiring companions with the timidity of his conception, has abrogated that idea in favour of a Pre-Galileo Brotherhood now flourishing, who distinctly refuse to perform any annual revolution round the sun, and have arranged that the world shall not do so any more. The course to be taken by the Royal Academy of Art in reference to this Brotherhood is not yet decided upon; but it is whispered that some other large educational Institutions in the neighbourhood of Oxford are nearly ready to pronounce in favour of it.

Several promising students connected with the Royal College of Surgeons have held a meeting, to protest against the circulation of the blood, and to pledge themselves to treat all the patients they can get, on principles condemnatory of that innovation. A Pre-Harvey Brotherhood is the result, from which a great deal may be expected—by the undertakers.

In Literature, a very spirited effort has been made, which is no less than the formation of a P.G.A.P.C.B., or Pre-Gower and Pre-Chaucer Brotherhood, for the restoration of the ancient English style of spelling, and the weeding out from all libraries, public and private, of those and all later pretenders, particularly a person of loose character

named Shakespeare. It having been suggested, however, that this happy idea could scarcely be considered complete while the art of printing was permitted to remain unmolested, another society, under the name of the Pre-Laurentius Brotherhood, has been established in connection with it, for the abolition of all but manuscript books. These Mr. Pugin has engaged to supply, in characters that nobody on earth shall be able to read. And it is confidently expected by those who have seen the House of Lords, that he will faithfully redeem his pledge.

In Music, a retrogressive step, in which there is much hope, has been taken. The P.A.B., or Pre-Agincourt Brotherhood has arisen, nobly devoted to consign to oblivion Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, and every other such ridiculous reputation, and to fix its Millennium (as its name implies) before the date of the first regular musical composition known to have been achieved in England. As this Institution has not yet commenced active operations, it remains to be seen whether the Royal Academy of Music will be a worthy sister of the Royal Academy of Art, and admit this enterprising body to its orchestra. We have it on the best authority, that its compositions will be quite as rough as the real old original—that it will be, in a word, exactly suited to the pictorial Art we have endeavoured to describe. We have strong hopes, therefore, that the Royal Academy of Music, not wanting an example, may not want courage.

The regulation of social matters, as separated from the Fine Arts, has been undertaken by the Pre-Henry-the-Seventh Brotherhood, who date from the same period as the Pre-Raphael Brotherhood. This Society, as cancelling all the advances of nearly four hundred years, and reverting to one of the most disagreeable periods of English History, when the Nation was yet very slowly emerging from barbarism, and when gentle female foreigners, come over to be the wives of Scottish Kings, wept bitterly (as well they might) at being left alone among the savage Court, must be regarded with peculiar favour. As the time of ugly religious caricatures (called mysteries), it is thoroughly

Pre-Raphael in its spirit; and may be deemed the twin brother to that great society. We should be certain of the Plague among many other advantages, if this Brotherhood were properly encouraged.

All these Brotherhoods, and any other society of the like kind, now in being or yet to be, have at once a guiding star, and a reduction of their great ideas to something palpable and obvious to the senses, in the sign to which we take the liberty of directing their attention. We understand that it is in the contemplation of each Society to become possessed, with all convenient speed, of a collection of such pictures; and that once, every year, to wit, upon the first of April, the whole intend to amalgamate in a high festival, to be called the Convocation of Eternal Boobies.

THE SUNDAY SCREW

[JUNE 22, 1850]

THIS little instrument, remarkable for its curious twist, has been at work again. A small portion of the collective wisdom of the nation has affirmed the principle that there must be no collection or delivery of posted letters on a Sunday. The principle was discussed by something less than a fourth of the House of Commons, and affirmed by something less than a seventh.

Having no doubt whatever that this brilliant victory is, in effect, the affirmation of the principle that there ought to be No Anything but churches and chapels on a Sunday; or, that it is the beginning of a Sabbatarian Crusade, outrageous to the spirit of Christianity, irreconcilable with the health, the rational enjoyments, and the true religious feeling, of the community; and certain to result, if successful, in a violent reaction, threatening contempt and hatred of that seventh day which it is a great religious and social object to maintain in the popular affection; it would ill become us to be deterred from speaking out upon the subject, by

any fear of being misunderstood, or by any certainty of being misrepresented.

Confident in the sense of the country, and not unacquainted with the habits and exigencies of the people, we approach the Sunday question, quite undiscomposed by the late storm of mad misstatement and all uncharitableness, which cleared the way for Lord Ashley's motion. The preparation may be likened to that which is usually described in the case of the Egyptian Sorcerer and the boy who has some dark liquid poured into the palm of his hand, which is presently to become a magic mirror. 'Look for Lord Ashley. What do you see?' 'Oh, here 's some one with a broom!' 'Well! what is he doing?' 'Oh, he 's sweeping away Mr. Rowland Hill! Now, there is a great crowd of people all sweeping Mr. Rowland Hill away; and now, there is a red flag with Intolerance on it; and now, they are pitching a great many Tents called Meetings. Now, the tents are all upset, and Mr. Rowland Hill has swept everybody else away. And oh! *now*, here 's Lord Ashley, with a Resolution in his hand!'

One Christian sentence is all-sufficient with us, on the theological part of this subject. 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.' No amount of signatures by petitions can ever sign away the meaning of those words; no end of volumes of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates can ever affect them in the least. Move and carry resolutions, bring in bills, have committees, upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber; read a first time, read a second time, read a third time, read thirty thousand times; the declared authority of the Christian dispensation over the letter of the Jewish Law, particularly in this especial instance, cannot be petitioned, resolved, read, or committee'd away.

It is important in such a case as this affirmation of a principle, to know what amount of practical sense and logic entered into its assertion. We will inquire.

Lord Ashley (who has done much good, and whom we mention with every sentiment of sincere respect, though we believe him to be most mischievously deluded on this ques-

tion), speaks of the people employed in the Country Post-Offices on Sunday, as though they were continually at work, all the livelong day. He asks whether they are to be 'a Pariah race, excluded from the enjoyments of the rest of the community?' He presents to our mind's eye, rows of Post-Office clerks, sitting, with dishevelled hair and dirty linen, behind small shutters, all Sunday long, keeping time with their sighs to the ringing of the church bells, and watering bushels of letters, incessantly passing through their hands, with their tears. Is this exactly the reality? The Upas tree is a figure of speech almost as ancient as our lachrymose friend the Pariah, in whom most of us recognise a respectable old acquaintance. Supposing we were to take it into our heads to declare in these *Household Words*, that every Post-Office clerk employed on Sunday in the country, is compelled to sit under his own particular sprig of Upas, planted in a flower-pot beside him for the express purpose of blighting him with its baneful shade, should we be much more beyond the mark than Lord Ashley himself? Did any of our readers ever happen to post letters in the Country on a Sunday? Did they ever see a notice outside a provincial Post-Office, to the effect that the presiding Pariah would be in attendance at such an hour on Sunday, and not before? Did they ever wait for the Pariah, at some inconvenience, until the hour arrived, and observe him to come to the office in an extremely spruce condition as to his shirt collar, and do a little sprinkling of business in a very easy off-hand manner? We have such recollections ourselves. We have posted and received letters in most parts of this kingdom on a Sunday, and we never yet observed the Pariah to be quite crushed. On the contrary, we have seen him at church, apparently in the best health and spirits (notwithstanding an hour or so of sorting, earlier in the morning), and we have met him out a-walking with the young lady to whom he is engaged, and we have known him meet her again with her cousin, after the dispatch of the Mails, and really conduct himself as if he were not particularly exhausted or afflicted. Indeed, how *could* he be so, on Lord Ashley's own showing? There is a Saturday before the Sunday. We are

a people indisposed, he says, to business on a Sunday. More than a million of people are known, from their petitions, to be too scrupulous to hear of such a thing. Few counting-houses or offices are ever opened on a Sunday. The Merchants and Bankers write by Saturday night's post. The Sunday night's post may be presumed to be chiefly limited to letters of necessity and emergency. Lord Ashley's whole case would break down, if it were probable that the Post-Office Pariah had half as much confinement on Sunday, as the He-Pariah who opens my Lord's street door when anybody knocks, or the She-Pariah who nurses my Lady's baby.

If the London Post-Office be not opened on a Sunday, says Lord Ashley, why should the Post-Offices of provincial towns be opened on a Sunday? Precisely because the provincial towns are NOT London, we apprehend. Because London is the great capital, mart, and business-centre of the world; because in London there are hundreds of thousands of people, young and old, away from their families and friends; because the stoppage of the Monday's Post Delivery in London would stop, for many precious hours, the natural flow of the blood from every vein and artery in the world to the heart of the world, and its return from the heart through all those tributary channels. Because the broad difference between London and every other place in England, necessitated this distinction, and has perpetuated it.

But, to say nothing of petitioners elsewhere, it seems that two hundred merchants and bankers in Liverpool, 'formed themselves into a committee, to forward the object of this motion.' In the name of all the Pharisees of Jerusalem, could not the two hundred merchants and bankers form themselves into a committee to write or read no business-letters themselves on a Sunday—and let the Post-Office alone? The Government establishes a monopoly in the Post-Office, and makes it not only difficult and expensive for me to send a letter by any other means, but illegal. What right has any merchant or banker to stop the course of any letter that I may have sore necessity to post, or may choose to post? If any one of the two hundred merchants and bankers lay at the point of death, on Sunday, would he desire his absent child

to be written to—the Sunday Post being yet in existence? And how do they take upon themselves to tell us that the Sunday Post is not a 'necessity,' when they know, every man of them, every Sunday morning, that before the clock strikes next, they and theirs may be visited by any one of incalculable millions of accidents, to make it a dire need? Not a necessity? Is it possible that these merchants and bankers suppose there is any Sunday Post, from any large town, which is not a very agony of necessity to some one? I might as well say, in my pride of strength, that a knowledge of bone-setting in surgeons is not a necessity, because I have not broken my leg.

There is a Sage of this sort in the House of Commons. He is of opinion that the Sunday Police is a necessity, but the Sunday Post is not. That is to say, in a certain house in London or Westminster, there are certain silver spoons, engraved with the family crest—a Bigot rampant—which would be pretty sure to disappear, on an early Sunday, if there were no Policemen on duty; whereas the Sage sees no present probability of his requiring to write a letter into the country on a Saturday night—and, if it should arise, he can use the Electric Telegraph. Such is the sordid balance some professing Heathens hold of their own pounds against other men's pennies, and their own selfish wants against those of the community at large! Even the Member for Birmingham, of all the towns in England, is afflicted by this selfish blindness, and, because *he* is 'tired of reading and answering letters on a Sunday,' cannot conceive the possibility of there being other people not so situated, to whom the Sunday Post may, under many circumstances, be an unspeakable blessing.

The inconsequential nature of Lord Ashley's positions, cannot be better shown, than by one brief passage from his speech. 'When he said the transmission of the Mail, he meant the Mail-bags; he did not propose to interfere with the passengers.' No? Think again, Lord Ashley.

When the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres moves his resolution for the stoppage of Mail Trains—in a word, of all Railway travelling—on Sunday; and when that Honourable Gentleman talks about the Pariah clerks who

take the money and give the tickets, the Pariah engine-drivers, the Pariah stokers, the Pariah porters, the Pariah police along the line, and the Pariah flys waiting at the Pariah stations to take the Pariah passengers, to be attended by Pariah servants at the Pariah Arms and other Pariah Hotels; what will Lord Ashley do then? Envy insinuated that Tom Thumb made his giants first, and then killed them, but you cannot do the like by your Pariahs. You cannot get an exclusive patent for the manufacture and destruction of Pariah dolls. Other Honourable Gentlemen are certain to engage in the trade; and when the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres makes *his* Pariahs of all these people, you cannot refuse to recognise them as being of the genuine sort, Lord Ashley. Railway and all other Sunday Travelling, suppressed, by the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres, the same honourable gentleman, who will not have been particularly complimented in the course of that achievement by the *Times* Newspaper, will discover that a good deal is done towards the *Times* of Monday, on a Sunday night, and will Pariah the whole of that immense establishment. For, this is the great inconvenience of Pariah-making, that when you begin, they spring up like mushrooms: insomuch, that it is very doubtful whether we shall have a house in all this land, from the Queen's Palace downward, which will not be found, on inspection, to be swarming with Pariahs. Not touch the Mails, and yet abolish the Mail-bags? Stop all those silent messengers of affection and anxiety, yet let the talking traveller, who is the cause of infinitely more employment, go? Why, this were to suppose all men Fools, and the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres even a greater Noodle than he is!

Lord Ashley supports his motion by reading some perilous bombast, said to be written by a working-man—of whom the intelligent body of working-men have no great reason, to our thinking, to be proud—in which there is much about not being robbed of the boon of the day of rest; but, with all Lord Ashley's indisputably humane and benevolent impulses, we grieve to say we know no robber whom the working-man, really desirous to preserve his Sunday, has so much

to dread, as Lord Ashley himself. He is weakly lending the influence of his good intentions to a movement which would make that day no day of rest—rest to those who are overwrought, includes recreation, fresh air, change—but a day of mortification and gloom. And this not to one class only, be it understood. This is not a class question. If there be no gentleman of spirit in the House of Commons to remind Lord Ashley that the high-flown nonsense he quoted, concerning labour, is but another form of the stupidest socialist dogma, which seeks to represent that there is only one class of labourers on earth, it is well that the truth should be stated somewhere. And it is indisputable, that three-fourths of us are labourers who work hard for our living; and that the condition of what we call the working-man, has its parallel, at a remove of certain degrees, in almost all professions and pursuits. Running through the middle classes, is a broad deep vein of constant, compulsory, indispensable work. There are innumerable gentlemen, and sons and daughters of gentlemen, constantly at work, who have no more hope of making fortunes in their vocation, than the working-man has in his. There are innumerable families in which the day of rest is the only day out of the seven where innocent domestic recreations and enjoyments are very feasible. In our mean gentility, which is the cause of so much social mischief, we may try to separate ourselves, as to this question, from the working-man; and may very complacently resolve that there is no occasion for his excursion trains and tea gardens, because we don't use them; but we had better not deceive ourselves. It is impossible that we can cramp his means of needful recreation and refreshment, without cramping our own, or basely cheating him. We cannot leave him to the Christian patronage of the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres, and take ourselves off. We cannot restrain him and leave ourselves free. Our Sunday wants are pretty much the same as his, though his are far more easily satisfied; our inclinations and our feelings are pretty much the same; and it will be no less wise than honest in us, the middle classes, not to be Janus-faced about the matter.

What is it that the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres, for whom Lord Ashley clears the way, wants to do? He sees on a Sunday morning, in the large towns of England, when the bells are ringing for church and chapel, certain unwashed, dim-eyed, dissipated loungers, hanging about the doors of public-houses, and loitering at the street corners, to whom the day of rest appeals in much the same degree as a sunny summer day does to so many pigs. Does he believe that any weight of handcuffs on the Post-Office, or any amount of restriction imposed on decent people, will bring Sunday home to these? Let him go, any Sunday morning, from the new town of Edinburgh where the sound of a piano would be profanation, to the old Town, and see what Sunday is in the Canongate. Or let him get up some statistics of the drunken people in Glasgow, while the churches are full—and work out the amount of Sabbath observance which is carried downward, by rigid shows and sad-coloured forms.

But, there is another class of people, those who take little jaunts, and mingle in social little assemblages, on a Sunday, concerning whom the whole constituency of Whitened Sepulchres, with their Honourable Member in the chair, find their lank hair standing on end with horror, and pointing, as if they were all electrified, straight up to the skylights of Exeter Hall. In reference to this class, we would whisper in the ears of the disturbed assemblage, three short words, 'Let well alone!'

The English people have long been remarkable for their domestic habits, and their household virtues and affections. They are, now, beginning to be universally respected by intelligent foreigners who visit this country, for their unobtrusive politeness, their good-humour, and their cheerful recognition of all restraints that really originate in consideration for the general good. They deserve this testimony (which we have often heard, of late, with pride) most honourably. Long maligned and mistrusted, they proved their case from the very first moment of having it in their power to do so; and have never, on any single occasion within our knowledge, abused any public confidence that has been re-

posed in them. It is an extraordinary thing to know of a people, systematically excluded from galleries and museums for years, that their respect for such places, and for themselves as visitors to them, dates, without any period of transition, from the very day when their doors were freely opened. The national vices are surprisingly few. The people in general are not gluttons, nor drunkards, nor gamblers, nor addicted to cruel sports, nor to the pushing of any amusement to furious and wild extremes. They are moderate, and easily pleased, and very sensible to all affectionate influences. Any knot of holiday-makers, without a large proportion of women and children among them, would be a perfect phenomenon. Let us go into any place of Sunday enjoyment where any fair representation of the people resort, and we shall find them decent, orderly, quiet, sociable among their families and neighbours. There is a general feeling of respect for religion, and for religious observances. The churches and chapels are well filled. Very few people who keep servants or apprentices leave out of consideration their opportunities of attending church or chapel; the general demeanour within those edifices, is particularly grave and decorous; and the general recreations without, are of a harmless and simple kind. Lord Brougham never did Henry Brougham more justice, than in declaring to the House of Lords, after the success of this motion in the House of Commons, that there is no country where the Sabbath is, on the whole, better observed than in England. Let the constituency of Whitened Sepulchres ponder, in a Christian spirit, on these things; take care of their own consciences; leave their Honourable Member to take care of his; and let well alone.

For, it is in nations as in families. Too tight a hand in these respects, is certain to engender a disposition to break loose, and to run riot. If the private experience of any reader, pausing on this sentence, cannot furnish many unhappy illustrations of its truth, it is a very fortunate experience indeed. Our most notable public example of it, in England, is just two hundred years old.

Lord Ashley had better merge his Pariahs into the body

politic; and the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres had better accustom his jaundiced eyes to the Sunday sight of dwellers in towns, roaming in green fields, and gazing upon country prospects. If he will look a little beyond them, and lift up the eyes of his mind, perhaps he may observe a mild, majestic figure in the distance, going through a field of corn, attended by some common men who pluck the grain as they pass along, and whom their Divine Master teaches that he is the Lord, even of the Sabbath-Day.

LIVELY TURTLE

[October 26, 1850]

I have a comfortable property. What I spend, I spend upon myself; and what I don't spend I save. Those are my principles. I am warmly attached to my principles, and stick to them on all occasions.

I am not, as some people have represented, a mean man. I never denied myself anything that I thought I should like to have. I may have said to myself 'Snoady'—that is my name—'you will get those peaches cheaper if you wait till next week'; or, I may have said to myself, 'Snoady, you will get that wine for nothing, if you wait till you are asked out to dine'; but I never deny myself anything. If I can't get what I want without buying it, and paying its price for it, I *do* buy it and pay its price for it. I have an appetite bestowed upon me; and, if I baulked it, I should consider that I was flying in the face of Providence.

I have no near relation but a brother. If he wants anything of me, he don't get it. All men are my brothers; and I see no reason why I should make his, an exceptional case.

I live at a cathedral town where there is an old corporation. I am not in the Church, but it may be that I hold a little place of some sort. Never mind. It may be profitable. Perhaps yes, perhaps no. It may, or it may not, be a sinecure. I don't choose to say. I never enlightened my brother on these subjects, and I consider all men my brothers.

The Negro is a man and a brother—should I hold myself accountable for my position in life, *to him?* Certainly not.

I often run up to London. I like London. The way I look at it, is this. London is not a cheap place, but, on the whole, you can get more of the real thing for your money there—I mean the best thing, whatever it is—than you can get in most places. Therefore, I say to the man who has got the money, and wants the thing, 'Go to London for it, and treat yourself.'

When *I* go, I do it in this manner. I go to Mrs. Skim's Private Hotel and Commercial Lodging House, near Aldersgate Street, City, (it is advertised in Bradshaw's Railway Guide, where I first found it), and there I pay, 'for bed and breakfast, with meat, two and ninepence per day, including servants.' Now, I have made a calculation, and I am satisfied that Mrs. Skim cannot possibly make much profit out of *me.* In fact, if all her patrons were like me, my opinion is, the woman would be in the *Gazette* next month.

Why do I go to Mrs. Skim's when I could go to the Clarendon, you may ask? Let us argue that point. If I went to the Clarendon I could get nothing in bed but sleep; could I? No. Now, sleep at the Clarendon is an expensive article; whereas sleep, at Mrs. Skim's, is decidedly cheap. I have made a calculation, and I don't hesitate to say, all things considered, that it 's cheap. Is it an inferior article, as compared with the Clarendon sleep, or is it of the same quality? I am a heavy sleeper, and it is of the same quality. Then why should I go to the Clarendon?

But as to breakfast? you may say.—Very well. As to breakfast. I could get a variety of delicacies for breakfast at the Clarendon, that are out of the question at Mrs. Skim's. Granted. But I don't want to have them! My opinion is, that we are not entirely animal and sensual. Man has an intellect bestowed upon him. If he clogs that intellect by too good a breakfast, how can he properly exert that intellect in meditation, during the day, upon his dinner? That 's the point. We are not to enchain the soul. We are to let it soar. It is expected of us.

At Mrs. Skim's, I get enough for breakfast (there is no

limitation to the bread and butter, though there is to the meat) and not too much. I have all my faculties about me, to concentrate upon the object I have mentioned, and I can say to myself besides, 'Snoady, you have saved six, eight, ten, fifteen, shillings, already to-day. If there is anything you fancy for your dinner, have it. Snoady, you have earned your reward.'

My objection to London, is, that it is the headquarters of the worst radical sentiments that are broached in England. I consider that it has a great many dangerous people in it. I consider the present publication (if it 's *Household Words*) very dangerous, and I write this with the view of neutralising some of its bad effects. My political creed is, let us be comfortable. We are all very comfortable as we are—*I* am very comfortable as I am—leave us alone!

All mankind are my brothers, and I don't think it Christian—if you come to that—to tell my brother that he is ignorant, or degraded, or dirty, or anything of the kind. I think it 's abusive and low. You meet me with the observation that I am required to love my brother. I reply, 'I do.' I am sure I am always willing to say to my brother, 'My good fellow, I love you very much; go along with you; keep to your own road; leave me to mine; whatever is, is right; whatever isn't, is wrong; don't make a disturbance!' It seems to me, that this is at once the whole duty of man, and the only temper to go to dinner in.

Going to dinner in this temper in the City of London, one day not long ago, after a bed at Mrs. Skim's, with meat-breakfast and servants included, I was reminded of the observation which, if my memory does not deceive me, was formerly made by somebody on some occasion, that man may learn wisdom from the lower animals. It is a beautiful fact, in my opinion, that great wisdom is to be learnt from that noble animal the Turtle.

I had made up my mind, in the course of the day I speak of, to have a Turtle dinner. I mean a dinner mainly composed of Turtle. Just a comfortable tureen of soup, with a pint of punch; and nothing solid to follow, but a tender juicy steak. I like a tender juicy steak. I generally say

to myself when I order one, 'Snoady, you have done right.'

When I make up my mind to have a delicacy, expense is no consideration. The question resolves itself, then, into a question of the very best. I went to a friend of mine who is a Member of the Common Council, and with that friend I held the following conversation.

Said I to him, 'Mr. Groggles, the best Turtle is where?'

Says he, 'If you want a basin for lunch, my opinion is, you can't do better than drop into Birch's.'

Said I, 'Mr. Groggles, I thought you had known me better, than to suppose me capable of a basin. My intention is to dine. A tureen.'

Says Mr. Groggles, without a moment's consideration, and in a determined voice, 'Right opposite the India House, Leadenhall Street.'

We parted. My mind was not inactive during the day, and at six in the afternoon I repaired to the house of Mr. Groggles's recommendation. At the end of the passage, leading from the street into the coffee-room, I observed a vast and solid chest, in which I then supposed that a Turtle of unusual size might be deposited. But, the correspondence between its bulk and that of the charge made for my dinner, afterwards satisfied me that it must be the till of the establishment.

I stated to the waiter what had brought me there, and I mentioned Mr. Groggles's name. He feelingly repeated after me, 'A tureen of Turtle, and a tender juicy steak.' His manner, added to the manner of Mr. Groggles in the morning, satisfied me that all was well. The atmosphere of the coffee-room was odoriferous with Turtle, and the steams of thousands of gallons, consumed within its walls, hung, in savoury grease, upon their surface. I could have inscribed my name with a penknife, if I had been so disposed, in the essence of innumerable Turtles. I preferred to fall into a hungry reverie, brought on by the warm breath of the place. and to think of the West Indies and the Island of Ascension.

My dinner came—and went. I will draw a veil over the meal, I will put the cover on the empty tureen, and merely say that it was wonderful—and that I paid for it.

I sat meditating, when all was over, on the imperfect nature of our present existence, in which we can eat only for a limited time, when the waiter roused me with these words.

Said he to me, as he brushed the crumbs off the table, 'Would you like to see the Turtle, Sir?'

'To see what Turtle, waiter?' said I (calmly) to him.

'The tanks of Turtle below, Sir,' said he to me.

Tanks of Turtle! Good Gracious! 'Yes!'

The waiter lighted a candle, and conducted me downstairs to a range of vaulted apartments, cleanly whitewashed and illuminated with gas, where I saw a sight of the most astonishing and gratifying description, illustrative of the greatness of my native country. 'Snoady,' was my first observation to myself, 'Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!'

There were two or three hundred Turtle in the vaulted apartments—all alive. Some in tanks, and some taking the air in long dry walks littered down with straw. They were of all sizes; many of them enormous. Some of the enormous ones had entangled themselves with the smaller ones, and pushed and squeezed themselves into corners, with their fins over water-pipes, and their heads downwards, where they were apoplectically struggling and splashing, apparently in the last extremity. Others were calm at the bottom of the tanks; others languidly rising to the surface. The Turtle in the walks littered down with straw, were calm and motionless. It was a thrilling sight. I admire such a sight. It rouses my imagination. If you wish to try its effect on yours, make a call right opposite the India House any day you please—dine—pay—and ask to be taken below.

Two athletic young men, without coats, and with the sleeves of their shirts tucked up to the shoulders, were in attendance on these noble animals. One of them, wrestling with the most enormous Turtle in company, and dragging him up to the edge of the tank, for me to look at, presented an idea to me which I never had before. I ought to observe that I like an idea. I say, when I get a new one, 'Snoady, book that!'

My idea, on the present occasion, was,—Mr. Groggles! It was not a Turtle that I saw, but Mr. Groggles. It was

the dead image of Mr. Groggles. He was dragged up to confront me, with his waistcoat—if I may be allowed the expression—towards me; and it was identically the waistcoat of Mr. Groggles. It was the same shape, very nearly the same colour, only wanted a gold watch-chain and a bunch of seals, to BE the waistcoat of Mr. Groggles. There was what I should call a bursting expression about him in general, which was accurately the expression of Mr. Groggles. I had never closely observed a Turtle's throat before. The folds of his loose cravat, I found to be precisely those of Mr. Groggle's cravat. Even the intelligent eye—I mean to say, intelligent enough for a person of correct principles, and not dangerously so—was the eye of Mr. Groggles. When the athletic young man let him go, and, with a roll of his head, he flopped heavily down into the tank, it was exactly the manner of Mr. Groggles as I have seen him ooze away into his seat, after opposing a sanitary motion in the Court of Common Council!

'Snoady,' I couldn't help saying to myself 'you have done it. You have got an idea, Snoady, in which a great principle is involved. I congratulate you!' I followed the young man, who dragged up several Turtle to the brinks of the various tanks. I found them all the same—all varieties of Mr. Groggles—all extraordinarily like the gentlemen who usually eat them. 'Now, Snoady,' was my next remark, 'what do you deduce from this?'

'Sir,' said I, 'what I deduce from this, is, confusion to those Radicals and other Revolutionists who talk about improvement. Sir,' said I, 'what I deduce from this, is, that there isn't this resemblance between the Turtles and the Groggleses for nothing. It 's meant to show mankind that the proper model for a Groggles, is a Turtle; and that the liveliness we want in a Groggles, is the liveliness of a Turtle, and no more.' 'Snoady,' was my reply to this, 'You have hit it. You are right!'

I admired the idea very much, because, if I hate anything in the world, it 's change. Change has evidently no business in the world, has nothing to do with it, and isn't intended. What we want is (as I think I have mentioned) to be com-

fortable. I look at it that way. Let us be comfortable, and leave us alone. Now, when the young man dragged a Groggles—I mean a Turtle—out of his tank, this was exactly what the noble animal expressed as he floundered back again.

I have several friends besides Mr. Groggles in the Common Council, and it might be a week after this, when I said, 'Snoady, if I was you, I would go to that court, and hear the debate to-day.' I went. A good deal of it was what I call a sound, old English discussion. One eloquent speaker objected to the French as wearing wooden shoes; and a friend of his reminded him of another objection to that foreign people, namely, that they eat frogs. I had feared, for many years, I am sorry to say, that these wholesale principles were gone out. How delightful to find them still remaining among the great men of the City of London, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty! It made me think of the Lively Turtle.

But, I soon thought more of the Lively Turtle. Some Radicals and Revolutionists have penetrated even to the Common Council—which otherwise I regard as one of the last strongholds of our afflicted constitution; and speeches were made, about removing Smithfield Market—which I consider to be a part of that Constitution—and about appointing a Medical Officer for the City, and about preserving the public health; and other treasonable practices, opposed to Church and State. These proposals Mr. Groggles, as might have been expected of such a man, resisted; so warmly, that, as I afterwards understood from Mrs. Groggles, he had rather a sharp attack of blood to the head that night. All the Groggles party resisted them too, and it was a fine constitutional sight to see waistcoat after waistcoat rise up in resistance of them and subside. But what struck me in the sight was this, 'Snoady,' said I, 'here is your idea carried out, Sir! These Radicals and Revolutionists are the athletic young men in shirt sleeves, dragging the Lively Turtle to the edges of the tank. The Groggleses are the Turtle, looking out for a moment, and flopping down again. Honour to the Groggleses! Honour to the Court of Lively Turtle! The wisdom of the Turtle is the hope of England!'

There are three heads in the moral of what I had to say. First, Turtle and Groggles are identical; wonderfully alike externally, wonderfully alike mentally. Secondly, Turtle is a good thing every way, and the liveliness of the Turtle is intended as an example for the liveliness of man; you are not to go beyond that. Thirdly, we are all quite comfortable. Leave us alone!

A CRISIS IN THE AFFAIRS OF MR. JOHN BULL

AS RELATED BY MRS. BULL TO THE CHILDREN[1]

[November 23, 1850]

Mrs. Bull and her rising family were seated round the fire, one November evening at dusk, when all was mud, mist, and darkness, out of doors, and a good deal of fog had even got into the family parlour. To say the truth, the parlour was on no occasion fog-proof, and had, at divers notable times, been so misty as to cause the whole Bull family to grope about, in a most confused manner, and make the strangest mistakes. But, there was an excellent ventilator over the family fireplace (not one of Dr. Arnott's, though it was of the same class, being an excellent invention, called Common Sense), and hence, though the fog was apt to get into the parlour through a variety of chinks, it soon got out again, and left the Bulls at liberty to see what o'clock it was, by the solid, steady-going, family time-piece: which went remarkably well in the long run, though it was apt, at times, to be a trifle too slow.

Mr. Bull was dozing in his easy-chair, with his pocket-handkerchief drawn over his head. Mrs. Bull, always industrious, was hard at work, knitting. The children were

[1] Readers will easily detect the reference to the 'No Popery' controversies of 1850, to Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Pusey, and other theologians of the time. Dickens's antipathy to anything Roman is well known, and may be illustrated in abundance from the *Child's History of England.*

grouped in various attitudes around the blazing fire. Master C. J. London (called after his Godfather), who had been rather late at his exercise, sat with his chin resting, in something of a thoughtful and penitential manner, on his slate, and his slate resting on his knees. Young Jonathan—a cousin of the little Bulls, and a noisy, overgrown lad—was making a tremendous uproar across the yard, with a new plaything. Occasionally, when his noise reached the ears of Mr. Bull, the good gentleman moved impatiently in his chair, and muttered 'Con—found that boy in the stripes, I wish he wouldn't make such a fool of himself!'

'He 'll quarrel with his new toy soon, I know,' observed the discreet Mrs. Bull, 'and then he 'll begin to knock it about. But we mustn't expect to find old heads on young shoulders.'

'That can't be, Ma,' said Master C. J. London, who was a sleek, shining-faced boy.

'And why, then, did you expect to find an old head on Young England's shoulders?' retorted Mrs. Bull, turning quickly on him.

'I didn't expect to find an old head on Young England's shoulders!' cried Master C. J. London, putting his left-hand knuckles to his right eye.

'You didn't expect it, you naughty boy?' said Mrs. Bull.

'No!' whimpered Master C. J. London. 'I am sure I never did. Oh, oh, oh!'

'Don't go on in that way, don't!' said Mrs. Bull, 'but behave better in future. What did you mean by playing with Young England at all?'

'I didn't mean any harm!' cried Master C. J. London, applying, in his increased distress, the knuckles of his right hand to his right eye, and the knuckles of his left hand to his left eye.

'I dare say you didn't!' returned Mrs. Bull. 'Hadn't you had warning enough about playing with candles and candlesticks? How often had you been told that your poor father's house, long before you were born, was in danger of being reduced to ashes by candles and candlesticks? And when Young England and his companions began to put their shirts on, over their clothes, and to play all sorts of fan-

tastic tricks in them, why didn't you come and tell your poor father and me, like a dutiful C. J. London?'

'Because the rubric—' Master C. J. London was beginning, when Mrs. Bull took him up short.

'Don't talk to me about the Rubric, or you 'll make it worse!' said Mrs. Bull, shaking her head at him. 'Just exactly what the Rubric meant then, it means now; and just exactly what it didn't mean then, it don't mean now. You are taught to act, according to the spirit, not the letter; and you know what its spirit must be, or *you* wouldn't be. No, C. J. London!' said Mrs. Bull, emphatically. 'If there were any candles or candlesticks in the spirit of your lesson-book, Master Wiseman would have been my boy, and not you!'

Here, Master C. J. London fell a-crying more grievously than before, sobbing, 'Oh, Ma, Master Wiseman with his red legs, your boy! Oh, oh, oh!'

'Will you be quiet,' returned Mrs. Bull, 'and let your poor father rest? I am ashamed of you. *You* to go and play with a parcel of sentimental girls, and dandy boys! Is *that* your bringing up?'

'I didn't know they were fond of Master Wiseman,' protested Master C. J. London, still crying.

'You didn't know, Sir!' retorted Mrs. Bull. Don't tell me! Then you ought to have known. Other people knew. You were told often enough, at the time, what it would come to. You didn't want a ghost, I suppose, to warn you that when they got to candlesticks, they 'd get to candles; and that when they got to candles, they 'd get to lighting 'em; and that when they began to put their shirts on outside, and to play at monks and friars, it was as natural that Master Wiseman should be encouraged to put on a pair of red-stockings, and a red hat, and to commit I don't know what other Tom-fooleries and make a perfect Guy Fawkes of himself in more ways than one. Is it because you are a Bull, that you are not to be roused till they shake scarlet close to your very eyes?' said Mrs. Bull indignantly,

Master C. J. London, still repeating 'Oh, oh, oh!' in a very plaintive manner, screwed his knuckles into his eyes until there appeared considerable danger of his screwing his

eyes out of his head. But, little John (who though of a spare figure was a very spirited boy), started up from the little bench on which he sat; gave Master C. J. London a hearty pat on the back (accompanied, however, with a slight poke in the ribs); and told him that if Master Wiseman, or Young England, or any of those fellows, wanted anything for himself, he (little John) was the boy to give it him. Hereupon, Mrs. Bull, who was always proud of the child, and always had been, since his measure was first taken for an entirely new suit of clothes, to wear in Common, could not refrain from catching him up on her knee and kissing him with great affection, while the whole family expressed their delight in various significant ways.

'You are a noble boy, little John,' said Mrs. Bull, with a mother's pride, 'and that 's the fact, after everything is said and done!'

'I don't know about that, Ma'; quoth little John, whose blood was evidently up; 'but if these chaps and their backers, the Bulls of Rome—'

Here Mr. Bull, who was only half asleep, kicked out in such an alarming manner, that for some seconds, his boots gyrated fitfully all over the family hearth, filling the whole circle with consternation. For, when Mr. Bull *did* kick, his kick was tremendous. And he always kicked, when the Bulls of Rome were mentioned.

Mrs. Bull, holding up her finger as an injunction to the children to keep quiet, sagely observed Mr. Bull from the opposite side of the fireplace, until he calmly dozed again, when she recalled the scattered family to their former positions, and spoke in a low tone.

'You must be very careful,' said the worthy lady, 'how you mention that name; for your poor father has so many unpleasant experiences of those Bulls of Rome—Bless the man! he 'll do somebody a mischief.'

Mr. Bull, lashing out again more violently than before, upset the fender, knocked down the fire-irons, kicked over the brass footman, and, whisking his silk handkerchief off his head, chased the Pussy on the rug clean out of the room into the passage, and so out of the street-door into the night;

the Pussy having (as was well-known to the children in general) originally strayed from the Bulls of Rome into Mr. Bull's assembled family. After the achievement of this crowning feat, Mr. Bull came back, and in a highly excited state performed a sort of war-dance in his top-boots, all over the parlour. Finally, he sank into his arm-chair, and covered himself up again.

Master C. J. London, who was by no means sure that Mr. Bull in his heat would not come down upon him for the lateness of his exercise, took refuge behind his slate and behind little John, who was a perfect gamecock. But, Mr. Bull having concluded his war-dance without injury to any one, the boy crept out, with the rest of the family, to the knees of Mrs. Bull, who thus addressed them, taking little John into her lap before she began:

'The B.'s of R.,' said Mrs. Bull, getting, by this prudent device, over the obnoxious words, 'caused your poor father a world of trouble, before any one of you were born. They pretended to be related to us, and to have some influence in our family; but it can't be allowed for a single moment—nothing will ever induce your poor father to hear of it; let them disguise or constrain themselves now and then, as they will, they are, by nature, an insolent, audacious, oppressive, intolerable race.'

Here little John doubled his fists, and began squaring at the Bulls of Rome, as he saw those pretenders with his mind's eye. Master C. J. London, after some considerable reflection, made a show of squaring, likewise.

'In the days of your great, great, great, great grandfather,' said Mrs. Bull, dropping her voice still lower, as she glanced at Mr. Bull in his repose, 'the Bulls of Rome were not so utterly hateful to our family as they are at present. We didn't know them so well, and our family were very ignorant and low in the world. But we have gone on advancing in every generation since then; and now we are taught by all our family history and experience, and by the most limited exercise of our national faculties, That our knowledge, liberty, progress, social welfare and happiness, are wholly irreconcilable and inconsistent with them. That the

Bulls of Rome are not only the enemies of our family, but of the whole human race. That wherever they go, they perpetuate misery, oppression, darkness, and ignorance. That they are easily made the tools of the worst of men for the worst of purposes; and that they *cannot* be endured by your poor father, or by any man, woman, or child, of common sense, who has the least connection with us.'

Little John, who had gradually left off squaring, looked hard at his aunt, Miss Eringobragh, Mr. Bull's sister, who was grovelling on the ground, with her head in the ashes. This unfortunate lady had been, for a length of time, in a horrible condition of mind and body, and presented a most lamentable spectacle of disease, dirt, rags, superstition, and degradation.

Mrs. Bull, observing the direction of the child's glance, smoothed little John's hair, and directed her next observations to him.

'Ah! You may well look at the poor thing, John!' said Mrs. Bull; 'for the Bulls of Rome have had far too much to do with her present state. There have been many other causes at work to destroy the strength of her constitution, but the Bulls of Rome have been at the bottom of it; and, depend upon it, wherever you see a condition at all resembling hers, you will find, on inquiry, that the sufferer has allowed herself to be dealt with by the Bulls of Rome. The cases of squalor and ignorance, in all the world most like your aunt's, are to be found in their own household; on the steps of their doors; in the heart of their homes. In Switzerland, you may cross a line, no broader than a bridge or a hedge, and know, in an instant, where the Bulls of Rome have been received, by the condition of the family. Wherever the Bulls of Rome have the most influence, the family is sure to be the most abject. Put your trust in those Bulls, John, and it 's in the inevitable order and sequence of things, that you must come to be something like your Aunt, sooner or later.'

'I thought the Bulls of Rome had got into difficulties, and run away, Ma?' said little John, looking up into his mother's face inquiringly.

'Why, so they did get into difficulties, to be sure, John,' returned Mrs. Bull, 'and so they did run away; but, even the Italians, who had got thoroughly used to them, found them out, and they were obliged to go and hide in a cupboard, where they still talked big through the key-hole, and presented one of the most contemptible and ridiculous exhibitions that ever were seen on earth. However, they were taken out of the cupboard by some friends of theirs—friends, indeed! who care as much about them as I do for the sea-serpent; but who happened, at the moment, to find it necessary to play at soldiers, to amuse their fretful children, who didn't know what they wanted, and, what was worse, would have it—and so the Bulls got back to Rome. And at Rome they are anything but safe to stay, as you 'll find, my dear, one of these odd mornings.'

'Then, if they are so unsafe, and so found out, Ma,' said Master C. J. London, 'how come they to interfere with us, now?'

'Oh, C. J. London!' returned Mrs. Bull, 'what a sleepy child you must be, to put such a question! Don't you know that the more they are found out, and the weaker they are, the more important it must be to them to impose upon the ignorant people near them, by pretending to be closely connected with a person so much looked up to as your poor father?'

'Why, of course!' cried little John to his brother. 'Oh, you stupid!'

'And I am ashamed to have to repeat, C. J. London,' said Mrs. Bull, 'that, but for your friend, Young England, and the encouragement you gave to that mewling little Pussy, when it strayed here—don't say you didn't, you naughty boy, for you did!'—

'You know you did!' said little John.

Master C. J. London began to cry again.

'Don't do that,' said Mrs. Bull, sharply, 'but be a better boy in future! I say, I am ashamed to have to repeat that, but for that, the Bulls of Rome would never have had the audacity to call their connection, Master Wiseman, your poor father's child, and to appoint him, with his red hat and

stockings, and his mummery and flummery, to a portion of your father's estates—though, for the matter of that, there is nothing to prevent their appointing him to the Moon, except the difficulty of getting him there! And so, your poor father's affairs have been brought to this crisis: that he has to deal with an insult which is perfectly absurd, and yet which he must, for the sake of his family, in all time to come, decisively and seriously deal with, in order to detach himself, once and for ever, from these Bulls of Rome; and show how impotent they are. There 's difficulty and vexation, you have helped to bring upon your father, you bad child.'

'Oh, oh, oh!' cried Master C. J. London. 'Oh, I never went to do it. Oh, oh, oh!'

'Hold your tongue!' said Mrs. Bull, 'and do a good exercise! Now that your father has turned that Pussy out of doors, go on with your exercise like a man; and let us have no more playing with any one connected with those Bulls of Rome; between whom and you there is a great gulf fixed, as you ought to have known in the beginning. Take your fingers out of your eyes, Sir, and do your exercise!'

'—Or I 'll come and pinch you!' said little John.

'John,' said Mrs. Bull, 'you leave him alone. Keep your eye upon him, and, if you find him relapsing, tell your father.'

'Oh, won't I neither!' cried little John.

'Don't be vulgar,' said Mrs. Bull. 'Now, John, I can trust *you*. Whatever you do, I know you won't wake your father unnecessarily. You are a bold brave child, and I highly approve of your erecting yourself against Master Wiseman and all that bad set. But, be wary, John; and as you have, and deserve to have, great influence with your father, I am sure you will be careful how you wake him. If he was to make a wild rush, and begin to dance about, on the Platform in the Hall, I don't know where he 'd stop.'

Little John, getting on his legs, began buttoning his jacket with great firmness and vigour, preparatory to action. Master C. J. London, with a dejected aspect and an occasional sob, went on with his exercise.

MR. BULL'S SOMNAMBULIST

[November 25, 1854]

An extremely difficult case of somnambulism, occurring in the family of that respected gentleman Mr. Bull, and at the present time developing itself without any mitigation of its apparently hopeless symptoms, will furnish the subject of the present paper. Apart from its curious psychological interest, it is worth investigation, as having caused and still causing Mr. Bull great anxiety of mind when he falls into low spirits. I may observe, as one of the medical attendants of the family, that this is not very often the case, all things considered: Mr. Bull being of a sanguine temperament, good-natured to a fault, and highly confident in the strength of his constitution. This confidence, I regret to add, makes him too frequently neglect himself when there is an urgent necessity for his being careful.

The patient in whom are manifested the distressing symptoms of somnambulism I shall describe, is an old woman—Mrs. Abigail Dean. The recognised abbreviation of her almost obsolete Christian name is used for brevity's sake in Mr. Bull's family, and she is always known in the House as Abby Dean.[1] By that name I shall call her, therefore, in recording her symptoms.

As if everything about this old woman were destined to be strange and exceptional, it is remarkable that although Abby Dean is at the head of the Upper Servants' Hall, and occupies the post of housekeeper in Mr. Bull's family, nobody has the least confidence in her, and even Mr. Bull himself has not the slightest idea how she got into the situation. When pressed upon the subject, as I have sometimes taken the liberty of pressing him, he scratches his head, stares, and is unable to give any other explanation than 'Well! There she is. That 's all *I* know!' On these occasions he is so exceedingly

1 Earl of Aberdeen, and it will be seen that the whole of this paper deals with the affairs of his administration and the members of his ministry.

disconcerted and ashamed, that I have forborne to point out to him the absurdity of his taking her without a character, or ever having supposed (as I assume he must have supposed) that such a superannuated person could be worth her wages.

The following extracts from my notes of the case will describe her in her normal condition: 'Abby Dean. Phlegmatic temperament. Bilious habit. Circulation, very sluggish. Speech, drowsy, indistinct, and confused. Senses, feeble. Memory, short. Pulse, very languid. A remarkably slow goer. At all times a heavy sleeper, and difficult to awaken. When awakened, peevish. Earlier in life had fits, and was much contorted—first on one side, and then on the other.'

It was within a few weeks of her inexplicable appearance at the head of Mr. Bull's family, that this ancient female fell into a state of somnambulism. Mr. Bull observed her—I quote his own words—'eternally mooning about the House,' and putting some questions to her, and finding that her replies were mere gibberish, sent for me. I found her on a bench in the Upper Servants' Hall, evidently fast asleep (though her eyelids were open), and breathing stertorously. After shaking her for some time with Mr. Bull's assistance, I inquired, 'Do you know who you are?' She replied, 'Lord! Abby Dean, to be sure!' I said, 'Do you know where you are?' She answered, with a sort of fretful defiance, 'At the head of Mr. Bull's establishment.' I put the question, 'Do you know what you have to do there?' Her reply was, 'Yes —nothing.' Mr. Bull then interposed, and informed me, with some heat, that this was the utmost satisfaction he had been able to elicit 'from the confounded old woman,' since she first brought her boxes into the family mansion.

She was smartly blistered, daily, for a considerable time. Mustard poultices were freely applied; caustic was used as a counter-irritant; setons were inserted in her neck; and she was trotted about, and poked, and pinched, almost unremittingly, by certain servants very zealous in their attachment to Mr. Bull. I regret to state that under this treatment, sharply continued at intervals from that period to the present, she has become worse instead of better. She has now subsided into a

state of constant and confirmed somnambulism, from which there is no human hope of her recovery.

The case, being one of a comatose nature, is chiefly interesting for its obstinacy. Its phenomena are not generally attractive to the imagination. Indeed, I am of opinion that at no period of her invalided career has any moment of brilliancy irradiated the lethargic state of this unfortunate female. Her proceedings are in accordance with those of most of the dreariest somnambulists of whom we have a reliable record. She will get up and dress herself, and go to Mr. Bull's Treasury, or take her seat on her usual Bench in the Upper Servants' Hall, avoiding on the way the knocking of her head against walls and doors, but giving no other sign of intellectual vigour. She will sometimes sit up very late at night, moaning and muttering, and occasionally rising on her legs to complain of being attacked by enemies. (The common delusion that people are conspiring against her, is, as might naturally be expected, a feature of her disease.) She will frequently cram into her pockets a large accumulation of Mr. Bull's bills, plans for the improvement of his estate, and other documents of importance, and will drop the same without any reason, and refuse to take them up again when they are offered to her. Other similar papers she will hide in holes and corners, quickly forgetting what she has done with them. Sometimes, she will fall to wringing her hands in the course of her wanderings in the House, and to declaring that unless she is treated with greater deference she will 'go out.' But, it is a curious illustration of the cunning often mingled with this disorder that she has never stirred an inch beyond the door; having, evidently, some latent consciousness in the midst of her stupor, that if she once went out, no earthly consideration would prevail on Mr. Bull to let her in again.

Her eyes are invariably open in the sleep-waking state, but their power of vision is much contracted. It has long been evident to all observers of her melancholy case, that she is blind to what most people can easily see.

The circumstance which I consider special to the case of Abby Dean, and greatly augmentive of its alarming character,

I now proceed to mention. Mr. Bull has in his possession a Cabinet, of modern manufacture and curious workmanship, composed of various pieces of various woods, inlaid and dovetailed with tolerable ingenuity considering their great differences of grain and growth; but, it must be admitted, clumsily put together on the whole, and liable, at any time, to fall to pieces. It contains, however, some excellent specimens of English timber, that have, in previous pieces of furniture, been highly serviceable to Mr. Bull: among which may be mentioned a small though tough and sound specimen of genuine pollard oak, which Mr. Bull is accustomed to point out to his friends by the playful name of 'Johnny.'[1] This Cabinet has never been altogether pleasing to Mr. Bull; but when it was sent home by the manufacturer, he consented to make use of it in default of a better. With a little grumbling he entrusted his choicest possessions to its safe-keeping, and placed it, in common with the rest of his worldly goods, under the care of Abby Dean. Now, I am not at the present moment prepared with a theory of the means by which this ill-starred female is enabled to exercise a subtle influence on inert matter; but, it is unquestionably a fact, known to many thousands of credible persons who have watched the case, that she has paralysed the whole Cabinet! Miraculous as it may appear, the Cabinet has derived infection from her somnambulistic guardianship. It is covered with dust, full of moth, gone to decay, and all but useless. The hinges are rusty, the locks are stiff, the creaking doors and drawers will neither open nor shut, Mr. Bull can insinuate nothing into it, and can get nothing out of it but office paper and red tape—of which article he is in no need whatever, having a vast supply on hand. Even Johnny is not distinguishable, in the general shrinking and warping of its ill-fitted materials; and I doubt if there ever were such a rickety piece of furniture beheld in the world!

Mr. Bull's distress of mind is so difficult to separate from his housekeeper's somnambulism, that I cannot present anything like a popular account of the old woman's disorder, without frequently naming her unfortunate master. Mr.

[1] Lord John Russell.

Bull, then, has fallen into great trouble of late, the growth of which he finds it difficult to separate from his somnambulist. Thus. One Nick,[1] a mortal enemy of Mr. Bull's—and possessing so much family resemblance to his spiritual enemy of the same name, that if that Nick be the father of lies, this Nick is at least the uncle—became extremely overbearing and aggressive, and, among other lawless proceedings, seized a Turkey which was kept in a Crescent in Mr. Bull's neighbourhood. Now, Mr. Bull, sensible that if the plain rules of right and wrong were once overborne, the security of his own possessions was at an end, joined the Crescent in demanding that the Turkey should be restored. Not that he cared particularly about the bird itself, which was quite unfit for Christmas purposes, but, because Nick's principles were of vital importance to his peace. He therefore instructed Abby Dean to represent, with patience, but with the utmost resolution and firmness, that there must be no stealing of Turkeys, or anything else, without punishment; and that if this Nick conducted himself in a felonious way, he (Mr. Bull) would feel constrained to chastise him. What does the old woman in pursuance of these instructions, but begin by gabbling in a manner so drowsy, heavy, halting, and feeble, that the more Nick treats with her, the more persuaded he becomes—and naturally too—that Mr. Bull is a coward, who has no earnestness in him! Consequently, he sticks to his wicked intents, which there is a great probability he might otherwise have abandoned, and Mr. Bull is obliged to send his beloved children out to fight him.

The family of Mr. Bull is so brave, their nature is so astonishingly firm under difficulties, and they are a race so unsubduable in the might of their valour, that Mr. Bull cannot hear of their great exploits against his enemy, without enthusiastic emotions of pride and pleasure. But, he has a real tenderness for his children's lives in time of war—unhappily he is less sensible of the value of life in time of peace—and the good old man often weeps in private when he thinks of the gallant blood inexpressibly dear to him, that is shed, and is yet to be shed, in this cause. An exasperating

[1] The Emperor of Russia.

part of Abby Dean's somnambulism is, that at this momentous and painful crisis in Mr. Bull's life, she still goes on 'mooning about' (I again quote the worthy gentleman's words), in her old heavy way; presenting a contrast to the energy of his children, which is so extremely disagreeable, that Mr. Bull, though not a violent man, is sometimes almost goaded into knocking her on the head.

Another feature in this case—which we find to obtain in other cases of somnambulism in the books—is, that the patient often becomes confused, touching her own identity. She is observed to confound herself with those noble children of Mr. Bull whom I have just mentioned, and to take to herself more or less of the soaring reputation of their deeds. I clearly foresee, on an attentive examination of the latest symptoms, that this delusion will increase, and that within a few months she will be found sleepily insinuating to all the House that she has some real share in the glory those faithful sons have won. I am of opinion also, that this is a part of her disease which she will be capable of mysteriously communicating to the Cabinet, and that we shall find the whole of that lumbering piece of furniture, at about the same time, similarly afflicted.

It is further to be observed, as an incident of this perplexed case of sleep-waking, that the patient has sufficient consciousness to excuse herself from the performance of every duty she undertook to discharge in entering Mr. Bull's service, by one unvarying reference to the fight in which his children are engaged. The House is neglected, the estate is ill managed, the necessities and complaints of the people are unheeded, everything is put off and left undone, for this no-reason. 'Whereas,' as Mr. Bull observes—and there is no gainsaying it—'if I be unhappily involved in all this trouble at a distance, let me at least do some slight good at home. Let me have some compensating balance, here, for all my domestic loss and sorrow there. If my precious children be slain upon my right hand, let me, for God's sake, the better teach and nurture those now growing up upon my left.' But where is the use of saying this, or of saying anything, to a somnambulist? Further still, than this.—Abby,

in her mooning about (for I again quote the words of Mr. Bull), is frequently overheard to mumble that if anybody touches her, it will be at the peril of Mr. Bull's brave children afar off, who will, in that event, suffer some mysterious damage. Now, although the meanest hind, within or without the House, might know better than to suppose this true or possible, I grieve to relate that it has a powerful effect in preventing efforts to awake her; and that many persons in the establishment who are capable of administering powerful shakes or wholesome wringings of the nose are restrained hereby from offering their salutary aid. I should observe, as the closing feature of the case, that these mumblings are echoed in an ominous tone, by the Cabinet; and I am of opinion, from what I observe, that its echoes will become louder in about January or February next, if it should hang together so long.

This is the patient's state. The question to be resolved is, Can she be awakened? It is highly important that she should be, if Science can devise a way; for, until she can be roused to some sense of her condition in reference to Mr. Bull and his affairs, Mr. Bull can by no humane means rid himself of her. That she should be got into a state to receive warning, I agree with Mr. Bull in deeming of the highest importance. Although I wish him to avoid undue excitement, I never can remonstrate with him when he represents to me (as he does very often) that, in this eventful time what he requires to have at the head of his establishment, is—emphatically, a Man.

OUR COMMISSION

[August 11, 1855]

The disclosures in reference to the adulteration of Food, Drinks, and Drugs, for which the public are indebted to the vigour and spirit of our contemporary *The Lancet*, lately inspired us with the idea of originating a Commission to inquire into the extensive adulteration of certain other articles

which it is of the last importance that the country should possess in a genuine state. Every class of the general public was included in this large Commission; and the whole of the analyses, tests, observations, and experiments, were made by that accomplished practical chemist, Mr. Bull.

The first subject of inquiry was that article of universal consumption familiarly known in England as 'Government.' Mr. Bull produced a sample of this commodity, purchased about the middle of July in the present year, at a wholesale establishment in Downing Street. The first remark to be made on the sample before the Commission, Mr. Bull observed, was its excessive dearness. There was little doubt that the genuine article could be furnished to the public, at a fairer profit to the real producers, for about fifty per cent. less than the cost price of the specimen under consideration. In quality, the specimen was of an exceedingly poor and low description; being deficient in flavour, character, clearness, brightness, and almost every other requisite. It was what would be popularly termed wishy-washy, muddled, and flat. Mr. Bull pointed out to the Commission, floating on the top of this sample, a volatile ingredient, which he considered had no business there. It might be harmless enough, taken into the system at a debating-society, or after a public dinner, or a comic song; but in its present connection, it was dangerous. It had not improved with keeping. It had come into use as a ready means of making froth, but froth was exactly what ought not to be found at the top of this article, or indeed in any part of it. The sample before the Commission, was frightfully adulterated with immense infusions of the common weed called Talk. Talk, in such combination, was a rank Poison. He had obtained a precipitate of Corruption from this purchase. He did not mean metallic corruption, as deposits of gold, silver, or copper; but, that species of corruption which, on the proper tests being applied, turned white into black, and black into white, and likewise engendered quantities of parasite vermin. He had tested the strength of the sample, and found it not nearly up to the mark. He had detected the presence of a Grey deposit in one large Department, which produced vacillation and

weakness; indisposition to action to-day, and action upon compulsion to-morrow. He considered the sample, on the whole, decidedly unfit for use. Mr. Bull went on to say, that he had purchased another specimen of the same commodity at an opposition establishment over the way, which bore the sign of the British Lion, and proclaimed itself, with the aid of a Brass Band, as 'The only genuine and patriotic shop'; but, that he had found it equally deleterious; and that he had not succeeded in discovering any dealer in the commodity under consideration who sold it in a genuine or wholesome state.

The bitter drug called Public Offices, formed the next subject of inquiry. Mr. Bull produced an immense number of samples of this drug, obtained from shops in Downing Street, Whitehall, Palace Yard, the Strand, and elsewhere. Analysis had detected in every one of them, from seventy-five to ninety-eight per cent. of Noodledom. Noodledom was a deadly poison. An over-dose of it would destroy a whole nation, and he had known a recent case where it had caused the death of many thousand men. It was sometimes called Routine, sometimes Gentlemanly Business, sometimes The Best Intentions, and sometimes Amiable Incapacity; but, call it what you would, analysis always resolved it into Noodledom. There was nothing in the whole united domains of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, so incompatible with all the functions of life as Noodledom. It was producible with most unfortunate ease. Transplant anything from soil and conditions it was fit for, to soil and conditions it was not fit for, and you immediately had Noodledom. The germs of self-propagation contained within this baleful poison, were incalculable: Noodledom uniformly and constantly engendering Noodledom, until every available inch of space was over-run by it. The history of the adulteration of the drug now before the Commission, he conceived to be this:—Every wholesale dealer in that drug was sure to have on hand, in beginning business, a large stock of Noodledom; which was extremely cheap, and lamentably abundant. He immediately mixed the drug with the poison. Now, it was the peculiarity of the Public Office trade that

the wholesale dealers were constantly retiring from business, and having successors. A new dealer came into possession of the already adulterated stock, and he, in his turn, infused into it a fresh quantity of Noodledom from his own private store. Then, on his retirement, came another dealer who did the same; then on *his* retirement, another dealer who did the same; and so on. Thus, many of the samples before the Commission, positively contained nothing but Noodledom—enough, in short, to paralyse the whole country. To the question, whether the useful properties of the drug before the Commission were not of necessity impaired by these malpractices, Mr. Bull replied, that all the samples were perniciously weakened, and that half of them were good for nothing. To the question, how he would remedy a state of things so much to be deplored, Mr. Bull replied, that he would take the drug out of the hands of mercenary dealers altogether.

Mr. Bull next exhibited three or four samples of Lawn-sleeves, warranted at the various establishments from which they had been procured, to be fine and spotless, but evidently soiled and composed of inferior materials ill made up. On one pair, he pointed out extensive stains of printer's-ink, of a very foul kind; also a coarse inter-weaving, which on examination clearly betrayed, without the aid of the microscope, the fibres of the thistle, Old Bailey Attorneyism. A third pair of these sleeves, though sold as white, were really nothing but the ordinary Mammon pattern, chalked over—a fact which Mr. Bull showed to be beyond dispute, by merely holding them up to the light. He represented this branch of industry as overstocked, and in an unhealthy condition.

There were then placed upon the table, several samples of British Peasant, to which Mr. Bull expressed himself as particularly solicitous to draw the attention of the Commission, with one plain object: the good of his beloved country. He remarked that with that object before him, he would not inquire into the general condition, whether perfectly healthy or otherwise, of any of the samples now produced. He would not ask, whether this specimen or that specimen might have been stronger, larger, better fitted for wear and tear, and less liable to early decay, if the human creature were reared with

a little more of such care, study, and attention, as were rightfully bestowed on the vegetable world around it. But, the samples before the Commission had been obtained from every county in England, and, though brought from opposite parts of the kingdom, were alike deficient in the ability to defend their country by handling a gun or a sword, or by uniting in any mode of action, as a disciplined body. It was said in a breath, that the English were not a military people, and that they made (equally on the testimony of their friends and enemies), the best soldiers in the world. He hoped that in a time of war and common danger he might take the liberty of putting those opposite assertions into the crucible of Common Sense, consuming the Humbug, and producing the Truth—at any rate he would, whether or no. Now, he begged to inform the Commission that, in the samples before them and thousands of others, he had carefully analysed and tested the British Peasant, and had found him to hold in combination just the same qualities that he always had possessed. Analysing and testing, however, as a part of the inquiry, certain other matters not fairly to be separated from it, he (Mr. Bull) had found the said Peasant to have been some time ago disarmed by lords and gentlemen who were jealous of their game, and by administrations—hirers of spies and suborners of false witnesses—who were jealous of their power. 'So, if you wish to restore to these samples,' said Mr. Bull, 'the serviceable quality that I find to be wanting in them, and the absence of which so much surprises you, be a little more patriotic and a little less timorously selfish; trust your Peasant a little more; instruct him a little better in a freeman's knowledge—not in a good child's merely; and you will soon have your Saxon Bowmen with percussion rifles, and may save the charges of your Foreign Legion.'

Having withdrawn the samples to which his observations referred—the production whereof, in connection with Mr. Bull's remarks, had powerfully impressed the assembled Commission, some of whom even went so far as to register vows on the spot that they would look into this matter some day—Mr. Bull laid before the Commission a great variety of extremely fine specimens of genuine British Job. He expressed

his opinion that these thriving Plants upon the public property, were absolutely immortal: so surprisingly did they flourish, and so perseveringly were they cultivated. Job was the only article he had found in England, in a perfectly unadulterated state. He congratulated the Commission on there being at least one commodity enjoyed by Great Britain, with which nobody successfully meddled, and of which the Public always had an ample supply, unattended by the smallest prospect of failure in the perennial crop.

On the subsidence of the sensation of pleasure with which this gratifying announcement was received, Mr. Bull informed the Commission, that he now approached the most serious and the most discouraging part of his task. He would not shrink from a faithful description of the laborious and painful analysis which formed the crown of his labours, but he would prepare the Commission to be shocked by it. With these introductory words, he laid before them a specimen of Representative Chamber.

When the Commission had examined, obviously with emotions of the most poignant and painful nature, the miserable sample produced, Mr. Bull proceeded with his description. The specimen of Representative Chamber to which he invited their anxious attention, was brought from Westminster Market. It had been collected there in the month of July in the present year. No particular counter had been resorted to more than another, but the whole market had been laid under contribution to furnish the sample. Its diseased condition would be apparent, without any scientific aids, to the most short-sighted individual. It was fearfully adulterated with Talk, stained with Job, and diluted with large quantities of colouring matter of a false and deceptive nature. It was thickly overlaid with a varnish which he had resolved into its component parts, and had found to be made of Trash (both maudlin and defiant), boiled up with large quantities of Party Turpitude, and a heap of Cant. Cant, he need not tell the Commission, was the worst of poisons. It was almost inconceivable to him how an article in itself so wholesome as Representative Chamber, could have been got into this disgraceful state. It was mere Carrion, wholly unfit for human

consumption, and calculated to produce nausea and vomiting.

On being questioned by the Commission, whether, in addition to the deleterious substances already mentioned, he had detected the presence of Humbug in the sample before them, Mr. Bull replied, 'Humbug? Rank Humbug, in one form or another, pervades the entire mass.' He went on to say, that he thought it scarcely in human nature to endure, for any length of time, the close contemplation of this specimen: so revolting was it to all the senses. Mr. Bull was asked, whether he could account; first, for this alarming degeneracy in an article so important to the Public; and secondly, for its acceptance by the Public? The Commission observing that however the stomachs of the people might revolt at it—and justly—still they did endure it, and did look on at the Market in which it was exposed. In answer to these inquiries, Mr. Bull offered the following explanation.

In respect of the wretched condition of the article itself (he said), he attributed that result, chiefly, to its being in the hands of those unprincipled wholesale dealers to whom he had already referred. When one of those dealers succeeded to a business—or 'came in,' according to the slang of the trade—his first proceeding, after the adulteration of Public Office with Noodledom, was to consider how he could adulterate and lower his Representative Chamber. This he did by a variety of arts, recklessly employing the dirtiest agents. Now, the trade had been so long in the hands of these men, and one of them had so uniformly imitated another (however violent their trade-opposition might be among themselves), in adulterating this commodity, that respectable persons who wished to do business fairly, had been prevented from investing their capital, whatever it might be, in this branch of commerce, and had indeed been heard to declare in many instances that they would prefer the calling of an honest scavenger. Again, it was to be observed, that the before-mentioned dealers, being for the most part in a large way, had numbers of retainers, tenants, tradesmen, and work-people, upon whom they put off their bad Representative Chamber, by compelling them to take it whether they liked it

or not. In respect of the acceptance of this dreadful commodity by the Public, Mr. Bull observed, that it was not to be denied that the Public had been much too prone to accept the colouring matter in preference to the genuine article. Sometimes it was Blood, and sometimes it was Beer; sometimes it was Talk, and sometimes it was Cant; but, mere colouring-matter they certainly had too often looked for, when they should have looked for bone and sinew. They suffered heavily for it now, and he believed were penitent; there was no doubt whatever in his mind that they had arrived at the mute stage of indignation, and had thoroughly found this article out.

One further question was put by the Commission: namely, what hope had the witness of seeing this necessary of English life, restored to a genuine and wholesome state? Mr. Bull returned, that his sole hope was in the Public's resolutely rejecting all colouring matter whatsoever—in their being equally inexorable with the dealers, whether they threatened or cajoled—and in their steadily insisting on being provided with the commodity in a pure and useful form. The Commission then adjourned, in exceedingly low spirits, *sine die*.

PROPOSALS FOR A NATIONAL JEST-BOOK

[May 3, 1856]

It has been ascertained, within the last two years, that Britannia is in want of nothing but an official joker. Having such exalted officer to poke her in the ribs when she considers her condition serious, and to put her off with a wink when she utters a groan, she must certainly be flourishing and it shall be heresy to doubt the fact. By this sign ye shall know it.

My patriotism and my national pride have been so warmed by the discovery, that, following out the great idea, I have reduced to writing a scheme for the re-establishment of the

obsolete office of Court Joker. It would be less expensive to maintain than a First Lord of the Jokery, and might lead to the discovery of better jokes than issue from that Department. My scheme is an adaptation of a plan I matured some years ago, for the revival of the office of Lord Mayor's Fool; a design which, I am authorised to mention, would have been adopted by the City of London, but for that eminent body, the Common Council, agreeing to hold the office in Commission, and to satisfy the public, in all their Addresses to great personages, that they are never unmindful of its comic duties.

It is not, however, of either of these ingenious proposals (if I may be permitted to call them so) that I now desire to treat. It is of another and far more comprehensive project for the compilation of a National Jest-Book.

Few people, I submit, can fail to have observed what rich materials for such a collection are constantly being strewn about. The Parliamentary debates, the audiences given to deputations at the public offices, the proceedings of Courts of Enquiry, the published correspondence of distinguished personages, teem with the richest humour. Is it not a reproach to us, as a humorous nation, that we have no recognised Encyclopædia of these facetious treasures, which may be preserved, and (in course of time), catalogued, by Signor Panizzi in the British Museum?

What I propose is, that a learned body of not fewer than forty members, each to receive two thousand five hundred pounds per annum, free of Income Tax, and the whole to be chosen from the younger sons, nephews, cousins and cousin-germans, of the Aristocracy, be immediately appointed in perpetuity for the compilation of a National Jest-Book. That, in these appointments, the preference shall be given to those young noblemen and gentlemen who know the least of the subject, and that every care shall be taken to exclude qualified persons. That, the First Lord of the Jokery be, in right of his office, the President of this Board, and that in his patronage the appointments shall rest. That, it shall meet as seldom as it thinks proper. That, no one shall be a quo-

rum. That, on the first of April in every year, this learned society shall publish an annual volume, in imperial quarto, of the National Jest-Book, price Ten Pounds.

I foresee that I shall be met at this point by the objection that the proposed price is high, and that the sale of the National Jest-Book will not remunerate the country for the cost of its production. But, this objection will instantly vanish when I proceed to state that it is one of my leading ideas to make this gem of books the source of an immense addition to the public revenue, by passing an act of Parliament to render it compulsory on all householders rated to the relief of the poor in the annual value of twenty-five pounds, to take a copy. The care of this measure I would entrust to Mr. Frederick Peel, the distinguished Under-Secretary for War, whose modest talents, conciliatory demeanour, and remarkable success in quartering soldiers on all the private families of Scotland, particularly point him out as the Statesman for the purpose.

As the living languages are not much esteemed in the public schools frequented by the superior classes, and as it might be on the whole expedient to publish a National collection in the National tongue (though too common and accessible), it is probable that some revision of the labours of the learned Board would be necessary before any volume should be finally committed to the press. Such revision I would entrust to the Royal Literary Fund, finding it to have one professor of literature a member of its managing committee. It might not be amiss to embellish the first volume of the National Jest-Book with a view of that wealthy institution, and with explanatory letterpress descriptive of its spending forty pounds in giving away a hundred; of its being governed by a council which can never meet nor be by any earthly power called together, of its boasted secrets touching the distresses of authors being officially accessible at all times, to more than one publisher; and of its being a neat example of a practical joke.

The style of the National Jest-Book, in narrating those choice pieces of wit and humour of which it will be the storehouse, to be strictly limited (as everything in the United

Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland ought to be), by precedent. No departure from the established Jest-Book method, to be sanctioned on any account. If the good old style were sufficient for our forefathers, it is sufficient for the present and all future generations. In my desire to render these proposals, plain, complete, and practical, I proceed to offer some specimens of the manner in which the National Jest-Book will require to be conducted.

As, in the precedents, there is a supposititious personage, by name Tom Brown, upon whom witty observations are fathered which there is a difficulty in fastening on any one else, so, in the National Collection, it will be indispensable to introduce a similar fiction. I propose that a certain imaginary Mr. Bull be established as the Tom Brown of the National collection.

Let us suppose, for example, that the learned Board, in pursuing their labours for the present year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, were reducing to writing the National jests of the month of April. They would proceed according to the following example.

BULL AND THE M. P.

A waggish member of Parliament, when vaccination had been introduced by Dr. Jenner upwards of half a century, and had saved innumerable thousands of people from premature death, from suffering, and from disfigurement—as, down to that time, had been equally well-known to wise men and fools—rose in his place in the House of Commons and denounced it forsooth. 'For,' says he, 'it is a failure, and the cause of death.' One meeting Mr. Bull, and telling him of this pretty speech, and further of its eliciting from that astonishing assembly no demonstration. 'Aye,' cries Bull, looking mighty grave, 'but if the Member for Nineveh had mistaken, in that same place, the Christian name of a Cornet in the Guards, you should have had howling enough!'

Again, another example.

BULL AND THE BISHOP

A certain Bishop who was officially a learned priest and a devout, but who was individually either imbecile or an abusive and indecent common fellow, printed foul letters wherein he called folks by bad names, as Devils, Liars, and the like. A Cambridge man, meeting Bull, asked him of what family this Bishop was and to whom he was related? 'Nay, I know not,' cries Bull, 'but I take my oath he is neither of the line of the apostles, nor descends from their Master.' 'How, now,' quoth the Cambridge man, 'hath he no connection with the Fishermen?' 'He hath the connection that Billingsgate hath with Fishermen, and no other,' says Bull. 'But,' quoth the Cambridge man again, 'I understand him to be great in the dead tongues.' 'He may be that too,' says Bull, 'and yet be small in the living ones, for he can neither write his own tongue nor yet hold it.'

Sometimes it would be necessary, as in the Tom Brown precedents, to represent Bull in the light of being innocently victimised, and as not possessing that readiness which characterises him in the foregoing models. The learned body forming the National Collection would then adopt the following plan.

BULL GOT THE BETTER OF

Bull, riding once from market on a stout Galloway nag, was met upon the Tiverton highway by a footpad in a soldier's coat (an old hand), who rifled him of all he carried and jeered him besides, saying, 'A fig for you. I can wind you round my finger, I can pull your nose any day,'—and doing it, too, contemptuously, while he spoke, so that he brought the blood mounting into Bull's cheeks. 'Prithee tell me,' says Bull, pacifically, 'why do you want my money?' 'For the vigorous prosecution of your war against the birds of prey,' replies the fellow with his tongue in his cheek,—who indeed had been hired by Bull to scare those vermin, just when the farm-traps and blunderbusses had been found to be horribly out of order, and were beginning to be put right. For which he now took all the credit. 'But what have you

done?' asks Bull. 'Never *you* mind,' says the fellow, tweaking him by the nose again. 'You have not made one good shot in any direction that I know of,' cries Bull; 'is *that* vigorous prosecution?' 'Yes,' cries the fellow, tweaking him by the nose again. 'You have discomfited me the best and bravest boys I sent into the field,' says Bull; 'is *that* vigorous prosecution?' 'Yes,' cries the fellow, tweaking him by the nose again. 'You have brought down upon my head the heaviest and shamefullest book with a blue cover (called the Fall of Kars) in all my library,' says Bull; 'is *that* vigorous prosecution?' 'Yes,' says the fellow, tweaking him by the nose again. 'Then,' whispers Bull to his Galloway nag, as he gave him the rein, 'you and I had better jog along feebly, for it should seem to be the only true way of prospering.' And so sneaked off.

Occasionally, the learned body would resort to the dialogue form, for variety's sake. As thus;—throughout these instances, I suppose them engaged with the compilation for the month of April in the present year.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN BULL AND A PERSON OF QUALITY

PERSON OF *Q.* *So*, Bull, how dost?

BULL. My humble duty and service to your lordship, with your lordship's gracious leave—I am tolerable.

PERSON OF Q. The better for a firm, and durable, and glorious peace; eh, Bull?

BULL. Humph!

PERSON OF Q. Why, what a curmudgeon art thou, Bull! Dost thou begrudge the peace!

BULL. The Lord forbid, my humble duty and service to your noble lordship. But I was thinking (by your lordship's favour) how best to keep it.

PERSON OF Q. Be easy on that point. There shall be a great standing-army, and a great navy, and your relations and friends shall have more than their share of the bad, doubtful, and indifferent posts in both.

BULL. How as to the good posts, your honourable lordship?

PERSON OF Q. Humph! (laughing).

BULL. Will your noble honour vouchsafe me a word?

PERSON OF Q. Quickly then, Bull, and don't be prosy. I can't abide being bored.

BULL. I humbly thank your noble honourable lordship for your noble honour's kind permission. Army and navy, I know, will both be necessary; but, I was thinking (saving your noble lordship's gracious presence) that my good friends and allies the people of France can move in concert in large bodies, and are accustomed to the use of arms.

PERSON OF Q. (frowning). A military nation. None of that here, Bull, none of that here!

BULL. With your noble lordship's magnificent toleration, I would respectfully crave leave to scatter a few deferential syllables in the radiancy of your noble countenance. I find that this characteristic is not peculiar to my friends the French, but belongs, more or less, to all the peoples of Europe: whereof the English are the only people possessing the peculiarity of being quite untrained in the power of associating to defend themselves, their children, their women, and their native land. Will your noble honour's magnanimity bear with me if I represent that your noble lordship has for some years now, discouraged the old British spirit, and disarmed the British hand? Your noble honour's Game Preserves, and political sentiments, have been the cause of—

PERSON OF Q. (interrupting). 'Sdeath, Bull, I am bored. Make an end of this.

BULL. With your honour's gracious attention, I will finish this minute. I was about to represent, with my humblest duty to your noble lordship, that if your honourable grace could find it in your benignity to take the occasion of this Peace to trust your countrymen a little—to show some greater confidence in their love of their country and their loyalty to their sovereign—to think more of the peasants and less of the pheasants—and if your worship's loftiness could deign to encourage the common English clay to become moulded into so much of a soldierly shape as would make it a rampart for the whole empire, and place the Englishman on an equality with the Frenchmen, the Piedmontese, the German, the American, the Swiss, your noble honour would therein do a

great right, timely, which you will otherwise, as certain as Death, (if your noble lordship will excuse that levelling word), at last condescend to try to do in a hurry when it shall be too late.

PERSON OF Q. (yawning). Prithee, get out, Bull. This is revolutionary, and what not; and I am bored.

BULL. I humbly thank your noble lordship for your gracious attention. (And so, bowing low, retires, expressing his high sense of the courtesy and patience with which he has had the distinguished honour of being received.)

I shall conclude by offering one other example for the guidance of the learned Commission of forty compilers, which I have no doubt will be appointed within a short time after the publication of these suggestions. It is important, as introducing Mrs. Bull, and showing how she may be discreetly admitted into the National Jest-Book, on occasions, with the conjugal object of eliciting Mr. Bull's best points.

Example.

MRS. BULL'S CURLPAPERS

Bull, in this same month of April, takes it into his head that he will make a trip to France. So away he goes, after first repairing to the warehouse of honest Murray in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, to buy a guide-book, and travels with all diligence both to Paris and Bordeaux. Suddenly, and while Mrs. Bull supposeth him to be sojourning in the wine-growing countries, not drinking water there you may be sure, lo, he reappeareth at his own house in London, attended by a great wagon filled with newspapers! Mrs. Bull, admiring to see so many newspapers and those foreign, asks him why he hath returned so soon and with that cargo? Saith Bull, 'They are French curlpapers for thy head, my dear.' Mrs. Bull protests that in all her life she never can have need of a hundredth part of that store. 'Anyhow,' saith Bull, 'put them away in the dark, housewife, for I am heartily ashamed of them.' 'Ashamed of them!' says she. 'Yes,' retorts Bull, 'and thus it is. While I was in France, sweetheart, a deputation waited on the Government in England, touching the duties on foreign wines. And the French

newspapers were so astounded by the jokery with which the deputation was received, and by the ignorance of the Government, which was wrong in all its statements (one of the best informed among them computes to the extent, in one calculation, of seventeen hundred and fifty per cent.), that I was ashamed to see those journals lying about, and bought up all I could find!'

My project for a National Jest-Book is now before the Public. I would merely remark, in conclusion, that if the revenue arising from the compulsory purchase of the collection should enable our enlightened Government to dispense with the Income Tax, the Public will be the gainers: inasmuch as the new impost will provide them with something tangible to show for their money.

A DECEMBER VISION

[December 14, 1850]

I saw a mighty Spirit, traversing the world without any rest or pause. It was omnipresent, it was all powerful, it had no compunction, no pity, no relenting sense that any appeal from any of the race of men could reach. It was invisible to every creature born upon the earth, save once to each. It turned its shaded face on whatsoever living thing, one time; and straight the end of that thing was come. It passed through the forest, and the vigorous tree it looked on shrunk away; through the garden, and the leaves perished and the flowers withered; through the air, and the eagles flagged upon the wing and dropped; through the sea, and the monsters of the deep floated, great wrecks, upon the waters. It met the eyes of lions in their lairs, and they were dust; its shadow darkened the faces of young children lying asleep, and they awoke no more.

It had its work appointed; it inexorably did what was appointed to it to do; and neither sped nor slackened. Called to, it went on unmoved, and did not come. Besought, by some who felt that it was drawing near, to change its course, it turned its shaded face upon them, even while they cried,

and they were dumb. It passed into the midst of palace chambers, where there were lights and music, pictures, diamonds, gold and silver; crossed the wrinkled and the grey, regardless of them; looked into the eyes of a bright bride; and vanished. It revealed itself to the baby on the old crone's knee, and left the old crone wailing by the fire. But, whether the beholder of its face were, now a king, or now a labourer, now a queen, or now a seamstress; let the hand it palsied be on the sceptre, or the plough, or yet too small and nerveless to grasp anything: the Spirit never paused in its appointed work, and sooner or later turned its impartial face on all.

I saw a Minister of State, sitting in his Closet; and round about him, rising from the country which he governed, up to the Eternal Heavens, was a low dull howl of Ignorance. It was a wild, inexplicable mutter, confused, but full of threatening, and it made all hearers' hearts to quake within them. But, few heard. In the single city where this Minister of State was seated, I saw Thirty Thousand children, hunted, flogged, imprisoned, but not taught—who might have been nurtured by the wolf or bear, so little of humanity had they within them or without—all joining in this doleful cry. And, ever among them, as among all ranks and grades of mortals, in all parts of the globe, the Spirit went; and ever by thousands, in their brutish state, with all the gifts of God perverted in their breasts or trampled out, they died.

The Minister of State, whose heart was pierced by even the little he could hear of these terrible voices, day and night rising to Heaven, went among the Priests and Teachers of all denominations, and faintly said:

'Hearken to this dreadful cry! What shall we do to stay it?'

One body of respondents answered, 'Teach this!'

Another said, 'Teach that!'

Another said, 'Teach neither this nor that, but t' other!'

Another quarrelled with all the three; twenty others quarrelled with all the four, and quarrelled no less bitterly among themselves. The voices, not stayed by this, cried out day and night; and still, among those many thousands, as among

all mankind, went the Spirit, who never rested from its labour; and still, in brutish sort, they died.

Then, a whisper murmured to the Minister of State:

'Correct this for thyself. Be bold! Silence these voices, or virtuously lose thy power in the attempt to do it. Thou canst not sow a grain of good seed in vain. Thou knowest it well. Be bold, and do thy duty!'

The Minister shrugged his shoulders, and replied 'It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME.' And so he put it from him.

Then, the whisper went among the Priests and Teachers, saying to each, 'In thy soul thou knowest it is a truth, O man, that there are good things to be taught, on which all men may agree. Teach those, and stay this cry.'

To which, each answered in like manner, 'It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME.' And so *he* put it from him.

I saw a poisoned air, in which Life drooped. I saw Disease, arrayed in all its store of hideous aspects, and appalling shapes, triumphant in every alley, by-way, court, back-street, and poor abode, in every place where human beings congregated—in the proudest and most boastful places, most of all. I saw innumerable hosts foredoomed to darkness, dirt, pestilence, obscenity, misery, and early death. I saw, wheresoever I looked, cunning preparations made for defacing the Creator's Image, from the moment of its appearance here on earth, and stamping over it the image of the Devil. I saw, from those reeking and pernicious stews, the avenging consequences of such Sin issuing forth, and penetrating to the highest places. I saw the rich struck down in their strength, their darling children weakened and withered, their marriageable sons and daughters perish in their prime. I saw that not one miserable wretch breathed out his poisoned life in the deepest cellar of the most neglected town, but, from the surrounding atmosphere, some particles of his infection were borne away, charged with heavy retribution on the general guilt.

There were many attentive and alarmed persons looking on, who saw these things too. They were well clothed, and

had purses in their pockets; they were educated, full of kindness, and loved mercy. They said to one another, 'This is horrible, and shall not be!' and there was a stir among them to set it right. But, opposed to these, came a small multitude of noisy fools and greedy knaves, whose harvest was in such horrors; and they, with impudence and turmoil, and with scurrilous jests at misery and death, repelled the better lookers-on, who soon fell back, and stood aloof.

Then, the whisper went among those better lookers-on, saying, 'Over the bodies of those fellows, to the remedy!'

But, each of them moodily shrugged his shoulders, and replied, 'It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME!' And so they put it from them.

I saw a great library of laws and law-proceedings, so complicated, costly, and unintelligible, that, although numbers of lawyers united in a public fiction that these were wonderfully just and equal, there was scarcely an honest man among them, but who said to his friend, privately consulting him, 'Better put up with a fraud or other injury than grope for redress through the manifold blind turnings and strange chances of this system.'

I saw a portion of the system, called (of all things) Equity, which was ruin to suitors, ruin to property, a shield for wrong-doers having money, a rack for right-doers having none: a by-word for delay, slow agony of mind, despair, impoverishment, trickery, confusion, insupportable injustice. A main part of it, I saw prisoners wasting in gaol; mad people babbling in hospitals; suicides chronicled in the yearly records; orphans robbed of their inheritance; infants righted (perhaps) when they were grey.

Certain lawyers and laymen came together, and said to one another, 'In only one of these our Courts of Equity, there are years of this dark perspective before us at the present moment. We must change this.'

Uprose, immediately, a throng of others, Secretaries, Petty Bags, Hanapers, Chaff-waxes, and what not, singing (in answer) 'Rule Britannia,' and 'God save the Queen'; making flourishing speeches, pronouncing hard names, demanding committees, commissions, commissioners, and other scare-

crows, and terrifying the little band of innovators out of their five wits.

Then, the whisper went among the latter, as they shrunk back, saying, 'If there is any wrong within the universal knowledge, this wrong is. Go on! Set it right!'

Whereon, each of them sorrowfully thrust his hands in his pockets, and replied, 'It is indeed a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME!'—and so *they* put it from them.

The Spirit, with its face concealed, summoned all the people who had used this phrase about their Time, into its presence. Then, it said, beginning with the Minister of State:

"Of what duration is *your* Time?'

The Minister of State replied, 'My ancient family has always been long-lived. My father died at eighty-four; my grandfather at ninety-two. We have the gout, but bear it (like our honours) many years.'

'And you,' said the Spirit to the Priests and Teachers, 'What may *your* time be?'

Some, believed they were so strong, as that they should number many more years than threescore and ten; others, were the sons of old incumbents who had long outlived youthful expectants. Others, for any means they had of calculating, might be long-lived or short-lived—generally (they had a strong persuasion) long. So, among the well-clothed lookers-on. So among the lawyers and laymen.

'But, every man, as I understand you, one and all,' said the Spirit, 'has his time?'

'Yes!' they exclaimed together.

'Yes,' said the Spirit; 'and it is—ETERNITY! Whosoever is a consenting party to a wrong, comforting himself with the base reflection that it will last his time, shall bear his portion of that wrong throughout ALL TIME. And, in the hour when he and I stand face to face, he shall surely know it, as my name is Death!'

It departed, turning its shaded face hither and thither as it passed along upon its ceaseless work, and blighting all on whom it looked.

Then went among many trembling hearers the whisper,

saying, 'See, each of you, before you take your ease, O wicked, selfish men, that what will "last your time," be Just enough to last for ever!'

THE LAST WORDS OF THE OLD YEAR

[January 4, 1851]

This venerable gentleman, christened (in the Church of England) by the names One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty, who had attained the great age of three hundred and sixty-five (days), breathed his last, at midnight, on the thirty-first of December, in the presence of his confidential business-agents, the Chief of the Grave Diggers, and the Head Registrar of Births. The melancholy event took place at the residence of the deceased, on the confines of Time; and it is understood that his ashes will rest in the family vault, situated within the quiet precincts of Chronology.

For some weeks, it had been manifest that the venerable gentleman was rapidly sinking. He was well aware of his approaching end, and often predicted that he would expire at twelve at night, as the whole of his ancestors had done. The result proved him to be correct, for he kept his time to the moment.

He had always evinced a talkative disposition, and latterly became extremely garrulous. Occasionally, in the months of November and December, he exclaimed, 'No Popery!' with some symptoms of a disordered mind; but, generally speaking, was in the full possession of his faculties, and very sensible.

On the night of his death, being then perfectly collected, he delivered himself in the following terms, to his friends already mentioned, the Chief of the Grave Diggers and the Head Registrar of Births:

'We have done, my friends, a good deal of business together, and you are now about to enter into the service of my successor. May you give every satisfaction to him and his!

'I have been,' said the good old gentleman, penitently, 'a

Year of Ruin. I have blighted all the farmers, destroyed the land, given the final blow to the Agricultural Interest, and smashed the Country. It is true, I have been a Year of Commercial Prosperity, and remarkable for the steadiness of my English Funds, which have never been lower than ninety-four, or higher than ninety-seven and three-quarters. But you will pardon the inconsistencies of a weak old man.

'I had fondly hoped,' he pursued, with much feeling, addressing the Chief of the Grave Diggers, 'that, before my decease, you would have finally adjusted the turf over the ashes of the Honourable Board of Commissioners of Sewers; the most feeble and incompetent Body that ever did outrage to the common sense of any community, or was ever beheld by any member of my family. But, as this was not to be, I charge you, do your duty by them in the days of my successor!'

The Chief of the Grave Diggers solemnly pledged himself to observe this request. The Abortion of Incapables referred to, had (he said) done much for him, in the way of preserving his business, endangered by the recommendations of the Board of Health; but, regardless of all personal obligations, he thereby undertook to lay them low. Deeper than they were already buried in the contempt of the public (this he swore upon his spade) he would shovel the earth over their preposterous heads!

The venerable gentleman, whose mind appeared to be relieved of an enormous load by this promise, stretched out his hand, and tranquilly returned, 'Thank you! Bless you!'

'I have been,' he said, resuming his last discourse, after a short interval of silent satisfaction, 'doomed to witness the sacrifice of many valuable and dear lives, in steamboats, because of the want of commonest and easiest precautions for the prevention of those legal murders. In the days of my great-grandfather, there yet existed an invention called Paddle-box Boats. Can either of you gild the few remaining sands fast running through my glass, with the hope that my great-grandson may see its adoption made compulsory on the owners of passenger steamships?"

After a despondent pause, the Head Registrar of Births

gently observed that, in England, the recognition of any such invention by the legislature—particularly if simple, and of proved necessity—could scarcely be expected under a hundred years. In China, such a result might follow in fifty, but in England (he considered), in not less than a hundred. The venerable invalid replied, 'True, true!' and for some minutes appeared faint, but afterwards rallied.

'A stupendous material work'; these were his next words; 'has been accomplished in my time. Do I, who have witnessed the opening of the Britannia Bridge across the Menai Straits, and who claim the man who made that bridge for one of my distinguished children, see through the Tube, as through a mighty telescope, the Education of the people coming nearer?'

He sat up in his bed, as he spoke, and a great light seemed to shine from his eyes.

'Do I,' he said, 'who have been deafened by a whirlwind of sound and fury, consequent on a demand for Secular Education, see *any* Education through the opening years, for those who need it most?'

A film gradually came over his eyes, and he sunk back on his pillow. Presently, directing his weakened glance towards the Head Registrar of Births, he asked that personage:

'How many of those whom Nature brings within your province, in the spot of earth called England, can neither read nor write in after years?'

The Registrar answered (referring to the last number of the present publication[1]), 'about forty-five in every hundred.'

'And in my history for the month of May,' said the old year with a heavy groan, 'I find it written: "Two little children whose heads scarcely reached the top of the dock, were charged at Bow Street on the seventh, with stealing a loaf out of a baker's shop. They said, in defence, that they were starving, and their appearance showed that they spoke the truth. They were sentenced to be whipped in the House of Correction." To be whipped! Woe, woe! can the State devise no better sentence for its little children! Will it never sentence them to be taught!'

[1] *Household Words.*

The venerable gentleman became extremely discomposed in his mind, and would have torn his white hair from his head, but for the soothing attentions of his friends.

'In the same month,' he observed, when he became more calm, 'and within a week, an English Prince was born. Suppose him taken from his Princely home (Heaven's blessing on it!), cast like these wretched babies on the streets, and sentenced to be left in ignorance; what difference, soon, between him, and the little children sentenced to be whipped? Think of it, Great Queen, and become the Royal Mother of them all!'

The Head Registrar of Births and the Chief of the Grave Diggers, both of whom have great experience of infancy, predestined (they do not blasphemously suppose, by God, but know, by man) to vice and shame, were greatly overcome by the earnestness of their departing friend.

'I have seen,' he presently said, 'a project carried into execution for a great assemblage of the peaceful glories of the world. I have seen a wonderful structure, reared in glass, by the energy and skill of a great natural genius, self-improved: worthy descendant of my Saxon ancestors: worthy type of industry and ingenuity triumphant! Which of my children shall behold the Princes, Prelates, Nobles, Merchants, of England, equally united, for another Exhibition—for a great display of England's sins and negligences, to be, by steady contemplation of all eyes, and steady union of all hearts and hands, set right? Come hither my Right Reverend Brothers, to whom an English tragedy presented in the theatre is contamination, but who art a Bishop, none the less, in right of the translation of Greek Plays; come hither, from a life of Latin Verses and Quantities, and study the Humanities through *these* transparent windows! Wake, Colleges of Oxford, from day-dreams of ecclesiastical melodrama, and look in on these realities in the daylight, for the night cometh when no man can work! Listen, my Lords and Gentlemen, to the roar within, so deep, so real, so low down, so incessant and accumulative! Not all the reedy pipes of all the shepherds that eternally play one little tune—not twice as many

feet of Latin verses as would reach from this globe to the Moon and back—not all the Quantities that are, or ever were, or will be, in the world—Quantities of Prosody, or Law, or State, or Church, or Quantities of anything but work in the right spirit, will quiet it for a second, or clear an inch of space in this dark Exhibition of the bad results of our doings! Where shall we hold it? When shall we open it? What courtier speaks?'

After the foregoing rhapsody, the venerable gentleman became, for a time, much enfeebled; and the Chief of the Grave Diggers took a few minutes' repose.

As the hands of the clock were now rapidly advancing towards the hour which the invalid had predicted would be his last, his attendants considered it expedient to sound him as to his arrangements in connection with his worldly affairs; both being in doubt whether these were completed, or, indeed, whether he had anything to leave. The Chief of the Grave Diggers, as the fittest person for such an office, undertook it. He delicately inquired, whether his friend and master had any testamentary wishes to express? If so, they should be faithfully observed.

'Thank you,' returned the old gentleman, with a smile, for he was once more composed; 'I have Something to bequeath to my successor; but not so much (I am happy to say) as I might have had. The Sunday Postage question, thank God, I have got rid of; and the Nepaulese Ambassadors are gone home. May they stay there!'

This pious aspiration was responded to, with great fervour, by both the attendants.

'I have seen you,' said the venerable Testator, addressing the Chief of the Grave Diggers, 'lay beneath the ground, a great Statesman and a fallen King of France.'

The Chief of the Grave Diggers replied, 'It is true.'

'I desire,' said the Testator, in a distinct voice, 'to entail the remembrance of them on my successors for ever. Of the Statesman, as an Englishman who rejected an adventitious nobility, and composedly knew his own. Of the King, as a great example that the monarch who addresses himself to the

meaner passions of humanity, and governs by cunning and corruption, makes his bed of thorns, and sets his throne on shifting sand.'

The Head Registrar of Births took a note of the bequest.

'Is there any other wish,' inquired the Chief of the Grave Diggers, observing that his patron closed his eyes.

'I bequeath to my successor,' said the aged gentleman, opening them again, 'a vast inheritance of degradation and neglect in England; and I charge him, if he be wise, to get speedily through it. I do hereby give and bequeath to him, also, Ireland. And I admonish him to leave it to his successor in a better condition than he will find it. He can hardly leave it in a worse.'

The scratching of the pen used by the Head Registrar of Births, was the only sound that broke the ensuing silence.

'I do give and bequeath to him, likewise,' said the Testator, rousing himself by a vigorous effort, 'the Court of Chancery. The less he leaves of it to his successor, the better for mankind.'

The Head Registrar of Births wrote as expeditiously as possible, for the clock showed that it was within five minutes of midnight.

'Also, I do give and bequeath to him,' said the Testator, 'the costly complications of the English law in general. With which I do hereby couple the same advice.'

The Registrar, coming to the end of his note, repeated, 'The same advice.'

'Also, I do give and bequeath to him,' said the Testator, 'the Window Tax. Also, a general mismanagement of all public expenditure, revenues, and property, in Great Britain and its possessions.'

The anxious Registrar, with a glance at the clock, repeated, 'And its possessions.'

'Also, I do give and bequeath to him,' said the Testator, collecting his strength once more, by a surprising effort, 'Nicholas Wiseman and the Pope of Rome.'

The two attendants breathlessly inquired together, 'With what injunctions?'

'To study well,' said the Testator, 'the speech of the Dean

of Bristol, made at Bristol aforesaid; and to deal with them and the whole vexed question, according to that speech. And I do hereby give and bequeath to my successor the said speech and the said faithful Dean, as great possessions and good guides. And I wish, with all my heart, the said faithful Dean were removed a little farther to the West of England and made Bishop of Exeter!'

With this, the Old Year turned serenely on his side, and breathed his last in peace. Whereon,

> ——'With twelve great shocks of sound,
> Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
> One after one,'

the coming of the New Year. He came on, joyfully. The Head Registrar, making, from mere force of habit, an entry of his birth, while the Chief of the Grave Diggers took charge of his predecessor; added these words in Letters of Gold. MAY IT BE A WISE AND HAPPY YEAR, FOR ALL OF US!

RAILWAY STRIKES

[JANUARY 11, 1851]

EVERYTHING that has a direct bearing on the prosperity, happiness, and reputation of the working-men of England should be a Household Word.

We offer a few remarks on a subject which has recently attracted their attention, and on which one particular and important branch of industry has made a demonstration, affecting, more or less, every other branch of industry, and the whole community; in the hope that there are few among the intelligent body of skilled mechanics who will suspect us of entertaining any other than friendly feelings towards them, or of regarding them with any sentiment but one of esteem and confidence.

The Engine Drivers and Firemen on the North Western line of Railway—the great iron high-road of the Kingdom, by which communication is maintained with Ireland, Scot-

land, Wales, the chief manufacturing towns of Great Britain, and the port which is the main artery of her commerce with the world—have threatened, for the second time, a simultaneous abandonment of their work, and relinquishment of their engagements with the Company they have contracted to serve.

We dismiss from consideration the merits of the case. It would be easy, we conceive, to show, that the complaints of the men, even assuming them to be beyond dispute, were not, from the beginning of the manifestation, of a grave character, or by any means hopeless of fair adjustment. But we purposely dismiss that question. We purposely dismiss, also, the character of the Company, for careful, business-like, generous, and honourable management. We are content to assume that it stands no higher than the level of the very worst public servant bearing the name of railway, that the public possesses. We will suppose Mr. Glyn's communications with the men, to have been characterised by overbearing evasion, and not (as they undoubtedly have been) by courtesy, good temper, self-command, and the perfect spirit of a gentleman. We will suppose the case of the Company to be the worst that such a case could be, in this country, and in these times. Even with such a reduction of it to its lowest possible point, and a corresponding elevation of the case of the skilled Railway servants to its highest, we must deny the moral right or justification of the latter to exert the immense power they accidentally possess, to the public detriment and danger.

We say, accidentally possess, because this power has not been raised up by themselves. If there be ill-conditioned spirits among them who represent that it has been, they represent what is not true, and what a minute's rational consideration will show to be false. It is the result of a vast system of skilful combination, and a vast expenditure of wealth. The construction of the line, alone, against all the engineering difficulties it presented, involved an amount of outlay that was wonderful, even in England. To bring it to its present state of working efficiency, a thousand ingenious problems have been studied and solved, stupendous machines have been constructed, a variety of plans and schemes have been matured

with incredible labour: a great whole has been pieced together by numerous capacities and appliances, and kept incessantly in motion. Even the character of the men, which stands deservedly high, has not been set up by themselves alone, but has been assisted by large contributions from these various sources. Without a good permanent way, and good engine power, they could not have established themselves in the public confidence as good drivers. Without good business-management in the complicated arrangements of trains for goods and passengers, they could not possibly have avoided accidents. They have done their part manfully; but they could not have done it, without efficient aid in like manful sort, from every department of the great executive staff. And because it happens that the whole machine is dependent upon them in one important stage, and is delivered necessarily into their control—and because it happens that Railway accidents, when they do occur, are of a frightful nature, attended with horrible mutilation and loss of life—and because such accidents, with the best precautions, probably *must* occur, in the event of their resignation in a body—is it, therefore, defensible to strike?

To that, the question comes. It is just so narrow, and no broader. We all know, perfectly well, that there would be no strike, but for the extent of the power possessed. Can such an exercise of it be defended, after due consideration, by any honest man?

We firmly believe that these are honest men—as honest men as the world can produce. But, we believe, also, that they have not well considered what it is that they do. They are laboriously and constantly employed; and it is the habit of many men, so engaged, to allow other men to think for them. These deputy-thinkers are not the most judicious order of intellects. They are something quick at grievances. They drive Express Trains to that point, and Parliamentary to all other points. They are not always, perhaps, the best workmen. They are, sometimes, not workmen at all, but designing persons, who have, for their own base purposes, immeshed the workmen in a system of tyranny and oppression. Through these, on the one hand, and through an imperfect or

misguided view of the details of a case on the other, a strike (always supposing this great power in the strikers) may be easily set a-going. Once begun, there is aroused a chivalrous spirit—much to be respected, however mistaken its manifestation—which forbids all reasoning. 'I will stand by my order, and do as the rest do. I never flinch from my fellow-workmen. I should not have thought of this myself; but I wish to be true to the backbone, and here I put my name among the others.' Perhaps in no class of society, in any country, is this principle of honour so strong, as among most great bodies of English artisans.

But there is a higher principle of honour yet; and it is that, we suggest to our friends the Engine Drivers and Firemen on the North Western Railway, which would lead to these greater considerations. First, what is my duty to the public, who are, after all, my chief employers? Secondly, what is my duty to my fellow-workmen of all denominations: not only here, upon this Railway, but all over England?

We will suppose Engine Driver, John Safe, entering upon these considerations with his Fireman, Thomas Sparks. Sparks is one of the best of men, but he has a great belief in Caleb Coke of Wolverhampton, and Coke says (because somebody else has said so, to him) 'Strike!'

'But, Sparks,' argues John Safe, sitting on the side of the tender, waiting for the Down Express, 'to look at it in these two ways before we take any measures.—Here we are, a body of men with a great public charge; hundreds and thousands of lives every day. Individuals among us may, of course, and of course do, every now and again give up their part of that charge, for one reason or another—and right too! But I 'm not so sure that we can all turn our backs upon it at once, and do right.'

Thomas Sparks inquires 'Why not?'

'Why, it seems to me, Sparks,' says John Safe, 'rather a murderous mode of action.'

Sparks, to whom the question has never presented itself in this light, turns pale.

'You see,' John Safe pursues, 'when I first came upon this line, I didn't know—how could I?—where there was a bridge

and where a tunnel—where we took the turnpike road—where there was a cutting—where there was an embankment—where there was an incline—when full speed, when half, when slacken, when shut off, when your whistle going, when not. I got to know all such, by degrees; first, from them that was used to it; then, from my own use, Sparks.'

'So you did, John,' said Sparks.

'Well, Sparks! When we and all the rest that are used to it, Engine Drivers and Firemen, all down the line and up again, lay our heads together, and say to the public, "if you don't back us up in what we want, we 'll all go to the right-about, such-a-day, so that Nobody shall know all such"—that 's rather a murderous mode of action, it appears to me.'

Thomas Sparks, still uncomfortably pale, wishes Coke of Wolverhampton were present to reply.

'Because, it 's saying to the public, "If you *don't* back us up, we 'll do our united best towards your being run away with, and run into, and smashed, and jammed, and dislocated, and having your heads took off, and your bodies gleaned for, in small pieces—and we hope you may!" Now, you know, that has a murdering appearance, Sparks, upon the whole!' says John Safe.

Sparks, much shocked, suggests that 'it mightn't happen.'

'True. But it might,' returns John Safe, 'and we know it might, no men better. We threaten that it might. Now, when we entered into this employment, Sparks, I doubt if it was any part of our fair bargain, that we should have a monopoly of this line, and a manslaughtering sort of a power over the public. What do *you* think?'

Thomas Sparks thinks certainly not. But, Coke of Wolverhampton said, last Wednesday (as somebody else had said to him), that every man worthy of the name of Briton must stick up for his rights.

'There again!' says John Safe. 'To my mind, Sparks, it 's not at all clear that any person's rights *can be* another person's wrongs. And, that our strike must be a wrong to the persons we strike against, call 'em Company or Public, seems pretty plain.'

'What do they go and unite against us for, then?' demands Thomas Sparks.

'I don't know what they do,' replies John Safe. 'We took service with this company as Individuals, ourselves, and not as a body; and you know very well we no more ever thought of turning them off, as one man, than they ever thought of turning us off as one man. If the Company is a body, now, it was a body all the same when we came into its employment with our eyes wide open, Sparks.'

'Why do they make aggravating rules then, respecting the Locomotives?' demands Mr. Sparks, 'which, Coke of Wolverhampton says, is Despotism!'

'Well, anyways they 're made for the public safety, Sparks,' returns John Safe; 'and what 's for the public safety, is for yours and mine. The first things to go, in a smash, is, generally, the Engine and Tender.'

'*I* don't want to be made more safe,' growls Thomas Sparks. '*I* am safe enough, *I* am.'

'But, it don't signify a cinder whether you want it or don't want it,' returns his companion. 'You must be made safe, Sparks, whether you like or not,—if not on your own account, on other people's.'

'Coke of Wolverhampton says, Justice! That 's what Coke says!' observes Mr. Sparks, after a little deliberation.

'And a very good thing it is to say,' returns John Safe. 'A better thing to do. But let 's be sure we do it. I can't see that we good workmen do it to ourselves and families, by letting in bad un's that are out of employment. That 's as to ourselves. I am sure we don't do it to the Company or Public, by conspiring together, to turn an accidental advantage against 'em. Look at other people! Gentlemen don't strike. Union doctors are bad enough paid (which we are not), but *they* don't strike. Many dispensary and hospital-doctors are not over well treated, but *they* don't strike, and leave the sick a-groaning in their beds. So much for the use of power. Then for taste. The respectable young men and women that serve in the shops, *they* didn't strike, when they wanted early closing.'

'All the world wasn't against *them*,' Thomas Sparks puts in.

'No; if it had been, a man might have begun to doubt their being in the right,' returns John Safe.

'Why, you don't doubt *our* being in the right, I hope?' says Sparks.

'If I do, I an't alone in it. You know there are scores and scores of us that, of their own accord, don't want no striking, nor anything of the kind.'

'Suppose we all agreed that we was a prey to despotism, what then?' asks Sparks.

'Why, even then, I should recommend our doing our work, true to the public, and appealing to the public feeling against the same,' replies John Safe. 'It would very soon act on the Company. As to the Company and the Public siding together against us, I don't find the Public too apt to go along with the Company when it can help it.'

'Don't we owe nothing to our order?' inquires Thomas Sparks.

'A good deal. And when we enter on a strike like this, we don't appear to me to pay it. We are rather of the upper sort of our order; and what we owe to other workmen, is, to set 'em a good example, and to represent them well. Now, there is, at present, a deal of general talk (here and there, with a great deal of truth in it) of combinations of capital, and one power and another, against workmen. I leave you to judge how it serves the workman's case, at such a time, to show a small body of his order, combined, in a misuse of power, against the whole community!'

It appears to us, not only that John Safe might reasonably urge these arguments and facts; but, that John Safe did actually present many of them, and not remotely suggest the rest, to the consideration of an aggregate meeting of the Engine Drivers and Firemen engaged on the Southern Division of the line, which was held at Camden Town on the day after Christmas Day. The sensible, moderate, and upright tone of some men who spoke at that meeting, as we find them reported in the *Times*, commands our admiration

and respect, though it by no means surprises us. We would especially commend to the attention of our readers, the speech of an Engine Driver on the Great Western Railway, and the letter of the Enginemen and Firemen at the Bedford Station. Writing, in submission to the necessities of this publication, immediately after that meeting was held, we are, of course, in ignorance of the issue of the question, though it will probably have transpired before the present number appears. It can, however, in no wise affect the observations we have made, or those with which we will conclude.

To the men, we would submit, that if they fail in adjusting the difference to their complete satisfaction, the failure will be principally their own fault, as inseparable, in a great measure, from the injudicious and unjustifiable threat into which the more sensible portion of them have allowed themselves to be betrayed. What the Directors might have conceded to temperate remonstrance, it is easy to understand they may deem it culpable weakness to yield to so alarming a combination against the public service and safety.

To the public, we would submit, that the steadiness and patriotism of English workmen may, in the long run, be safely trusted; and that this mistake, once remedied, may be calmly dismissed. It is natural, in the first hot reception of such a menace, to write letters to newspapers, urging strong-handed legislation, or the enforcement of pains and penalties, past, present, or to come, on such deserters from their posts. But, it is not agreeable, on calmer reflection, to contemplate the English artisan as working under a curb or yoke, or even as being supposed to require one. His spirit is of the highest; his nature is of the best. He comes of a great race, and his character is famous in the world. If a false step on the part of any man should be generously forgotten, it should be forgotten in him.

RED TAPE

[February 15, 1851]

Your public functionary who delights in Red Tape—the purpose of whose existence is to tie up public questions, great and small, in an abundance of this official article—to make the neatest possible parcels of them, ticket them, and carefully put them away on a top shelf out of human reach—is the peculiar curse and nuisance of England. Iron, steel, adamant, can make no such drag-chain as Red Tape. An invasion of Red Ants in innumerable millions, would not be half so prejudicial to Great Britain, as its intolerable Red Tape.

Your Red Tapist is everywhere. He is always at hand, with a coil of Red Tape, prepared to make a small official parcel of the largest subject. In the reception-room of a Government Office, he will wind Red Tape round and round the sternest deputation that the country can send to him. In either House of Parliament, he will pull more Red Tape out of his mouth, at a moment's notice, than a conjuror at a Fair. In letters, memoranda, and despatches, he will spin himself into Red Tape, by the thousand yards. He will bind you up vast colonies, in Red Tape, like cold roast chickens at a rout-supper; and when the most valuable of them break it (a mere question of time), he will be amazed to find that they were too expansive for his favourite commodity. He will put a girdle of Red Tape round the earth, in quicker time than Ariel. He will measure, from Downing Street to the North Pole, or the heart of New Zealand, or the highest summit of the Himalaya Mountains, by inches of Red Tape. He will rig all the ships in the British Navy with it, weave all the colours in the British Army from it, completely equip and fit out the officers and men of both services in it. He bound Nelson and Wellington hand and foot with it—ornamented them, all over, with bunches of it—and sent them forth to do impossibilities. He will stand over the side of the steamship of the state, sounding with Red Tape, for imag-

inary obstacles; and when the office-seal at the end of his pet line touches a floating weed, will cry majestically, 'Back her! Stop her!' He hangs great social efforts, in Red Tape, about the public offices, to terrify like evil-minded reformers, as great highwaymen used to be hanged in chains on Hounslow Heath. He has but one answer to every demonstration of right, or exposition of wrong; and it is, 'My good Sir, this is a question of Tape.'

He is the most gentlemanly of men. He is mysterious; but not more so than a man who is cognisant of so much Tape ought to be. Butterflies and gadflies who disport themselves, unconscious of the amount of Red Tape required to keep Creation together, may wear their hearts upon their sleeves; but he is another sort of person. Not that he is wanting in conversation. By no means. Every question mooted, he has to tie up according to form, and put away. Church, state, territory native and foreign, ignorance, poverty, crime, punishment, popes, cardinals, jesuits, taxes, agriculture and commerce, land and sea—all Tape. 'Nothing but Tape, Sir, I assure you. Will you allow me to tie this subject up, with a few yards, according to the official form? Thank you. Thus, you see. A knot here; the end cut off there; a twist in this place; a loop in that. Nothing can be more complete. Quite compact, you observe. I ticket it, you perceive, and put it on the shelf. It is now disposed of. What is the next article?'

The quantity of Red Tape officially employed in the defence of such an imposition (in more senses than one) as the Window Tax; the array of Red Tapists and the amount of Red Taping employed in its behalf, within the last six or seven years, is something so astounding in itself, and so illustrative of the enormous quantities of Tape devoted to the public confusion, that we take the liberty, at this appropriate time, of disentangling an odd thousand fathoms or so, as a sample of the commodity.

The Window Tax is a tax of that just and equitable description, that it charges a house with twenty windows at the rate of six shillings and twopence farthing a window; and houses with nine times as many windows, to wit a hundred

and eighty, at the rate of eightpence a window, *less*. It is a beautiful feature in this tax (and a mighty convenient one for large country-houses) that, after progressing in a gradually ascending scale or charge, from eight windows to seventy-nine, it then begins to descend again, and charges a house with five hundred windows, just a farthing a window more than a house with nine. This has been, for so many years, proved—by Red Tape—to be the perfection of human reason, that we merely remark upon the circumstance, and there leave it, for another ornamental branch of the subject.

Light and air are the first essentials of our being. Among the facts demonstrated by Physical Science, there is not one more indisputable, than that a large amount of Solar Light is necessary to the development of the nervous system. Lettuces, and some other vegetables, may be grown in the dark, at no greater disadvantage than a change in their natural colour; but, the nervous system of Animals must be developed by Light. The higher the Animal, the more stringent and absolute the necessity of a free admission to it of the Sun's bright rays. All human creatures bred in darkness, droop, and become degenerate. Among the diseases distinctly known to be engendered and propagated by the want of Light, and by its necessary concomitant, the want of free Air, those dreadful maladies, Scrofula and Consumption, occupy the foremost place.

At this time of day, and when the labours of Sanitary Reformers and Boards of Health have educated the general mind in the knowledge of such truths, we almost hesitate to recapitulate these simple facts: which are as palpable and certain as the growth of a tree, or the curling of a wave. But, within a few years, it was a main fault of practical Philosophy, to hold too much herself apart from the daily business and concerns of life. Consequently, within a few years, even these truths were imperfectly and narrowly known. Red Tape, as a great institution quite superior to Nature, positively refused to receive them—strangled them, out of hand—labelled them Impositions, and shelved them with great resentment.

This is so incredible, that our readers will naturally in-

quire, when, where, and how? Thus. In the Spring of 1844, there sat enthroned, in the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Downing Street, London, the Incarnation of Red Tape. There waited upon this enshrinement of Red Tape in the body and flesh of man, a Deputation from the Master Carpenters' Society, and another from the Metropolitan Improvement Society, which latter, comprising among its members some distinguished students of Natural Philosophy, took the liberty of representing the before-mentioned fact in connection with Light, as a small result of Infinite Wisdom, eternally established before Tape was. And, forasmuch as the Window Tax excluded light from the dwellings of the poor in large towns, where the poor lived, crowded together in large old houses; by tempting the landlords of those houses to block up windows and save themselves the payment of duty, which they notoriously did—and, forasmuch, as in every room and corner thus made dark and airless, the poor, for want of space, were fain to huddle beds—and, forasmuch, as a large and a most unnatural percentage of them, were, in consequence, scrofulous, and consumptive, and always sliding downwards into Pauperism—the Deputation, prayed the Right Honourable Red Tape, M.P., at least so to modify this tax, as to modify that inhuman and expensive wrong. To which, the Right Honourable Red Tape, M.P., made reply, that he didn't believe that the Tax had anything to do with scrofula; 'for,' said he, 'the window-duties don't affect the cottager; and I have seen numerous instances of scrofula in my own neighbourhood, among the families of the agricultural peasantry.' Now, this was the perfection of what may be called Red Tapeosophy. For, not to mention the fact, well known to every traveller about England, that the cottages of agricultural labourers, in general, are a perfect model of sanitary arrangement, and are, in particular remarkable for the capacious dimensions of their windows (which are usually of the bay or oriel form: never less than six feet high, commonly fitted with plate glass, and always capable of being opened freely), it is to be carefully noticed that such cottages always contain a superabundance of room, and especially of sleeping-room: also,

that nothing can be farther from the custom of a cottager than to let a sleeping-room to a single man, to diminish his rent: and to crowd himself and family into one small chamber, where by reason of the dearness of fuel he stops up crevices, and shuts out air. These being things which no English landlord, dead or alive, ever heard of, it is clear—as clear as the agricultural labourer's cottage is light and airy—that the exclusion of light and air can have nothing to do with Scrofula. So, the Right Honourable Red Tape, M.P., gave the lie (politely) to the Deputation, and proved his case against Nature, to the great admiration of the office Messengers!

Well! But, on the same occasion, there was more Red Tape yet, in the background, ready, in nautical phrase, to be paid out. The Deputation, rather pertinaciously dwelling on the murderous effects of a prohibition of ventilation in the thickly-peopled habitations of the poor, the same authority returned, 'You *can* ventilate them, if you choose. Here is Deputy Red Tape, from the Stamp Office, at my elbow; and he tells you, that perforated plates of zinc, may be placed in the external walls of houses, without becoming liable to duty.' Now, the Deputation were very glad to hear this, because they knew it to be a part of the perfect wisdom of the Acts of Parliament establishing the Window Tax, that they required all stopped-up windows to be stopped up with precisely the same substance as that of which the external walls of a house were made; and that, in a variety of cases, where such walls were of stone, for example, and such windows were stopped up with wood, they were held to be chargeable with duty: though they admitted no ray of light through that usually opaque material. Besides which, the Deputation knew, from the Government Returns, that, under the same Acts of Parliament, a little unglazed hole in a wall, made for a cat to creep through, and a little trap in a cellar to shoot coals down, had been solemnly decided to be windows. Therefore, they were so much relieved by this perforated-zinc discovery, that the good and indefatigable Doctor Southwood Smith (who was one of the deputation) was seen, by Private John Towler of the Second Grenadier Guards, sentry

on duty at the Treasury, to fall upon the neck of Mr. Toynbee (who was another of the deputation) and shed tears of joy in Parliament Street.

But, the President of the Carpenters' Society, a man of rule and compasses, whose organ of veneration appears (in respect of Red Tape) to have been imperfectly developed, doubted. And he, writing to the Stamp Office on the point, caused more Red Tape to be spun into this piece of information, 'that perforated plates of zinc would be chargeable if so perforated as to afford light, but not if so as to serve the purpose of ventilation only!' It not being within the knowledge of the Carpenters' Society (which was a merely practical body) how to construct perforations of such a peculiar double-barrelled action as at once to let in air and shut out light, the Right Honourable Red Tape, M.P., himself, was referred to for an explanation. This, he gave in the following skein, which has justly been considered the highest specimen of the manufacture. 'There has been no mistake, as the parties suppose, in stating that openings for ventilation might be made which would not be chargeable as windows, and I cannot think it at all inconsistent with such a statement to decline expressing, beforehand, a general opinion as to whether certain openings when made would or would not be considered as windows, and as such liable to charge.'

To crown all, with a wreath of blushing Tape of the first official quality, it may be briefly mentioned, that no existing Act of Parliament made any such exception, and that it had no existence out of Tape. For, a local act, for Liverpool only, was *afterwards passed*, exempting from the Window Tax circular ventilating apertures, not exceeding seven inches in diameter; provided, that if they were made in a direct line, they should be protected by a grating of cast-iron, the interstices thereof not exceeding one quarter of an inch in width.

One other choice sample of the best Red Tape presents itself in the nefarious history of the Window Tax. In July of the same year, Lord Althorp—whose name is ever to be respected, as having, perhaps, less association with Red Tape

than that of any Minister whomsoever—made a short speech in the House of Commons, descriptive of an enactment he then introduced, for allaying something of the indignation which this tax had raised. It was, he said, 'a clause, enabling persons to open fresh windows in houses at present existing, without any additional charge. Its only effect is, to prevent an increase of the revenue, in the case of houses already existing.' On the faith of this statement, numbers of house-occupiers opened new windows. The instant the clause got into the Government offices, it was immeshed in a very net of Red Tape. The Stamp Office, in its construction of it, substituted existing occupiers, for existing houses; into the clause itself were introduced, before it became law, words, confining this privilege to persons 'duly assessed for the year ending 5th April 1835.' What followed? Red Tape made the discovery that no one who took advantage of that clause, and opened new windows, WAS duly assessed in 1835—the whole Government Assessment: made, be it remembered, by Government Assessors: having been loosely and carelessly made—and all those openers of new windows, upon the faith of that plain speech of a plain gentleman, were surcharged; to the increase of the revenue, the dishonour of the public character of the country, and the very canonisation of Red Tape.

For the collection and clear statement of these facts, we are indebted to an excellent pamphlet reprinted, at the time, from the *Westminster Review*. The facts and the subject are worthy of one another.

O give your public functionary, who delights in Red Tape, a good social improvement to deal with! Let him come back to his Tape-wits, after being frightened out of them, for a little while, by the ravages of a Plague; and count, if you can, the miles of Red Tape he will pile into barriers, against —a General Interment Bill, say, or a Law for the suppression of infectious and disgusting nuisances! O the cables of Red Tape he will coil away in dispatch boxes, the handcuffs he will make of Red Tape to fetter useful hands; the interminable perspectives of Exchequers, Woods and Forests, and

what not, all hung with Red Tape, up and down which he will languidly wander, to the weariness of all whose hard fate it is, to have to pursue him!

But, give him something to play with—give him a park to slice away—a hideous scarecrow to set up in a public place, where it may become the ludicrous horror of the civilised earth—a marble arch to move—and who so brisk as he! He will rig you up a scaffolding with Red Tape, and fall to, joyfully. These are the things in which he finds relief from unlucky Acts of Parliament that are more troublesome improvements than they were meant to be. Across and across them, he can spin his little webs of Red Tape, and catch summer flies: or, near them, litter down official dozing-places, and roll himself over and over in Red Tape, like the Hippopotamus wallowing in his bath.

Once upon a time, there was a dusty dry old shop in Long Acre, London, where, displayed in the windows, in tall slim bottles, were numerous preparations, looking, at first sight, like unhealthy maccaroni. On a nearer inspection these were found to be Tapeworms, extracted from the internal mechanism of certain ladies and gentlemen who were delicately referred to, on the bottles, by initial letters. Doctor Gardner's medicine had effected these wonderful results; but, the Doctor, probably apprehensive that his patients might 'blush to find it fame,' enshrined them in his museum, under a thin cloud of mystery. We have a lively remembrance of a white basin, which, in the days of our boyhood, remained, for eight or ten years, in a conspicuous part of the museum, and was supposed to contain a specimen so recent that there had not yet been time for its more elaborate preservation. It bore, as we remember, the label, 'This singular creature, with ears like a mouse, was last week found destroying the inside of Mr. O— in the City Road.' But, this was an encroachment on the province of the legitimate Tapeworms. That species were all alike except in length. The smallest, according to the labels, measured, to the best of our recollection, about two hundred yards.

If, in any convenient part of the United Kingdom (we suggest the capital as the centre of resort), a similar museum

could be established, for the destruction and exhibition of the Red Tapeworms with which the British public are so sorely afflicted, there can be no doubt that it would be, at once, a vast national benefit, and a curious national spectacle. Nor can there be a doubt that the people in general would cheerfully contribute to the support of such an establishment. The labels might be neatly and legibly written, according to the precedent we have mentioned. 'The Right Honourable Mr. X— from the Exchequer. Seven thousand yards.' 'Earl Y— from the Colonial Office. Half as long again.' 'Lord Z— from the Woods and Forests. The longest ever known.' 'This singular creature,'—not mentioning its ears—'was found destroying the patience of Mr. John B— in the House of Commons.' If it were practicable to open such an Institution before the departure of All Nations (which can scarcely be hoped) it might be desirable to translate these abstracts into a variety of languages, for the wider understanding of one of our most agreeable and improving sights.

THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART

[May 10, 1851]

There are reasons, sufficiently obvious to our readers without explanation, which render the present a fitting place for a few words of remark on the proposed Institution bearing this name.

Its objects, as stated in the public advertisement, are, 'to encourage life assurance and other provident habits among authors and artists: to render such assistance to both, as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honourable rest from arduous labour shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties.'

The authors and artists associated in this endeavour would be but indifferent students of human nature, and would be but poorly qualified for the pursuit of their art, if they supposed it possible to originate any scheme that would be free

from objection. They have neither the right, nor the desire, to take offence at any discussion of the details of their plan. All that they claim, is, such consideration for it as their character and position may justly demand, and such moderate restraint in regard of misconception or misrepresentation as is due to any body of gentlemen disinterestedly associated for an honourable purpose.

It is proposed to form a Society of Authors and Artists by profession, who shall all effect some kind of Insurance on their lives;—whether for a hundred pounds or a thousand pounds—whether on high premiums terminable at a certain age, or on premiums payable through the whole of life—whether for deferred annuities, or for pensions to widows, or for the accumulation of sums destined to the education or portioning of children—is in this, as in all other cases, at the discretion of the individual insuring. The foundation of a New Life Insurance Office, expressly for these purposes, would be, obviously, a rash proceeding, wholly unjustifiable in the infancy of such a design. Therefore its proposers recommend one existing Insurance Office—firstly, because its constitution appears to secure to its insurers better terms than they can meet with elsewhere; secondly, because in Life Insurance, as in most other things, a body of persons can obtain advantages which individuals cannot. The chief advantage thus obtained in this instance, is stated in the printed Prospectus as a deduction of five per cent. from all the premiums paid by Members of the Society to that particular office. It is needless to add, that if an author or an artist be already insured in another office, or if he have any peculiar liking, in effecting a new insurance, for paying five per cent. more than he need, he is at perfect liberty to insure where he pleases, and in right of any insurance whatever to become a Member of the Society if he will.

But, there may be cases in which, on account of impaired health or of advanced age at the present time, individuals desirous of joining the Society, may be quite unable to obtain acceptance at any Life Office. In such instances the required qualification of Life Insurance will be dispensed with. In cases of proved temporary inability to meet a periodical pay-

ment due on an Insurance, the Society proposes to assist the insurer from its funds.

'In connection with this Society,' the Prospectus proceeds, 'by which it is intended to commend and enforce the duties of prudence and foresight, especially incumbent on those whose income is wholly, or mainly, derived from the precarious profit of a profession, it is proposed to establish and endow an Institute, having at its disposal certain salaries, to which certain duties will be attached; together with a limited number of free residences, which, though sufficiently small to be adapted to a very moderate income, will be completed with due regard to the ordinary habits and necessary comforts of gentlemen. The offices of Endowment will consist:

'First,—Of a Warden, with a house and a salary of two hundred pounds a year;

'Second,—Of Members, with a house and one hundred and seventy pounds, or, without a house, two hundred pounds a year;

'Third,—Of Associates, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year.

'For these offices all who are Insurers in the Society above mentioned are qualified to offer themselves as Candidates. Such Insurance is to be considered an indispensable qualification, saving in exceptional cases (should any such arise) where an individual can prove that he has made every effort to insure his life, but cannot find acceptance at any Life Office, by reason of impaired health, or of advanced age, at the date of this prospectus.

'Each Member will be required to give, either personally or by a proxy selected from the Associates, with the approval of the Warden, three lectures in each year—one in London, the others at the Mechanics' Institutes, or some public building suited for the purpose, in the principal provincial towns. Considering the many duties exacting time and attention that will devolve on the Warden, he will not be required to give more than one lecture annually (which, if delivered by a proxy, he will, health permitting, be expected to compose himself), and that in the Metropolis.

'These lectures will be subject to the direction and control of the managing body of the Endowment. They will usually relate to Letters or Art, and will invariably avoid all debatable ground of Politics or Theology. It will be the endeavour of the Committee to address them to points on which the public may be presumed to be interested, and to require dispassionate and reliable information—to make them, in short, an educational and improving feature of the time.

'The duties of Associates will be defined and fixed by the Council (consisting of the Warden, the Members, and a certain number of the Associates themselves), according to the previous studies and peculiar talent of each—whether in gratuitous assistance to any learned bodies, societies for the diffusion of knowledge, etc., or, as funds increase, and the utilities of the Institution develop themselves, in co-operating towards works of national interest and importance, but on subjects of a nature more popular, and at a price more accessible, than those which usually emanate from professed academies. It is well to add, that while, on every account, it is deemed desirable to annex to the receipt of a salary the performance of a duty, it is not intended that such duty should make so great a demand upon the time and labour, either of Member or Associate, as to deprive the public of their services in those departments in which they have gained distinction, or to divert their own efforts for independence from their accustomed professional pursuits.

'The design of the Institution proposed, is, to select for the appointment of Members (who will be elected for life) those Writers and Artists of established reputation, and generally of mature years (or, if young, in failing health), to whom the income attached to the appointment may be an object of honourable desire; while the office of Associate is intended partly for those whose toils or merits are less known to the general public than their professional brethren, and partly for those, in earlier life, who give promise of future eminence, and to whom a temporary income of one hundred pounds a year may be of essential and permanent service. There are few men professionally engaged in Art or Letters,

even though their labours may have raised them into comparative wealth, who cannot look back to some period of struggle in which an income so humble would have saved them from many a pang, and, perhaps, from the necessity of stooping their ambition to occupations at variance with the higher aims of their career.

'An Associate may, therefore, be chosen for life, or for one or more years, according to the nature of his claims, and the discretion of the Electors.'

With the view of bringing this project into general notice, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (besides a gift of land) has written a new comedy,[1] and presented it to the friends associated with him in the origination of the scheme. They will act it, first, before Her Majesty at Devonshire House, and afterwards publicly. Over and above the profits that may arise from these dramatic representations, the copyright of the comedy, both for acting and publishing, being unconditionally given to the Association, has already enabled it to realise a handsome sum of money.

Many of our readers are aware that this company of amateur actors has been for some time in existence. Its public existence was accidental. It was originally formed for the private amusement of a leisure hour. Yielding to urgent entreaty, it then had the good fortune to render service to the Sanatorium, one of the most useful and most necessary Institutions ever founded in this country. It was subsequently enabled to yield timely assistance to three distinguished literary men, all of whom Her Majesty has since placed on the Pension List, and entirely to support one of them for nearly three years. It it now about to renew its exertions for the cause we have set forth. To say that its members do not merely seek their own entertainment and display (easily attainable by far less troublesome and responsible means) is to award them the not very exalted praise of being neither fools nor impostors.

The Guild of Literature and Art may be a good name or a bad name; the details of this endowment—mere suggestions at present, and not to be proceeded with, until much

[1] *Not so Bad as we Seem.*

work shall have been patiently done—may be perfect or most imperfect; the retirement proposed, may be taken for granted to be everything that it is not intended to be; and still we conceive the real question to remain untouched. It is, whether Literature shall continue to be an exception from all other professions and pursuits, in having no resource for its distressed and divided followers but in eleemosynary aid; or, whether it is good that they should be provident, united, helpful of one another, and independent.

No child can suppose that the profits of the comedy alone will be sufficient for such an Endowment as is sought to be established. It is expressly stated in the Prospectus that 'for farther support to the Endowment by subscription, and especially by annual subscription, it is intended to appeal to the Public.' If the Public will disembarrass the question of any little cobwebs that may be spun about it, and will confine it to this, it will be faithful to its ever generous and honest nature.

There is no reason for affecting to conceal that the writer of these few remarks is active in the project, and is impelled by a zealous desire to advance what he knows to be a worthy object. He would be false to the trust placed in him by the friends with whom he is associated, and to the secret experience of his daily life, and of the calling to which he belongs, if he had any dainty reserve in such a matter. He is one of an order beyond which he affects to be nothing, and aspires to be nothing. He knows—few men can know, he thinks, with better reason—that he does his duty to it in taking this part; and he wishes his personal testimony to tell for what it is worth.

THE FINISHING SCHOOLMASTER

[May 17, 1851]

It was recently supposed and feared that a vacancy had occurred in this great national office. One of the very few

public instructors—we had almost written the only one—as to whose moral lessons all sorts of Administrations and Cabinets are united in having no kind of doubt, was so much engaged in enlightening the people of England, that an occasion for his services arose, when it was dreaded they could not be rendered. It is scarcely necessary to say who this special public instructor is. Our administrative legislators cannot agree on the teaching of The Lord's Prayer, the Sermon on the Mount, the Christian History; but they are all quite clear as to the public teaching of the Hangman. The scaffold is the blessed neutral ground on which conflicting Governments may all accord, and Mr. John Ketch is the great state Schoolmaster.

Maria Clarke was left for execution at Ipswich, Suffolk, on Tuesday the 22nd of April. It was Easter Tuesday; and besides the decent compliment to the Festival of Easter that may be supposed to be involved in a Public Execution at that time, it was important that the woman should be hanged upon a holiday, as so many country people were then at leisure to profit by the improving spectacle. It happened, however, that the great finishing Schoolmaster was pre-engaged to lecture, that morning, to other pupils in another part of the country, and thus a paragraph found its way into the newspapers announcing that his humanising office might, perhaps, be open for the nonce to competition.

A gentleman of the country, distinguished for his truth and goodness, has placed in our hands copies of the letters addressed to the Sheriff by the various candidates for this post of instruction. We proceed to lay them before our readers, as we have received them, without names or addresses. In all other respects they are exact copies from the originals. This is no jest, we beg it to be understood. The letters we present, are literal transcripts of the letters written to the High Sheriff of Suffolk, on the occasion in question.

The first, is in the form of a polite note, and has an air of genteel commonplace—like an invitation, or an answer to one.

Mr. residing at Southwark will accept the office unavoidably declined by Calcraft on Wednesday next viz to execute Maria Clarke a speedy answer will oblige stating terms say not less than £20.

To the High Sheriff of Suffolk.

The second, has a Pecksniffian morality in it, which is very edifying.

Sir 20 *April*

This day i Was Reading the newspaper When i saw the advertise for A hangman for that unfortunate Woman if there is not A person come fored and and that you cannot Get no one by the time i Will come as A suBstitute to finish that wich the law require

Yours respect
fully

for the Govener of the
prepaid ipsWich Goal
Suffolk

The third, is respectful towards the great finishing Schoolmaster, though—such is fame!—it mis-spells a name, with which (as we have elsewhere observed) the public has become familiarised.

Sir *Saturday April* 19/51

Seeing a statement in the Times of this day that you wanted a person to execute Maria Clarke & you could not get a substitute as Mr. Calcroft was engaged on Wednesday next if well Paid I am Redey to do it myself an early communication will oblige yours &c

P S. You must pay all expences Down as I am in Desperate Circumstances hoping this is in secreecy I am

In the fourth, the writer modestly recommends himself as a self-reliant trustworthy person.

Sir *April th*21/51

having understood you Want a Man on Wednesday Morning to Perform the Office Of hangman i beg most respect-

fully To Offer Myself to your Notice feeling Confident i Am Abel to undertake it.

From your obedient
Servant No
Street Square
White Chappel

The fifth, appears to know his value as Public Instructor, and Head of the National System of Education, if elected.

Southwark London
Mr. Sherriff *April 20th* 1851

Sir I will perform the duties of Hangman for the execution of Maria Clarke on Wednesday in consideration of sixty pounds for my services

Yours respectfully

to the High Sheriff of
Suffolk
on haste
to the
High Sheriff for the
County of Suffolk
p. paid *Ipswhich*

The sixth, is workmanlike.

Honoured Sir *Deal. April* 21/51

Understanding that you cannot get a man to take the job of hanging the Woman on Wednesday next I will volunteer to do the business if the terms are liberal and suit me

I remain your respected
Servant

The seventh, is also business-like, and is more particular. The writer's mention of himself as a married man shows considerable delicacy.

Sir *Ianchester April* 19/51

Seeing the enclosed printed paper in the Newspaper if it is a facte I am your man if your trums will suit me that

is what am I to have for the work and how am I to get there

I am yours &c

P S. my height is 5 feet 5 and my age is 32 years—and I am a married man

The writer of the eighth is, we may infer from his tone respecting the eminent 'Calcraft,' a Constant Reader.

To the Sheriff of Ipswitch

Sir *April* 20

Hearing that Calcraft is unable to attend on Wednesday next to execute Maria Clarke I offer myself as a substitute being able and competent to fulfill his place on this occasion upon the same terms as Calcraft if you think proper to engage me a note addressed to me

will meet with immediate attention

Your humble Servant

The ninth, is cautious and decisive, though it evidently proceeds from a Saxon, and is characteristically unjust toward the only part of the earth which is in no way responsible for its own doings.

Honor'd Sir *April* 20*th*/51.

Seeing that you ware at present in some difficulty to find an Executioner to perform your Duties on the person of Maria Clarke whose execution is fixed for Wednesday next I beg to offer to perform the office of hangsman on that occasion for the sum of £50 to be paid on the completion of the same In order to prevent the public from Knowing my real name and address I shall request you to address to M. B. care of

should you accede to my proposal an answer per return of Post will reach me on Tuesday morning which will afford me time to make the Journey per Rail

I of course shall expect my expences paid in addition to the sum named

This is no idle offer as I shall most Certainly attend to perform the duties imposed on you, at the time required Should you accept this offer

I have the Honor to be

Honord Sir

Your Obdt Servt

To the High Sheriff
of the County of Suffolk

P. S I of course expect the name to be kept a secret should you not accept the offer And if the offer be accepted I shall assume the name of Patrick Keley of Kildare Ireland

The tenth, as proceeding from an individual who is honoured with the acquaintance of the real finishing Schoolmaster, and who even aspires to succeed him, claims great respect. If we selected any particular beauty from the rest, it would be his mention of the post as a 'birth.'

Gentlemen *April 19th,* 1851

Seeing a paragraph in the paper of this day that you are in want of an executioner in the place of Calcraft I have taken the liberty to inform you that you can have me the writer of this note I have been for some time after the birth and am well acquainted with calcraft and I wonder he did not mention my name when you dispatched a messenger to him I made application at horsemonger lane for the last job there but Calcraft attended himself Gentlemen if you should think fit to nominate me for the job, you will find me a fitt and proper person to fufill it

An Answer to this application will oblidge

Your most Humble Servant

And will meet with immediate attention

Gent^en^

Should this meet your approbation you will oblidge by sending me instructions when and how to come down

You will be Kind enough to communicate this to the High Sheriff as soon as Convenient

To the Governer
of Ipswich Gaol

The connection of 'the sad office,' in the eleventh, with 'the amount,' unites a heart of sentiment with an eye to business.

Cockermouth Apl 21 1851

Sir having seen in the paper that Calcraft cannot come up. I will undertake the sad Office if well remunerated and as time

is short please to say the amount and I will come by return of Post you may depend on me Yours.

This is the twelfth and last—from a plain man accustomed to job-work.

Sir *Wigan April* 20 1851

Having seen in the Newspaper that you was in want of a Man to oficiate in the place of Calcraft at the execution of Maria Clarke if you will pay my expences from Wigan & Back & 5 pounds for the job Please to send my expences from Wigan to Ipswich & direct to the

& he will let me Know

Your obedient Servant

These letters, we repeat, are genuine. They may set our readers thinking. It may be well to think a little now and then, however distasteful it be to do so, of this public teaching by the finishing Schoolmaster; and to consider how often he has at once begun and ended—and how long he should continue to begin and end—the only State Education the State can adjust to the perfect satisfaction of its conscience.

A FEW CONVENTIONALITIES

[JUNE 28, 1851]

A CHILD inquired of us, the other day, why a gentleman always said his first prayer in church, in the crown of his hat. We were reduced to the ignominious necessity of replying that we didn't know—but it was the custom.

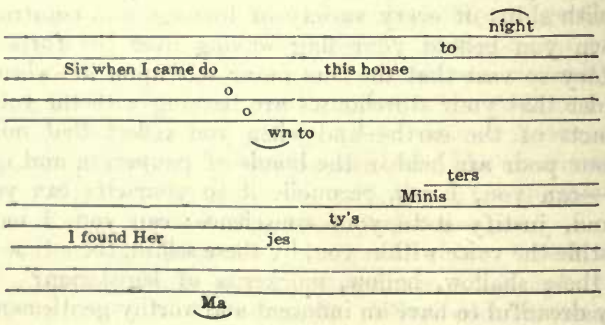
Having dismissed our young friend with a severe countenance (which we always assume under the like circumstances of discomfiture) we began to ask ourselves a few questions.

Our first list had a Parliamentary reference.

Why must an honourable gentleman always '*come down*' to this house? Why can't he sometimes 'come up'—like a horse—or 'come in' like a man? What does he mean by

invariably coming down? Is it indispensable that he should 'come down' to get into the House of Commons—say, for instance, from Saint Albans? Or is that house on a lower level than most other houses? Why is he always 'free to confess'? It is well known that Britons never never never will be slaves; then why can't he say what he has to say, without this superfluous assertion of his freedom? Why must an Irish Member always 'taunt' the noble Lord with this, that or the other? Can't he tell him of it civilly, or accuse him of it plainly? *Must* he so ruthlessly taunt him? Why does the Honourable Member for Groginhole call upon the Secretary of State for the Home Department to 'lay his hand upon his heart,' and proclaim to the country such and such a thing? The Home Secretary is not in the habit of laying his hand upon his heart. When he has anything to proclaim to the country, he generally puts his hands under his coat-tails. Why is he thus personally and solemnly adjured to lay one of them on the left side of his waistcoat for any Honourable Member's gratification? What makes my Honourable friend, the Member for Gammonrife, feel so acutely that he is required to 'pin his faith' upon the measures of Her Majesty's Government? Is he always required to attach it in that particular manner only; and are needle and thread, hooks and eyes, buttons, wafers, sealing-wax, paste, bird-lime, gum, and glue, utterly prohibited to him? Who invested the unfortunate Speaker with all the wealth and poverty of the Empire, that he should be told—'Sir, when you look around you, and behold your seas swarming with ships of every variety of tonnage and construction—when you behold your flag waving over the forts of a territory so vast that the Sun never sets upon it—when you consider that your storehouses are teeming with the valuable products of the earth—and when you reflect that millions of your poor are held in the bonds of pauperism and ignorance—can you, I ask, reconcile it to yourself; can you, I demand, justify it to your conscience; can you, I inquire, Sir, stifle the voice within you, by these selfish, these time-serving, these shallow, hollow, mockeries of legislation?' It is really dreadful to have an innocent and worthy gentleman bul-

lied in this manner. Again, why do 'I hold in my hand' all sorts of things? Can I never lay them down, or carry them under my arm? There was a Fairy in the *Arabian Nights* who could hold in her hand a pavilion large enough to shelter the Sultan's army, but she could never have held half the petitions, blue books, bills, reports, returns, volumes of Hansard, and other miscellaneous papers, that a very ordinary Member for a very ordinary place will hold in his hands nowadays. Then again, how did it come to be necessary to the Constitution that I should be such a very circuitous and prolix peer as to 'take leave to remind you, my Lords, of what fell from the noble and learned lord on the opposite side of your Lordships' house, who preceded my noble and learned friend on the cross Benches when he addressed himself with so much ability to the observations of the Right Reverend Prelate near me, in reference to the measure now brought forward by the Noble Baron'—when, all this time, I mean, and only want to say, Lord Brougham? Is it impossible for my honourable friend the Member for Drowsyshire, to wander through his few dreary sentences immediately before the division, without premising that 'at this late hour of the night and in this stage of the debate,' etc.? Because if it be not impossible why does he never do it? And why, why, above all, in either house of Parliament must the English language be set to music—bad and conventional beyond any parallel on earth—and delivered, in a manner barely expressible to the eye as follows:



Is Parliament included in the Common Prayer-book under the denomination of 'quires and places where they sing'? And if so, wouldn't it be worth a small grant to make some national arrangement for instruction in the art by Mr. Hullah?

Then, consider the theatrical and operatic questions that arise, likewise admitting of no solution whatever.

No man ever knew yet, no man ever will know, why a stage-nobleman is bound to go to execution with a stride and a stop alternately, and cannot proceed to the scaffold on any other terms. It is not within the range of the loftiest intellect to explain why a stage-letter, before it can be read by the recipient, must be smartly rapped back, after being opened, with the knuckles of one hand. It is utterly unknown why choleric old gentlemen always have a trick of carrying their canes behind them, between the waist-buttons of their coat. Several persons are understood to be in Bedlam at the present time, who went distracted in endeavouring to reconcile the bran-new appearance of Mr. Cooper, in *John Bull* bearing a highly polished surgical instrument-case under his arm, with the fact of his having been just fished out of the deep sea, in company with the case in question. Inexplicable phenomena continually arise at the Italian Opera, where we have ourself beheld (it was in the time of Robert of Normandy) Nuns buried in garments of that perplexing nature that the very last thing one could possibly suppose they had taken, was a veil of any order. Who knows how it came about that the young Swiss maiden in the ballet should, as an established custom, revolve, on her nuptial morning, so airily and often, that at length she stands before us, for some seconds, like a beautiful white muslin pen-wiper? Why is her bed-chamber always immediately over the cottage-door? Why is she always awakened by three taps of her lover's hands? Why does her mother always spin? Why is her residence invariably near a bridge? In what Swiss canton do the hardy mountaineers pursue the chamois in silk stockings, pumps, blue breeches, cherry-coloured bows, and their shirt-sleeves? When the Tenor Prince is made more tenor by the near approach of death from steel or poison;

when the Bass enemy growls glutted vengeance; and the Heroine (who was so glad in the beginning of her story to see the villagers that she had an irrepressible impulse to be always shaking hands with them) is rushing to and fro among the living and disturbing the wig of the dead: why do we always murmur our Bra—a—avo! or our Bra—a—ava! as the case may be, in exactly the same tone, at exactly the same places, and execute our little audience conventionalities with the punctuality and mechanism of the stage itself? Why does the Primo Buffo always rub his hands and tap his nose? When did mankind enter into articles of agreement that a most uncompromising and uncomfortable box, with the lid at a certain angle, should be called a mossy bank? Who first established an indissoluble connection between the Demon and the brass instruments? When the sailors become Bacchanalian, how do they do it out of such little mugs, replenished from pitchers that have always been turned upside down? Granted that the Count must go a-hunting, why must he therefore wear fur round the tops of his boots, and never follow the chase with any other weapon than a spear with a large round knob at the blunt end?

Then, at public dinners and meetings, why must Mr. Wilson refer to Mr. Jackson as 'my honourable friend, if he will permit me to call him so'? Has Wilson any doubt about it? Why does Mr. Smithers say that he is sensible he has already detained you too long, and why *you* say, 'No, no; go on!' when you know you are sorry for it directly afterwards? You are not taken by surprise when the Toastmaster cries, in giving the Army and Navy, 'Upstanding, gentlemen, *and* good fires'—then what do you laugh for? No man could ever say why he was greatly refreshed and fortified by forms of words, as 'Resolved. That this meeting respectfully but firmly views with sorrow and apprehension, not unmixed with abhorrence and dismay'—but they *do* invigorate the patient, in most cases, like a cordial. It is a strange thing that the chairman is obliged to refer to 'the present occasion';—that there is a horrible fascination in the phrase which he can't elude. Also, that there should be an unctuous smack and

relish in the enunciation of titles, as 'And I may be permitted to inform this company that when I had the honour of waiting on His Royal Highness, to ask His Royal Highness to be pleased to bestow his gracious patronage on our excellent Institution, His Royal Highness did me the honour to reply, with that condescension which is ever His Royal Highness's most distinguishing characteristic'—and so forth. As to the singular circumstance that such and such a duty should not have been entrusted to abler hands than mine, everybody is familiar with that phenomenon, but it 's very strange that it *must* be so!

Again, in social matters. It is all very well to wonder who invents slang phrases, referential to Mr. Ferguson or any such mythological personage, but the wonder does not stop there. It extends into Belgravia. Saint James's has its slang, and a great deal of it. Nobody knows who first drawled, languidly, that so and so, or such and such a thing, was 'good fun,' or 'capital fun,' or 'a—the best fun in the world, I 'm told'—but some fine gentleman or lady did so, and accordingly a thousand do. They don't know why. We have the same mysterious authority for inquiring, in our faint way, if Cawberry is a nice person—if he is a superior person—for a romance being so charmingly horrible, or a woman so charmingly ugly—for the Hippopotamus being quite charming in his bath, and the little Elephant so charmingly like its mother—for the glass palace being (do you know) so charming to me that I absolutely bore every creature with it—for those horrid sparrows not having built in the dear gutters, which are so charmingly ingenious—for a great deal more, to the same very charming purpose.

When the old stage-coaches ran, and overturns took place in which all the passengers were killed or crippled, why was it invariably understood that no blame whatever was attributable to the coachman? In railway accidents of the present day, why is the coroner always convinced that a searching inquiry must be made, and that the railway authorities are affording every possible facility in aid of the elucidation of this unhappy disaster? When a new building tumbles into a heap of ruins, why are architect, contractor, and materials

always the best that could be got for money, with additional precautions—as if that splendid termination were the triumph of construction, and all buildings that don't tumble down were failures? When a boiler bursts, why was it the very best of boilers; and why, when somebody thinks that if the accident were not the boiler's fault it is likely to have been the engineer's, is the engineer then morally certain to have been the steadiest and skilfullest of men? If a public servant be impeached, how does it happen that there never was such an excellent public servant as he will be shown to be by Red-Tape-osophy? If an abuse be brought to light, how does it come to pass that it is sure to be, in fact, (if rightly viewed) a blessing? How can it be, that we have gone on, for so many years, surrounding the grave with ghastly, ruinous, incongruous and inexplicable mummeries, and curtaining the cradle with a thousand ridiculous and prejudicial customs?

All these things are conventionalities. It would be well for us if there were no more and no worse in common use. But, having run the gauntlet of so many, in a breath, we must yield to the unconventional necessity of taking breath, and stop here.

A NARRATIVE OF EXTRAORDINARY SUFFERING

[JULY 12, 1851]

A GENTLEMAN of credit and of average ability, whose name we have permission to publish—Mr. Lost, of the Maze, Ware—was recently desirous to make a certain journey in England. Previous to entering on this excursion, which we believe had a commercial object (though Mr. Lost has for some years retired from business as a Woolstapler, having been succeeded in 1831 by his son who now carries on the firm of Lost and Lost, in the old-established premises at Stratford on Avon, Warwickshire, where it may be interesting to our readers to know that he married, in 1834, a Miss Shakespeare,

supposed to be a lineal descendant of the immortal bard), it was necessary that Mr. Lost should come to London, to adjust some unsettled accounts with a merchant in the Borough, arising out of a transaction in Hops. His Diary originating on the day previous to his leaving home is before us, and we shall present its rather voluminous information to our readers in a condensed form: endeavouring to extract its essence only.

It would appear that Mrs. Lost had a decided objection to her husband's undertaking the journey in question. She observed, 'that he had much better stay at home, and not go and make a fool of himself'—which she seems to have had a strong presentiment that he would ultimately do. A young person in their employ as confidential domestic, also protested against his intention, remarking 'that Master warn't the man as was fit for Railways, and Railways warn't the spearses as was fit for Master.' Mr. Lost, however, adhering to his purpose, in spite of these dissuasions, Mrs. Lost made no effort (as she might easily have done with perfect success) to restrain him by force. But, she stipulated with Mr. Lost, that he should purchase an Assurance Ticket of the Railway Passengers' Assurance Company, entitling his representatives to three thousand pounds in case of the worst. It was also understood that in the event of his failing to write home by any single night's post, he would be advertised in the *Times*, at full length, next day.

These satisfactory preliminaries concluded, Mr. Lost sent out the confidential domestic (Mary Anne Mag by name, and born of poor but honest parents) to purchase a Railway Guide. This document was the first shock in connection with his extraordinary journey which Mr. Lost and family received. For, on referring to the Index, to ascertain how Ware stood in reference to the Railways of the United Kingdom and the Principality of Wales, they encountered the following mysterious characters:—

WARE TU 6

No farther information could be obtained. They thought

of page six, but there was no such page in the book, which had the sportive eccentricity of beginning at page eight. In desperate remembrance of the dark monosyllable Tu, they turned to the 'classification of Railways,' but found nothing there under the letter T except 'Taff Vale and Aberdare'—and who (as the confidential domestic said) could ever want *them!* Mr. Lost has placed it on record that his 'brain reeled' when he glanced down the page, and found himself, in search of Ware, wandering among such names as Ravenglass, Bootle and Sprouston.

Reduced to the necessity of proceeding to London by turnpike-road, Mr. Lost made the best of his way to the metropolis in his own one-horse chaise, which he then dismissed in charge of his man, George Flay, who had accompanied him for that purpose. Proceeding to Southwark, he had the satisfaction of finding that the total of his loss upon the Hop transaction did not exceed three hundred and forty-seven pounds, four shillings, and twopence halfpenny. This, he justly regarded as, on the whole, a success for an amateur in that promising branch of speculation; in commemoration of his good fortune, he gave a plain but substantial dinner to the Hop Merchant and two friends at Tom's Coffee House on Ludgate Hill.

He did not sleep at that house of entertainment, but repaired in a hackney cab (No. 482) to the Euston Hotel, adjoining the terminus of the North-Western Railway. On the following morning his remarkable adventures may be considered to have commenced.

It appears that with a view to the farther prosecution of his contemplated journey, it was, in the first place, necessary for Mr. Lost to make for the ancient city of Worcester. Knowing that place to be attainable by way of Birmingham, he started by the train at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and proceeded, pleasantly and at an even pace, to Leighton. Here he found, to his great amazement, a powerful black bar drawn across the road, hopelessly impeding his progress!

After some consideration, during which, as he informs us, his 'brain reeled' again, Mr. Lost returned to London. Having partaken of some refreshment, and endeavoured to com-

pose his mind with sleep (from which, however, he describes himself to have derived but little comfort, in consequence of being fitfully pursued by the mystic signs WARE TU 6), he awoke unrefreshed, and at five minutes past five in the afternoon once again set forth in quest of Birmingham. But now, he was even less fortunate than in the morning; for, on arriving at Tring, some ten miles short of his former place of stoppage, he suddenly found the dreaded black barrier across the road, and was thus warned by an insane voice, which seemed to have something supernatural in its awful sound. 'RUGBY, TO LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, AND DERBY!'

With the spirit of an Englishman, Mr. Lost absolutely refused to proceed to either of those towns. If such were the meaning of the voice, it fell powerless upon him. Why should he go to Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby; and what right had Rugby to interfere with him at Tring? He again returned to London, and, fearing that his mind was going, took the precaution of being bled.

When he arose on the following morning, it was with a haggard countenance, on which the most indifferent observer might have seen the traces of a corroding anxiety, and where the practised eye might have easily detected what was really wrong within. Even conscience does not sear like mystery. Where now were the glowing cheek, the double chin, the mellow nose, the dancing eye? Fled. And in their place—

In the silent watches of the night, he had formed the resolution of endeavouring to reach the object of his pursuit, by Gloucester, on the Great-Western Railway. Leaving London once more, this time at half an hour after twelve at noon, he proceeded to Swindon Junction. Not without difficulty. For, at Didcot, he again found the black barrier across the road, and was violently conducted to seven places, with none of which he had the least concern—in particular, to one dreadful spot with the savage appellation of Aynho. But, escaping from these hostile towns after undergoing a variety of hardships, he arrived (as has been said) at Swindon Junction.

Here, all hope appeared to desert him. It was evident that the whole country was in a state of barricade, and that the

insurgents (whoever they were) had taken their measures but too well. His imprisonment was of the severest kind. Tortures were applied, to induce him to go to Bath, to Bristol, Yatton, Clevedon Junction, Weston-super-Mare Junction, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Falmouth, and the remotest fastnesses of West Cornwall. No chance of Gloucester was held out to him for a moment. Remaining firm, however, and watching his opportunity, he at length escaped—more by the aid of good fortune, he considers, than through his own exertions—and sliding underneath the dreaded barrier, departed by way of Cheltenham for Gloucester.

And now indeed he might have thought that after combating with so many obstacles, and undergoing perils so extreme, his way at length lay clear before him, and a ray of sunshine fell upon his dismal path. The delusive hope, if any such were entertained by the forlorn man, was soon dispelled. It was his horrible fate to depart from Cirencester exactly an hour before he arrived there, and to leave Gloucester ten minutes before he got to it!

It were vain to endeavour to describe the condition to which Mr. Lost was reduced by this overwhelming culmination of his many hardships. It had been no light shock to find his native country in the hands of a nameless foe, cutting off the communication between one town and another, and carrying out a system of barricade, little if at all inferior, in strength and skill, to the fortification of Gibraltar. It had been no light shock to be addressed by maniac voices urging him to fly to various remote parts of the kingdom. But, this tremendous blow, the annihilation of time, the stupendous reversal of the natural sequence and order of things, was too much for his endurance—too much, perhaps, for the endurance of humanity. He quailed beneath it, and became insensible.

When consciousness returned, he found himself again on the North-Western line of Railway, listlessly travelling anywhere. He remembers, he says, Four Ashes, Spread Eagle, and Penkridge. They were black, he thinks, and coaly. He had no business there; he didn't care whether he was there or not. He knew where he wanted to go, and he knew he

couldn't go where he wanted. He was taken to Manchester, Bangor, Liverpool, Windermere, Dundee and Montrose, Edinburgh and Glasglow. He repeatedly found himself in the Isle of Man; believes he was, several times, all over Wales; knows he was at Kingstown and Dublin, but has only a general idea how he got there. Once, when he thought he was going his own way at last, he was dropped at a North Staffordshire Station called (he thinks in mockery) Mow Cop. As a general rule he observed that whatsoever divergence he made, he came to Edinburgh. But, there were exceptions—as when he was set down on the extreme verge of land at Holyhead, or put aboard a Steamboat and carried by way of Paris into the heart of France. He thinks the most remarkable journey he was made to take, was from Euston Square into Northamptonshire; so, by the fens of Lincolnshire round to Rugby; thence, through the whole of the North of England and a considerable part of Scotland, to Liverpool; thence, to Douglas in the Isle of Man; and back, by way of Ireland, Wales, Great Yarmouth, and Bishop Stortford, to Windsor Castle. Throughout the whole of these travels, he observed the black-barrier system in active operation, and was always stopped when he least expected it. He invariably travelled against his will, and found a code of cabalistic signs in use all over the country.

Anxiety and disappointment had now produced their natural results. His face was wan, his voice much weakened, his hair scanty and grey, the whole man expressive of fatigue and endurance. It is an affecting instance of the influence of uneasiness and depression on the mind of Mr. Lost, that he now commenced wildly to seek the object of his journey in the strangest directions. Abandoning the Railroads on which he had undergone so much, he began to institute a feverish inquiry for it among a host of boarding-houses and hotels. 'Bed, breakfast, boots, and attendance, two and sixpence per day.'—'Bed and boots, seven shillings per week.'—'Wines and spirits of the choicest quality.'—'Night Porter in constant attendance.'—'For night arrivals, ring the private door bell.'—'Omnibuses to and from all parts of London, every minute.'—'Do not confound this house with any other

of the same name.' Among such addresses to the public, did Mr. Lost now seek for a way to Worcester. As he might have anticipated—as he *did* anticipate in fact, for he was hopeless now—it was not to be found there. His intellect was greatly shaken.

Mr. Lost has left, in his Diary, a record so minute of the gradual deadening of his intelligence and benumbing of his faculties, that he can be followed downward, as it were step by step. Thus, we find that when he had exhausted the boarding-houses and hotels, family, commercial and otherwise (in which he found his intellect much enfeebled by the constant recurrence of the hieroglyphic '1—6—51—W. J. A.'), he addressed himself, with the same dismal object, to Messrs. Moses and Son, and to Mr. Medwin, bootmaker to His Royal Highness Prince Albert. After them, even to inanimate things, as the Patent Compendium Portmanteau, the improved Chaff Machines and Corn Crushers, the Norman Razor, the Bank of England Sealing Wax, Schweepe's Soda Water, the Extract of Sarsaparilla, the Registered Paletot, Rowland's Kalydor, the Cycloidal Parasol, the Cough Lozenges, the universal night-light, the poncho, Allsopp's pale ale, and the patent knife-cleaner. Failing, naturally, in all these appeals, and in a final address to His Grace the Duke of Wellington in the gentlemanly summer garment, and to Mr. Burton of the General Furnishing Ironmongery Warehouse, he sank into a stupor, and abandoned hope.

Mr. Lost is now a ruin. He is at the Euston Square Hotel. When advised to return home he merely shakes his head and mutters 'Ware Tu . . 6.' No Cabman can be found who will take charge of him on those instructions. He sits continually turning over the leaves of a small, dog's-eared quarto volume with a yellow cover, and babbling in a plaintive voice, BRADSHAW, BRADSHAW.'

A few days since, Mrs. Lost, having been cautiously made acquainted with his condition, arrived at the hotel, accompanied by the confidential domestic. The first words of the heroic woman were:

'John Lost, don't make a spectacle of yourself, don't. Who am I?'

He replied 'BRADSHAW.'

'John Lost,' said Mrs. Lost, 'I have no patience with you. Where have you been to?'

Fluttering the leaves of the book, he answered 'To BRADSHAW.'

'Stuff and nonsense you tiresome man,' said Mrs. Lost. 'You put me out of patience. What on earth has brought you to this stupid state?'

He feebly answered, 'BRADSHAW.'

No one knows what he means.

WHOLE HOGS

[AUGUST 23, 1851]

THE public market has been of late more than usually remarkable for transactions on the American principle in Whole and indivisible Hogs. The market has been heavy—not the least approach to briskness having been observed in any part of it; but, the transactions, such as they have been, have been exclusively for Whole Hogs. Those who may only have had a retail inclination for sides, ribs, limbs, cheeks, face, trotters, snout, ears, or tail, have been required to take the Whole Hog, sinking none of the offal, but consenting to it all—and a good deal of it too.

It has been discovered that mankind at large can only be regenerated by a Teetotal Society, or by a Peace Society, or by always dining on vegetables. It is to be particularly remarked that either of these certain means of regeneration is utterly defeated, if so much as a hair's-breadth of the tip of either ear of that particular Pig be left out of the bargain. Qualify your water with a teaspoonful of wine or brandy—we beg pardon—alcohol—and there is no virtue in Temperance. Maintain a single sentry at the gate of the Queen's Palace, and it is utterly impossible that you can be peaceful. Stew so much as the bone of a mutton chop in the pot with your vegetables, and you will never make another Eden out of a Kitchen Garden. You must take the Whole Hog, Sir,

and every bristle on him, or you and the rest of mankind will never be regenerated.

Now, without inquiring at present whether means of regeneration that are so easily spoiled, may not a little resemble the pair of dancing-shoes in the story, which the lady destroyed by walking across a room in them, we will consider the Whole Hog question from another point of view.

First, stand aside to see the great Teetotal Procession come by. It is called a Temperance Procession—which is not an honest use of a plain word, but never mind that. Hurrah! hurrah! The flags are blue and the letters golden. Hurrah! hurrah! Here are a great many excellent, straightforward, thoroughly well-meaning, and exemplary people, four and four, or two and two. Hurrah! hurrah! Here are a great many children, also four and four, or two and two. Who are they?—They, Sir, are the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope.—Lord bless me! What are the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope?—They are the Infantine Brigade of Regenerators of Mankind.—Indeed? Hurrah! hurrah! These young citizens being pledged to total abstinence, and being fully competent to pledge themselves to anything for life; and it being the custom of such young citizens' parents, in the existing state of unregenerated society, to bring them up on ardent spirits and strong beer (both of which are commonly kept in Barrels, behind the door, on tap, in all large families, expressly for persons of tender years, of whom it is calculated that seven-eighths always go to bed drunk); this is a grand show. So, again, Hurrah! hurrah!

Who are these gentlemen walking two and two, with medals on their stomachs and bows in their button-holes? These, Sir, are the Committee.—Are they? Hurrah! hurrah! One cheer more for the Committee! Hoo-o-o-o-rah! A cheer for the Reverend Jabez Fireworks—fond of speaking; a cheer for the gentleman with the stand-up collar, Mr. Gloss—fond of speaking; a cheer for the gentleman with the massive watch-chain, who smiles so sweetly on the surrounding Fair, Mr. Glib—fond of speaking; a cheer for the rather dirty little gentleman who looks like a converted Hyæna, Mr. Scrad-

ger—fond of speaking; a cheer for the dark-eyed, brown gentleman, the Dove Delegate from America—fond of speaking; a cheer for the swarm who follow, blackening the procession,—Regenerators from everywhere in general—all good men—all fond of speaking; and all going to speak.

I have no right to object, I am sure. Hurrah, hurrah!

The Reverend Jabez Fireworks, and the great Mr. Gloss, and the popular Mr. Glib, and the eminent Mr. Scradger, and the Dove Delegate from America, and the distinguished swarm from everywhere, have ample opportunity (and profit by it, too) for speaking to their heart's content. For is there not, to-day, a Grand Demonstration Meeting; and to-morrow, another Grand Demonstration Meeting; and, the day after to-morrow, a Grand United Regenerative Zoological Visitation; and, the day after that, a Grand Aggregate General Demonstration; and, the day after that, a Grand Associated Regenerative Breakfast; and, the day after that, a Grand Associated Regenerative Tea; and, the day after that, a Final Grand Aggregate Compounded United and Associated Steamboat River Demonstration; and do the Regenerators go anywhere without speaking, by the bushel? Still, what offence to me? None. Still, I am content to cry, Hurrah! hurrah! If the Regenerators, though estimable men, be the most tiresome men (as speakers) under Heaven; if their sincerest and best followers cannot, in the infirmity of human nature, bear the infliction of such oratory, but occupy themselves in preference with tea and rolls, or resort for comfort to the less terrible society of Lions, Elephants, and Bears, or drown the Regenerative eloquence in the clash of brazen Bands; I think it sensible and right and still exclaim, Hurrah!

But how, if with the matter of such eloquence, when any of it happens to be heard, and also happens not to be a singular compound of references to the Bible, and selections from Joe Miller, I find, on drawing nearer, that I *have* some business? How, if I find that the distinguished swarm are not of that quiet class of gentlemen whom Mr. Carlyle describes as consuming their own smoke; but that they emit a

vast amount of smoke, and blacken their neighbours very considerably? Then, as a neighbour myself, I have perhaps a right to speak.

In Bedlam, and in all other madhouses, Society is denounced as being wrongfully combined against the patient. In Newgate, and in all other prisons, Society is denounced as being wrongfully combined against the criminal. In the speeches of the Reverend Jabez, and the other Regenerators, Society is denounced as being wrongfully and wickedly combined against their own particular Whole Hog—who must be swallowed, every bristle, or there is no Pork in him.

The proof? Society won't come in and sign the pledge; Society won't come in and recruit the Juvenile Temperance bands of hope. Therefore, Society is fond of drunkenness, sees no harm in it, favours it very much, *is* a drunkard—a base, worthless, sensual, profligate brute. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, divines, physicians, lawyers, editors, authors, painters, poets, musicians, Queen, lords, ladies, and commons, are all in league against the Regenerators, are all violently attached to drunkenness, are all the more dangerous if by any chance they be personal examples of temperance, in the real meaning of the word!—which last powerful steam-hammer of logic has become a pet one, and is constantly to be observed in action.

Against this sweeping misrepresentation, I take the liberty of entering my feeble protest. With all respect for Jabez, for Gloss, for Glib, for Dove Delegate, and for Scradger, I must make so bold as to observe that when a Malay runs amuck he cannot be considered in a temperate state of mind; also, that when a thermometer stands at Fever Heat, it cannot claim to indicate Temperate weather. A man, to be truly temperate, must be temperate in many respects—in the rejection of strong words no less than of strong drinks—and I crave leave to assert against my good friends the Regenerators, that in such gross statements, they set a most intemperate example. I even doubt whether an equal number of drunkards, under the excitement of the strongest liquors, could set a worse example.

And I would beg to put it seriously to the consideration of

those who have sufficient powers of endurance to stand about the platform, listening, whether they think of this sufficiently? Whether they ever knew the like of this before? Whether they have any experience or knowledge of a good cause that was ever promoted by such bad means? Whether they ever heard of an association of people, deliberately, by their chosen vessels, throwing overboard every effort but their own, made for the amelioration of the condition of men; unscrupulously vilifying all other labourers in the vineyard; calumniously setting down as aiders and abettors of an odious vice which they know to be held in general abhorrence, and consigned to general shame, the great compact mass of the community —of its intelligence, of its morality, of its earnest endeavour after better things? If, upon consideration, they know of no such other case, then the inquiry will perhaps occur to them, whether, in supporting a so-conducted cause, they really be upholders of Temperance, dealing with words, which should be the signs for Truth, according to the truth that is in them?

Mankind can only be regenerated, proclaim the fatteners of the Whole Hog Number Two, by means of a Peace Society. Well! I call out of the nearest Peace Society my worthy friend John Bates—an excellent workman and a sound man, lineally descended from that sturdy soldier of the same name who spake with King Henry the Fifth, on the night before the battle of Agincourt. 'Bates,' says I, 'how about this Regeneration? *Why* can it only be effected by means of a Peace Society?' Says Bates in answer, 'Because War is frightful, ruinous, and unchristian. Because the details of one battle, because the horrors of one siege, would so appal you, if you knew them, that probably you never could be happy afterwards. Because man was not created in the image of his Maker to be blasted with gunpowder, or pierced with bayonets, or gashed with swords, or trampled under iron hoofs of horses, into a puddle of mire and blood. Because War is a wickedness that always costs us dear. Because it wastes our treasure, hardens our hearts, paralyses our industry, cripples our commerce, occasions losses, ills, and devilish crimes, unspeakable and out of number.' Says I, sadly, 'But

have I not, O Bates, known all this for this many a year?' 'It may be so,' says Bates; 'then come into the Peace Society.' Says I, 'Why come in there, Bates?' Says Bates, 'Because we declare we won't have War or show of War. We won't have armies, navies, camps, or ships. England shall be disarmed, we say, and all these horrors ended.' Says I, 'How ended, Bates?' Says Bates, 'By arbitration. We have a Dove Delegate from America, and a Mouse Delegate from France; and we are establishing a Bond of Brotherhood, and that 'll do it.' 'Alas! It will NOT do it, Bates. I, too, have thought upon the horrors of war, of the blessings of peace, and of the fatal distraction of men's minds from seeking them, by the roll of the drum and the thunder of the inexorable cannon. However, Bates, the world is not so far upon its course, yet, but that there are tyrants and oppressors left upon it, watchful to find Freedom weak that they may strike, and backed by great armies. O John Bates, look out towards Austria, look out towards Russia, look out towards Germany, look out towards the purple Sea, that lies so beautiful and calm beyond the filthy jails of Naples! Do you see nothing there?' Says Bates (like the sister in Blue Beard, but much more triumphantly) 'I see nothing there, but dust';—and this is one of the inconveniences of a fattened Whole and indivisible Hog, that it fills up the doorway, and its breeders cannot see beyond it. 'Dust!' says Bates. I tell Bates that it is because there are, behind that dust, oppressors and oppressed, arrayed against each other—that it is because there are, beyond his Dove Delegate and his Mouse Delegate, the wild beasts of the Forest—that it is because I dread and hate the miseries of tyranny and war—that it is because I would not be soldier-ridden, nor have other men so—that I am not for the disarming of England, and cannot be a member of his Peace Society: admitting all his premises, but denying his conclusion. Whereupon Bates, otherwise just and sensible, insinuates that not being for his Whole and indivisible Hog, I can be for no part of his Hog; and that I have never felt or thought what his Society now tells me it, and only it, feels and thinks as a new discovery; and that when I am told of the new discovery I don't care for it!

Mankind can only be regenerated by dining on Vegetables. Why? Certain worthy gentlemen have dined, it seems, on vegetables for ever so many years, and are none the worse for it. Straightway, these excellent men, excited to the highest pitch, announce themselves by public advertisement as 'Distinguished Vegetarians,' vault upon a platform, hold a vegetable festival, and proceed to show, not without prolixity and weak jokes, that a vegetable diet is the only true faith, and that, in eating meat, mankind is wholly mistaken and partially corrupt. Distinguished Vegetarians. As the men who wear Nankeen trousers might hold a similar meeting, and become Distinguished Nankeenarians! But am I to have no meat? If I take a pledge to eat three cauliflowers daily in the cauliflower season, a peck of peas daily in the pea time, a gallon of broad Windsor beans daily when beans are 'in,' and a young cabbage or so every morning before breakfast, with perhaps a little ginger between meals (as a vegetable substance, corrective of that windy diet), may I not be allowed half an ounce of gravy-beef to flavour my potatoes? Not a shred? Distinguished Vegetarians can acknowledge no imperfect animal. Their Hog must be a Whole Hog, according to the fashion of the time.

Now, we would so far renew the custom of sacrificing animals, as to recommend that an altar be erected to Our Country, at present sheltering so many of these very inconvenient and unwieldy Hogs, on which their grosser portions should be 'burnt and purged away.' The Whole Hog of the Temperance Movement, divested of its intemperate assumption of infallibility and of its intemperate determination to run grunting at the legs of the general population of this empire, would be far less unclean and a far more serviceable creature than at present. The Whole Hog of the Peace Society, acquiring the recognition of a community of feeling between itself and many who hold war in no less abhorrence, but who yet believe, that, in the present era of the world, some preparation against it is a preservative of peace and a restraint upon despotism, would become as much enlightened as its learned predecessor Toby, of Immortal Memory. And if distinguished Vegetarians, of all kinds, would only allow a

little meat; and if distinguished Flesh-meatarians, of all kinds, would only yield a little vegetable; if the former, quietly devouring the fruits of the earth to any extent, would admit the possible morality of mashed potatoes with beef—and if the latter would concede a little spinach with gammon; and if both could manage to get on with a little less platforming —there being at present rather an undue preponderance of cry over wool—if all of us, in short, were to yield up something of our whole and entire animals, it might be very much the better in the end, both for us and for them.

After all, my friends and brothers, even the best Whole and indivisible Hog may be but a small fragment of the higher and greater work, called Education!

SUCKING PIGS

[November 8, 1851]

As we both preach and practise Temperance according to the English signification of the word, and as we have lately observed with ashes on our head that one or two respected models of that virtue have been thrown into an ill-humour by our paper on Whole Hogs, we trust they will be soothed by their present reference to the milder and gentler class of swine: which *may* become Whole Hogs if they live, but which we fear are but a measly description of Pork, extremely likely to be cut off in their Bloom.

The accidental use of the foregoing flowery expression, brings us to the subject of our present observations: namely, that last tender and innocent offspring of Whole Hogs, on which has been bestowed the name of Bloomerism.

It is a confession of our ignorance which we make with feelings of humiliation, but when the existence of this little porker first became known to us, we supposed its name to have been conferred upon it in right of its fresh and gushing nature. We have since learnt, not without impressions of solemnity, that it is admiration's tribute to 'Mrs. Colonel Bloomer,' of the United States of America. What visions

rise upon our mind's eye, as our fancy contemplates that eminent lady, and the Colonel in whose home she is a well-spring of joy, we will here make no ineffectual endeavour to describe.

Neither will we enter upon the great question of the Rights of Women; whether Majors, Captains, Lieutenants, Ensigns, Non-commissioned Officers, or Privates, under Mrs. Colonel Bloomer; or members of any other corps. Personally, we admit that our mind would be disturbed, if our own domestic well-spring were to consider it necessary to entrench herself behind a small table ornamented with a water-bottle and tumbler, and from that fortified position to hold forth to the public. Similarly, we should doubt the expediency of her putting up for Marylebone, or being one of the Board of Guardians for St. Pancras, or serving on a Grand Jury for Middlesex, or acting as High Sheriff of any county, or taking the chair at a Meeting on the subject of the Income-Tax. We think it likely that we might be a little discomfited, if we found her appealing to her sex through the advertising columns of the *Times*, in such terms as, 'Women of the Borough and of Tooley Street, it is for your good that I come among you!' or, 'Hereditary bondswomen of Liverpool, know you not, who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!' Assuming (for the sake of argument) our name to be Bellows, we would rather that no original proceeding, however striking, on the part of Mrs. Bellows, led to the adoption, at the various minor theatres and in the Christmas pantomimes, of the Bellows Costume; or to the holding at any public assembly-rooms of a Bellows Ball; or to the composition of countless Bellows Polkas; or to the publication of a ballad (though a pleasing melody with charming words, and certain to become a favourite) entitled, 'I should like to be a Bellows!' In a word, if there were anything that we could dispense with in Mrs. Bellows above all other things, we believe it would be a Mission. We should put the question thus to Mrs. Bellows. 'Apple of our eye, we will freely admit your inalienable right to step out of your domestic path into any phase of public appearance and palaver that pleases you best; but we doubt the wisdom of such a sally. Beloved one, does your sex seek

influence in the civilised world? Surely it possesses influence therein to no mean extent, and has possessed it since the civilised world was. Should we love our Julia (assuming, for the sake of argument, the Christian name of Mrs. Bellows to be Julia),—should we love our Julia better, if she were a Member of Parliament, a Parochial Guardian, a High Sheriff, a Grand Juror, or a woman distinguished for her able conduct in the chair? Do we not, on the contrary, rather seek in the society of our Julia, a haven of refuge from Members of Parliament, Parochial Guardians, High Sheriffs, Grand Jurors, and able chairmen? Is not the home-voice of our Julia as the song of a bird, after considerable bow-wowing out of doors? And is our Julia certain that she has a small table and water-bottle Mission round the corner, when here are nine (say, for the sake of argument, nine) little Bellowses to mend, or mar, at home? Does our heart's best treasure refer us to the land across the Atlantic for a precedent? Then let us remind our Julia, with all respect for the true greatness of that great country, that it is not generally renowned for its domestic rest, and that it may have yet to form itself for its best happiness on the domestic patterns of other lands.' Such would be, in a general way, the nature of our ground in reasoning the point with Mrs. Bellows; but we freely admit all this to be a question of taste.

To return to the sucking pig, Bloomerism. The porcine likeness is remarkable in many particulars. In the first place, it will not do for Mrs. Bellows to be a Budder or a Blower. She must come out of that altogether, and be a Bloomer. It is not enough for Mrs. Bellows to understand that the Bloomer costume is the perfection of delicacy. She must further distinctly comprehend that the ordinary evening dress of herself and her two eldest girls (as innocent and good girls as can be) is the perfection of *in*delicacy. She must not content herself with defending the Bloomer modesty. She must run amuck, and slander in the new light of her advanced refinement, customs that to our coarse minds are harmless and beautiful. What is not indicated (in something of the fashion of a ship's figurehead) through the tight medium of a Bloomer waistcoat, must be distinctly understood to be, under any other circum-

stances, absolutely shocking to persons of true refinement.

What is the next reason for which Mrs. Bellows is called upon, in a strong-minded way, to enroll herself a Bloomer? Tight lacing has done a deal of harm in the world; and Mrs. Bellows cannot by any possibility leave off her stays, or lace them loosely, without Blooming all over, from head to foot. In this will be observed the true Whole Hog philosophy. Admitting (what, of course, is obvious to every one) that there can be no kind of question as to the universality among us of this custom of tight lacing; admitting that there has been no improvement since the days of the now venerable caricatures, in which a lady's figure was always represented like an hour-glass or a wasp; admitting that there has been no ray of enlightenment on this subject; that marriageable Englishmen invariably choose their wives for the smallness of their waists, as Chinese husbands choose theirs for the smallness of their feet; that portrait painters always represent their beauties in the old conventional stays; and that the murderous custom of tight whale-boning and lacing is not confined to a few ignorant girls here and there, probably under the direction of some dense old woman in velvet, the weight of whose gorgeous turban would seem to have settled on her brain and addled her understanding;—admitting all this, which is so self-evident and clear, the next triumphant proposition is, that Mrs. Bellows cannot come out of a pair of stays, without instantly going into a waistcoat, and can by no human ingenuity be set right about the waist, without standing pledged to pantaloons gathered and tied about the ankles.

It further appears, that when Mrs. Bellows goes out for a walk in dirty weather, she splashes her long dress and spoils it, or raises it with one hand and wounds the feelings of Mrs. Colonel Bloomer to an insupportable extent. Now, Mrs. Bellows may not, must not, cannot, will not, shall not, shorten her long dress, or adopt any other mode that her own ingenuity (and she is a very ingenious woman) may suggest to her of remedying the inconvenience; but she must be a Bloomer, a whole Bloomer, and nothing but a Bloomer, or remain for ever a Slave and a Pariah.

And it is a similar feature in this little pig, that even if

Mrs. Bellows chooses to become, of her own free will and liking, a Bloomer, that won't do. She must agitate, agitate, agitate. She must take to the little table and water-bottle. She must go in to be a public character. She must work away at a Mission. It is not enough to do right for right's sake. There can be no satisfaction for Mrs. Bellows, in satisfying her mind after due reflection that the thing she contemplates is right, and therefore ought to be done, and so in calmly and quietly doing it, conscious that therein she sets a righteous example which never can in the nature of things be lost and thrown away. Mrs. Bellows has no business to be self-dependent, and to preserve a quiet little avenue of her own in the world, begirt with her own influences and duties. She must discharge herself of a vast amount of words, she must enlist into an Army composed entirely of Trumpeters, she must come (with the Misses Bellows) into a resounding Spartan Hall for the purpose. To be sure, however, it is to be remarked, that this is the noisy manner in which all great social deeds have been done. Mr. Howard, for example, put on a shovel hat turned up with sky-blue fringe, the moment he conceived the humane idea of his life, and (instead of calmly executing it) ever afterwards perpetually wandered about, calling upon all other men to put on shovel hats with sky-blue fringe, and declare themselves Howardians. Mrs. Fry, in like manner, did not tamely pass her time in Jails, devoted with unwavering steadiness, to one good purpose, sustained by that good purpose, by her strong conscience, and her upright heart, but restlessly went up and down the earth, requiring all women to come forward and be Fryars. Grace Darling, her heroic action done, never retired (as the vulgar suppose) into the solitary Lighthouse which her father kept, content to pass her life there in the discharge of ordinary unexciting duties, unless the similar peril of a fellow-creature should rouse her to similar generous daring; but instantly got a Darling medal struck and made a tour through the Provinces, accompanied by several bushels of the same, by a table, water-bottle, tumbler, and money-taker, and delivered lectures calling on her sex to mount the medal—pledge themselves, with three times three, never to behold a

human being in danger of drowning without putting off in a boat to that human being's aid—and enroll themselves Darlings, one and all.

We had in our contemplation, in beginning these remarks, to suggest to the troops under the command of Mrs. Colonel Bloomer, that their prowess might be usefully directed to the checking, rather than to the encouragement, of masquerade attire. As for example, we observe a certain sanctimonious waistcoat breaking out among the junior clergy of this realm, which we take the liberty to consider by far the most incensing garment ever cut: calculated to lead to breaches of the peace, as moving persons of a temperament open to aggravating influences, to seize the collar and shake off the buttons. Again, we cannot be unmindful of the popularity, among others of the junior clergy, of a meek, spare, large-buttoned, long-skirted, black frock coat, curiously fastened at the neck round a smooth white band; two ordinary wearers of which cassock we beheld, but the other day, at a Marriage Ceremony whereunto we had the honour to be bidden, mysteriously and gratuitously emerge during the proceedings from a stage-door near the altar, and grimly make motions at the marriage-party with certain of their right-hand fingers, resembling those which issued from the last live Guy Fawkes whom we saw carried in procession round a certain public place at Rome. Again, some clerical dignitaries are compelled (therefore they are to be sympathised with, and not condemned) to wear an apron: which few unaccustomed persons can behold with gravity. Further, Her Majesty's Judges at law, than whom a class more worthy of all respect and honour does not live, are required on most public occasions, but especially on the first day of term, to maintain an elevated position behind little desks, with the irksome consciousness of being grinned at in the Cheshire manner (on account of their extraordinary attire) by all comers.

Hence it was that we intended to throw out that suggestion of possible usefulness to the Bloomer forces at which we have sufficiently hinted. But on second thoughts we feel no need to do so, being convinced that they already have, as all things in the world are said to have, their use. They serve

To point the moral and adorn the tail

of Whole Hogs. In the lineaments of the Sucking Pig, Bloomerism, we observe a kind of miniature, with a new and pleasant absurdity in it, of that family. The service it may help to do, is, to divest the family of what is unreasonable and groundlessly antagonistic in its character—which never can be profitable—and so to strengthen the good that is in it—which is very great.

A SLEEP TO STARTLE US

[March 13, 1852]

At the top of Farringdon Street in the City of London, once adorned by the Fleet Prison and by a diabolical jumble of nuisances in the middle of the road called Fleet Market, is a broad new thoroughfare in a state of transition. A few years hence, and we of the present generation will find it not an easy task to recall, in the thriving street which will arise upon this spot, the wooden barriers and hoardings—the passages that lead to nothing—the glimpses of obscene Field Lane and Saffron Hill—the mounds of earth, old bricks, and oyster-shells—the arched foundations of unbuilt houses—the backs of miserable tenements with patched windows—the odds and ends of fever-stricken courts and alleys—which are the present features of the place. Not less perplexing do I find it now, to reckon how many years have passed since I traversed these byways one night before they were laid bare, to find out the first Ragged School.

If I say it is ten years ago, I leave a handsome margin. The discovery was then newly made, that to talk soundingly in Parliament, and cheer for Church and State, or to consecrate and confirm without end, or to perorate to any extent in a thousand market-places about all the ordinary topics of patriotic songs and sentiments, was merely to embellish England on a great scale with whited sepulchres, while there was, in every corner of the land where its people were closely accumulated, profound ignorance and perfect barbarism. It

was also newly discovered, that out of these noxious sinks where they were born to perish, and where the general ruin was hatching day and night, the people *would not come* to be improved. The gulf between them and all wholesome humanity had swollen to such a depth and breadth, that they were separated from it as by impassable seas or deserts; and so they lived, and so they died: an always increasing band of outlaws in body and soul, against whom it were to suppose the reversal of all laws, human and divine, to believe that Society could at last prevail.

In this condition of things, a few unaccredited messengers of Christianity, whom no Bishop had ever heard of, and no Government-office Porter had ever seen, resolved to go to the miserable wretches who had lost the way to them; and to set up places of instruction in their own degraded haunts. I found my first Ragged School, in an obscure place called West Street, Saffron Hill, pitifully struggling for life, under every disadvantage. It had no means, it had no suitable rooms, it derived no power or protection from being recognised by any authority, it attracted within its wretched walls a fluctuating swarm of faces—young in years but youthful in nothing else—that scowled Hope out of countenance. It was held in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint and dirt and pestilence: with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the doors. Zeal did not supply the place of method and training; the teachers knew little of their office; the pupils with an evil sharpness, found them out, got the better of them, derided them, made blasphemous answers to scriptural questions, sang, fought, danced, robbed each other; seemed possessed by legions of devils. The place was stormed and carried, over and over again; the lights were blown out, the books strewn in the gutters, and the female scholars carried off triumphantly to their old wickedness. With no strength in it but its purpose, the school stood it all out and made its way. Some two years since, I found it, one of many such, in a large convenient loft in this transition part of Farringdon Street—quiet and orderly, full, lighted with gas, well whitewashed, numerously attended, and thoroughly established.

The number of houseless creatures who resorted to it, and who were necessarily turned out when it closed, to hide where they could in heaps of moral and physical pollution, filled the managers with pity. To relieve some of the more constant and deserving scholars, they rented a wretched house, where a few common beds—a dozen or a dozen-and-a-half perhaps—were made upon the floor. This was the Ragged School Dormitory; and when I found the School in Farringdon Street, I found the Dormitory in a court hard by, which in the time of the Cholera had acquired a dismal fame. The Dormitory was, in all respects, save as a small beginning, a very discouraging Institution. The air was bad; the dark and ruinous building, with its small close rooms, was quite unsuited to the purpose; and a general supervision of the scattered sleepers was impossible. I had great doubts at the time whether, excepting that they found a crazy shelter for their heads, they were better there than in the streets.

Having heard, in the course of last month, that this Dormitory (there are others elsewhere) had grown as the School had grown, I went the other night to make another visit to it. I found the School in the same place, still advancing. It was now an Industrial School too; and besides the men and boys who were learning—some, aptly enough; some, with painful difficulty; some, sluggishly and wearily; some, not at all—to read and write and cipher; there were two groups, one of shoemakers, and one (in a gallery) of tailors, working with great industry and satisfaction. Each was taught and superintended by a regular workman engaged for the purpose, who delivered out the necessary means and implements. All were employed in mending, either their own dilapidated clothes or shoes, or the dilapidated clothes or shoes of some of the other pupils. They were of all ages, from young boys to old men. They were quiet, and intent upon their work. Some of them were almost as unused to it as I should have shown myself to be if I had tried my hand, but all were deeply interested and profoundly anxious to do it somehow or other. They presented a very remarkable instance of the general desire there is, after all, even in the vagabond breast, to know something useful. One shock-headed man when he

had mended his own scrap of a coat, drew it on with such an air of satisfaction, and put himself to so much inconvenience to look at the elbow he had darned, that I thought a new coat (and the mind could not imagine a period when that coat of his was new!) would not have pleased him better. In the other part of the School, where each class was partitioned off by screens adjusted like the boxes in a coffee-room, was some very good writing, and some singing of the multiplication-table—the latter, on a principle much too juvenile and innocent for some of the singers. There was also a ciphering-class, where a young pupil teacher out of the streets, who refreshed himself by spitting every half-minute, had written a legible sum in compound addition, on a broken slate, and was walking backward and forward before it, as he worked it, for the instruction of his class, in this way:

Now then! Look here, all on you! Seven and five, how many?

SHARP BOY (in no particular clothes). Twelve!

PUPIL TEACHER. Twelve—and eight?

DULL YOUNG MAN (with water on the brain). Forty-five!

SHARP BOY. Twenty!

PUPIL TEACHER. Twenty. You 're right. And nine?

DULL YOUNG MAN (after great consideration). Twenty-nine!

PUPIL TEACHER. Twenty-nine it is. And nine?

RECKLESS GUESSER. Seventy-four!

PUPIL TEACHER (drawing nine strokes). How can that be? Here 's nine on 'em! Look! Twenty-nine, and one 's thirty, and one 's thirty-one, and one 's thirty-two, and one 's thirty-three, and one 's thirty-four, and one 's thirty-five, and one 's thirty-six, and one 's thirty-seven, and one 's what?

RECKLESS GUESSER. Four-and-two-pence farden!

DULL YOUNG MAN (who has been absorbed in the demonstration). Thirty-eight!

PUPIL TEACHER (restraining sharp boy's ardour). Of course it is! Thirty-eight pence. There they are! (writing 38 in slate-corner). Now what do you make of thirty-eight pence? Thirty-eight pence, how much? (Dull young man slowly considers and gives it up, under a week.) How much

you? (to sleepy boy, who stares and says nothing). How much, *you?*

SHARP BOY. Three-and-twopence!

PUPIL TEACHER. Three-and-twopence. How do I put down three-and-twopence?

SHARP BOY. You puts down the two, and you carries the three.

PUPIL TEACHER. Very good. Where do I carry the three?

RECKLESS GUESSER. T' other side the slate!

SHARP BOY. You carries him to the next column on the left hand, and adds him on!

PUPIL TEACHER. And adds him on! and eight and three 's eleven, and eight 's nineteen, and seven 's what?

—And so on.

The best and most spirited teacher was a young man, himself reclaimed through the agency of this School from the lowest depths of misery and debasement, whom the Committee were about to send out to Australia. He appeared quite to deserve the interest they took in him, and his appearance and manner were a strong testimony to the merits of the establishment.

All this was not the Dormitory, but it was the preparation for it. No man or boy is admitted to the Dormitory, unless he is a regular attendant at the school, and unless he has been in the school two hours before the time of opening the Dormitory. If there be reason to suppose that he can get any work to do and will not do it, he is admitted no more, and his place is assigned to some other candidate for the nightly refuge: of whom there are always plenty. There is very little to tempt the idle and profligate. A scanty supper and a scanty breakfast, each of six ounces of bread and nothing else (this quantity is less than the present penny-loaf), would scarcely be regarded by Mr. Chadwick himself as a festive or uproarious entertainment.

I found the Dormitory below the School: with its bare walls and rafters, and bare floor, the building looked rather like an extensive coach-house, well lighted with gas. A wooden gallery had been recently erected on three sides of it;

and, abutting from the centre of the wall on the fourth side, was a kind of glazed meat-safe, accessible by a ladder; in which the presiding officer is posted every night, and all night. In the centre of the room, which was very cool, and perfectly sweet, stood a small fixed stove; on two sides, there were windows; on all sides, simple means of admitting fresh air, and releasing foul air. The ventilation of the place, devised by Doctor Arnott, and particularly the expedient for relieving the sleepers in the galleries from receiving the breath of the sleepers below, is a wonder of simplicity, cheapness, efficiency, and practical good sense. If it had cost five or ten thousand pounds, it would have been famous.

The whole floor of the building, with the exception of a few narrow pathways, was partitioned off into wooden troughs, or shallow boxes without lids—not unlike the fittings in the shop of a dealer in corn and flour, and seeds. The galleries were parcelled out in the same way. Some of these berths were very short—for boys; some, longer—for men. The largest were of very contracted limits; all were composed of the bare boards; each was furnished only with one coarse rug, rolled up. In the brick pathways were iron gratings communicating with trapped drains, enabling the entire surface of these sleeping-places to be soused and flooded with water every morning. The floor of the galleries was cased with zinc, and fitted with gutters and escape-pipes, for the same reason. A supply of water, both for drinking and for washing, and some tin vessels for either purpose, were at hand. A little shed, used by one of the industrial classes, for the chopping up of firewood, did not occupy the whole of the spare space in that corner; and the remainder was devoted to some excellent baths, available also as washing troughs, in order that those who have any rags of linen may clean them once a-week. In aid of this object, a drying-closet, charged with hot-air, was about to be erected in the wood-chopping shed. All these appliances were constructed in the simplest manner, with the commonest means, in the narrowest space, at the lowest cost; but were perfectly adapted to their respective purposes.

I had scarcely made the round of the Dormitory, and looked

at all these things, when a moving of feet overhead announced that the School was breaking up for the night. It was succeeded by profound silence, and then by a hymn, sung in a subdued tone, and in very good time and tune, by the learners we had lately seen. Separated from their miserable bodies, the effect of their voices, united in this strain, was infinitely solemn. It was as if their souls were singing—as if the outward differences that parted us had fallen away, and the time was come when all the perverted good that was in them, or that ever might have been in them, arose imploringly to Heaven.

The baker who had brought the bread, and who leaned against a pillar while the singing was in progress, meditating in his way, whatever his way was, now shouldered his basket and retired. The two half-starved attendants (rewarded with a double portion for their pains) heaped the six-ounce loaves into other baskets, and made ready to distribute them. The night-officer arrived, mounted to his meat-safe, unlocked it, hung up his hat, and prepared to spend the evening. I found him to be a very respectable-looking person in black, with a wife and family; engaged in an office all day, and passing his spare time here, from half-past nine every night to six every morning, for a pound a-week. He had carried the post against two hundred competitors.

The door was now opened, and the men and boys who were to pass that night in the Dormitory, in number one hundred and sixty-seven (including a man for whom there was no trough, but who was allowed to rest in the seat by the stove, once occupied by the night-officer before the meat-safe was), came in. They passed to their different sleeping-places, quietly and in good order. Every one sat down in his own crib, where he became presented in a curiously foreshortened manner; and those who had shoes took them off, and placed them in the adjoining path. There were, in the assembly, thieves, cadgers, trampers, vagrants, common outcasts of all sorts. In casual wards and many other Refuges, they would have been very difficult to deal with; but they were restrained here by the law of kindness, and had long since arrived at the knowledge that those who gave him that shelter could have

no possible inducement save to do them good. Neighbours spoke little together—they were almost as uncompanionable as mad people—but everybody took his small loaf when the baskets went round, with a thankfulness more or less cheerful, and immediately ate it up.

There was some excitement in consequence of one man being missing; 'the lame old man.' Everybody had seen the lame old man upstairs asleep, but he had unaccountably disappeared. What he had been doing with himself was a mystery, but, when the inquiry was at its height, he came shuffling and tumbling in, with his palsied head hanging on his breast—an emaciated drunkard, once a compositor, dying of starvation and decay. He was so near death, that he could not be kept there, lest he should die in the night; and, while it was under deliberation what to do with him, and while his dull lips tried to shape out answers to what was said to him, he was held up by two men. Beside this wreck, but all unconnected with it and with the whole world, was an orphan boy with burning cheeks and great gaunt eager eyes, who was in pressing peril of death, too, and who had no possession under the broad sky but a bottle of physic and a scrap of writing. He brought both from the house-surgeon of a Hospital that was too full to admit him, and stood, giddily staggering in one of the little pathways, while the Chief Samaritan read, in hasty characters underlined, how momentous his necessities were. He held the bottle of physic in his claw of a hand, and stood, apparently unconscious of it, staggering, and staring with his bright glazed eyes; a creature, surely, as forlorn and desolate as Mother Earth can have supported on her breast that night. He was gently taken away, along with the dying man, to the workhouse; and he passed into the darkness with his physic-bottle as if he were going into his grave.

The bread eaten to the last crumb; and some drinking of water and washing in water having taken place, with very little stir or noise indeed; preparations were made for passing the night. Some, took off their rags of smock frocks; some, their rags of coats or jackets, and spread them out within their narrow bounds for beds: designing to lie upon them,

and use their rugs as a covering. Some, sat up, pondering, on the edges of their troughs; others, who were very tired, rested their unkempt heads upon their hands and their elbows on their knees, and dozed. When there were no more who desired to drink or wash, and all were in their places, the night officer, standing below the meat-safe, read a short evening service, including perhaps as inappropriate a prayer as could possibly be read (as though the Lord's Prayer stood in need of it by way of Rider), and a portion of a chapter from the New Testament. Then, they all sang the Evening Hymn, and then they all lay down to sleep.

It was an awful thing, looking round upon those one hundred and sixty-seven representatives of many thousands, to reflect that a Government, unable, with the least regard to truth, to plead ignorance of the existence of such a place, should proceed as if the sleepers never were to wake again. I do not hesitate to say—why should I, for I know it to be true!—that an annual sum of money, contemptible in amount as compared with any charges upon any list, freely granted in behalf of these Schools, and shackled with no preposterous Red Tape conditions, would relieve the prisons, diminish county rates, clear loads of shame and guilt out of the streets, recruit the army and navy, waft to new countries, Fleets full of useful labour, for which their inhabitants would be thankful and beholden to us. It is no depreciation of the devoted people whom I found presiding here, to add, that with such assistance as a trained knowledge of the business of instruction, and a sound system adjusted to the peculiar difficulties and conditions of this sphere of action, their usefulness could be increased fifty-fold in a few months.

My Lords and Gentlemen, can you, at the present time, consider this at last, and agree to do some little easy thing! Dearly beloved brethren elsewhere, do you know that between Gorham controversies, and Pusey controversies, and Newman controversies, and twenty other edifying controversies, a certain large class of minds in the community is gradually being driven out of all religion? Would it be well, do you think, to come out of the controversies for a little while, and be simply Apostolic thus low down!

BETTING-SHOPS

[June 26, 1852]

In one sporting newspaper for Sunday, June the fourteenth, there are nine-and-twenty advertisements from Prophets, who have wonderful information to give—for a consideration ranging from one pound one, to two-and-sixpence—concerning every 'event' that is to come off upon the Turf. Each of these Prophets has an unrivalled and unchallengeable 'Tip,' founded on amazing intelligence communicated to him by illustrious unknowns (traitors of course, but that is nobody's business) in all the racing stables. Each, is perfectly clear that his enlightened patrons and correspondents *must* win; and each, begs to guard a too-confiding world against relying on the other. They are all philanthropists. One Sage announces 'that when he casts his practised eye on the broad surface of struggling society, and witnesses the slow and enduring perseverance of some, and the infatuous rush of the many who are grappling with a cloud, he is led with more intense desire to hold up the lamp of light to all.' He is also much afflicted, because 'not a day passes, without his witnessing the public squandering away their money on worthless rubbish.' Another, heralds his re-appearance among the lesser stars of the firmament with the announcement, 'Again the Conquering Prophet comes!' Another moralist intermingles with his 'Pick,' and 'Tip,' the great Christian precept of the New Testament. Another, confesses to a small recent mistake which has made it 'a disastrous meeting for us,' but considers that excuses are unnecessary (after making them), for, 'surely, after the unprecedented success of the proofs he has lately afforded of his capabilities in fishing out the most carefully-hidden turf secrets, he may readily be excused one blunder.' All the Prophets write in a rapid manner, as receiving their inspiration on horseback, and noting it down, hot and hot, in the saddle, for the enlightenment of mankind and the restoration of the golden age.

This flourishing trade is a melancholy index to the round numbers of human donkeys who are everywhere browzing about. And it is worthy of remark that the great mass of disciples were, at first, undoubtedly to be found among those fast young gentlemen, who are so excruciatingly knowing that they are not by any means to be taken in by Shakespeare, or any sentimental gammon of that sort. To us, the idea of this would-be keen race being preyed upon by the whole Betting-Book of Prophets, is one of the most ludicrous pictures the mind can imagine; while there is a just and pleasant retribution in it which would awaken in us anything but animosity towards the Prophets, if the mischief ended here.

But, the mischief has the drawback that it does not end here. When there are so many Picks and Tips to be had, which will, of a surety, pick and tip their happy owners into the lap of Fortune, it becomes the duty of every butcher's boy and errand lad who is sensible of what is due to himself, immediately to secure a Pick and Tip of the cheaper sort, and to go in and win. Having purchased the talisman from the Conquering Prophet, it is necessary that the noble sportsman should have a handy place provided for him, where lists of the running horses and of the latest state of the odds, are kept, and where he can lay out his money (or somebody else's) on the happy animals at whom the Prophetic eye has cast a knowing wink. Presto! Betting-shops spring up in every street! There is a demand at all the brokers' shops for old, fly-blown, coloured prints of race-horses, and for any odd folio volumes that have the appearance of Ledgers. Two such prints in any shop-window, and one such book on any shop-counter, will make a complete Betting-office, bank, and all.

The Betting-shop may be a Tobacconist's, thus suddenly transformed; or it may be nothing but a Betting-shop. It may be got up cheaply, for the purposes of Pick and Tip investment, by the removal of the legitimate counter, and the erection of an official partition and desk in one corner; or, it may be wealthy in mahogany fittings, French polish, and office furniture. The presiding officer, in an advanced stage of shabbiness, may be accidentally beheld through the

little window—whence from the inner mysteries of the Temple, he surveys the devotees before entering on business—drinking gin with an admiring client; or he may be a serenely condescending gentleman of Government Office appearance, who keeps the books of the establishment with his glass in his eye. The Institution may stoop to bets of single shillings, or may reject lower ventures than half-crowns, or may draw the line of demarcation between itself and the snobs at five shillings, or seven-and-sixpence, or half-a-sovereign, or even (but very rarely indeed), at a pound. Its note of the little transaction may be a miserable scrap of limp pasteboard with a wretchedly printed form, worse filled up; or, it may be a genteelly tinted card, addressed 'To the Cashier of the Aristocratic Club,' and authorising that important officer to pay the bearer two pounds fifteen shillings, if Greenhorn wins the Fortunatus's Cup; and to be very particular to pay it the day after the race. But, whatever the Betting-shop be, it has only to be somewhere—anywhere, so people pass and repass—and the rapid youth of England, with its slang intelligence perpetually broad awake and its weather eye continually open, will walk in and deliver up its money, like the helpless Innocent that it is.

> 'Pleased to the last, it thinks its wager won,
> And licks the hand by which it's surely Done!'

We cannot represent the headquarters of *Household Words* as being situated peculiarly in the midst of these establishments, for, they parade the whole of London and its suburbs. But, our neighbourhood yields an abundant crop of Betting-shops, and we have not to go far to know something about them. Passing the other day, through a dirty thoroughfare, much frequented, near Drury Lane Theatre, we found that a new Betting-shop had suddenly been added to the number under the auspices of Mr. Cheerful.

Mr. Cheerful's small establishment was so very like that of the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, unfurnished, and hastily adapted to the requirements of secure and profitable investment, that it attracted our particular notice. It burst into bloom, too, so very shortly before the Ascot Meeting,

that we had our suspicions concerning the possibility of Mr. Cheerful having devised the ingenious speculation of getting what money he could, up to the day of the race, and then—if we may be allowed the harsh expression—bolting. We had no doubt that investments would be made with Mr. Cheerful, notwithstanding the very unpromising appearance of his establishment; for, even as we were considering its exterior from the opposite side of the way (it may have been opened that very morning), we saw two newsboys, an incipient baker, a clerk, and a young butcher, go in, and transact business with Mr. Cheerful in a most confiding manner.

We resolved to lay a bet with Mr. Cheerful, and see what came of it. So we stepped across the road into Mr. Cheerful's Betting-shop, and, having glanced at the lists hanging up therein, while another noble sportsman (a boy with a blue bag) laid another bet with Mr. Cheerful, we expressed our desire to back Tophana for the Western Handicap, to the spirited amount of half-a-crown. In making this advance to Mr. Cheerful, we looked as knowing on the subject, both of Tophana and the Western Handicap, as it was in us to do: though, to confess the humiliating truth, we neither had, nor have, the least idea in connection with those proper names, otherwise than as we suppose Tophana to be a horse, and the Western Handicap an aggregate of stakes. It being Mr. Cheerful's business to be grave and ask no questions, he accepted our wager, booked it, and handed us over his railed desk the dirty scrap of pasteboard, in right of which we were to claim—the day after the race; we were to be very particular about that—seven-and-sixpence sterling, if Tophana won. Some demon whispering us that here was an opportunity of discovering whether Mr. Cheerful had a good bank of silver in the cash-box, we handed in a sovereign. Mr. Cheerful's head immediately slipped down behind the partition, investigating imaginary drawers; and Mr. Cheerful's voice was presently heard to remark, in a stifled manner, that all the silver had been changed for gold that morning. After which, Mr. Cheerful reappeared in the twinkling of an eye, called in from a parlour the sharpest small boy ever beheld by human vision, and dispatched him for change. We re-

marked to Mr. Cheerful that if he would obligingly produce half-a-sovereign (having so much gold by him) we would increase our bet, and save him trouble. But, Mr. Cheerful, sliding down behind the partition again, answered that the boy was gone, now—trust him for that; he had vanished the instant he was spoken to—and it was no trouble at all. Therefore, we remained until the boy came back, in the society of Mr. Cheerful, and of an inscrutable woman who stared out resolutely into the street, and was probably Mrs. Cheerful. When the boy returned, we thought we once saw him faintly twitch his nose while we received our change, as if he exulted over a victim; but, he was so miraculously sharp, that it was impossible to be certain.

The day after the race, arriving, we returned with our document to Mr. Cheerful's establishment, and found it in great confusion. It was filled by a crowd of boys, mostly greasy, dirty, and dissipated; and all clamouring for Mr. Cheerful. Occupying Mr. Cheerful's place, was the miraculous boy; all alone, and unsupported, but not at all disconcerted. Mr. Cheerful, he said, had gone out on ' 'tickler bizniz' at ten o'clock in the morning, and wouldn't be back till late at night. Mrs. Cheerful was gone out of town for her health, till the winter. Would Mr. Cheerful be back to-morrow? cried the crowd. 'He won't be *here*, to-morrow,' said the miraculous boy. 'Coz it 's Sunday, and he always goes to church, a' Sunday.' At this, even the losers laughed. 'Will he be here a' Monday, then?' asked a desperate young green-grocer. 'A' Monday?' said the miracle, reflecting. 'No, I don't think he 'll be here, a' Monday, coz he 's going to a sale a' Monday.' At this, some of the boys taunted the unmoved miracle with meaning 'a sell instead of a sale,' and others swarmed over the whole place, and some laughed, and some swore, and one errand boy, discovering the book—the only thing Mr. Cheerful had left behind him—declared it to be a 'stunning good 'un.' We took the liberty of looking over it, and found it so. Mr. Cheerful had received about seventeen pounds, and, even if he had paid his losses, would have made a profit of between eleven and twelve pounds. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Cheerful has been so long detained at the sale

that he has never come back. The last time we loitered past his late establishment (over which is inscribed Boot and Shoe Manufactory), the dusk of evening was closing in, and a young gentleman from New Inn was making some rather particular enquiries after him of a dim and dusty man who held the door a very little way open, and knew nothing about anybody, and less than nothing (if possible) about Mr. Cheerful. The handle of the lower door-bell was most significantly pulled out to its utmost extent, and left so, like an Organ stop in full action. It is to be hoped that the poor gull who had so frantically rung for Mr. Cheerful, derived some gratification from that expenditure of emphasis. He will never get any other, for his money.

But the public in general are not to be left a prey to such fellows as Cheerful. O, dear no! We have better neighbours than *that*, in the Betting-shop way. Expressly for the correction of such evils, we have The Tradesmen's Moral Associative Betting Club; the Prospectus of which Institution for the benefit of tradesmen (headed in the original with a racing woodcut), we here faithfully present without the alteration of a word.

'The Projectors of the Tradesmen's Moral Associative Betting Club, in announcing an addition to the number of Betting Houses in the Metropolis, beg most distinctly to state that they are not actuated by a feeling of rivalry towards old established and honourably conducted places of a similar nature, but in a spirit of fair competition, ask for the support of the public, guaranteeing to them more solid security for the investment of their monies, than has hitherto been offered.

'The Tradesmen's Moral Associative Betting Club is really what its name imports, viz., an Association of Tradesmen, persons in business, who witnessing the robberies hourly inflicted upon the humbler portion of the sporting public, by parties bankrupts alike in character and property, have come to the conclusion that the establishment of a club wherein their fellow-tradesmen, and the speculator of a few shillings, may invest their money with assured consciousness of a fair

and honourable dealing, will be deemed worthy of public support.

'The Directors of this establishment feel that much of the odium attached to Betting Houses, (acting to the prejudice of those which have striven hard by honourable means to secure public confidence) has arisen from the circumstance, that many offices have been fitted up in a style of gaudy imitative magnificence, accompanied by an expense, which, if defrayed, is obviously out of keeping with the profits of a legitimate concern. Whilst, in singular contrast, others have presented such a poverty stricken appearance, that it is evident the design of the occupant was only to receive money of *all*, and terminate in paying *none*.

'Avoiding these extremes of appearance, and with a determination never to be induced to speculate to an extent, that may render it even probable that we shall be unable "to pay the day after the race."

'The business of the club will be carried on at the house of a highly respectable and well-known tradesman, situate in a central locality, the existence of an agreement with whom, on the part of the directors, forms the strongest possible guarantee of our intention to keep faith with the public.

'The market odds will be laid on all events, and every ticket issued be signed by the director only, the monies being invested,' etc. etc.

After this, Tradesmen are quite safe in laying out their money on their favourite horses. And their families, like the people in old fireside stories, will no doubt live happy ever afterwards!

Now, it is unquestionable that this evil has risen to a great height, and that it involves some very serious social considerations. But, with all respect for opinions which we do not hold, we think it a mistake to cry for legislative interference in such a case. In the first place, we do not think it wise to exhibit a legislature which has always cared so little for the amusements of the people, in repressive action only. If it had been an educational legislature, considerate of the popular enjoyments, and sincerely desirous to advance and extend

them during as long a period as it has been exactly the reverse, the question might assume a different shape; though, even then, we should greatly doubt whether the same notion were not a shifting of the real responsibility. In the second place, although it is very edifying to have honourable members, and right honourable members, and honourable and learned members, and what not, holding forth in their places upon what is right, and what is wrong, and what is true, and what is false—among the people—we have that audacity in us that we do not admire the present Parliamentary standard and balance of such questions; and we believe that if those be not scrupulously just, Parliament cannot invest itself with much moral authority. Surely the whole country knows that certain chivalrous public Prophets have been, for a pretty long time past, advertising their Pick and Tip in all directions, pointing out the horse which was to ruin all backers, and swearing by the horse which was to make everybody's fortune! Surely we all know, howsoever our political opinions may differ, that more than one of them 'casting his practised eye,' exactly like the Prophet in the sporting paper, 'on the broad surface of struggling society,' has been possessed by the same 'intense desire to hold up the lamp of light to all,' and has solemnly known by the lamp of light that Black was the winning horse—until his Pick and Tip was purchased; when he suddenly began to think it might be White, or even Brown, or very possibly Grey. Surely, we all know, however reluctant we may be to admit it, that this has tainted and confused political honesty; that the Elections before us, and the whole Government of the country, are at present a great reckless Betting-shop, where the Prophets have pocketed their own predictions after playing fast and loose with their patrons as long as they could; and where, casting their practised eyes over things in general, they are now backing anything and everything for a chance of winning!

No. If the legislature took the subject in hand it would make a virtuous demonstration, we have no doubt, but it would not present an edifying spectacle. Parents and employers must do more for themselves. Every man should

know something of the habits and frequentings of those who are placed under him; and should know much, when a new class of temptation thus presents itself. Apprentices are, by the terms of their indentures, punishable for gaming; it would do a world of good, to get a few score of that class of noble sportsmen convicted before magistrates, and shut up in the House of Correction, to Pick a little oakum, and Tip a little gruel into their silly stomachs. Betting clerks, and betting servants of all grades, once detected after a grave warning, should be firmly dismissed. There are plenty of industrious and steady young men to supply their places. The police should receive instructions by no means to overlook any gentleman of established bad reputation—whether 'wanted' or not—who is to be found connected with a Betting-shop. It is our belief that several eminent characters could be so discovered. These precautions; always supposing parents and employers resolute to discharge their own duties instead of vaguely delegating them to a legislature they have no reliance on; would probably be sufficient. Some fools who are under no control, will always be found wandering away to ruin; but, the greater part of that extensive department of the commonalty *are* under some control, and the great need is, that it be better exercised.

TRADING IN DEATH

[November 27, 1852]

Several years have now elapsed since it began to be clear to the comprehension of most rational men, that the English people had fallen into a condition much to be regretted, in respect of their Funeral customs. A system of barbarous show and expense was found to have gradually erected itself above the grave, which, while it could possibly do no honour to the memory of the dead, did great dishonour to the living, as inducing them to associate the most solemn of human occasions with unmeaning mummeries, dishonest debt, profuse waste, and bad example in an utter oblivion of responsi-

bility. The more the subject was examined, and the lower the investigation was carried, the more monstrous (as was natural) these usages appeared to be, both in themselves and in their consequences. No class of society escaped. The competition among the middle classes for superior gentility in Funerals—the gentility being estimated by the amount of ghastly folly in which the undertaker was permitted to run riot—descended even to the very poor: to whom the cost of funeral customs was so ruinous and so disproportionate to their means, that they formed Clubs among themselves to defray such charges. Many of these Clubs, conducted by designing villains who preyed upon the general infirmity, cheated and wronged the poor, most cruelly; others, by presenting a new class of temptations to the wickedest natures among them, led to a new class of mercenary murders, so abominable in their iniquity, that language cannot stigmatise them with sufficient severity. That nothing might be wanting to complete the general depravity, hollowness, and falsehood, of this state of things, the absurd fact came to light, that innumerable harpies assumed the titles of furnishers of Funerals, who possessed no Funeral furniture whatever, but who formed a long file of middlemen between the chief mourner and the real tradesman, and who hired out the trappings from one to another—passing them on like water-buckets at a fire—every one of them charging his enormous percentage on his share of the 'black job.' Add to all this, the demonstration, by the simplest and plainest practical science, of the terrible consequences to the living, inevitably resulting from the practice of burying the dead in the midst of crowded towns; and the exposition of a system of indecent horror, revolting to our nature and disgraceful to our age and nation, arising out of the confined limits of such burial-grounds, and the avarice of their proprietors; and the culminating point of this gigantic mockery is at last arrived at.

Out of such almost incredible degradation, saving that the proof of it is too easy, we are still very slowly and feebly emerging. There are now, we confidently hope, among the middle classes, many, who having made themselves acquainted with these evils through the parliamentary papers in which

they are described, would be moved by no human consideration to perpetuate the old bad example; but who will leave it as their solemn injunction on their nearest and dearest survivors, that they shall not, in their death, be made the instruments of infecting, either the minds or the bodies of their fellow-creatures. Among persons of note, such examples have not been wanting. The late Duke of Sussex did a national service when he desired to be laid, in the equality of death, in the cemetery of Kensal Green, and not with the pageantry of a State Funeral in the Royal vault at Windsor. Sir Robert Peel requested to be buried at Drayton. The late Queen Dowager left a pattern to every rank in these touching and admirable words: 'I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the Throne of God; and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be removed to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible. I particularly desire not to be laid out in state. I die in peace and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and pomp of this world. I request not to be dissected or embalmed, and desire to give as little trouble as possible.'

With such precedents and such facts fresh in the general knowledge, and at this transition-time in so serious a chapter of our social history, the obsolete custom of a State Funeral has been revived, in miscalled 'honour' of the late Duke of Wellington. To whose glorious memory be all true honour while England lasts!

We earnestly submit to our readers that there is, and that there can be, no kind of honour in such a revival; that the more truly great the man, the more truly little the ceremony; and that it has been, from first to last, a pernicious instance and encouragement of the demoralising practice of trading in Death.

It is within the knowledge of the whole public, of all diversities of political opinion, whether or no any of the Powers that be, have traded in this Death—have saved it up, and petted it, and made the most of it, and reluctantly let it

go. On that aspect of the question we offer no further remark.

But, of the general trading spirit which, in its inherent emptiness and want of consistency and reality, the long-deferred State Funeral has appropriately awakened, we will proceed to furnish a few instances all faithfully copied from the advertising columns of the *Times*.

First, of seats and refreshments. Passing over that desirable first-floor where a party could be accommodated with 'the use of a piano'; and merely glancing at the decorous daily announcement of 'The Duke of Wellington Funeral Wine,' which was in such high demand that immediate orders were necessary; and also 'The Duke of Wellington Funeral Cake,' which 'delicious article' could only be had of such a baker; and likewise 'The Funeral Life Preserver,' which could only be had of such a tailor; and further 'the celebrated lemon biscuits,' at one and fourpence per pound, which were considered by the manufacturer as the only infallible assuagers of the national grief; let us pass in review some dozen of the more eligible opportunities the public had of profiting by the occasion.

LUDGATE HILL.—The fittings and arrangements for viewing this grand and solemnly imposing procession are now completed at this establishment, and those who are desirous of obtaining a fine and extensive view, combined with every personal convenience and comfort, will do well to make immediate inspection of the SEATS now remaining on hand.

FUNERAL, including Beds the night previous.—To be LET, a SECOND FLOOR, of three rooms, two windows, having a good view of the procession. Terms, including refreshment, 10 guineas. Single places, including bed and breakfast, from 15*s*.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—A first-rate VIEW for 15 persons, also good clean beds and a sitting-room on reasonable terms.

SEATS and WINDOWS to be LET, in the best part of the Strand, a few doors from Coutts's banking-house. First floor windows, £8 each; second floor, £5 10*s*. each; third floor, £3 10*s*. each; two plate-glass shop windows, £7 each.

SEATS to VIEW the DUKE of WELLINGTON'S FUNERAL. Best position of all the route, no obstruction to the view. Apply Old Bailey. N.B. From the above position you can nearly see to St. Paul's and to Temple Bar.

FUNERAL of the late Duke of WELLINGTON.—To be LET, a SECOND FLOOR, two windows, firing and every convenience. Terms moderate for a party. Also a few seats in front, one guinea each. · Commanding a view from Piccadilly to Pall Mall.

FUNERAL of the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—The FIRST and SECOND FLOORS to be LET, either by the room or window, suited to gentlemen's families, for whom every comfort and accommodation will be provided, and commanding the very best view of this imposing spectacle. The ground floor is also fitted up with commodious seats, ranging in price from one guinea. Apply on the premises.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—Terms very moderate.—TWO FIRST FLOOR ROOMS, with balcony and private entrance out of the Strand. The larger room capable of holding 15 persons. The small room to be let for eight guineas.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—To be LET, a SHOP WINDOW, with seats erected for about 30, for 25 guineas. Also a Furnished First Floor, with two large windows. One of the best views in the whole range from Temple Bar to St. Paul's. Price 35 guineas. A few single seats one guinea each.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION of the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, decidedly the best position in the whole route, a few SEATS still DISENGAGED, which will be offered at reasonable prices. An early application is requisite, as they are fast filling up. Also a few places on the roof. A most excellent view.

FUNERAL of the Late DUKE of WELLINGTON.—To be LET, in the best part of the Strand, a SECOND FLOOR, for £10; a Third Floor, £7 10*s*., containing two windows in each; front seats in shop, at one guinea.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—To be LET, for 25 guineas to a genteel family, in one of the most commanding situations in the line of route, a FIRST FLOOR, with safe balcony, and

ante-room. Will accommodate 20 persons, with an uninterrupted and extensive view for all. For a family of less number a reduction will be made. Every accommodation will be afforded.

But above all let us not forget the

NOTICE TO CLERGYMEN.—T. C. Fleet Street, has reserved for clergymen exclusively, *upon condition only that they appear in their surplices,* FOUR FRONT SEATS, at £1 each; four second tier, at 15*s.* each; four third tier, at 12*s.* 6*d.*; four fourth tier, at 10*s.*; four fifth tier, at 7*s.* 6*d.*; and four sixth tier, at 5*s.* All the other seats are respectively 40*s.*, 30*s.*, 20*s.*, 15*s.*, 10*s.*

The anxiety of this enterprising tradesman to get up a reverend tableau in his shop-window of four-and-twenty clergymen all on six rows, is particularly commendable, and appears to us to shed a remarkable grace on the solemnity.

These few specimens are collected at random from scores upon scores of such advertisements, mingled with descriptions of non-existent ranges of view, and with invitations to a few agreeable gentlemen who are wanted to complete a little assembly of kindred souls, who have laid in abundance of 'refreshments, wines, spirits, provisions, fruit, plate, glass, china,' and other light matters too numerous to mention, and who keep 'good fires.' On looking over them we are constantly startled by the words in large capitals, 'WOULD TO GOD NIGHT OR BLUCHER WERE COME!' which, referring to a work of art, are relieved by a legend setting forth how the lamented hero observed of it, 'in his characteristic manner, "Very good; very good indeed."' O Art! *You* too trading in Death!

Then, autographs fall into their place in the State Funeral train. The sanctity of a seal, or the confidence of a letter, is a meaningless phrase that has no place in the vocabulary of the Traders in Death. Stop, trumpets, in the Dead March, and blow to the world how characteristic we autographs are!

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS.—TWO consecutive LETTERS of the DUKE'S (1843) highly characteristic and authentic, with the Correspondence, etc. that elicited them, the whole forming quite a literary curiosity, for £15.

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS.—To be DISPOSED OF, TWO AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of the DUKE of WELLINGTON, one dated Walmer Castle, 9th October, 1834, the other London, 17th May, 1843, with their post-marks and seals.

WELLINGTON.—THREE original NOTES, averaging 2¼ pages each, (not lithographs), seal, and envelopes, to be SOLD. Supposed to be the most characteristic of his Grace yet published. The highest sum above £30 for the two, or £20 for the one, which is distinct, will be accepted.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, by a retired officer, FIVE LETTERS and NOTES of the late HERO—three when Sir A. Wellesley. Also a large Envelope. All with seals. Apply personally, or by letter.

THE DUKE'S LETTERS.—TWO highly interesting LETTERS, authentic, and relating to a most amusing and characteristic circumstance, to be SOLD.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—AUTOGRAPH LETTER to a lady, with seal and envelope. This is quite in the Duke's peculiar style, and will be parted with for the highest offer. Apply———where the letter can be seen.

F. M. the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—To be SOLD, by a member of the family, to whom it was written, an ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the late Duke of Wellington, on military affairs, six pages long, in the best preservation. Price £30.

FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE of WELLINGTON'S AUTOGRAPH.—A highly characteristic LETTER of the DUKE'S for DISPOSAL, wherein he alludes to his living 100 years, date 1847, with envelope. Seal, with crest perfect. £10 will be taken.

DUKE of WELLINGTON.—An AUTOGRAPH LETTER of the DUKE, written immediately after the death of the Duchess in 1831, is for SALE; also Two Autograph Envelopes franked and sealed.

DUKE of WELLINGTON.—AUTOGRAPH BUSINESS LETTER, envelope, seal, post-mark, etc. complete. Style courteous and highly characteristic. Will be shown by the party and at the place addressed. Price £15.

FIELD-MARSHAL the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—TWO AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of His Grace, one written in his 61st, the other in his 72d year, both first-rate specimens of his characteristic graphic style, and on an important subject, to be SOLD. Their genuineness can be fully proved.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A very curious DOCUMENT, partly printed, and the rest written by His Grace to a lady. This is well worthy of a place in the cabinet of the curious. There is nothing like it. Highest offer will be taken.

TO be SOLD, SIX AUTOGRAPH LETTERS from F.M. the Duke of WELLINGTON, with envelopes and seals, which have been most generously given to aid a lady in distressed circumstances.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A lady has in her possession a LETTER, written by his Grace on the 18th of June, in the present year, and will be happy to DISPOSE OF the same. The letter is rendered more valuable by its being written on the last anniversary which his Grace was spared to celebrate. The letter bears date from Apsley House, with perfect envelope and seal.

A CLERGYMAN has TWO LETTERS, with Envelopes, addressed to him by the late Duke, and bearing striking testimony to the extent of his Grace's private charities, to be DISPOSED OF at the highest offer (for one or both), received by the 18th instant. The offers may be contingent on further particulars being satisfactory.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—A widow, in deep distress, has in her possession an AUTOGRAPH LETTER of his Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON, written in 1830, enclosed and directed in an envelope, and sealed with his ducal coronet, which she would be happy to PART WITH for a trifle.

VALUABLE AUTOGRAPH NOTE of the late Duke of WELLINGTON, dated March 27, 1850, to be SOLD for £20, by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, together with envelope, perfect impression of Ducal seal, and Knightsbridge post-mark distinct. The whole in excellent preservation. A better specimen of the noble Duke's handwriting and highly characteristic style cannot be seen.

ONE of the last LETTERS of the DUKE of WELLINGTON for DISPOSAL, dated from Walmer Castle within a day or two of his death, highly characteristic, with seal and post-marks distinct. This being probably the last letter written by the late Duke its interest as a relic must be greatly enhanced. The highest offer accepted. May be seen on application.

THE GREAT DUKE.—A LETTER of the GREAT HERO, dated March 27, 1851, to be SOLD. Also a beautiful Letter from Jenny Lind, dated June 20, 1852. The highest offer will be accepted. Address with offers of price.

Miss Lind's autograph would appear to have lingered in the shade until the Funeral Train came by, when it modestly stepped into the procession and took a conspicuous place. We are in doubt which to admire most; the ingenuity of this little stroke of business; or the affecting delicacy that sells 'probably the last letter written by the late Duke' before the aged hand that wrote it under some manly sense of duty, is yet withered in its grave; or the piety of that excellent clergyman—did he appear in his surplice in the front row of T. C.'s shop-window?—who is so anxious to sell 'striking testimony to the extent of His Grace's private charities'; or the generosity of that Good Samaritan who poured 'six letters with envelopes and seals' into the wounds of the lady in distressed circumstances.

Lastly come the relics—precious remembrances worn next to the bereaved heart, like Hardy's miniature of Nelson, and never to be wrested from the advertisers but with ready money.

MEMENTO of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON.—To be DISPOSED OF, a LOCK of the late illustrious DUKE'S HAIR. Can be guaranteed. The highest offer will be accepted. Apply by letter prepaid.

THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.—A LOCK of HAIR of the late Duke of WELLINGTON to be DISPOSED OF, now in the possession of a widow lady. Cut off the morning the Queen was crowned. Apply by letter, post paid.

VALUABLE RELIC of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON. —A lady, having in her possession a quantity of the late illustrious DUKE'S HAIR, cut in 1841, is willing to PART WITH a portion of the same for £25. Satisfactory proof will be given of its identity, and of how it came into the owner's possession, on application by letter, pre-paid.

RELIC of the DUKE of WELLINGTON for SALE.—The son of the late well-known haircutter to his Grace the late Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye, has a small quantity of HAIR, that his father cut from the Duke's head, which he is willing to DISPOSE OF. Any one desirous of possessing such a relic of England's hero are requested to make their offer for the same, by letter.

RELICS of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON.—For SALE, a WAISTCOAT, in good preservation, worn by his Grace some years back, which can be well authenticated as such.

Next, a very choice article—quite unique—the value of which may be presumed to be considerably enhanced by the conclusive impossibility of its being doubted in the least degree by the most suspicious mind.

A MEMENTO of the DUKE of WELLINGTON.—La Mort de Napoléon, Ode d'Alexandre Manzoni, avec la Traduction en Français, par Edmond Angelini, de Venise.—A book, of

which the above is the title, was torn up by the Duke and thrown by him from the carriage, in which he was riding, as he was passing through Kent: the pieces of the book were collected and put together by a person who saw the Duke tear it and throw the same away. Any person desirous of obtaining the above memento will be communicated with.

Finally, a literary production of astonishing brilliancy and spirit; without which, we are authorised to state, no nobleman's or gentleman's library can be considered complete.

DUKE of WELLINGTON and SIR R. PEEL.—A talented, interesting, and valuable WORK, on Political Economy and Free Trade, was published in 1830, and immediately bought up by the above statesmen, except one copy, which is now for DISPOSAL. Apply by letter only.

Here, for the reader's sake, we terminate our quotations. They might easily have been extended through the whole of the present number of this Journal.

We believe that a State Funeral at this time of day—apart from the mischievously confusing effect it has on the general mind, as to the necessary union of funeral expense and pomp with funeral respect, and the consequent injury it may do to the cause of a great reform most necessary for the benefit of all classes of society—is, in itself, so plainly a pretence of being what it is not: is so unreal, such a substitution of the form for the substance: is so cut and dried, and stale: is such a palpably got up theatrical trick: that it puts the dread solemnity of death to flight, and encourages these shameless traders in their dealings on the very coffin-lid of departed greatness. That private letters and other memorials of the great Duke of Wellington would still have been advertised and sold, though he had been laid in his grave amid the silent respect of the whole country with the simple honours of a military commander, we do not doubt; but that, in that case, the traders would have been discouraged from holding anything like this Public Fair and Great Undertakers' Jubilee over his remains, we doubt as little. It is idle to attempt to connect the frippery of the Lord Cham-

berlain's Office and the Herald's College, with the awful passing away of that vain shadow in which man walketh and disquieteth himself in vain. There is a great gulf set between the two which is set there by no mortal hands, and cannot by mortal hands be bridged across. Does any one believe that, otherwise, 'the Senate' would have been 'mourning its hero' (in the likeness of a French Field-Marshal) on Tuesday evening, and that the same Senate would have been in fits of laughter with Mr. Hume on Wednesday afternoon when the same hero was still in question and unburied?

The mechanical exigencies of this journal render it necessary for these remarks to be written on the evening of the State Funeral. We have already indicated in these pages that we consider the State Funeral a mistake, and we hope temperately to leave the question here for temperate consideration. It is easy to imagine how it may have done much harm, and it is hard to imagine how it can have done any good. It is only harder to suppose that it can have afforded a grain of satisfaction to the immediate descendants of the great Duke of Wellington, or that it can reflect the faintest ray of lustre on so bright a name. If it were assumed that such a ceremonial was the general desire of the English people, we would reply that that assumption was founded on a misconception of the popular character, and on a low estimate of the general sense; and that the sooner both were better appreciated in high places, the better it could not fail to be for us all. Taking for granted at this writing, what we hope may be assumed without any violence to the truth; namely, that the ceremonial was in all respects well conducted, and that the English people sustained throughout, the high character they have nobly earned, to the shame of their silly detractors among their own countrymen; we must yet express our hope that State Funerals in this land went down to their tomb, most fitly, in the tasteless and tawdry Car that nodded and shook through the streets of London on the eighteenth of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-two. And sure we are, with large consideration for opposite opinions, that when History shall rescue that very ugly machine—worthy to pass under decorated Temple Bar, as decorated Temple Bar was

worthy to receive it—from the merciful shadows of obscurity, she will reflect with amazement—remembering his true, manly, modest, self-contained, and genuine character—that the man who, in making it the last monster of its race, rendered his last enduring service to the country he had loved and served so faithfully, was Arthur, Duke of Wellington.

WHERE WE STOPPED GROWING

[January 1, 1853]

Few people who have been much in the society of children, are likely to be ignorant of the sorrowful feeling sometimes awakened in the mind by the idea of a favourite child's 'growing up.' This is intelligible enough. Childhood is usually so beautiful and engaging, that, setting aside the many subjects of profound interest which it offers to an ordinarily thoughtful observer; and even settling aside, too, the natural caprices of strong affection and prepossession; there is a mournful shadow of the common lot, in the notion of its changing and fading into anything else. The sentiment is unreasoning and vague, and does not shape itself into a wish. To consider what the dependent little creature would do without us, or in the course of how few years it would be in as bad a condition as those terrible immortals upon earth, engendered in the gloom of Swift's wise fancy, is not within the range of so fleeting a thought. Neither does the imagination then enter into such details as the picturing of childhood come to old age, or of old age carried back to childhood, or of the pretty baby boy arrived at that perplexing state of immaturity when Mr. Carlyle, in mercy to society, would put him under a barrel for six years. The regret is transitory, natural to a short-lived creature in a world of change, has no hold in the judgment, and so comes and passes away.

But we, the writer, having been conscious of the sensation the other night—for, at this present season most of us are much in childish company, and we among he rest—were led to consider whether there were any things as to which this

individual We actually did stop growing when we were a child. We had a fear that the list would be very short; but, on writing it out as follows, were glad to find it longer than we had expected.

We have never grown the thousandth part of an inch out of Robinson Crusoe. He fits us just as well, and in exactly the same way, as when we were among the smallest of the small. We have never grown out of his parrot, or his dog, or his fowling-piece, or the horrible old staring goat he came upon in the cave, or his rusty money, or his cap, or umbrella. There has been no change in the manufacture of telescopes, since that blessed ship's spy-glass was made, through which, lying on his breast at the top of his fortification, with the ladder drawn up after him and all made safe, he saw the black figures of those Cannibals moving round the fire on the sea-sand, as the monsters danced themselves into an appetite for dinner. We have never grown out of Friday, or the excellent old father he was so glad to see, or the grave and gentlemanly Spaniard, or the reprobate Will Atkins, or the knowing way in which he and those other mutineers were lured up into the Island when they came ashore there, and their boat was stove. We have got no nearer Heaven by the altitude of an atom, in respect of the tragi-comic bear whom Friday caused to dance upon a tree, or the awful array of howling wolves in the dismal weather, who were mad to make good entertainment of man and beast, and who were received with trains of gunpowder laid on fallen trees, and fired by the snapping of pistols; and who ran blazing into the forest darkness, or were blown up famously. Never sail we, idle, in a little boat, and hear the rippling water at the prow, and look upon the land, but we know that our boat-growth stopped for ever, when Robinson Crusoe sailed round the Island, and, having been nearly lost, was so affectionately awakened out of his sleep at home again by that immortal parrot, great progenitor of all the parrots we have ever known.

Our growth stopped, when the great Haroun Alraschid spelt his name so, and when nobody had ever heard of a Jin. When the Sultan of the Indies was a mighty personage, to be

approached respectfully even on the stage; and when all the dazzling wonders of those many nights held far too high a place in the imagination to be burlesqued and parodied. When Blue Beard, condescending to come out of book at all, came over mountains, to the music of his own march, on an elephant, and knew no more of slang than of Sanscrit. Our growth stopped, when Don Quixote might have been right after all in going about to succour the distressed, and when the priest and the barber were no more justified in burning his books than they would have been in making a bonfire of our own two bedroom shelves. When Gil Blas had a heart, and was, somehow or other, not at all worldly that we knew of: and when it was a wonderful accident that the end of that interesting story in the *Sentimental Journey*, commencing with the windy night, and the notary, and the Pont Neuf, and the hat blown off, was not to be found in our Edition though we looked for it a thousand times.

We have never grown out of the real original roaring giants. We have seen modern giants, for various considerations ranging from a penny to half-a-crown; but, they have only had a head a-piece, and have been merely large men, and not always that. We have never outgrown the putting to ourselves of this supposititious case; Whether, if we, with a large company of brothers and sisters, had been put in his (by which we mean, of course, in Jack's) trying situation, we should have had at once the courage and the presence of mind to take the golden crowns (which it seems they always wore as night-caps) off the heads of the giant's children as they lay a-bed, and put them on our family; thus causing our treacherous host to batter his own offspring and spare us. We have never outgrown a want of confidence in ourselves, in this particular.

There are real people and places that we have never outgrown, though they themselves may have passed away long since: which we always regard with the eye and mind of childhood. We miss a tea-tray shop, for many years at the corner of Bedford Street and King Street, Covent Garden, London, where there was a tea-tray in the window representing, with an exquisite Art that we have not outgrown either, the de-

parture from home for school, at breakfast time, of two boys, —one boy used to it; the other, not. There was a charming mother in a bygone fashion, evidently much affected though trying to hide it; and a little sister, bearing, as we remember, a basket of fruit for the consolation of the unused brother; what time the used one, receiving advice we opine from his grandmother, drew on his glove in a manner we once considered unfeeling, but which we were afterwards inclined to hope might be only his brag. There were some corded boxes, and faithful servants; and there was a breakfast-table, with accessories (an urn and plate of toast particularly) our admiration of which, as perfect illusions, we never have outgrown and never shall outgrow.

We never have outgrown the whole region of Covent Garden. We preserve it as a fine, dissipated, insoluble mystery. We believe that the gentleman mentioned in Colman's Broad Grins still lives in King Street. We have a general idea that the passages at the Old Hummums lead to groves of gorgeous bedrooms, eating out the whole of the adjacent houses: where Chamberlains who have never been in bed themselves for fifty years, show any country gentleman who rings at the bell, at any hour of the night, to luxurious repose in palatial apartments fitted up after the Eastern manner. (We have slept there in our time, but that makes no difference.) There is a fine secrecy and mystery about the Piazza; —how you get up to those rooms above it, and what reckless deeds are done there. (We know some of those apartments very well, but that does not signify in the least.) We have not outgrown the two great Theatres. Ghosts of great names are always getting up the most extraordinary pantomimes in them, with scenery and machinery on a tremendous scale. We have no doubt that the critics sit in the pit of both houses, every night. Even as we write in our commonplace office, we behold from the window, four young ladies with peculiarly limp bonnets, and of a yellow or drab style of beauty, making for the stage-door of the Lyceum Theatre, in the dirty little fog-choked street over the way. Grown up wisdom whispers that these are beautiful fairies by night, and that they will find Fairy Land dirty even to their splashed

skirts, and rather cold and dull (notwithstanding its mixed gas and daylight), this easterly morning. But, we don't believe it.

There was a poor demented woman who used to roam about the City, dressed all in black with cheeks staringly painted, and thence popularly known as *Rouge et Noire;* whom we have never outgrown by the height of a grain of mustard seed. The story went that her only brother, a Bank-clerk, was left for death for forgery; and that she, broken-hearted creature, lost her wits on the morning of his execution, and ever afterwards, while her confused dream of life lasted, flitted thus among the busy money-changers. A story, alas! all likely enough; but, likely or unlikely, true or untrue, never to take other shape in our mind. Evermore she wanders, as to our stopped growth, among the crowd, and takes her daily loaf out of the shop-window of the same charitable baker, and between whiles sits in the old Bank office awaiting her brother. 'Is he come yet?' Not yet, poor soul. 'I will go walk for an hour and come back.' It is then she passes our boyish figure in the street, with that strange air of vanity upon her, in which the comfortable self-sustainment of sane vanity (God help us all!) is wanting, and with her wildly-seeking, never resting, eyes. So she returns to his old Bank office, asking 'Is he come yet?' Not yet, poor soul! So she goes home, leaving word that indeed she wonders he has been away from her so long, and that he must come to her however late at night he may arrive. He will come to thee, O stricken sister, with thy best friend—foe to the prosperous and happy—not to such as thou!

Another very different person who stopped our growth, we associate with Berners Street, Oxford Street; whether she was constantly on parade in that street only, or was ever to be seen elsewhere, we are unable to say. The White Woman is her name. She is dressed entirely in white, with a ghastly white plaiting round her head and face, inside her white bonnet. She even carries (we hope) a white umbrella. With white boots, we know she picks her way through the winter dirt. She is a conceited old creature, cold and formal in manner, and evidently went simpering mad on personal grounds alone

—no doubt because a wealthy Quaker wouldn't marry her. This is her bridal dress. She is always walking up here, on her way to church to marry the false Quaker. We observe in her mincing step and fishy eye that she intends to lead him a sharp life. We stopped growing when we got at the conclusion that the Quaker had had a happy escape of the White Woman.

We have never outgrown the rugged walls of Newgate, or any other prison on the outside. All within, is still the same blank of remorse and misery. We have never outgrown Baron Trenck. Among foreign fortifications, trenches, counterscarps, bastions, sentries, and what not, we always have him, filing at his chains down in some arched darkness far below, or taming the spiders to keep him company. We have never outgrown the wicked old Bastille. Here, in our mind at this present childish moment, is a distinct ground-plan (wholly imaginative and resting on no sort of authority), of a maze of low vaulted passages with small black doors; and here, inside of this remote door on the left, where the black cobwebs hang like a veil from the arch, and the jailer's lamp will scarcely burn, was shut up, in black silence through so many years, that old man of the affecting anecdote, who was at last set free. But, who brought his white face, and his white hair, and his phantom figure, back again, to tell them what they had made him—how he had no wife, no child, no friend, no recognition of the light and air —and prayed to be shut up in his old dungeon till he died.

We received our earliest and most enduring impressions among barracks and soldiers, and ships and sailors. We have outgrown no story of voyage and travel, no love of adventure, no ardent interest in voyagers and travellers. We have outgrown no country inn—roadside, in the market-place, or on a solitary heath; no country landscape, no windy hill side, no old manor-house, no haunted place of any degree, not a drop in the sounding sea. Though we are equal (on strong provocation) to the Lancers, and may be heard of in the Polka, we have not outgrown Sir Roger de Coverley, or any country dance in the music book. We hope we have not outgrown the capacity of being easily pleased with what is

meant to please us, or the simple folly of being gay upon occasion without the least regard to being grand.

Right thankful we are to have stopped in our growth at so many points—for each of these has a train of its own belonging to it—and particularly with the Old Year going out and the New Year coming in. Let none of us be ashamed to feel this gratitude. If we can only preserve ourselves from growing up, we shall never grow old, and the young may love us to the last. Not to be too wise, not to be too stately, not to be too rough with innocent fancies, or to treat them with too much lightness—which is as bad—are points to be remembered that may do us all good in our years to come. And the good they do us, may even stretch forth into the vast expanse beyond those years; for, this is the spirit inculcated by One on whose knees children sat confidingly, and from whom all our years dated.

PROPOSALS FOR AMUSING POSTERITY

[February 12, 1853]

Posterity, that ancient personage yet unborn, is at times a topic of much speculation with me. I consider him in a variety of lights, and represent him to myself in many odd humours, but principally in those with which he is likely to regard the present age. I am particularly fond of inquiring whether we contribute our share towards the entertainment and diversion of the old gentleman. It is important that we should, for all work and no play would make even Posterity a dull boy.

And, good Heaven, to think of the amount of work he will have to get through! Only to read all those books, to contemplate all those pictures and statues, and to listen to all that music, so generously bequeathed to him by crowds of admiring legatees through many generations, will be no slight labour. I doubt if even the poetry written expressly for his perusal would not be sufficient to addle any other head. The prodigious spaces of time that his levees will occupy, are over-

whelming to think of: for how else can he ever receive those hosts of ladies and gentlemen who have been resolved and determined to go down to him! Then the numbers of ingenious inventions he will have to test, prove, and adopt, from the perpetual motion to the long range, will necessarily consume some of the best years of his life. In hearing Appeals, though the claims of the Appellants will be in every case as clear as crystal, it will be necessary for him to sit as long as twenty Chancellors, though each sat on the woolsack twenty years. The mere rejection of those swindlers in the various arts and sciences who basely witnessed any appreciation of their works, and the folding to his bosom of those worthies whom mankind were in a combination to discard, will take time. It is clear that it is reserved for Posterity to be, in respect of his labours, immeasurably more than the Hercules of the future.

Hence, it is but moderately considerate to have an eye to the amusement of this industrious person. If he *must* be so overworked, let us at least do something to entertain him—something even over and above those books of poetry and prose, those pictures and statues, and that music, for which he will have an unbounded relish, but perhaps a relish (so I venture to conceive) of a pensive rather than an exhilarating kind.

These are my reflections when I consider the present time with a reference to Posterity. I am sorry to say that I don't think we do enough to make him smile. It appears to me that we might tickle him a little more. I will suggest one or two odd notions—somewhat far-fetched and fantastic, I allow, but they may serve the purpose—of the kind of practical humour that might seem droll to Posterity.

If we had had, in this time of ours, two great commanders—say one by land and one by sea; one dying in battle (or what was left of him, for we will suppose him to have lost an arm and an eye or so before), and one living to old age—it might be a jest for Posterity if we choked our towns with bad Statues to one of the two, and utterly abandoned and deserted the memory of the other. We might improve on this conceit. If we laid those two imaginary great men side by side in

Saint Paul's cathedral and then laid side by side in the advertising columns of our public newspapers, two appeals respecting two Memorials, one to each of them; and if we so carried on the joke as that the Memorial to the one should be enormously rich, and the Memorial to the other, miserably poor—as that the subscriptions to the one should include the names of three-fourths of the grandees of the land, and the subscriptions to the other but a beggarly account of rank and file—as that the one should leap with ease into a magnificent endowment, and the other crawl and stagger as a pauper provision for the dead Admiral's daughter—if we could only bring the joke, as Othello says,

'—to this extent, no more';

I think it might amuse Posterity a good deal.

The mention of grandees brings me to my next proposal. It would involve a change in the present mode of bestowing public honours and titles in England; but, encouraged by the many examples we have before us of disinterested magnanimity in favour of Posterity, we might perhaps be animated to try it.

I will assume that among the books in that very large library (for the most part quite unknown at the present benighted time) which will infallibly become the rich inheritance of Posterity, there will be found a history of England. From that record, Posterity will learn the origin of many noble families and noble titles. Now the jest I have in my mind, is this. If we could so arrange matters as that that privileged class should be always with great jealousy preserved, and hedged round by a barrier of buckram and a board of green cloth, which only a few generals, a few great capitalists, and a few lawyers, should be allowed to scale—the latter not in a very creditable manner until within the last few generations: as our amiable friend Posterity will find when he looks back for the date at which Chief Justices and Puisne Judges began to be men of undoubted freedom, honour, and independence—if such privileged class were always watched and warded and limited, and fended off, in the manner of hundreds of years ago, and never adapted to the altered cir-

cumstances of the time; and if it were in practice set up and maintained as having been, from Genesis thenceforward, endowed with a superior natural instinct for noble ruling and governing and Cabinet-making, as triumphantly shown in the excellent condition of the whole machinery of Government, of every public office, every dockyard, every ship, every diplomatic relation, and particularly every colony—I think there would be a self-evident pleasantry in this that would make Posterity chuckle. The present British practice being, as we all know, widely different, we should have many changes to make before we could hand down this amusing state of things. For example, it would be necessary to limit the great Jenner or Vaccination Dukedom and endowment, at present so worthily represented in the House of Lords, by the noble and scientific Duke who will no doubt be called upon (some day or other) to advise Her Majesty in the formation of a Ministry. The Watt or Steam-Engine peerage would also require to be gradually abolished. So would the Iron-Road Earldom, the Tubular Bridge Baronetcy, the Faraday Order of Merit, the Electric Telegraph Garter, the titles at present held by distinguished writers on literary grounds alone, and the similar titles held by painters;—though it might point the joke to make a few Academicians equal in rank to an alderman. But, the great practical joke once played off, of entirely separating the ennobled class from the various orders of men who attain to social distinction by making their country happier, better, and more illustrious among nations, we might be comfortably sure, as it seems to me—and as I now humbly submit—of having done something to amuse Posterity.

Another thing strikes me. Our venerable friend will find in that English history of his, that, in comparatively barbarous times, when the Crown was poor, it did anything for money—commuted murder, or anything else—and that, partly of this desperate itching for gold, and partly of partial laws in favour of the feudal rich, a most absurd and obsolete punishment, called punishment by fine, had its birth. Now, it appears to me, always having an eye on the entertainment of Posterity, that if while we proclaimed the laws

to be equal against all offenders, we would only preserve this obsolete punishment by fine—of course no punishment whatever to those who have money—say in a very bad class of cases such as gross assaults, we should certainly put Posterity on the broad grin. Why, we might then even come to this. A 'captain' might be brought up to a Police Office, charged with caning a young woman for an absolutely diabolical reason; and the offence being proved, the 'captain' might, as a great example of the equality of the law (but by no fault in the magistrate, he having no alternative), be fined fifty shillings, and might take a full purse from his pocket and offer, if that were all, to make it pounds. And what a joke *that* would be for Posterity! To be done in the face of day, in the first city upon earth, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three!

Or, we might have our laws regarding this same offence of assault in such a facetious state as to empower a workhouse nurse within two hours' walk of the capital, slowly to torture a child with fire, and afterwards to walk off from the law's presence scot free of all pains and penalties, but a fortnight's imprisonment! And we might so carry out this joke to the uttermost as that the forlorn child should happily die and rot, and the barbarous nurse be *then* committed for trial; her horrible offence being legally measured by that one result or its absence, and not by the agony it caused, and the awful cruelty it shewed. And all this time (to make the pleasantry the greater), we might have all manner of watch-towers, in measurement as near as possible of the altitude of the Tower of Babel when it was overthrown, erected in all parts of the kingdom, with all sorts and conditions of men and women perched on platforms thereupon, looking out for any grievance afar off, East, West, North, and South, night and day. So should that tender nurse return, gin-solaced, to her ministration upon babies (imagine the dear matron's antecedents, all ye mothers!), and so should Posterity be made to laugh, though bitterly!

Indeed, I think Posterity would have such an indifferent appreciation of this last joke, on account of its intensely practical character, that it might require another to relieve

it. And I would suggest that if a body of gentlemen possessing their full phrenological share of the combative and antagonistic organs, could only be induced to form themselves into a society for declaiming about Peace, with a very considerable War-Whoop against all non-declaimers; and if they could only be prevailed upon to sum up eloquently the many unspeakable miseries and horrors of War, and to present them to their own country as a conclusive reason for its being undefended against War, and becoming the prey of the first despot who might choose to inflict those miseries and horrors upon it,—why then I really believe we should have got to the very best joke we could hope to have in our whole Complete Jest-Book for Posterity, and might fold our arms and rest convinced that we had done enough for that discerning patriarch's amusement.

HOME FOR HOMELESS WOMEN

[April 23, 1853]

Five years and a half ago, certain ladies, grieved to think that numbers of their own sex were wandering about the streets in degradation, passing through and through the prisons all their lives, or hopelessly perishing in other ways, resolved to try the experiment on a limited scale of a Home for the reclamation and emigration of women. As it was clear to them that there could be little or no hope in this country for the greater part of those who might become the objects of their charity, they determined to receive into their Home, only those who distinctly accepted this condition: That they came there to be ultimately sent abroad (whither, was at the discretion of the ladies); and that they also came there to remain for such length of time as might, according to the circumstances of each individual case, be considered necessary as a term of probation, and for instruction in the means of obtaining an honest livelihood. The object of the Home was twofold. First, to replace young women who had already lost their characters and lapsed into guilt, in a situa-

tion of hope. Secondly, to save other young women who were in danger of falling into the like condition, and give them an opportunity of flying from crime when they and it stood face to face.

The projectors of this establishment, in undertaking it, were sustained by nothing but the high object of making some unhappy women a blessing to themselves and others instead of a curse, and raising up among the solitudes of a new world some virtuous homes, much needed there, from the sorrow and ruin of the old. They had no romantic visions or extravagant expectations. They were prepared for many failures and disappointments, and to consider their enterprise rewarded, if they in time succeeded with one third or one half of the cases they received.

As the experience of this small Institution, even under the many disadvantages of a beginning, may be useful and interesting, this paper will contain an exact account of its progress and results.

It was (and is) established in a detached house with a garden. The house was never designed for any such purpose, and is only adapted to it, in being retired and not immediately overlooked. It is capable of containing thirteen inmates besides two Superintendents. Excluding from consideration ten young women now in the house, there have been received in all, since November eighteen hundred and forty-seven, fifty-six inmates. They have belonged to no particular class, but have been starving needlewomen of good character, poor needlewomen who have robbed their furnished lodgings, violent girls committed to prison for disturbances in ill-conducted workhouses, poor girls from Ragged Schools, destitute girls who have applied at Police offices for relief, young women from the streets: young women of the same class taken from the prisons after undergoing punishment there as disorderly characters, or for shoplifting, or for thefts from the person: domestic servants who have been seduced, and two young women held to bail for attempting suicide. No class has been favoured more than another; and misfortune and distress are a sufficient introduction. It is not usual to receive women of more than five or six-and-

twenty; the average age in the fifty-six cases would probably be about twenty. In some instances there have been great personal attractions; in others, the girls have been very homely and plain. The reception has been wholly irrespective of such sources of interest. Nearly all have been extremely ignorant.

Of these fifty-six cases, seven went away by their own desire during their probation; ten were sent away for misconduct in the Home; seven ran away; three emigrated and relapsed on the passage out; thirty (of whom seven are now married) on their arrival in Australia or elsewhere, entered into good service, acquired a good character, and have done so well ever since as to establish a strong prepossession in favour of others sent out from the same quarter. It will be seen from these figures that the failures are generally discovered in the Home itself, and that the amount of misconduct after the training and emigration, is remarkably small. And it is to be taken into consideration that many cases are admitted into the Home, of which there is, in the outset, very little hope, but which it is not deemed right to exclude from the experiment.

The Home is managed by two Superintendents. The second in order acts under the first, who has from day to day the supreme direction of the family. On the cheerfulness, quickness, good-temper, firmness, and vigilance of these ladies, and on their never bickering, the successful working of the establishment in a great degree depends. Their position is one of high trust and responsibility, and requires not only an always accumulating experience, but an accurate observation of every character about them. The ladies who established the Home, hold little confidential communication with the inmates, thinking the system better administered when it is undisturbed by individuals. A committee, composed of a few gentlemen of experience, meets once a month to audit the accounts, receive the principal Superintendent's reports, investigate any unusual occurrence, and see all the inmates separately. None but the committee are present as they enter one by one, in order that they may be under no restraint in anything they wish to say. A complaint from any of them

is exceedingly uncommon. The history of every inmate, taken down from her own mouth—usually after she has been some little time in the Home—is preserved in a book. She is shown that what she relates of herself she relates in confidence, and does not even communicate to the Superintendents. She is particularly admonished by no means to communicate her history to any of the other inmates: all of whom have in their turns received a similar admonition. And she is encouraged to tell the truth, by having it explained to her that nothing in her story but falsehood, can possibly affect her position in the Home after she has been once admitted.

The work of the Home is thus divided. They rise, both in summer and winter, at six o'clock. Morning prayers and scripture reading take place at a quarter before eight. Breakfast is had immediately afterwards. Dinner at one. Tea at six. Evening prayers are said at half-past eight. The hour of going to bed is nine. Supposing the Home to be full, ten are employed upon the household work; two in the bedrooms; two in the general living room; two in the Superintendent's rooms; two in the kitchen (who cook); two in the scullery; three at needle-work. Straw-plaiting has been occasionally taught besides. On washing-days, five are employed in the laundry, three of whom are taken from the needle-work, and two are told off from the household work. The nature and order of each girl's work is changed every week, so that she may become practically acquainted with the whole routine of household duties. They take it in turns to bake the bread which is eaten in the house. In every room, every Monday morning, there is hung up, framed and glazed, the names of the girls who are in charge there for the week and who are, consequently, responsible for its neat condition and the proper execution of the work belonging to it. This is found to inspire them with a greater pride in good housewifery, and a greater sense of shame in the reverse.

The book-education is of a very plain kind, as they have generally much to learn in the commonest domestic duties, and are often singularly inexpert in acquiring them. They read and write, and cypher. School is held every morning at half-past ten (Saturday excepted) for two hours. The Superin-

tendents are the teachers. The times for recreation are half an hour between school-time and dinner, and an hour after dinner; half an hour before tea, and an hour after tea. In the winter, these intervals are usually employed in light fancy work, the making of little presents for their friends, etc. In the fine summer weather they are passed in the garden, where they take exercise, and have their little flower-beds. In the afternoon and evening, they sit all together at needlework, and some one reads aloud. The books are carefully chosen, but are always interesting.

Saturday is devoted to an extraordinary cleaning up and polishing of the whole establishment, and to the distribution of clean clothes; every inmate arranging and preparing her own. Each girl also takes a bath on Saturday.

On Sundays they go to church in the neighbourhood, some to morning service, some to afternoon service, some to both. They are invariably accompanied by one of the Superintendents. Wearing no uniform and not being dressed alike, they attract little notice out of doors. Their attire is that of respectable plain servants. On Sunday evenings they receive religious instruction from the principal Superintendent. They also receive regular religious instruction from a clergyman on one day in every week, and on two days in every alternate week. They are constantly employed, and always overlooked.

They are allowed to be visited under the following restrictions: if by their parents, once in a month; if by other relatives or friends, once in three months. The principal Superintendent is present at all such interviews, and hears the conversation. It is not often found that the girls and their friends have much to say to one another; any display of feeling on these occasions is rare. It is generally observed that the inmates seem rather relieved than otherwise when the interviews are over.

They can write to relatives, or old teachers, or persons known to have been kind to them, once a month on application to the committee. It seldom happens that a girl who has any person in the world to correspond with, fails to take advantage of this opportunity. All letters dispatched from the Home

are read and posted by the principal Superintendent. All letters received, are likewise read by the Superintendent; but she does not open them. Every such letter is opened by the girl to whom it is addressed, who reads it first, in the Superintendent's presence. It never happens that they wish to reserve the contents; they are always anxious to impart them to her immediately. This seems to be one of their chief pleasures in receiving letters.

They make and mend their own clothes, but do not keep them. In many cases they are not for some time to be trusted with such a charge; in other cases, when temper is awakened, the possession of a shawl and bonnet would often lead to an abrupt departure which the unfortunate creature would ever afterwards regret. To distinguish between these cases and others of a more promising nature, would be to make invidious distinctions, than which nothing could be more prejudicial to the Home, as the objects of its care are invariably sensitive and jealous. For these various reasons their clothes are kept under lock and key in a wardrobe room. They have a great pride in the state of their clothes, and the neatness of their persons. Those who have no such pride on their admission, are sure to acquire it.

Formerly, when a girl accepted for admission had clothes of her own to wear, she was allowed to be admitted in them, and they were put by for her; though within the Institution she always wore the clothing it provides. It was found, however, that a girl with a hankering after old companions rather relied on these reserved clothes, and that she put them on with an air, if she went away or were dismissed. They now invariably come, therefore, in clothes belonging to the Home, and bring no other clothing with them. A suit of the commonest apparel has been provided for the next inmate who may leave during her probation, or be sent away; and it is thought that the sight of a girl departing so disgraced, will have a good effect on those who remain. Cases of dismissal or departure are becoming more rare, however, as the Home increases in experience, and no occasion for making the experiment has yet arisen.

When the Home had been opened for some time, it was

resolved to adopt a modification of Captain Macconnochie's mark system: so arranging the mark table as to render it difficult for a girl to lose marks under any one of its heads, without also losing under nearly all the others. The mark table is divided into the nine following heads. Truthfulness, Industry, Temper, Propriety of Conduct and Conversation, Temperance, Order, Punctuality, Economy, Cleanliness. The word Temperance is not used in the modern slang acceptation, but in its enlarged meaning as defined by Johnson, from the English of Spenser: 'Moderation, patience, calmness, sedateness, moderation of passion.' A separate account for every day is kept with every girl as to each of these items. If her conduct be without objection, she is marked in each column, three—excepting the truthfulness and temperance columns, in which, saving under extraordinary circumstances, she is only marked two: the temptation to err in those particulars, being considered low under the circumstances of the life she leads in the Home. If she be particularly deserving under any of the other heads, she is marked the highest number—four. If her deserts be low, she is marked only one, or not marked at all. If her conduct under any head have been, during the day, particularly objectionable, she receives a bad mark (marked in red ink, to distinguish it at a glance from the others) which destroys forty good marks. The value of the good marks is six shillings and sixpence per thousand; the earnings of each girl are withheld until she emigrates, in order to form a little fund for her first subsistence on her disembarkation. The inmates are found, without an exception, to value their marks highly. A bad mark is very infrequent, and occasions great distress in the recipient and great excitement in the community. In case of dismissal or premature departure from the Home, all the previous gain in marks is forfeited. If a girl be ill through no fault of her own, she is marked, during her illness, according to her average marking. But, if she be ill through her own act (as in a recent case, where a girl set herself on fire, through carelessness and a violation of the rules of the house) she is credited with no marks until she is again in a condition to earn them. The

usual earnings in a year are about equal to the average wages of the commoner class of domestic servant.

They are usually brought to the Home by the principal Superintendent in a coach. From wheresoever they come, they generally weep on the road, and are silent and depressed. The average term of probation is about a year; longer when the girl is very slow to learn what she is taught. When the time of her emigration arrives, the same lady accompanies her on board ship. They usually go out, three or four together, with a letter of recommendation to some influential person at their destination; sometimes they are placed under the charge of a respectable family of emigrants; sometimes they act as nurses or as servants to individual ladies with children on board. In these capacities they have given great satisfaction. Their grief at parting from the Superintendent is always strong, and frequently of a heart-rending kind. They are also exceedingly affected by their separation from the Home; usually going round and round the garden first, as if they clung to every tree and shrub in it. Nevertheless, individual attachments among them are rare, though strong affections have arisen when they have afterwards encountered in distant solitudes. Some touching circumstances have occurred, where unexpected recognitions of this kind have taken place on Sundays in lonely churches to which the various members of the little congregations have repaired from great distances. Some of the girls now married have chosen old companions thus encountered for their bridesmaids, and in their letters have described their delight very pathetically.

A considerable part of the needle-work done in the Home is necessary to its own internal neatness, and the preparation of outfits for the emigrants; especially as many of the inmates know little or nothing of such work, and have it all to learn. But, as they become more dexterous, plain work is taken in, and the proceeds are applied as a fund to defray the cost of outfits. The outfits are always of the simplest kind. Nothing is allowed to be wasted or thrown away in the Home. From the bones, and remnants of food, the girls are taught

to make soup for the poor and sick. This at once extends their domestic knowledge, and preserves their sympathy for the distressed.

Some of the experiences, not already mentioned, that have been acquired in the management of the Home are curious, and perhaps deserving of consideration in prisons and other institutions. It has been observed, in taking the histories—especially of the more artful cases—that nothing is so likely to elicit the truth as a perfectly imperturbable face, and an avoidance of any leading question or expression of opinion. Give the narrator the least idea what tone will make her an object of interest, and she will take it directly. Give her none, and she will be driven on the truth, and in most cases will tell it. For similar reasons it is found desirable always to repress stock religious professions and religious phrases; to discourage shows of sentiment, and to make their lives practical and active. 'Don't talk about it—do it!' is the motto of the place. The inmates find everywhere about them the same kind, discriminating firmness, and the same determination to have no favourite subjects, or favourite objects, of interest. Girls from Ragged Schools are not generally so impressible as reduced girls who have failed to support themselves by hard work, or as women from the streets—probably, because they have suffered less. The poorest of the Ragged School condition, who are odious to approach when first picked up, invariably affect afterwards that their friends are 'well off.' This psychological curiosity is considered inexplicable. Most of the inmates are depressed at first. At holiday times the more doubtful part of them usually become restless and uncertain; there would also appear to be, usually, a time of considerable restlessness after six or eight months. In any little difficulty, the general feeling is invariably with the establishment and never with the offender. When a girl is discharged for misconduct, she is generally in deep distress, and goes away miserably. The rest will sometimes intercede for her with tears; but it is found that firmness on this and every point, when a decision is once taken, is the most humane course as having a wholesome influence on the greatest number.

For this reason, a mere threat of discharge is never on any account resorted to. Two points of management are extremely important; the first, to refer very sparingly to the past; the second, never to treat the inmates as children. They must never be allowed to suppose it possible that they can get the better of the management. Judicious commendation, when it is deserved, has a very salutary influence. It is also found that a serious and urgent entreaty to a girl, to exercise her self-restraint on some point (generally temper) on which her mark-table shews her to be deficient, often has an excellent effect when it is accompanied with such encouragement as, 'You know how changed you are since you have been here; you know we have begun to entertain great hopes of you. For God's sake consider! Do not throw away this great chance of your life, by making yourself and everybody around you unhappy—which will oblige us to send you away—but conquer this. Now, try hard for a month, and pray let us have no fault to find with you at the end of that time.' Many will make great and successful efforts to control themselves, after such remonstrance. In all cases, the fewest and plainest words are the best. When new to the place, they are found to break and spoil through great carelessness. Patience, and the strictest attention to order and punctuality, will in most cases overcome these discouragements. Nothing else will. They are often rather disposed to quarrel among themselves, particularly in bad weather when their lives are necessarily monotonous and confined; but, on the whole, allowing for their different breeding, they perhaps quarrel less than the average of passengers in the state cabin on a voyage out to India.

As some of the inmates of the Home have to be saved and guarded from themselves more than from any other people, they can scarcely be defended by too many precautions. These precautions are not obtruded upon them, but are strictly observed. Keys are never left about. The garden gate is always kept locked; but the girls take it in turn to act as porteress, overlooked by the second superintendent. They are proud of this trust. Any inmate missing from her usual place for ten minutes would be looked after. Any

suspicious circumstance would be quickly and quietly investigated. As no girl makes her own bed, no girl has the opportunity of safely hiding any secret correspondence, or anything else, in it. Each inmate has a separate bed, but there are several beds in a room. The occupants of each room are always arranged with reference to their several characters and counteracting influences. A girl declaring that she wishes to leave, is not allowed to do so hastily, but is locked in a chamber by herself, to consider of it until next day: when, if she still persist, she is formally discharged. It has never once happened that a girl, however excited, has refused to submit to this restraint.

One of the most remarkable effects of the Home, even in many of the cases where it does not ultimately succeed, is the extraordinary change it produces in the appearance of its inmates. Putting out of the question their look of cleanliness and health (which may be regarded as a physical consequence of their treatment) a refining and humanising alteration is wrought in the expression of the features, and in the whole air of the person, which can scarcely be imagined. Teachers in Ragged Schools have made the observation in reference to young women whom they had previously known well, and for a long time. A very sagacious and observant police magistrate, visiting a girl before her emigration who had been taken from his bar, could detect no likeness in her to the girl he remembered. It is considered doubtful whether, in the majority of the worst cases, the subject would easily be known again at a year's end, among a dozen, by an old companion.

The moral influence of the Home, still applying the remark even to cases of failure, is illustrated in a no less remarkable manner. It has never had any violence done to a chair or a stool. It has never been asked to render any aid to the one lady and her assistant, who are shut up with the thirteen the year round. Bad language is so uncommon, that its utterance is an event. The committee have never heard the least approach to it, or seen anything but submission; though it has often been their task to reprove and dismiss women who

have been violently agitated, and unquestionably (for the time) incensed against them. Four of the fugitives have robbed the Institution of some clothes. The rest had no reason on earth for running away in preference to asking to be dismissed, but shame in not remaining.

A specimen or two of cases of success may be interesting.

Case number twenty-seven, was a girl supposed to be of about eighteen, but who had none but supposititious knowledge of her age, and no knowledge at all of her birthday. Both her parents had died in her infancy. She had been brought up in the establishment of that amiable victim of popular prejudice, the late Mr. Drouet, of Tooting. It did not appear that she was naturally stupid, but her intellect had been so dulled by neglect that she was in the Home many months before she could be imbued with a thorough understanding that Christmas Day was so called as the birthday of Jesus Christ. But when she acquired this piece of learning, she was amazingly proud of it. She had been apprenticed to a small artificial flower maker with three others. They were all ill-treated, and all seemed to have run away at different times: this girl last: who absconded with an old man, a hawker, who brought 'combs and things' to the door for sale. She took what she called 'some old clothes' of her mistress with her, and was apprehended with the old man, and they were tried together. He was acquitted; she was found guilty. Her sentence was six months' imprisonment, and, on its expiration, she was received into the Home. She was appallingly ignorant, but most anxious to learn, and contended against her blunted faculties with a consciously slow perseverance. She showed a remarkable capacity for copying writing by the eye alone, without having the least idea of its sound, or what it meant. There seemed to be some analogy between her making letters and her making artificial flowers. She remained in the Home, bearing an excellent character, about a year. On her passage out, she made artificial flowers for the ladies on board, earned money, and was much liked. She obtained a comfortable service as soon as she landed, and is happy and respected. This girl had

not a friend in the world, and had never known a natural affection, or formed a natural tie, upon the face of this earth.

Case number thirteen was a half-starved girl of eighteen whose father had died soon after her birth, and who had long eked out a miserable subsistence for herself and a sick mother by doing plain needlework. At last her mother died in a workhouse, and the needlework 'falling off bit by bit,' this girl suffered, for nine months, every extremity of dire distress. Being one night without any food or shelter from the weather, she went to the lodging of a woman who had once lived in the same house with herself and her mother, and asked to be allowed to lie down on the stairs. She was refused, and stole a shawl which she sold for a penny. A fortnight afterwards, being still in a starving and houseless state, she went back to the same woman's, and preferred the same request. Again refused, she stole a bible from her, which she sold for twopence. The theft was immediately discovered, and she was taken as she lay asleep in the casual ward of a workhouse. These facts were distinctly proved upon her trial. She was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and was then admitted into the Home. She has never been corrupted. She remained in the Home, bearing an excellent character, a little more than a year; emigrated; conducted herself uniformly well in a good situation; and is now married.

Case number forty-one was a pretty girl of a quiet and good manner, aged nineteen. She came from a watering-place where she had lived with her mother until within a couple of years, when her mother married again and she was considered an incumbrance at a very bad home. She became apprenticed to a dressmaker, who, on account of staying out beyond the prescribed hours one night when she went with some other young people to a Circus, positively refused to admit her or give her any shelter from the streets. The natural consequences of this unjustifiable behaviour followed. She came to the Home on the recommendation of a clergyman to whom she fortunately applied, when in a state of sickness and misery too deplorable to be even suggested

to the reader's imagination. She remained in the Home (with an interval of hospital treatment) upwards of a year and a half, when she was sent abroad. Her character is irreproachable, and she is industrious, happy and full of gratitude.

Case number fifty was a very homely, clumsy, ignorant girl, supposed to be about nineteen, but who again had no knowledge of her birthday. She was taken from a Ragged School; her mother had died when she was a little girl; and her father, marrying again, had turned her out of doors, though her mother-in-law had been kind to her. She had been once in prison for breaking some windows near the Mansion House, 'having nowheres as you can think of, to go to.' She had never gone wrong otherwise, and particularly wished that 'to be wrote down.' She was in as dirty and unwholesome a condition, on her admission, as she could well be, but was inconsolable at the idea of losing her hair, until the fortunate suggestion was made that it would grow more luxuriantly after shaving. She then consented, with many tears, to that (in her case) indispensable operation. This deserted and unfortunate creature, after a short period of depression began to brighten, uniformly showed a very honest and truthful nature, and after remaining in the Home a year, has recently emigrated; a thoroughly good plain servant, with every susceptibility for forming a faithful and affectionate attachment to her employers.

Case number fifty-eight was a girl of nineteen, all but starved through inability to live by needlework. She had never gone wrong, was gradually brought into a good bodily condition, invariably conducted herself well, and went abroad, rescued and happy.

Case number fifty-one was a little ragged girl of sixteen or seventeen, as she said; but of very juvenile appearance. She was put to the bar at a Police Office, with two much older women, regular vagrants, for making a disturbance at the workhouse gate on the previous night on being refused relief. She had been a professed tramp for six or seven years, knew of no relation, and had had no friends but one old woman, whose very name she did not appear to be sure of. Her father, a scaffold builder, she had 'lost' on London Bridge

when she was ten or eleven years old. There appeared little doubt that he had purposely abandoned her, but she had no suspicion of it. She had long been hop-picking in the hop season, and wandering about the country at all seasons, and was unaccustomed to shoes, and had seldom slept in a bed. She answered some searching questions without the least reserve, and not at all in her own favour. Her appearance of destitution was in perfect keeping with her story. This girl was received into the Home. Within a year, there was clinging round the principal Superintendent's neck, on board a ship bound for Australia—in a state of grief at parting that moved the bystanders to tears—a pretty little neat modest useful girl, against whom not a moment's complaint had been made, and who had diligently learnt everything that had been set before her.

Case number fifty-four, a good-looking young woman of two-and-twenty, was first seen in prison under remand on a charge of attempting to commit suicide. Her mother had died before she was two years old, and her father had married again; but she spoke in high and affectionate terms both of her father and her mother-in-law. She had been a travelling maid with an elderly lady, and, on her mistress going to Russia, had returned home to her father's. She had stayed out late one night, in company with a 'commissioner' whom she had known abroad, was afraid or ashamed to go home, and so went wrong. Falling lower, and becoming poorer, she became at last acquainted with a ticket-taker at a railway station, who tired of the acquaintance. One night when he had made an appointment (as he had often done before) and, on the plea of inability to leave his duties, had put this girl in a cab, that she might be taken safely home (she seemed to have inspired him with that much enduring regard), she pulled up the window and swallowed two shillings' worth of the essential oil of almonds which she had bought at a chemist's an hour before. The driver happened to look round when she still had the bottle to her lips, immediately made out the whole story, and had the presence of mind to drive her straight to a hospital, where she remained a month before she was cured. She was in that state of depression in the

prison, that it was a matter for grave consideration whether it would be safe to take her into the Home, where, if she were bent upon committing suicide, it would be almost impossible to prevent her. After some talk with her, however, it was decided to receive her. She proved one of the best inmates it has ever had, and remained in it seven months before she emigrated. Her father, who had never seen her since the night of her staying out late, came to see her in the Home, and confirmed these particulars. It is doubtful whether any treatment but that pursued in such an institution would have restored this girl.

Case number fourteen was an extremely pretty girl of twenty, whose mother was married to a second husband—a drunken man who ill-treated his step-daughter. She had been engaged to be married, but had been deceived, and had run away from home in shame, and had been away three years. Within that period, however, she had twice returned home; the first time for six months; the second time for a few days. She had also been in a London hospital. She had also been in the Magdalen: which institution her father-in-law, with a drunkard's inconsistency, had induced her to leave, to attend her mother's funeral—and then ill-treated her as before. She had been once in prison as a disorderly character, and was received from the prison into the Home. Her health was impaired and her experiences had been of a bad kind in a bad quarter of London, but she was still a girl of remarkably engaging and delicate appearance. She remained in the Home, improving rapidly, thirteen months. She was never complained of, and her general deportment was unusually quiet and modest. She emigrated, and is a good, industrious, happy wife.

This paper can scarely be better closed than by the following pretty passage from a letter of one of the married young women.

HONNOURED LADIES,

I have again taken the liberty of writing to you to let you know how I am going on since I last wrote Home for I can never forget that name that still comes fresh to my mind, Honnoured Ladies I received your most kind letter on Tuesday

the 21st of May my Mistress was kind enough to bring it over to me she told me that she also had a letter from you and that she should write Home and give you a good account of us. Honnoured Ladies I cannot describe the feelings which I felt on receiving your most kind letter, I first read my letter then I cried but it was with tears of joy, to think you was so kind to write to us Honnoured Ladies I have seen Jane and I showed my letter and she is going write Home, she is living about 36 miles from where I live and her and her husband are very happy together she has been down to our Town this week and it is the first that we have seen of her since a week after they were married. My Husband is very kind to me and we live very happy and comfortable together we have a nice garden where we grow all that we want we have sown some peas turnips and I helped to do some we have three such nice pigs and we killed one last week he was so fat that he could not see out of his eyes he used to have to sit down to eat and I have got such a nice cat —she peeps over me while I am writing this. My Husband was going out one day, and he heard that cat cry and he fetched her in she was so thin. My tow little birds are gone—one dide and the other flew away now I have got none, get down Cat do. My Husband has built a shed at the side of the house to do any thing for hisself when he coms home from work of a night he tells me that I shall every 9 years com Home if we live so long please God, but I think that he is only making game of me. Honnoured Ladies I can never feel grateful enough for your kindness to me and the kind indulgences which I received at my happy Home, I often wish that I could come Home and see that happy place again once more and all my kind friends which I hope I may one day please God.

No comments or arguments shall be added to swell the length this account has already attained. Our readers will judge for themselves what some of these cases must have soon become, but for the timely interposition of the Home established by the Ladies whose charity is so discreet and so impartial.

THE SPIRIT BUSINESS

[May 7, 1853]

Persons of quality, and others, who visit the various 'gifted media' now in London, or receive those supernaturally endowed ladies at their own houses, may be glad to hear how the spirit business has been doing in America. Two numbers of *The Spiritual Telegraph*, a newspaper published in New York, and 'devoted to the illustration of spiritual intercourse,' having fallen into our hands, we are happy to have some means from head-quarters of gratifying the laudable curiosity of these philosophical inquirers.

In the first place, it is gratifying to know that the second volume of that admirable publication, *The Shekinah*, was advertised last Fall, containing 'Psychometrical sketches of living characters given by a lady while in the waking state, who derives her impressions by holding a letter from the unknown person against her forehead.' To this remarkable journal, 'several distinguished minds in Europe are expected to contribute occasionally.' It appears, however, scarcely to meet with sufficient terrestrial circulation; the editor being under the necessity of inquiring in capitals, 'Shall it have a patronage worthy of its objects and its character?' We also observe with pleasure the publication of a fourth edition of 'The Pilgrimage of Thomas Paine and others, to the sixth circle in the Spirit World, by the Reverend Charles Hammond, Medium, written by the spirit of Thomas Paine without Volition on the part of the medium.'

Also the following publications: 'A Chart exhibiting an outline of progressive history, and approaching destiny of the race. A. J. D. Can be sent by mail.' 'The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. Light from the Spirit World, comprising a Series of Articles on the Condition of Spirits and the development of mind in the Rudimental and Second Spheres; being written by the controul of Spirits.' We are further indebted to a gentleman—we presume a mortal—of the name of Coggshall, for 'The Signs of the Times, com-

prising a History of the Spirit Rappings in Cincinnati and other places.' The Reverend Adin Ballou has been so obliging as to favour the world with his 'Spirit Manifestations'; and a Medium, of the gentle name of Ambler, has produced the 'Spiritual Teacher,' from the dictation of a little knot of choice spirits of the sixth circle.

As a counterpoise to the satisfaction these spiritual literary announcements are calculated to inspire, we regret to perceive that some men have been at their old work of blinking at the light. This melancholy fact is made known to us through the 'medium' of a paragraph, headed 'BEHIND THE DOOR'; from which we learn with indignation that 'a good Presbyterian brother in Newtown, Conn.': with that want of moral courage which is unhappily characteristic of the man, is accustomed to read *The Telegraph* in that furtive situation, bringing down upon himself the terrible apostrophe, 'Read on, brother, until thy spirit shall receive strength sufficient to enable thee to crawl from thy hiding-place.' On the other hand it is a consolation to know that 'we have, out in Ohio, a little girl who writes fonography interspersed with celestial characters.' We have also 'Mrs. S., a gifted friend,' who writes, 'I may at some future time draw upon the storehouse of memory for some Spiritual facts which have long slumbered there; fearing the scoff of the skeptic has hitherto kept me silent, but I believe there is a time now dawning upon us when we shall no longer hide the light given us, under a bushel.' This gifted lady is supplied with a number of papers, but has none that she greets so cordially as *The Telegraph*, which is 'loaned' her by a friend. 'It ministers,' says she, modestly, 'to my spiritual and higher nature which craves a kindred aliment, and which, in past years, has nearly starved on the husks and verbiage dressed up by the sensuous and unbelieving in spiritual illumination.' Mrs. Fish and the Misses Fox were, at the date of these advices, to be heard of, we rejoice to state, at number seventy-eight, West Twenty-Sixth Street, where those estimable ladies 'entertain strangers' on three evenings in the week from eight to ten. The enlarged liberality of Mr. Partridge, who addressed THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHE-

NOMENA, is worthy of all imitation, and proves him to be game indeed. Mr. P. was of opinion, when last heard of, that 'the Devil should have his due,' and that if he (the Devil) were found engaged in the spirit business, then let them 'stretch forth the right hand of fellowship, and let joy resound through earth and heaven at the conversion of the Prince of Evil.'

The following explicit and important communications had been received from spirits—the exalted and improving character of the announcements, evidently being a long way beyond mortality, and requiring special spiritual revelation.

FROM A SPIRIT, BY NAME JOHN COLLINSWORTH

'Who can say it, "I am free as God made"? My dear friends, it is sometimes very difficult to express our sentiments in words. What matter who speak so long as you feel a witness in your own souls, that what is said, is said to benefit mankind and advance the truth. Why, my dear friends, my soul is filled with love towards you. I daily lift my desires to the Divine Giver of every good thing for your welfare and eternal happiness in the life to come. I will strive to watch over you as a circle.'

FROM A SPIRIT, BY NAME ANN BILLINGS

'I have long taken a deep interest in the progress of this circle. I have called a circle together, and now imagine your guardian spirits assembled in a circle encircling your circle, willing and anxious to gratify your every wish; you must suspend your judgment and wait patiently for further developments, which will set believers right.'

FROM AN ANONYMOUS SPIRIT, PRESUMED TO BE OF THE QUAKER PERSUASION

'Dear John, it is a pleasure to address thee now and then, after a lapse of many years. This new mode of conversing is no less interesting to thy mother than to thee. It greatly adds to the enjoyment and happiness of thy friends here to

see thee happy, looking forward with composure to the change from one sphere to another.'

FROM A SPIRIT, BY NAME LORENZO DOW

'I will add a little to what has already been said. Keep calm—let skeptics scoff—bigots rave—the press ridicule—keep an eye on the pulpit, there will be a mighty onslaught by the clergy soon; hew straight, keep cool, and welcome them into your ranks.'

Upon the general question we observe that an eminent man with the singular title of Bro Hewitt attended a meeting at Boston, where there was some speaking from, or through, the mediums, which, 'although not according to the common rules or order of speaking, was nevertheless of an interesting character in its thought, as well as in the novelty of its method. Two young men were the speaking mediums alluded to, who have never spoken in public before they were thus moved to do it.' Bro Hewitt does not mention, that the spirits began this particular revelation with the startling and novel declaration that they were unaccustomed to public speaking; but it appears probable. The spirits were assailed (as was only to be expected), by the Boston press, and Bro Hewitt is of opinion that 'such a tissue of falsehood, slang, and abuse, was never before expressed in so eminently laconic and classic a style since Protestant Methodism began with S. F. Norris.' At the Boston Melodeon, a large audience had assembled to hear Theodore Parker; but in lieu of that inspired person, 'the desk was supplied by the celebrated Andrew Jackson Davis.' One lady was much surprised to find this illustrious individual so young; he being only twenty-five and having a higher forehead than Mr. Sunderland, the mesmeriser; but wearing 'a similarly savage-looking beard and moustache.' His text was 'All the World 's a Stage'; and he merely 'wished to propose a new philosophy, which, unlike the theology of the Testaments should be free from inconsistencies, and tend to perfect harmony.' Our game friend Partridge had remarked in solemn conference that 'some seek to protect themselves from conflicting communications, by

refusing to hearken to any spirit unless he claims to hail from the sixth or seventh sphere.' Mr. Thomas Hutching, 'a venerable Peracher,' whatever that may be, 'of forty years' standing,' had been 'overwhelmed' by the rapping medium, Mrs. Fish; and the venerable Peracher had not recovered when last heard of. The Reverend Charles Hammond, medium, had communicated the following important facts: 'I. All spirits are good and not evil. There is no evil spirit on earth or in this sphere. God nor nature never made an evil spirit. II. There is no condition of spirit lower than the rudimental. Earth has the lowest order, and the darkest sphere. Hell is not a correct word to convey the proper idea of the comparative condition of spirits in different circles. And III. A circle is not a space but a development,'—which piece of information we particularly recommend to the reader's consideration as likely to do him good.

We find that our American friends, with that familiar nomenclature which is not uncommon among them, have agreed to designate one branch of the spiritual proceedings as 'Tippings.' We did at first suppose this expressive word to be of English growth, and to refer to the preliminary 'tipping' of the medium, which is found to be indispensable to the entertainments on this side of the Atlantic. We have discovered, however, that it denotes the spiritual movements of the tables and chairs, and of a mysterious piece of furniture called a 'stand,' which appears to be in every apartment. The word has passed into current use, insomuch that one correspondent writes: 'The other evening, as myself and a party of friends were entertaining ourselves with the tippings,'—and so on.

And now for a few individual cases of spiritual manifestation:—

There was a horrible medium down in Philadelphia, who recorded of herself, 'Whenever I am passive, day or night, my hand writes.' This appalling author came out under the following circumstances:—'A pencil and paper were lying on the table. The pencil came into my hand; my fingers were clenched on it! An unseen iron grasp compressed the tendons of my arms—my hand was flung violently forward on

the paper, and I wrote meaning sentences without any intention, or knowing what they were to be.' The same prolific person presently inquires, 'Is this Insanity?' To which we take the liberty of replying, that we rather think it is.

R. B. Barker had been subject to a good deal of 'telegraphing by the spirits.' The death of U. J. had been predicted to him, and a fluttering of ethereal creatures, resembling pigeons, had taken place in his bedroom. After this supernatural poultry took flight, U. J. died. Other circumstances had occurred to R. B. Barker, 'which he might relate,' but which were 'of such a nature as to preclude exposure' at that present writing.

D. J. Mandell had had the following experience. 'I was invited to conduct a sitting at a neighbour's, with reference to affording an opportunity to a young clergyman to witness something of the manifestations. A name was here spelled out which none of the family recognised, and of which the said young clergyman at first denied any knowledge. I called for a message, and this was given: "Believe this is spiritual." Thinking it singular that no relative of the family, and especially that no one whom the young minister could remember, should announce himself, I inquired if the spirit of any of his friends were present. Almost before the response could be given, he spoke sharply, and said, "I wish not to hear from any of my friends through any such means." I found there was considerable pride and prejudice aboard the little man, and pretty strongly suspected that there was more in the announcement of that name than he was willing to acknowledge. After considerable conversation, direct and indirect, he confessed to a knowledge of the person whose name had been given as aforesaid: it was that of a black barber who had died some time before, and who, during his life-time, had resided in the clergyman's native village. The latter had been well acquainted with him, but despised him; and, from what I could make out of the manifestation, take it all in all, I judged that his spiritual friends were present to communicate with him; but perceiving his strong repugnance to hear from his friends through the tippings, they had resolved to

shock his self-complacency by putting forward the very one whom he detested most.'

The following state, described by a gentleman who withholds his name, appears to us to indicate a condition, as to spirits, which is within the experience of many persons. To point our meaning we italicise a few words:

'On the evening of the fifteenth instant, at the residence of Dr. Hallock, I was directed through the raps (a medium being present), to go to the residence of Dr. Gray, and sit in a circle to be convened for the purpose of seeing an exhibition of spirit lights. As I had no other invitation I felt exceeding delicate about complying. I mentioned this to the power that was giving the direction, and added, as an additional excuse, *that my attendance there on an occasion long gone by had left an unfavourable impression.* Still I was directed to go. On arriving at Dr. Gray's, I explained the occasion of my presence, and was admitted to the circle. Being desirous that my influence should not mar the harmony of the company, I put forth a strong effort of the will to induce a passiveness in my nervous system; and, in order that I might not be deceived as to my success, *resigned myself to sleep. . . . I suppose I was unconscious for thirty minutes.*' After this, the seer had a vision of stalks and leaves, 'a large species of fruit, somewhat resembling a pine-apple,' and 'a nebulous column, somewhat resembling the milky way,' which nothing but spirits could account for, and from which nothing but soda-water, or time, is likely to have recovered him. We believe this kind of manifestation is usually followed by a severe headache next morning, attended by some degree of thirst.

A spiritualist residing at Troy, communicates the case of a lady, which appears to us to be of a nature closely resembling the last. 'A lady—the wife of a certain officer in a Presbyterian church—who is a partial believer in spiritual manifestations, *was so far under the influence of spirits,* that her hands were moved, and made to perform some very singular gestures. This new mode of doing business was not very pleasing to the lady, and caused her to be a little frightened.

One day, seeing their clergyman, Dr. —— passing, the latter was invited in to witness the phenomena, and to render assistance, if possible. As the Doctor entered the room, the lady shook hands with him cordially, but found it easier to commence than to leave off. After shaking hands for some time, the hands commenced patting the Doctor on the shoulders, head and ears, to the confusion of both parties. The Doctor then advised that the hands be immersed in cold water, with a view to disengage the electricity, of which he said the lady was overcharged. When the water was procured the motion of the hands became more violent, and manifested a repugnance to the water-cure. With a little assistance, however, the hands were finally immersed, when they at once commenced throwing the water so plentifully over the Doctor's head and shoulders, that he was compelled to beat a hasty retreat, carrying with him the marks of water-baptism at spirit hands. It is hoped that the Doctor, after this experience in the Spiritual electrical-fountain-bath will have a little more charity for his rapping sisters, as he terms them, and not again assail them from the pulpit as void of common sense.'

It certainly is very extraordinary that, with such lights as these, any men can assail their rapping and tipping brothers and sisters, from any sort of pulpit, as void of common sense. The spirit business cannot fail to be regarded by all dispassionate persons as the last great triumph of common sense.

These extracts, which we might extend through several pages, will quite dispose of the objection that there is any folly or stupidity among the patrons of the spirit business. As a proof that they are equally free from self-conceit, and that that little weakness in human nature has nothing to do with the success of the trade, and is not at all consulted by the dealers, we will come home to England for a concluding testimony borne by Mr. Robert Owen. This gentleman, in a conversation with the spirits of his deceased wife and youngest daughter, inquired what object they had in view in favouring him with their company? 'Answer. To reform the world. Question. Can *I* materially promote this object? Answer. You can assist in promoting it. Question.

Shall *I* be aided by the spirits to enable me to succeed? Answer. Yes. Question. Shall *I* devote the remainder of my life to this mission? Answer. Yes. Question. Shall *I* hold a public meeting to announce to the world these proceedings; or shall they be made known through the British Parliament? Answer. Through the British Parliament. Question. Shall *I* also apply for an investigation of this subject to the Congress of the United States? Answer. Yes.' This naturally brought up the spirit of Benjamin Franklin, of whom Mr. Owen inquired, 'Have *I* been assisted in my writings for the public, by any particular spirit? Answer. Yes. Question. What spirit? Answer. GOD. (This reply was made in such a manner as to create a peculiarly awful impression on those present.) Question. Shall *I* continue to be assisted by the same spirit? Answer. Yes.'

We have inquired of Dr. Conolly, and are informed that there are several philosophers now resident at Hanwell, Middlesex, and also in Saint George's Fields, Southwark, who, without any tippings or rappings, find themselves similarly inspired. But those learned prophets cry aloud in their wards, and no man regardeth them; which brings us to the painful conclusion, that in the Spirit business, as in most other trades, there are some bankruptcies.

A HAUNTED HOUSE

[JULY 23, 1853]

THAT there are on record many circumstantial and minute accounts of haunted houses, is well known to most people. But, all such narratives must be received with the greatest circumspection, and sifted with the utmost care; nothing in them must be taken for granted, and every detail proved by direct and clear evidence, before it can be received. For, if this course be necessary to the establishment of a philosophical experiment in accordance with the known laws of nature, how much more is it necessary in a case where the alleged truth is opposed to those laws (so far as they are under-

stood), and to the experience of educated mankind? How much more so, yet, when it is in the nature of the mass of this class of supernatural stories to resolve themselves into natural and commonplace affairs on the subtraction or addition of some slight circumstance equally easy to have been dropped off, or to have been joined on, in the course of repetition from mouth to mouth!

We offer this preliminary remark as in fairness due to the difficulty of the general subject. But, in reference to the particular case of which, in all its terrors, we are about to give a short account, we must observe that every circumstance we shall relate is accurately known to us, is fully guaranteed by us, and can be proved by a cloud of witnesses taken at random from the whole country.

The proprietor of the haunted house in question, is a gentleman of the name of Bull. Mr. Bull is a person of large property—a long way past the Middle Age, though some maudlin young people would have persuaded him to the contrary a little while ago—and possessed of a strong constitution and great common sense. Which, it is needless to add, is the most uncommon sense in the world.

The house belonging to Mr. Bull, which has acquired an unenviable notoriety, is situated in the city of Westminster, and abuts on the river Thames. Mr. Bull was induced to commence this edifice for the reception of a family already enlarged by the addition of several new Members, some years ago, on the destruction of his ancient family mansion by fire. A variety of remarkable facts have been observed, from the first, in connexion with this building. Merely as a building, it is supposed to be impossible that it can ever be finished; it is predicted and generally believed that the owl will hoot from the aged ivy clinging to the bases of its towers, many centuries before the summits of those towers are reared. When it was originally projected, the sum-total of its cost was plainly written on the plans, in figures of a reasonable size. Those figures have since swelled in a most astonishing manner, and may now be seen in a colossal state. It was yet mere beams and walls, when extraordinary voices of the

prosiest description arose from its foundations, and resounded through the city, night and day, unmeaningly demanding whether Cromwell should have a statue. The voices being at length hushed by a body of Royal commissioners (among whom was the member for the University of Oxford, *ex officio* powerful, in the Red Sea), new phenomena succeeded. It was found impossible to warm the edifice; it was found impossible to cool it; and it was found impossible to light it. The Members of Mr. Bull's family were blown off their seats by blasts of icy air, and in the same moment fainted from excess of sickly heat. Ophthalmia raged among them in consequence of the powerful glare to which their right eyes were exposed, while their left organs of vision were shrouded in the darkness of Egypt. Caverns of amazing dimensions yawned under their feet, whence odours arose, of which the only consolatory feature was, that no savour of brimstone could be detected in them. Pale human forms—but for the most part of exaggerated and unearthly proportions—arose in the Hall, and (under the name of Cartoons) haunted it a long time. Among these phantoms, several portentous shades of ancient Britons were observed, with beards in the latest German style. Undaunted by these accumulated horrors, Mr. Bull took possession of his haunted house—and then the dismal work began indeed.

The first supernatural persecution endured by Mr. Bull, was the sound of a tremendous quantity of oaths. This was succeeded by the dragging of great weights about the house at untimely hours, accompanied with fearful noises, such as shrieking, yelling, barking, braying, crowing, coughing, fiendish laughter, and the like. Mr. Bull describes this outcry as calculated to appal the stoutest heart. But, a gush of words incessantly pouring forth within the hunted premises, was even more distressing still. In the dead of the night, words, words, words—words of laudation, words of vituperation, words of indignation, words of peroration, words of order, words of disorder; words, words, words—the same words in the same weary array, of little or no meaning, over and over again—resounded in the unhappy gentleman's ears.

The Irish accent was very frequently detectible in these dreadful sounds, and Mr. Bull considered it an aggravation of his misery.

All this time, the strangest and wildest confusion reigned among the furniture. Seats were overturned and knocked about; papers of importance that were laid upon the table, unaccountably disappeared; large measures were brought in and dropped; Members of Mr. Bull's family were repeatedly thrown from side to side, without appearing to know that they had changed sides at all; other Members were absurdly hoisted from surprising distances to foremost benches, where they tried to hold on tight, but couldn't by any means effect it; invisible kicks flew about with the utmost rapidity; the seals of Mr. Bull's offices, though of some weight, were tossed to and fro, like shuttlecocks; and, in the tumult, Mr. Bull himself went bodily to the wall, and there remained doubled up for a considerable period. In addition to these fearful revels, it was found that a forest growth of cobweb and fungus, which in the course of many generations had accumulated in the lobbies and passages of Mr. Bull's old house, supernaturally sprung up at compound interest in the lobbies and passages of the new one, which were further infested by swarms of (supposed) unclean spirits that took refuge in the said growth. Thus was the house further haunted by what Mr. Bull calls, for the sake of distinction, 'Private Bills,' engendering a continual gabbling and cackling in all the before-mentioned passages and lobbies, as well as in all the smaller chambers or committee rooms of Mr. Bull's mansion: and occasioning so much spoliation and corruption, and such a prodigious waste of money, that Mr. Bull considers himself annually impoverished to the extent of many hundreds of thousands of pounds thereby.

At this distressing crisis, it occurred to Mr. Bull, to send the Members of his family (as it should be understood, his custom occasionally is) into the country, to be refreshed, and to get a little change. He thought that if the house stood empty for a short time, it might possibly become quieter in the interval; at any rate he knew that its condition could not well be worse. He therefore sent them down to various bor-

oughs and counties, and awaited the result with some hope. But, now the most appalling circumstances connected with this haunted house, and which, within the compass of our reading, is unparalleled in any similar case, developed itself with a fury that had reduced Mr. Bull to the confines of despair.

For the time, the house itself was quiet. But, dismal to relate, the great mass of the Members of Mr. Bull's family carried the most terrific plagues of the house into the country with them, and seemed to let loose a legion of devils wheresoever they went. We will take, for the sake of clearness, the borough of Burningshame, and will generally recount what happened there, as a specimen of what occurred in many other places.

A Member of Mr. Bull's family went down to Burningshame, with the intention—perfectly innocent in itself—of taking a pleasant walk over the course there, and getting his friends to return him by an easy conveyance to Mr. Bull. But, no sooner had this gentleman arrived in Burningshame, than the voices and words broke out in every room and balcony of his hotel with a vehemence and recklessness indescribably awful. They made the wildest statements; they swore to the most impossible promises; they said and unsaid fifty things in an hour; they declared black to be white, and white to be black, without the least appearance of any sense of shame or responsibility; and made the hair of the better part of the population stand on end. All this time, the dirtiest mud in the streets was found to be flying about and bespattering people at a great distance. This, however, was not the worst; would that it had been! It was but the beginning of the horrors. Scarcely was the town of Burningshame aware of its deplorable condition when the Member of Mr. Bull's family was discovered to be haunted, night and day, by two evil spirits who had come down with him (they being usually prowling about the lobbies and passages of the house, and other dry places), and who, under the names of an Attorney and a Parliamentary Agent, committed ravages truly diabolical. The first act of this infernal pair was, to throw open all the public-houses, and invite the people of

Burningshame to drink themselves raving mad. They then compelled them, with banners, and with instruments of brass, and big drums, idiotically to parade the town, and fall foul of all other banners, instruments of brass, and big drums, that they met. In the meantime, they tortured and terrified all the small tradesmen, buzzed in their ears, dazzled their eyes, nipped their pockets, pinched their children, appeared to and alarmed their wives (many of them in the family way), broke the rest of whole families, and filled them with anxiety and dread. Not content with this, they tempted the entire town, got the people to sell their precious souls, put red-hot money into their hands while they were looking another way, made them forswear themselves, set father against son, brother against brother, friend against friend; and made the whole of Burningshame one sty of gluttony, drunkenness, avarice, lying, false-swearing, waste, want, ill-will, contention and depravity. In short, if the Member's visit had lasted very long (which happily it did not) the place must have become a hell upon earth for several generations. And all this, these spirits did, with a wickedness peculiar to their accursed state: perpetually howling that it was pure and glorious, that it was free and independent, that it was Old England for ever, and other scraps of malignant mockery.

Matters had arrived at this pitch, not only in Burningshame, but, as already observed, in an infinite variety of other places, when Mr. Bull—having heard, perhaps, some rumours of these disasters—recalled the various Members of his family to his house in town. They were no sooner assembled, than all the old noises broke out with redoubled violence; the same extraordinary confusion prevailed among the furniture; the cobweb and fungus thickened with greater fecundity than before; and the multitude of spirits in the lobbies and passages bellowed and yelled, and made a dismal noise—described to be like the opening and shutting up of heavy cases —for weeks together.

But even this was not the worst. Mr. Bull now found, on questioning his family, that those evil spirits, the Attorneys and the Parliamentary Agents, had obtained such strong possession of many Members, that they (those members of Mr.

Bull's family) stood in awe of the said spirits, and even while they pretended to have been no parties to what the spirits had done, constantly defended and sided with them, and said among themselves that if they carried the spirits over this bad job, the spirits would return the compliment by and by. This discovery, as may readily be believed, occasioned Mr. Bull the most poignant anguish, and he distractedly looked about him for any means of relieving his haunted house of their dreadful presence. An implement called a ballot box (much used by Mr. Bull for domestic purposes) being recommended as efficacious, Mr. Bull suggested to his family the expediency of trying it; but, so many of the Members roared out 'Un-English!' and were echoed in such fearful tones, and with such great gnashing of teeth, by the whole of the spirits in the passages and lobbies, that Mr. Bull (who is in some things of a timid disposition) abandoned the idea for the time, without at all knowing what the cry meant.

The house is still in the fearful condition described, and the question with Mr. Bull is, What is to be done with it? Instead of getting better it gets worse, if possible, every night. Fevered by want of rest; confused by the perpetual gush of words, and dragging of weights; blinded by the tossings from side to side; bewildered by the clamour of the spirits; and infected by the doings at Burningshame and elsewhere; too many of the Members of Mr. Bull's family (as Mr. Bull perceives with infinite regret) are beginning to conceive that what is truth and honour out of Mr. Bull's house, is not truth and honour in it. That within those haunted precincts a gentleman may deem words all sufficient, and become a miserable quibbler. That the whole world is comprised within the haunted house of Mr. Bull, and that there is nothing outside to find him out, or call him to account. But this, as Mr. Bull remarks, is a delusion of a haunted mind; there being within his experience (which is pretty large) a good deal outside—Mr. Bull thinks, quite enough to pull his house about his family's ears, as soon as it ceases to be respected.

This is the present state of the haunted house. Mr. Bull

has a fine Indian property, which has fallen into some confusion, and requires good management and just stewardship; but, as he says himself, how can he properly attend to his affairs in such an uproar? His younger children stand in great need of education, and must be sent to school somewhere; but how can he clear his mind to balance the different prospectuses of rival establishments in this perturbed condition? Holy water has been tried—a pretty large supply having been brought from Ireland—but it has not the least effect, though it is spouted all over the floor, in profusion, every night. 'Then,' says Mr. Bull, naturally much distressed in his mind, 'what am I to do, sir, with this house of mine? I can't go on in this way. All about Burningshame and those other places is well known. It won't do. I must not allow the Members of my family to bring disease upon the country on which they should bring health; to load it with disgrace instead of honour; with their dirty hands to soil the national character on the most serious occasions when they come in contact with it; and with their big talk to set up one standard of morality for themselves and another for the multitude. Nor must I be put off in this matter, for it presses. Then what am I to do, sir, with this house of mine?'

GONE ASTRAY

[August 13, 1853]

When I was a very small boy indeed, both in years and stature, I got lost one day in the City of London. I was taken out by Somebody (shade of Somebody forgive me for remembering no more of thy identity!), as an immense treat, to be shown the outside of Saint Giles's Church. I had romantic ideas in connection with that religious edifice; firmly believing that all the beggars who pretended through the week to be blind, lame, one-armed, deaf and dumb, and otherwise physically afflicted, laid aside their pretences every Sunday, dressed themselves in holiday clothes, and attended di-

vine service in the temple of their patron saint. I had a general idea that the reigning successor of Bamfylde Moore Carew acted as a sort of church-warden on these occasions, and sat in a high pew with red curtains.

It was in the spring-time when these tender notions of mine, bursting forth into new shoots under the influence of the season, became sufficiently troublesome to my parents and guardians to occasion Somebody to volunteer to take me to see the outside of Saint Giles's Church, which was considered likely (I suppose) to quench my romantic fire, and bring me to a practical state. We set off after breakfast. I have an impression that Somebody was got up in a striking manner—in cord breeches of fine texture and milky hue, in long jean gaiters, in a green coat with bright buttons, in a blue neckerchief, and a monstrous shirt-collar. I think he must have newly come (as I had myself) out of the hop-grounds of Kent. I considered him the glass of fashion and the mould of form: a very Hamlet without the burden of his difficult family affairs.

We were conversational together, and saw the outside of Saint Giles's Church with sentiments of satisfaction, much enhanced by a flag flying from the steeple. I infer that we then went down to Northumberland House in the Strand to view the celebrated lion over the gateway. At all events, I know that in the act of looking up with mingled awe and admiration at that famous animal I lost Somebody.

The child's unreasoning terror of being lost, comes as freshly on me now as it did then. I verily believe that if I had found myself astray at the North Pole instead of in the narrow, crowded, inconvenient street over which the lion in those days presided, I could not have been more horrified. But, this first fright expended itself in a little crying and tearing up and down; and then I walked, with a feeling of dismal dignity upon me, into a court, and sat down on a step to consider how to get through life.

To the best of my belief, the idea of asking my way home never came into my head. It is possible that I may, for the time, have preferred the dismal dignity of being lost; but I have a serious conviction that in the wide scope of my ar-

rangements for the future, I had no eyes for the nearest and most obvious course. I was but very juvenile; from eight to nine years old, I fancy.

I had one and fourpence in my pocket, and a pewter ring with a bit of red glass in it on my little finger. This jewel had been presented to me by the object of my affections, on my birthday, when we had sworn to marry, but had foreseen family obstacles to our union, in her being (she was six years old) of the Wesleyan persuasion, while I was devotedly attached to the Church of England. The one and fourpence were the remains of half-a-crown presented on the same anniversary by my godfather—a man who knew his duty and did it.

Armed with these amulets, I made up my little mind to seek my fortune. When I had found it, I thought I would drive home in a coach and six, and claim my bride. I cried a little more at the idea of such a triumph, but soon dried my eyes and came out of the court to pursue my plans. These were, first to go (as a species of investment) and see the Giants in Guildhall, out of whom I felt it not improbable that some prosperous adventure would arise; failing that contingency, to try about the City for any opening of a Whittington nature; baffled in that too, to go into the army as a drummer.

So, I began to ask my way to Guildhall: which I thought meant, somehow, Gold or Golden Hall; I was too knowing to ask my way to the Giants, for I felt it would make people laugh. I remember how immensely broad the streets seemed now I was alone, how high the houses, how grand and mysterious everything. When I came to Temple Bar, it took me half an hour to stare at it, and I left it unfinished even then. I had read about heads being exposed on the top of Temple Bar, and it seemed a wicked old place, albeit a noble monument of architecture and a paragon of utility. When at last I got away from it, behold I came, the next minute, on the figures at St. Dunstan's! Who could see those obliging monsters strike upon the bells and go? Between the quarters there was the toyshop to look at—still there, at this present writing, in a new form—and even when that en-

chanted spot was escaped from, after an hour and more, then Saint Paul's arose, and how was I to get beyond its dome, or to take my eyes from its cross of gold? I found it a long journey to the Giants, and a slow one.

I came into their presence at last, and gazed up at them with dread and veneration. They looked better-tempered, and were altogether more shiny-faced, than I had expected; but they were very big, and, as I judged their pedestals to be about forty feet high, I considered that they would be very big indeed if they were walking on the stone pavement. I was in a state of mind as to these and all such figures, which I suppose holds equally with most children. While I knew them to be images made of something that was not flesh and blood, I still invested them with attributes of life—with consciousness of my being there, for example, and the power of keeping a sly eye upon me. Being very tired I got into the corner under Magog, to be out of the way of his eye, and fell asleep.

When I started up after a long nap, I thought the giants were roaring, but it was only the City. The place was just the same as when I fell asleep: no beanstalk, no fairy, no princess, no dragon, no opening in life of any kind. So, being hungry, I thought I would buy something to eat, and bring it in there and eat it, before going forth to seek my fortune on the Whittington plan.

I was not ashamed of buying a penny roll in a baker's shop, but I looked into a number of cooks' shops before I could muster courage to go into one. At last I saw a pile of cooked sausages in a window with the label, 'Small Germans, A Penny.' Emboldened by knowing what to ask for, I went in and said, 'If you please will you sell me a small German?' which they did, and I took it, wrapped in paper in my pocket, to Guildhall.

The giants were still lying by, in their sly way, pretending to take no notice, so I sat down in another corner, when what should I see before me but a dog with his ears cocked. He was a black dog, with a bit of white over one eye, and bits of white and tan in his paws, and he wanted to play—frisking about me, rubbing his nose against me, dodging at

me sideways, shaking his head and pretending to run away backwards, and making himself good-naturedly ridiculous, as if he had no consideration for himself, but wanted to raise my spirits. Now, when I saw this dog I thought of Whittington, and felt that things were coming right; I encouraged him by saying, 'Hi, boy!' 'Poor fellow!' 'Good dog!' and was satisfied that he was to be my dog for ever afterwards, and that he would help me to seek my fortune.

Very much comforted by this (I had cried a little at odd times ever since I was lost), I took the small German out of my pocket, and began my dinner by biting off a bit and throwing it to the dog, who immediately swallowed it with a one-sided jerk, like a pill. While I took a bit myself, and he looked me in the face for a second piece, I considered by what name I should call him. I thought Merrychance would be an expressive name, under the circumstances; and I was elated, I recollect, by inventing such a good one, when Merrychance began to growl at me in a most ferocious manner.

I wondered he was not ashamed of himself, but he didn't care for that; on the contrary he growled a good deal more. With his mouth watering, and his eyes glistening, and his nose in a very damp state, and his head very much on one side, he sidled about on the pavement in a threatening manner and growled at me, until he suddenly made a snap at the small German, tore it out of my hand, and went off with it. He never came back to help me seek my fortune. From that hour to the present, when I am forty years of age, I have never seen my faithful Merrychance again.

I felt very lonely. Not so much for the loss of the small German, though it was delicious (I knew nothing about highly-peppered horse at that time), as on account of Merrychance's disappointing me so cruelly; for I had hoped he would do every friendly thing but speak, and perhaps even come to that. I cried a little more, and began to wish that the object of my affections had been lost with me, for company's sake. But, then I remembered that *she* could not go into the army as a drummer; and I dried my eyes and ate my loaf. Coming out, I met a milkwoman, of whom I bought a pennyworth of milk; quite set up again by my repast, I be-

gan to roam about the City, and to seek my fortune in the Whittington direction.

When I go into the City, now, it makes me sorrowful to think that I am quite an artful wretch. Strolling about it as a lost child, I thought of the British Merchant and the Lord Mayor, and was full of reverence. Strolling about it now, I laugh at the sacred liveries of state, and get indignant with the corporation as one of the strongest practical jokes of the present day. What did I know then, about the multitude who are always being disappointed in the City; who are always expecting to meet a party there, and to receive money there, and whose expectations are never fulfilled? What did I know then, about that wonderful person, the friend in the City, who is to do so many things for so many people; who is to get this one into a post at home, and that one into a post abroad; who is to settle with this man's creditors, provide for that man's son, and see that other man paid; who is to 'throw himself' into this grand Joint-Stock certainty, and is to put his name down on that Life Assurance Directory, and never does anything predicted of him? What did I know, then, about him as the friend of gentlemen, Mosaic Arabs and others, usually to be seen at races, and chiefly residing in the neighbourhood of Red Lion Square; and as being unable to discount the whole amount of that paper in money, but as happening to have by him a cask of remarkable fine sherry, a dressing-case, and a Venus by Titian, with which he would be willing to make up the balance? Had I ever heard of him, in those innocent days, as confiding information (which never by any chance turned out to be in the remotest degree correct) to solemn bald men, who mysteriously imparted it to breathless dinner tables? No. Had I ever learned to dread him as a shark, disregard him as a humbug, and know him for a myth? Not I. Had I ever heard of him as associated with tightness in the money market, gloom in consols, the exportation of gold, or that rock ahead in everybody's course, the bushel of wheat? Never. Had I the least idea what was meant by such terms as jobbery, rigging the market, cooking accounts, getting up a dividend, making things pleasant, and the like? Not the slightest. Should

I have detected in Mr. Hudson himself, a staring carcase of golden veal? By no manner of means. The City was to me a vast emporium of precious stones and metals, casks and bales, honour and generosity, foreign fruits and spices. Every merchant and banker was a compound of Mr. Fitz-Warren and Sinbad the Sailor. Smith, Payne, and Smith, when the wind was fair for Barbary and the captain present, were in the habit of calling their servants together (the cross cook included) and asking them to produce their little shipments. Glyn and Halifax had personally undergone great hardships in the valley of diamonds. Baring Brothers had seen Rocs' eggs and travelled with caravans. Rothschild had sat in the Bazaar at Bagdad with rich stuffs for sale; and a veiled lady from the Sultan's harem, riding on a donkey, had fallen in love with him.

Thus I wandered about the City, like a child in a dream, staring at the British merchants, and inspired by a mighty faith in the marvellousness of everything. Up courts and down courts—in and out of yards and little squares—peeping into counting-house passages and running away—poorly feeding the echoes in the court of the South Sea House with my timid steps—roaming down into Austin Friars, and wondering how the Friars used to like it—ever staring at the British merchants, and never tired of the shops—I rambled on, all through the day. In such stories as I made, to account for the different places, I believed as devoutly as in the City itself. I particularly remember that when I found myself on 'Change, and saw the shabby people sitting under the placards about ships, I settled that they were Misers, who had embarked all their wealth to go and buy gold-dust or something of that sort, and were waiting for their respective captains to come and tell them that they were ready to set sail. I observed that they all munched dry biscuits, and I thought it was to keep of sea-sickness.

This was very delightful; but it still produced no result according to the Whittington precedent. There was a dinner preparing at the Mansion House, and when I peeped in at a grated kitchen window, and saw the men cooks at work in their white caps, my heart began to beat with hope that the

Lord Mayor, or the Lady Mayoress, or one of the young Princesses their daughters, would look out of an upper apartment and direct me to be taken in. But, nothing of the kind occurred. It was not until I had been peeping in some time that one of the cooks called to me (the window was open) 'Cut away, you sir!' which frightened me so, on account of his black whiskers, that I instantly obeyed.

After that, I came to the India House, and asked a boy what it was, who made faces and pulled my hair before he told me, and behaved altogether in an ungenteel and discourteous manner. Sir James Hogg himself might have been satisfied with the veneration in which I held the India House. I had no doubt of its being the most wonderful, the most magnanimous, the most incorruptible, the most practically disinterested, the most in all respects astonishing, establishment on the face of the earth. I understood the nature of an oath, and would have sworn it to be one entire and perfect chrysolite.

Thinking much about boys who went to India, and who immediately, without being sick, smoked pipes like curled-up bell-ropes, terminating in a large cut-glass sugar basin upside down, I got among the outfitting shops. There, I read the lists of things that were necessary for an India-going boy, and when I came to 'one brace of pistols,' thought what happiness to be reserved for such a fate! Still no British merchant seemed at all disposed to take me into his house. The only exception was a chimney-sweep—he looked at me as if he thought me suitable to his business; but I ran away from him.

I suffered very much, all day, from boys; they chased me down turnings, brought me to bay in doorways, and treated me quite savagely, though I am sure I gave them no offence. One boy, who had a stump of black-lead pencil in his pocket, wrote his mother's name and address (as he said) on my white hat, outside the crown. Mrs. Blores, Wooden Leg Walk, Tobacco-stopper Row, Wapping. And I couldn't rub it out.

I recollect resting in a little churchyard after this persecution, disposed to think upon the whole, that if I and the

object of my affections could be buried there together, at once, it would be comfortable. But, another nap, and a pump, and a bun, and above all a picture that I saw, brought me round again.

I must have strayed by that time, as I recall my course, into Goodman's Fields, or somewhere thereabouts. The picture represented a scene in a play then performing at a theatre in that neighbourhood which is no longer in existence. It stimulated me to go to that theatre and see that play. I resolved, as there seemed to be nothing doing in the Whittington way, that on the conclusion of the entertainments I would ask my way to the barracks, knock at the gate, and tell them that I understood they were in want of drummers, and there I was. I think I must have been told, but I know I believed, that a soldier was always on duty, day and night, behind every barrack-gate, with a shilling; and that a boy who could by any means be prevailed on to accept it, instantly became a drummer, unless his father paid four hundred pounds.

I found out the theatre—of its external appearance I only remember the loyal initials G. R. untidily painted in yellow ochre on the front—and waited, with a pretty large crowd for the opening of the gallery doors. The greater part of the sailors and others composing the crowd, were of the lowest description, and their conversation was not improving; but I understood little or nothing of what was bad in it then, and it had no depraving influence on me. I have wondered since, how long it would take, by means of such association, to corrupt a child nurtured as I had been, and innocent as I was.

Whenever I saw that my appearance attracted attention, either outside the doors or afterwards within the theatre, I pretended to look out for somebody who was taking care of me, and from whom I was separated, and to exchange nods and smiles with that creature of my imagination. This answered very well. I had my sixpence clutched in my hand ready to pay; and when the doors opened, with a clattering of bolts, and some screaming from women in the crowd, I went on with the current like a straw. My sixpence was

rapidly swallowed up in the money-taker's pigeon-hole, which looked to me like a sort of mouth, and I got into the freer staircase above and ran on (as everybody else did) to get a good place. When I came to the back of the gallery, there were very few people in it, and the seats looked so horribly steep, and so like a diving arrangement to send me, head-foremost, into the pit, that I held by one of them in a terrible fright. However, there was a good-natured baker with a young woman, who gave me his hand, and we all three scrambled over the seats together down into the corner of the first row. The baker was very fond of the young woman, and kissed her a good deal in the course of the evening.

I was no sooner comfortably settled, than a weight fell upon my mind, which tormented it most dreadfully, and which I must explain. It was a benefit night—the benefit of the comic actor—a little fat man with a very large face and, as I thought then, the smallest and most diverting hat that ever was seen. This comedian, for the gratification of his friends and patrons, had undertaken to sing a comic song on a donkey's back, and afterwards to give away the donkey so distinguished, by lottery. In this lottery, every person admitted to the pit and gallery had a chance. On paying my sixpence, I had received the number, forty-seven; and I now thought, in a perspiration of terror, what should I ever do if that number was to come up the prize, and I was to win the donkey!

It made me tremble all over to think of the possibility of my good fortune. I knew I never could conceal the fact of my holding forty-seven, in case that number came up, because, not to speak of my confusion, which would immediately condemn me, I had shown my number to the baker. Then, I pictured to myself the being called upon to come down on the stage and receive the donkey. I thought how all the people would shriek when they saw it had fallen to a little fellow like me. How should I lead him out—for of course he wouldn't go? If he began to bray, what should I do? If he kicked, what would become of me? Suppose he backed into the stage-door, and stuck there, with me upon him? For I felt that if I won him, the comic actor would have me on

his back, the moment he could touch me. Then if I got him out of the theatre, what was I to do with him? How was I to feed him? Where was I to stable him? It was bad enough to have gone astray by myself, but to go astray with a donkey, too, was a calamity more tremendous than I could bear to contemplate.

These apprehensions took away all my pleasure in the first piece. When the ship came on—a real man-of-war she was called in the bills—and rolled prodigiously in a very heavy sea, I couldn't, even in the terrors of the storm, forget the donkey. It was awful to see the sailors pitching about, with telescopes and speaking trumpets (they looked very tall indeed aboard the man-of-war), and it was awful to suspect the pilot of treachery, though impossible to avoid it, for when he cried—'We are lost! To the raft, to the raft! A thunderbolt has struck the main-mast!'—I myself saw him take the main-mast out of its socket and drop it overboard; but even these impressive circumstances paled before my dread of the donkey. Even, when the good sailor (and he was very good) came to good fortune, and the bad sailor (and he was very bad) threw himself into the ocean from the summit of a curious rock, presenting something of the appearance of a pair of steps, I saw the dreadful donkey through my tears.

At last the time came when the fiddlers struck up the comic song, and the dreadful animal, with new shoes on, as I inferred from the noise they made, came clattering in with the comic actor on his back. He was dressed out with ribbons (I mean the donkey was) and as he persisted in turning his tail to the audience, the comedian got off him, turned about, and sitting with his face that way, sang the song three times, amid thunders of applause. All this time, I was fearfully agitated; and when two pale people, a good deal splashed with the mud of the streets, were invited out of the pit to superintend the drawing of the lottery, and were received with a round of laughter from everybody else, I could have begged and prayed them to have mercy on me, and not draw number forty-seven.

But, I was soon put out of my pain now, for a gentleman

behind me, in a flannel jacket and a yellow neck-kerchief, who had eaten two fried soles and all his pockets-full of nuts before the storm began to rage, answered to the winning number, and went down to take possession of the prize. This gentleman had appeared to know the donkey, rather, from the moment of his entrance, and had taken a great interest in his proceedings; driving him to himself, if I use an intelligible phrase, and saying, almost in my ear, when he made any mistake, 'Kum up, you precious Moke. Kum up!' He was thrown by the donkey on first mounting him, to the great delight of the audience (including myself), but rode him off with great skill afterwards, and soon returned to his seat quite calm. Calmed myself by the immense relief I had sustained, I enjoyed the rest of the performance very much indeed. I remember there were a good many dances, some in fetters and some in roses, and one by a most divine little creature, who made the object of my affections look but common-place. In the concluding drama, she re-appeared as a boy (in arms, mostly), and was fought for, several times. I rather think a Baron wanted to drown her, and was on various occasions prevented by the comedian, a ghost, a Newfoundland dog, and a church bell. I only remember beyond this, that I wondered where the Baron expected to go to, and that he went there in a shower of sparks. The lights were turned out while the sparks died out, and it appeared to me as if the whole play—ship, donkey, men and women, divine little creature, and all—were a wonderful firework that had gone off, and left nothing but dust and darkness behind it.

It was late when I got out into the streets, and there was no moon, and there were no stars, and the rain fell heavily. When I emerged from the dispersing crowd, the ghost and the baron had an ugly look in my remembrance; I felt unspeakably forlorn; and now, for the first time, my little bed and the dear familiar faces came before me, and touched my heart. By daylight, I had never thought of the grief at home. I had never thought of my mother. I had never thought of anything but adapting myself to the circumstances in which I found myself, and going to seek my fortune.

For a boy who could do nothing but cry, and run about, saying, 'O I am lost!' to think of going into the army was, I felt sensible, out of the question. I abandoned the idea of asking my way to the barracks—or rather the idea abandoned me—and ran about, until I found a watchman in his box. It is amazing to me, now, that he should have been sober; but I am inclined to think he was too feeble to get drunk.

This venerable man took me to the nearest watch-house; —I say he took me, but in fact I took him, for when I think of us in the rain, I recollect that we must have made a composition, like a vignette of Infancy leading Age. He had a dreadful cough, and was obliged to lean against a wall, whenever it came on. We got at last to the watch-house, a warm and drowsy sort of place embellished with great-coats and rattles hanging up. When a paralytic messenger had been sent to make inquiries about me, I fell asleep by the fire, and awoke no more until my eyes opened on my father's face. This is literally and exactly how I went astray. They used to say I was an odd child, and I suppose I was. I am an odd man perhaps.

Shade of Somebody, forgive me for the disquiet I must have caused thee! When I stand beneath the Lion, even now, I see thee rushing up and down, refusing to be comforted. I have gone astray since, many times, and farther afield. May I therein have given less disquiet to others, than herein I gave to thee!

FRAUDS ON THE FAIRIES

[October 1, 1853]

We may assume that we are not singular in entertaining a very great tenderness for the fairy literature of our childhood. What enchanted us then, and is captivating a million of young fancies now, has, at the same blessed time of life, enchanted vast hosts of men and women who have done their long day's work, and laid their grey heads down to rest. It would be hard to estimate the amount of gentleness and mercy

that has made its way among us through these slight channels. Forbearance, courtesy, consideration for the poor and aged, kind treatment of animals, the love of nature, abhorrence of tyranny and brute force—many such good things have been first nourished in the child's heart by this powerful aid. It has greatly helped to keep us, in some sense, ever young, by preserving through our worldly ways one slender track not overgrown with weeds, where we may walk with children, sharing their delights.

In an utilitarian age, of all other times, it is a matter of grave importance that Fairy tales should be respected. Our English red tape is too magnificently red ever to be employed in the tying up of such trifles, but every one who has considered the subject knows full well that a nation without fancy, without some romance, never did, never can, never will, hold a great place under the sun. The theatre, having done its worst to destroy these admirable fictions—and having in a most exemplary manner destroyed itself, its artists, and its audiences, in that perversion of its duty—it becomes doubly important that the little books themselves, nurseries of fancy as they are, should be preserved. To preserve them in their usefulness, they must be as much preserved in their simplicity, and purity, and innocent extravagance, as if they were actual fact. Whosoever alters them to suit his own opinions, whatever they are, is guilty, to our thinking, of an act of presumption, and appropriates to himself what does not belong to him.

We have lately observed, with pain, the intrusion of a Whole Hog of unwieldy dimensions into the fairy flower garden. The rooting of the animal among the roses would in itself have awakened in us nothing but indignation; our pain arises from his being violently driven in by a man of genius, our own beloved friend, Mr. George Cruikshank. That incomparable artist is, of all men, the last who should lay his exquisite hand on fairy text. In his own art he understands it so perfectly, and illustrates it so beautifully, so humorously, so wisely, that he should never lay down his etching needle to 'edit' the Ogre, to whom with that little instrument he can render such extraordinary justice. But,

to 'editing' Ogres, and Hop-o'-my-thumbs, and their families, our dear moralist has in a rash moment taken, as a means of propagating the doctrines of Total Abstinence, Prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors, Free Trade, and Popular Education. For the introduction of these topics, he has altered the text of a fairy story; and against his right to do any such thing we protest with all our might and main. Of his likewise altering it to advertise that excellent series of plates, 'The Bottle,' we say nothing more than that we foresee a new and improved edition of Goody Two Shoes, edited by E. Moses and Son; of the Dervish with the box of ointment, edited by Professor Holloway; and of Jack and the Beanstalk, edited by Mary Wedlake, the popular authoress of Do you bruise your oats yet.

Now, it makes not the least difference to our objection whether we agree or disagree with our worthy friend, Mr. Cruikshank, in the opinions he interpolates upon an old fairy story. Whether good or bad in themselves, they are, in that relation, like the famous definition of a weed; a thing growing up in a wrong place. He has no greater moral justification in altering the harmless little books than we should have in altering his best etchings. If such a precedent were followed we must soon become disgusted with the old stories into which modern personages so obtruded themselves, and the stories themselves must soon be lost. With seven Blue Beards in the field, each coming at a gallop from his own platform mounted on a foaming hobby, a generation or two hence would not know which was which, and the great original Blue Beard would be confounded with the counterfeits. Imagine a Total abstinence edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, with the rum left out. Imagine a Peace edition, with the gunpowder left out, and the rum left in. Imagine a Vegetarian edition, with the goat's flesh left out. Imagine a Kentucky edition, to introduce a flogging of that 'tarnal old nigger Friday, twice a week. Imagine an Aborigines Protection Society edition, to deny the cannibalism and make Robinson embrace the amiable savages whenever they landed. Robinson Crusoe would be 'edited' out of his island in a hun-

dred years, and the island would be swallowed up in the editorial ocean.

Among the other learned professions we have now the Platform profession, chiefly exercised by a new and meritorious class of commercial travellers who go about to take the sense of meetings on various articles: some, of a very superior description: some, not quite so good. Let us write the story of Cinderella, 'edited' by one of these gentlemen, doing a good stroke of business, and having a rather extensive mission.

ONCE upon a time, a rich man and his wife were the parents of a lovely daughter. She was a beautiful child, and became, at her own desire, a member of the Juvenile Bands of Hope when she was only four years of age. When this child was only nine years of age her mother died, and all the Juvenile Bands of Hope in her district—the Central district, number five hundred and twenty-seven—formed in a procession of two and two, amounting to fifteen hundred, and followed her to the grave, singing chorus Number forty-two, 'O come,' etc. This grave was outside the town, and under the direction of the Local Board of Health, which reported at certain stated intervals to the General Board of Health, Whitehall.

The motherless little girl was very sorrowful for the loss of her mother, and so was her father, too, at first; but, after a year was over, he married again—a very cross widow lady, with two proud tyrannical daughters as cross as herself. He was aware that he could have made his marriage with this lady a civil process by simply making a declaration before a Registrar; but he was averse to this course on religious grounds, and, being a member of the Montgolfian persuasion, was married according to the ceremonies of that respectable church by the Reverend Jared Jocks, who improved the occasion.

He did not live long with his disagreeable wife. Having been shamefully accustomed to shave with warm water instead of cold, which he ought to have used (see Medical Appendix

B. and C.), his undermined constitution could not bear up against her temper, and he soon died. Then, this orphan was cruelly treated by her step-mother and the two daughters, and was forced to do the dirtiest of the kitchen work; to scour the saucepans, wash the dishes, and light the fires—which did not consume their own smoke, but emitted a dark vapour prejudicial to the bronchial tubes. The only warm place in the house where she was free from ill-treatment was the kitchen chimney-corner; and as she used to sit down there, among the cinders, when her work was done, the proud fine sisters gave her the name of Cinderella.

About this time, the King of the land, who never made war against anybody, and allowed everybody to make war against him—which was the reason why his subjects were the greatest manufacturers on earth, and always lived in security and peace—gave a great feast, which was to last two days. This splendid banquet was to consist entirely of artichokes and gruel and from among those who were invited to it, and to hear the delightful speeches after dinner, the King's son was to choose a bride for himself. The proud fine sisters were invited, but nobody knew anything about poor Cinderella, and she was to stay at home.

She was so sweet-tempered, however, that she assisted the haughty creatures to dress, and bestowed her admirable taste upon them as freely as if they had been kind to her. Neither did she laugh when they broke seventeen stay-laces in dressing; for, although she wore no stays herself, being sufficiently acquainted with the anatomy of the human figure to be aware of the destructive effects of tight-lacing, she always reserved her opinions on that subject for the Regenerative Record (price three halfpence in a neat wrapper), which all good people take in, and to which she was a Contributor.

At length the wished-for moment arrived, and the proud fine sisters swept away to the feast and speeches, leaving Cinderella in the chimney-corner. But, she could always occupy her mind with the general question of the Ocean Penny Postage, and she had in her pocket an unread Oration on that subject, made by the well-known Orator, Nehemiah Nicks. She

was lost in the fervid eloquence of that talented Apostle when she became aware of the presence of one of those female relatives which (it may not be generally known) it is not lawful for a man to marry. I allude to her grandmother.

'Why so solitary, my child?' said the old lady to Cinderella.

'Alas, grandmother,' returned the poor girl, 'my sisters have gone to the feast and speeches, and here sit I in the ashes, Cinderella!'

'Never,' cried the old lady with animation, 'shall one of the Band of Hope despair! Run into the garden, my dear, and fetch me an American Pumpkin! American, because in some parts of that independent country, there are prohibitory laws against the sale of alcoholic drinks in any form. Also; because America produced (among many great pumpkins) the glory of her sex, Mrs. Colonel Bloomer. None but an American Pumpkin will do, my child.'

Cinderella ran into the garden, and brought the largest American Pumpkin she could find. This virtuously democratic vegetable her grandmother immediately changed into a splendid coach. Then, she sent her for six mice from the mouse-trap, which she changed into prancing horses, free from the obnoxious and oppressive post-horse duty. Then, to the rat-trap in the stable for a rat, which she changed to a state-coachman, not amenable to the iniquitous assessed taxes. Then, to look behind a watering-pot for six lizards, which she changed into six footmen, each with a petition in his hand ready to present to the Prince, signed by fifty thousand persons, in favour of the early closing movement.

'But grandmother,' said Cinderella, stopping in the midst of her delight, and looking at her clothes, 'how can I go to the palace in these miserable rags?'

'Be not uneasy about that, my dear,' returned her grandmother.

Upon which the old lady touched her with her wand, her rags disappeared, and she was beautifully dressed. Not in the present costume of the female sex, which has been proved to be at once grossly immodest and absurdly inconvenient, but in rich sky-blue satin pantaloons gathered at the ankle,

a puce-coloured satin pelisse sprinkled with silver flowers, and a very broad Leghorn hat. The hat was chastely ornamented with a rainbow-coloured ribbon hanging in two bell-pulls down the back; the pantaloons were ornamented with a golden stripe; and the effect of the whole was unspeakably sensible, feminine, and retiring. Lastly, the old lady put on Cinderella's feet a pair of shoes made of glass: observing that but for the abolition of the duty on that article, it never could have been devoted to such a purpose; the effect of all such taxes being to cramp invention, and embarrass the producer, to the manifest injury of the consumer. When the old lady had made these wise remarks, she dismissed Cinderella to the feast and speeches, charging her by no means to remain after twelve o'clock at night.

The arrival of Cinderella at the Monster Gathering produced a great excitement. As a delegate from the United States had just moved that the King do take the chair, and as the motion had been seconded and carried unanimously, the King himself could not go forth to receive her. But His Royal Highness the Prince (who was to move the second resolution), went to the door to hand her from the carriage. This virtuous Prince, being completely covered from head to foot with Total Abstinence Medals, shone as if he were attired in complete armour; while the inspiring strains of the Peace Brass Band in the gallery (composed of the Lambkin Family, eighteen in number, who cannot be too much encouraged) awakened additional enthusiasm.

The King's son handed Cinderella to one of the reserved seats for pink tickets, on the platform, and fell in love with her immediately. His appetite deserted him; he scarcely tasted his artichokes, and merely trifled with his gruel. When the speeches began, and Cinderella, wrapped in the eloquence of the two inspired delegates who occupied the entire evening in speaking to the first Resolution, occasionally cried, 'Hear, hear!' the sweetness of her voice completed her conquest of the Prince's heart. But, indeed the whole male portion of the assembly loved her—and doubtless would have done so, even if she had been less beautiful, in consequence of

the contrast which her dress presented to the bold and ridiculous garments of the other ladies.

At a quarter before twelve the second inspired delegate having drunk all the water in the decanter, and fainted away, the King put the question, 'That this meeting do now adjourn until to-morrow.' Those who were of that opinion holding up their hands, and then those who were of the contrary, theirs, there appeared an immense majority in favour of the resolution, which was consequently carried. Cinderella got home in safety, and heard nothing all that night, or all next day, but the praises of the unknown lady with the sky-blue satin pantaloons.

When the time for the feast and speeches came round again, the cross stepmother and the proud fine daughters went out in good time to secure their places. As soon as they were gone, Cinderella's grandmother returned and changed her as before. Amid a blast of welcome from the Lambkin family, she was again handed to the pink seat on the platform by His Royal Highness.

This gifted Prince was a powerful speaker, and had the evening before him. He rose at precisely ten minutes before eight, and was greeted with tumultuous cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. When the excitement had in some degree subsided, he proceeded to address the meeting: who were never tired of listening to speeches, as no good people ever are. He held them enthralled for four hours and a quarter. Cinderella forgot the time, and hurried away so when she heard the first stroke of twelve, that her beautiful dress changed back to her old rags at the door, and she left one of her glass shoes behind. The Prince took it up, and vowed—that is, made a declaration before a magistrate; for he objected on principle to the multiplying of oaths—that he would only marry the charming creature to whom that shoe belonged.

He accordingly caused an advertisement to that effect to be inserted in all the newspapers; for, the advertisement duty, an impost most unjust in principle and most unfair in operation, did not exist in that country; neither was the stamp on

newspapers known in that land—which had as many newspapers as the United States, and got as much good out of them. Innumerable ladies answered the advertisement and pretended that the shoe was theirs; but, every one of them was unable to get her foot into it. The proud fine sisters answered it, and tried their feet with no greater success. Then, Cinderella, who had answered it too, came forward amidst their scornful jeers, and the shoe slipped on in a moment. It is a remarkable tribute to the improved and sensible fashion of the dress her grandmother had given her, that if she had not worn it the Prince would probably never have seen her feet.

The marriage was solemnised with great rejoicing. When the honeymoon was over, the King retired from public life, and was succeeded by the Prince. Cinderella, being now a queen, applied herself to the government of the country on enlightened, liberal, and free principles. All the people who ate anything she did not eat, or who drank anything she did not drink, were imprisoned for life. All the newspaper offices from which any doctrine proceeded that was not her doctrine, were burnt down. All the public speakers proved to demonstration that if there were any individual on the face of the earth who differed from them in anything, that individual was a designing ruffian and an abandoned monster. She also threw open the right of voting, and of being elected to public offices, and of making the laws, to the whole of her sex; who thus came to be always gloriously occupied with public life and whom nobody dared to love. And they all lived happily ever afterwards.

Frauds on the Fairies once permitted, we see little reason why they may not come to this, and great reason why they may. The Vicar of Wakefield was wisest when he was tired of being always wise. The world is too much with us, early and late. Leave this precious old escape from it, alone.

THINGS THAT CANNOT BE DONE

[October 8, 1853]

Nothing flagrantly wrong can be done, without adequate punishment, under the English law. What a comfortable truth that is! I have always admired the English law with all my heart, as being plain, cheap, comprehensive, easy, unmistakable, strong to help the right doer, weak to help the wrong doer, entirely free from adherence to barbarous usages which the world has passed, and knows to be ridiculous and unjust. It is delightful never to see the law at fault, never to find it in what our American relatives call a fix, never to behold a scoundrel able to shield himself with it, always to contemplate the improving spectacle of Law in its wig and gown leading blind Justice by the hand and keeping her in the straight broad course.

I am particularly struck, at the present time, by the majesty with which the Law protects its own humble administrators. Next to the punishment of any offence by fining the offender in a sum of money—which is a practice of the Law, too enlightened and too obviously just and wise, to need any commendation—the penalties inflicted on an intolerable brute who maims a police officer for life, make my soul expand with a solemn joy. I constantly read in the newspapers of such an offender being committed to prison with hard labour, for one, two, or even three months. Side by side with such a case, I read the statement of a surgeon to the police force, that within such a specified short time, so many men have been under his care for similar injuries; so many of whom have recovered, after undergoing a refinement of pain expressly contemplated by their assailants in the nature of their attack; so many of whom, being permanently debilitated and incapacitated, have been dismissed the force. Then, I know that a wild beast in a man's form cannot gratify his savage hatred of those who check him in the perpetration of crime, without suffering a thousand times more than the object of his wrath, and without being made a certain and a stern

example. And this is one of the occasions on which the beauty of the Law of England fills me with the solemn joy I have mentioned.

The pæans I have of late been singing within myself on the subject of the determination of the Law to prevent by severe punishment the oppression and ill-treatment of Women, have been echoed in the public journals. It is true that an ill-conditioned friend of mine, possessing the remarkably inappropriate name of Common Sense, is not fully satisfied on this head. It is true that he says to me, 'Will you look at these cases of brutality, and tell me whether you consider six years of the hardest prison task-work (instead of six months) punishment enough for such enormous cruelty? Will you read the increasing records of these violences from day to day, as more and more sufferers are gradually encouraged by a law of six months' standing to disclose their long endurance, and will you consider what a legal system that must be which only now applies an imperfect remedy to such a giant evil? Will you think of the torments and murders of a dark perspective of past years, and ask yourself the question whether in exulting so mightily, at this time of day, over a law faintly asserting the lowest first principle of all law, you are not somewhat sarcastic on the virtuous Statutes at Large, piled up there on innumerable shelves?' It is true, I say, that my ill-conditioned friend does twit me, and the law I dote on, after this manner; but it is enough for me to know, that for a man to maim and kill his wife by inches—or even the woman, wife or no wife, who shares his home—without most surely incurring a punishment, the justice of which satisfies the mind and heart of the common level of humanity, is one of the things that cannot be done.

But, deliberately, falsely, defamingly, publicly and perseveringly, to pursue and outrage any woman is foremost among the things that cannot be done. Of course, it cannot be done. This is the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three; and Steam and Electricity would indeed have left the limping Law behind, if it *could* be done in the present age.

Let me put an impossible case, to illustrate at once my

admiration of the Law, and its tender care for Women. This may be an appropriate time for doing so, when most of us are complimenting the Law on its avenging gallantry.

Suppose a young lady to be left a great heiress, under circumstances which cause the general attention to be attracted to her name. Suppose her to be modest, retiring, otherwise only known for her virtues, charities, and noble actions. Suppose an abandoned sharper, so debased, so wanting in the manhood of a commonly vile swindler, so lost to every sense of shame and disgrace, as to conceive the original idea of hunting this young lady through life until she buys him off with money. Suppose him to adjust the speculation deliberately with himself. 'I know nothing of her, I never saw her; but I am a bankrupt, with no character and no trade that brings me in any money; and I mean to make the pursuit of her, my trade. She seeks retirement; I will drag her out of it. She avoids notoriety; I will force it upon her. She is rich; she shall stand and deliver. I am poor; I will have plunder. The opinion of society. What is that to me? I know the Law, and the Law will be *my* friend—not hers.'

It is very difficult, I know, to suppose such a set of circumstances, or to imagine such an animal not caged behind iron bars or knocked on the head. But, let us stretch elastic fancy to such an extreme point of supposition. He goes to work at the trade he has taken up, and works at it, industriously, say for fifteen, sixteen, seventeen years. He invents the most preposterous and transparent lies, which not one human being whose ears they ever reach, can possibly believe. He pretends that the lady promised to marry him—say, in a nonsensical jingle of rhymes which he produces, and which he says and swears (for what will he not say and swear, except the truth?) is the production of the lady's hand. Before incapable country justices, and dim little farthing rushlights of the law, he drags this lady at his pleasure, whenever he will. He makes the Law a screw to force the hand she has had the courage to close upon her purse from the beginning. He makes the Law a rack on which to torture her constancy, her affections, her consideration for the living,

and her veneration for the dead. He shakes the letter of the Law over the heads of the puny tribunals he selects for his infamous purpose, and frightens them into an endurance of his audacious mendacity. Because the Law is a Law of the peddling letter and not of the comprehensive spirit, this magistrate shall privately bribe him with money to condescend to overlook his omission (sanctioned by the practice of years) of some miserable form as to the exact spot in which he puts his magisterial signature upon a document; and that commissioner shall publicly compliment him upon his extraordinary acquirements, when it is manifest upon the face of the written evidence before the same learned commissioner's eyes in court, that he cannot so much as spell. But he knows the Law. And the letter of the Law is with the rascal and not with the rascal's prey.

For, we are to suppose that all through these years, he is never punished with any punishment worthy of the name, for his real offence. He is now and then held to bail, gets out of prison, and goes to his trade again. He commits wilful and corrupt perjury, down a byeway, and is lightly punished for that; but he takes his brazen face along the high road of his guilt, uncrushed. The blundering, babbling, botched Law, in splitting hairs with him, makes business for itself; they get on very well together—worthy companions—shepherds both.

Now, I am willing to admit that if such a case as this, could by any possibility be; if it could go on so long and so publicly, as that the whole town should have the facts within its intimate knowledge; if it were as well known as the Queen's name; if it never presented itself afresh, in any court, without awakening an honest indignation in the breasts of all the audience not learned in the Law; and yet if this nefarious culprit were just as free to drive his trade at last as he was at first, and the object of his ingenious speculation could find absolutely no redress; then, and in that case, I say, I am willing to admit that the Law would be a false pretence and a self-convicted failure. But, happily, and as we all know, this is one of the things that cannot be done.

No. Supposing such a culprit face to face with it, the Law would address him thus. 'Stand up, knave, and hear

me! I am not the thing of shreds and patches you suppose. I am not the degraded creature whom any wretch may invoke to gratify his basest appetites and do his dirtiest work. Not for that, am I part and parcel of a costly system maintained with cheerfulness out of the labours of a great free people. Not for that, do I continually glorify my Bench and my Bar, and, from my high place, look complacently upon a sea of wigs. I am not a jumble and jargon of words, fellow; I am a Principle. I was set up here, by those who can pull me down—and will, if I be incapable—to punish the wrong-doer, for the sake of the body-politic in whose name I act, and from whom alone my power is derived. I know you, well, for a wrong-doer; I have it in proof before me that you are a forsworn, crafty, defiant, bullying, pestilent impostor. And if I be not an impostor too, and a worse one, my plainest duty is to set my heel upon you—which I mean to do before you go hence.

'Attend to me yet, knave. Hold your peace! You are one of those landsharks whose eyes have twinkled to see the driving of coaches and six through Acts of Parliament, and who come up with their dirty little dog's meat carts to follow through the same crooked ways. But you shall know, that I am something more than a maze of tortuous ins and outs, and that I have at least, one plain road—to wit, the road by which, for the general protection, and in the exercise of my first function, I mean to send you into safe keeping; fifty thousand Acts, and a hundred thousand Caps, and five hundred Secs, notwithstanding.

'For, Beast of Prey, above the perplexed letter of all Law that has any might in it, goes the spirit. If I be, as I claim to be, the child of Justice, and not the offspring of the Artful Dodger, that spirit shall, before I gabble through one legal argument more, provide for you and all the like of you, as you deserve. If it cannot do that of itself, I will have letter to help it. But I will not remain here, a spectacle and a scandal to those who are the breath of my nostrils, with your dirty hands clinging to my robe, your brazen lungs misrepresenting me, your shameless face beslavering me in my prostitution.'

Thus the Law clearly would address any such impossible person. For this reason, among others not dissimilar, I glory in the Law, and am ready at all times to shed my best blood to uphold it. For this reason too, I am proud, as an Englishman, to know that such a design upon a woman as I have, in a wild moment, imagined, is not to be entered upon, and is —as it ought to be—one of the things that can never be done.

FIRE AND SNOW

[January 21, 1854]

Can this be the region of cinders and coal-dust, which we have traversed before now, divers times, both by night and by day, when the dirty wind rattled as it came against us charged with fine particles of coal, and the natural colour of the earth and all its vegetation might have been black, for anything our eyes could see to the contrary in a waste of many miles? Indeed it is the same country, though so altered that on this present day when the old year is near its last, the North-East wind blows white, and all the ground is white—pure white—insomuch that if our lives depended on our identifying a mound of ashes as we jar along this Birmingham and Wolverhampton Railway, we could not find a handful.

The sun shines brightly, though it is a cold cold sun, this piercing day; and when the Birmingham tunnel disgorges us into the frosty air, we find the pointsman housed in no mere box, but in a resplendent pavilion, all bejewelled with dazzling icicles, the least a yard long. A radiant pointsman he should be, we think, invested by fairies with a dress of rainbow hues, and going round and round in some gorgeously playful manner on a gold and silver pivot. But, he has changed neither his stout great-coat, nor his stiff hat, nor his stiff attitude of watch; and as (like the ghostly dagger of Macbeth) he marshalls us the way that we were going, we observe him to be a mortal with a red face—red, in part from a seasonable joviality of spirit, and in part from frost

and wind—with the encrusted snow dropping silently off his outstretched arm.

Redder than ever are the very red-brick little houses outside Birmingham—all staring at the railway in the snowy weather, like plethoric old men with white heads. Clean linen drying in yards seems ill-washed, against the intense white of the landscape. Far and near, the tall tall chimneys look out over one another's shoulders for the swart ashes familiar to them, and can discern nothing but snow. Is this the smoke of other chimneys setting in so heavily from the north-east, and overclouding the short brightness of the day? No. By the North Pole it is more snow.

Making directly at us, and flying almost horizontally before the wind, it rushes against the train, in a dark blast profusely speckled as it were with drifting white feathers. A sharp collision, though a harmless one! No wonder that the engine seems to have a fearful cold in his head. No wonder, with a deal of out-door work in such a winter, that he is very hoarse and very short of breath, very much blown when we come to the next station, and very much given to weeping, snorting and spitting, all the time he stops!

Which is short enough, for these little upstairs stations at the tops of high arches, whence we almost look down the chimneys of scattered workshops, and quite inhale their smoke as it comes puffing at us—these little upstairs stations rarely seem to do much business anywhere, and just now are like suicidal heights to dive from into depths of snow. So, away again over the moor, where the clanking serpents usually writhing above coal-pits, are dormant and whitened over—this being holiday time—but where those grave monsters, the blast-furnaces, which cannot stoop to recreation, are awake and roaring. Now, a smoky village; now, a chimney; now, a dormant serpent who seems to have been benumbed in the act of working his way for shelter into the lonely little engine-house by the pit's mouth; now, a pond with black specks sliding and skating; now, a drift with similar specks half sunken in it throwing snowballs; now, a cold white altar of snow with fire blazing on it; now, a dreary open space of mound and fell, snowed smoothly over, and closed in at last by sullen

cities of chimneys. Not altogether agreeable to think of crossing such space without a guide, and being swallowed by a long-abandoned, long-forgotten shaft. Not even agreeable, in this undermined country, to think of half a dozen railway arches with the train upon them, suddenly vanishing through the snow into the excavated depths of a coal-forest.

Snow, wind, ice, and Wolverhampton—all together. No carriage at the station, everything snowed up. So much the better. The Swan will take us under its warm wing, walking or riding. Where is the Swan's nest? In the market-place. So much the better yet, for it is market-day, and there will be something to see from the Swan's nest.

Up the streets of Wolverhampton, where the doctor's bright door-plate is dimmed as if Old Winter's breath were on it, and the lawyer's office window is appropriately misty, to the market-place: where we find a cheerful bustle and plenty of people—for the most part pretending not to like the snow, but liking it very much, as people generally do. The Swan is a bird of a good substantial brood, worthy to be a country cousin of the hospitable Hen and Chickens, whose company we have deserted for only a few hours and with whom we shall roost again at Birmingham to-night. The Swan has bountiful coal-country notions of firing, snug homely rooms, cheerful windows looking down upon the clusters of snowy umbrellas in the market-place, and on the chaffering and chattering which is pleasantly hushed by the thick white down lying so deep, and softly falling still. Neat bright-eyed waitresses do the honours of the Swan. The Swan is confident about its soup, is troubled with no distrust concerning cod-fish, speaks the word of promise in relation to an enormous chine of roast beef, one of the dishes at 'the Ironmasters' dinner,' which will be disengaged at four. The Ironmasters' dinner! It has an imposing sound. We think of the Ironmasters joking, drinking to their Ironmistresses, clinking their glasses with a metallic ring, and comporting themselves at the festive board with the might of men who have mastered Iron.

Now for a walk! Not in the direction of the furnaces, which we will see to-night when darkness shall set off the fires; but in the country with our faces towards Wales. Say, ye

hoary finger-posts whereon the name of picturesque old Shrewsbury is written in characters of frost; ye hedges lately bare, that have burst into snowy foliage; ye glittering trees from which the wind blows sparkling dust; ye high drifts by the roadside, which are blue a-top, where ye are seen opposed to the bright red and yellow of the horizon; say all of ye, is summer the only season for enjoyable walks! Answer, roguish crow, alighting on a sheep's back to pluck his wool off for an extra blanket, and skimming away, so black, over the white field; give us your opinion, swinging alehouse signs, and cosey little bars; speak out, farrier's shed with faces all a-glow, fountain of sparks, heaving bellows, and ringing music; tell us, cottage hearths and sprigs of holly in cottage windows; be eloquent in praise of wintry walks, you sudden blasts of wind that pass like shiverings of Nature, you deep roads, you solid fragments of old hayricks with your fragrance frozen in! Even you, drivers of toiling carts, coal-laden, keeping company together behind your charges, dog-attended, and basket-bearing: even you, though it is no easy work to stop, every now and then, and chip the snow away from all the clogged wheels with picks, will have a fair word to say for winter, will you not!

Down to the solitary factory in the dip of the road, deserted of holiday-makers, and where the water-mill is frozen up—then turn. As we draw nigh to our bright bird again, the early evening is closing in, the cold increases, the snow deadens and darkens, and lights spring up in the shops. A wet walk, ankle deep in snow the whole way. We must buy some stockings, and borrow the Swan's slippers before dinner.

It is a mercy that we step into the toy-shop to buy a pocket-comb too, or the pretty child-customer (as it seems to us, the only other customer the elderly lady of the toy-shop has lately had), might have stood divided between the two puzzles at one shilling each, until the putting up of the shutters. But, the incursion of our fiery faces and snowy dresses, coupled with our own individual recommendation of the puzzle on the right hand, happily turn the scale. The best of pocket-combs for a shilling, and now for the stockings. Dibbs 'don't keep 'em,' though he writes up that he does, and Jibbs

is so beleaguered by country people making market-day and Christmas-week purchases, that his shop is choked to the pavement. Mibbs is the man for our money, and Mibbs keeps everything in the stocking line, though he may not exactly know where to find it. However, he finds what we want, in an inaccessible place, after going up ladders for it like a lamplighter; and a very good article it is, and a very civil worthy trader Mibbs is, and may Mibbs increase and multiply! Likewise young Mibbs, unacquainted with the price of anything in stock, and young Mibbs's aunt who attends to the ladies' department.

The Swan is rich in slippers—in those good old flip-flap inn slippers which nobody can keep on, which knock double knocks on every stair as their wearer comes downstairs, and fly away over the banisters before they have brought him to level ground. Rich also is the Swan in wholesome well-cooked dinner, and in tender chine of beef, so brave in size that the mining of all the powerful Ironmasters is but a sufficient outlet for its gravy. Rich in things wholesome and sound and unpretending is the Swan, except that we would recommend the good bird not to dip its beak into its sherry. Under the change from snow and wind to hot soup, drawn red curtains, fire and candle, we observe our demonstrations at first to be very like the engine's at the little station; but they subside, and we dine vigorously—another tribute to a winter walk!—and finding that the Swan's ideas of something hot to drink are just and laudable, we adopt the same, with emendations (in the matter of lemon chiefly) of which modesty and total abstinence principles forbid the record. Then, thinking drowsily and delightfully of all things that have occurred to us during the last four-and-twenty hours, and of most things that have occurred to us during the last four-and-twenty years, we sit in arm chairs, amiably basking before the fire—playthings for infancy—creatures to be asked a favour of—until aroused by the fragrance of hot tea and muffins. These we have ordered, principally as a perfume.

The bill of the Swan is to be commended as not out of proportion to its plumage; and now, our walking shoes being dried and baked, we must get them on somehow—for the

rosy driver with his carriage and pair who is to take us among the fires on the blasted heath by Bilston announces from under a few shawls, and the collars of three or four coats that we must be going. Away we go, obedient to the summons, and, having taken leave of the lady in the Swan's bar opposite the door, who is almost rustled out of her glass case and blown upstairs whenever the door opens, we are presently in outer darkness grinding the snow.

Soon the fires begin to appear. In all this ashy country, there is still not a cinder visible; in all this land of smoke, not a stain upon the universal white. A very novel and curious sight is presented by the hundreds of great fires blazing in the midst of the cold dead snow. They illuminate it very little. Sometimes, the construction of a furnace, kiln, or chimney, admits of a tinge being thrown upon the pale ground near it; but, generally the fire burns in its own sullen ferocity, and the snow lies impassive and untouched. There is a glare in the sky, flickering now and then over the greater furnaces, but the earth lies stiff in its winding sheet, and the huge corpse candles burning above it affect it no more than colossal tapers of state move dead humanity.

Sacrificial altars, varying in size, but all gigantic, and all made of ice and snow, abound. Tongues of flame shoot up from them, and pillars of fire turn and twist upon them. Fortresses on fire, a whole town in a blaze, Moscow newly kindled, we see fifty times; rattling and crashing noises strike the ear, and the wind is loud. Thus, crushing the snow with our wheels, and sidling over hillocks of it, and sinking into drifts of it, we roll on softly through a forest of conflagration; the rosy-faced driver, concerned for the honour of his locality, much regretting that many fires are making holiday to-night, and that we see so few.

Come we at last to the precipitous wooden steps by which we are to be mast-headed at a railway station. Good night to rosy-face, the cheeriest man we know, and up. Station very gritty, as a general characteristic. Station very dark, the gas being frozen. Station very cold, as any timber cabin suspended in the air with such a wind making lunges at it, would be. Station very dreary, being a station. Man and

boy behind money-taking partition, checking accounts, and not able to unravel a knot of seven-and-sixpence. Small boy, with a large packet on his back, like Christian with his bundle of sins, sent down into the snow an indefinite depth and distance, with instructions to 'look sharp in delivering that, and then cut away back here for another.' Second small boy in search of basket for Mr. Brown, unable to believe that it is not there, and that anybody can have dared to disappoint Brown. Six third-class passengers prowling about, and trying in the dim light of one oil lamp to read with interest the dismal time-bills and notices about throwing stones at trains, upon the walls. Two more, scorching themselves at the rusty stove. Shivering porter going in and out, bell in hand, to look for the train, which is overdue, finally gives it up for the present, and puts down the bell—also the spirits of the passengers. In our own innocence we repeatedly mistake the roaring of the nearest furnace for the approach of the train, run out, and return covered with ignominy. Train in sight at last—but the other train—which don't stop here—and it seems to tear the trembling station limb from limb, as it rushes through. Finally, some half an hour behind its time through the tussle it has had with the snow, comes our expected engine, shrieking with indignation and grief. And as we pull the clean white coverlet over us in bed at Birmingham, we think of the whiteness lying on the broad landscape all around for many a frosty windy mile, and find that it makes bed very comfortable.

ON STRIKE

[February 11, 1854]

Travelling down to Preston a week from this date, I chanced to sit opposite to a very acute, very determined, very emphatic personage, with a stout railway rug so drawn over his chest that he looked as if he were sitting up in bed with his great-coat, hat, and gloves on, severely contemplating your humble servant from behind a large blue and grey checked counter-

pane. In calling him emphatic, I do not mean that he was warm; he was coldly and bitingly emphatic as a frosty wind is.

'You are going through to Preston, sir?' says he, as soon as we were clear of the Primrose Hill tunnel.

The receipt of this question was like the receipt of a jerk of the nose; he was so short and sharp.

'Yes.'

'This Preston strike is a nice piece of business!' said the gentleman. 'A pretty piece of business!'

'It is very much to be deplored,' said I, 'on all accounts.'

'They want to be ground. That's what they want, to bring 'em to their senses,' said the gentleman; whom I had already began to call in my own mind Mr. Snapper, and whom I may as well call by that name here as by any other.

I deferentially enquired, who wanted to be ground?

'The hands,' said Mr. Snapper. 'The hands on strike, and the hands who help 'em.'

I remarked that if that was all they wanted, they must be a very unreasonable people, for surely they had had a little grinding, one way and another, already. Mr. Snapper eyed me with sternness, and after opening and shutting his leathern-gloved hands several times outside his counterpane, asked me abruptly, 'Was I a delegate?'

I set Mr. Snapper right on that point, and told him I was no delegate.

'I am glad to hear it,' said Mr. Snapper. 'But a friend to the Strike, I believe?'

'Not at all,' said I.

'A friend to the Lock-out?' pursued Mr. Snapper.

'Not in the least,' said I.

Mr. Snapper's rising opinion of me fell again, and he gave me to understand that a man *must* either be a friend to the Masters or a friend to the Hands.

'He may be a friend to both,' said I.

Mr. Snapper didn't see that; there was no medium in the Political Economy of the subject. I retorted on Mr. Snapper, that Political Economy was a great and useful science in its own way and its own place; but that I did not trans-

plant my definition of it from the Common Prayer Book, and make it a great king above all gods. Mr. Snapper tucked himself up as if to keep me off, folded his arms on top of his counterpane, leaned back, and looked out of window.

'Pray what would you have, sir,' enquired Mr. Snapper, suddenly withdrawing his eyes from the prospect to me, 'in the relations between Capital and Labour, *but* Political Economy?'

I always avoid the stereotyped terms in these discussions as much as I can, for I have observed, in my little way, that they often supply the place of sense and moderation. I therefore took my gentleman up with the words employers and employed, in preference to Capital and Labour.

'I believe,' said I, 'that into the relations between employers and employed, as into all the relations of this life, there must enter something of feeling and sentiment; something of mutual explanation, forbearance, and consideration; something which is not to be found in Mr. McCulloch's dictionary, and is not exactly stateable in figures; otherwise those relations are wrong and rotten at the core and will never bear sound fruit.'

Mr. Snapper laughed at me. As I thought I had just as good reason to laugh at Mr. Snapper, I did so, and we were both contented.

'Ah!' said Mr. Snapper, patting his counterpane with a hard touch. 'You know very little of the improvident and unreasoning habits of the common people, *I* see.'

'Yet I know something of those people, too,' was my reply. 'In fact, Mr. ——,' I had no nearly called him Snapper! 'in fact, sir, I doubt the existence at this present time of many faults that are merely class faults. In the main, I am disposed to think that whatever faults you may find to exist, in your own neighbourhood for instance, among the hands, you will find tolerably equal in amount among the masters also, and even among the classes above the masters. They will be modified by circumstances, and they will be the less excusable among the better-educated, but they will be pretty fairly distributed. I have a strong expectation that we shall live to see the conventional adjectives now apparently insep-

arable from the phrases working people and lower orders, gradually fall into complete disuse for this reason.'

'Well, but we began with strikes,' Mr. Snapper observed impatiently. 'The masters have never had any share in strikes.'

'Yet I have heard of strikes once upon a time in that same county of Lancashire,' said I, 'which were not disagreeable to some masters when they wanted a pretext for raising prices.'

'Do you mean to say those masters had any hand in getting up those strikes?' asked Mr. Snapper.

'You will perhaps obtain better information among persons engaged in some Manchester branch trades, who have good memories,' said I.

Mr. Snapper had no doubt, after this, that I thought the hands had a right to combine?

'Surely,' said I. 'A perfect right to combine in any lawful manner. The fact of their being able to combine and accustomed to combine may, I can easily conceive, be a protection to them. The blame even of this business is not all on one side. I think the associated Lock-out was a grave error. And when you Preston masters—'

'*I* am not a Preston master,' interrupted Mr. Snapper.

'When the respectable combined body of Preston masters,' said I, 'in the beginning of this unhappy difference, laid down the principle that no man should be employed henceforth who belonged to any combination—such as their own—they attempted to carry with a high hand a partial and unfair impossibility, and were obliged to abandon it. This was an unwise proceeding, and the first defeat.'

Mr. Snapper had known, all along, that I was no friend to the masters.

'Pardon me,' said I, 'I am unfeignedly a friend to the masters, and have many friends among them.'

'Yet you think these hands in the right?' quoth Mr. Snapper.

'By no means,' said I; 'I fear they are at present engaged in an unreasonable struggle, wherein they began ill and cannot end well.'

Mr. Snapper, evidently regarding me as neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, begged to know after a pause if he might enquire whether I was going to Preston on business?

Indeed I was going there, in my unbusinesslike manner, I confessed, to look at the strike.

'To look at the strike!' echoed Mr. Snapper, fixing his hat on firmly with both hands. 'To look at it! Might I ask you now, with what object you are going to look at it?'

'Certainly,' said I, 'I read, even in liberal pages, the hardest Political Economy—of an extraordinary description too sometimes, and certainly not to be found in the books—as the only touchstone of this strike. I see, this very day, in a to-morrow's liberal paper, some astonishing novelties in the politico-economical way, showing how profits and wages have no connexion whatever; coupled with such references to these hands as might be made by a very irascible General to rebels and brigands in arms. Now, if it be the case that some of the highest virtues of the working people still shine through them brighter than ever in their conduct of this mistake of theirs, perhaps the fact may reasonably suggest to me—and to others besides me—that there is some little thing wanting in the relations between them and their employers, which neither political economy nor Drum-head proclamation writing will altogether supply, and which we cannot too soon or too temperately unite in trying to find out.'

Mr. Snapper, after again opening and shutting his gloved hands several times, drew the counterpane higher over his chest, and went to bed in disgust. He got up at Rugby, took himself and counterpane into another carriage, and left me to pursue my journey alone.

When I got to Preston, it was four o'clock in the afternoon. The day being Saturday and market-day, a foreigner might have expected, from among so many idle and not over-fed people as the town contained, to find a turbulent, ill-conditioned crowd in the streets. But, except for the cold smokeless factory chimnies, the placards at the street corners, and the groups of working people attentively reading them, nor foreigner nor Englishman could have had the least suspicion that there existed any interruption to the usual labours of the

place. The placards thus perused were not remarkable for their logic certainly, and did not make the case particularly clear; but, considering that they emanated from, and were addressed to, people who had been out of employment for three-and-twenty consecutive weeks, at least they had little passion in them, though they had not much reason. Take the worst I could find:

'Friends and Fellow Operatives,

'Accept the grateful thanks of twenty thousand struggling Operatives, for the help you have showered upon Preston since the present contest commenced.

'Your kindness and generosity, your patience and long-continued support deserve every praise, and are only equalled by the heroic and determined perseverance of the outraged and insulted factory workers of Preston, who have been struggling for some months, and are, at this inclement season of the year, bravely battling for the rights of themselves and the whole toiling community.

'For many years before the strike took place at Preston, the Operatives were the down trodden and insulted serfs of their Employers, who in times of good trade and general prosperity, wrung from their labour a California of gold, which is now being used to crush those who created it, still lower and lower in the scale of civilisation. This has been the result of our commercial prosperity!—*more wealth for the rich and more poverty for the Poor!* Because the workpeople of Preston protested against this state of things,—because they combined in a fair and legitimate way for the purpose of getting a reasonable share of the reward of their own labour, the *fair dealing* Employers of Preston, to their eternal shame and disgrace, *locked up* their Mills, and at once fell swoop deprived, as they thought, from twenty to thirty thousand human beings of the means of existence. Cruelty and tyranny always defeat their own object; it was so in this case, and to the honour and credit of the working classes of this country, we have to record, that, those whom the rich and wealthy sought to destroy, the poor and industrious have protected from harm. This love of justice and hatred of wrong, is a noble feature in the character and disposition of the working man, and gives us hope that in the future, this world will become what its great architect intended, not a place of sorrow, toil, oppression and wrong, but the dwelling place and the abode of peace,

plenty, happiness and love, where avarice and all the evil passions engendered by the present system of fraud and injustice shall not have a place.

'The earth was not made for the misery of its people; intellect was not given to man to make himself and fellow creatures unhappy. No, the fruitfulness of the soil and the wonderful inventions—the result of mind—all proclaim that these things were bestowed upon us for our happiness and well-being, and not for the misery and degradation of the human race.

'It may serve the manufacturers and all who run away with the lion's share of labour's produce, to say that the *impartial* God intended that there should be a *partial* distribution of his blessings. But we know that it is against nature to believe, that those who plant and reap all the grain, should not have enough to make a mess of porridge; and we know that those who weave all the cloth should not want a yard to cover their persons, whilst those who never wove an inch have more calico, silks and satins, than would serve the reasonable wants of a dozen working men and their families.

'This system of giving everything to the few, and nothing to the many, has lasted long enough, and we call upon the working people of this country to be determined to establish a new and improved system—a system that shall give to all who labour, a fair share of those blessings and comforts which their toil produce; in short, we wish to see that divine precept enforced, which says, "Those who will not work, shall not eat."

'The task is before you, working men; if you think the good which would result from its accomplishment, is worth struggling for, set to work and cease not, until you have obtained the *good time coming*, not only for the Preston Operatives, but for yourselves as well.

'By Order of the Committee.

'MURPHY'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL, CHAPEL WALKS,
'PRESTON, *January 24th*, 1854.'

It is a melancholy thing that it should not occur to the Committee to consider what would become of themselves, their friends, and fellow operatives, if those calicoes, silks, and satins, were *not* worn in very large quantities; but I shall not enter into that question. As I had told my friend Snapper, what I wanted to see with my own eyes, was, how these people acted under a mistaken impression, and what qualities they

showed, even at that disadvantage, which ought to be the strength and peace—not the weakness and trouble—of the community. I found, even from this literature, however, that all masters were not indiscriminately unpopular. Witness the following verses from the New Song of the Preston Strike:

'There 's Henry Hornby, of Blackburn, he is a jolly brick,
He fits the Preston masters nobly, and is very bad to trick;
He pays his hands a good price, and I hope he will never sever,
So we'll sing success to Hornby and Blackburn for ever.

'There is another gentleman, I 'm sure you 'll all lament,
In Blackburn for him they 're raising a monument,
You know his name, 'tis of great fame, it was late Eccles of honour,
May Hopwood, and Sparrow, and Hornby live for ever.

'So now it is time to finish and end my rhyme,
We warn these Preston Cotton Lords to mind for future time.
With peace and order too I hope we shall be clever,
We sing success to Stockport and Blackburn for ever.
'Now, lads, give your minds to it.'

The balance sheet of the receipts and expenditures for the twenty-third week of the strike was extensively posted. The income for that week was two thousand one hundred and forty pounds odd. Some of the contributors were poetical. As,

'Love to all and peace to the dead,
May the poor now in need never want bread—

three-and-sixpence.' The following poetical remonstrance was appended to the list of contributions from the Gorton district:

'Within these walls the lasses fair
Refuse to contribute their share,
Careless of duty—blind to fame,
For shame, ye lasses, oh! for shame!
Come, pay up, lasses, think what 's right,
Defend your trade with all your might;
For if you don't the world will blame.
And cry, ye lasses, oh, for shame!
Let 's hope in future all will pay,
That Preston folks may shortly say—
That by your aid they have obtain'd
The greatest victory ever gained.'

Some of the subscribers veiled their names under encouraging sentiments, as Not tired yet, All in a mind, Win the day, Fraternity, and the like. Some took jocose appellations, as A stunning friend, Two to one Preston wins, Nibbling Joe, and The Donkey Driver. Some expressed themselves through their trades, as Cobbler Dick, sixpence, The tailor true, sixpence, Shoemaker, a shilling, The chirping blacksmith, sixpence, and A few of Maskery's most feeling coachmakers, three and threepence. An old balance sheet for the fourteenth week of the Strike was headed with this quotation from Mr. Carlyle, 'Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.' The Elton district prefaced its report with these lines:

'Oh! ye who start a noble scheme,
For general good designed;
Ye workers in a cause that tends
To benefit your kind:
Mark out the path ye fain would tread,
The game ye mean to play;
And if it be an honest one,
Keep steadfast in your way!

'Although you may not gain at once
The points ye most desire;
Be patient—time can wonders work;
Plod on, and do not tire:
Obstructions, too, may crowd your path,
In threatening, stern array;
Yet flinch not! fear not! they may prove
Mere shadows in your way.

'Then, while there's work for you to do,
Stand not despairing by,
Let "forward" be the move ye make,
Let "onward" be your cry;
And when success has crowned your plans,
'Twill all your pains repay,
To see the good your labour's done—
Then droop not on your way.'

In this list, 'Bear ye one another's burthens,' sent one Pound fifteen. 'We 'll stand to our text, see that ye love one another,' sent nineteen shillings. 'Christopher Hardman's men again, they say they can always spare one shilling out

of ten,' sent two-and-sixpence. The following masked threats were the worst feature in any bill I saw:—

'If that fiddler at Uncle Tom's Cabin blowing room does not pay, Punch will set his legs straight.

'If that drawer at card side and those two slubbers do not pay, Punch will say something about their bustles.

'If that winder at last shift does not pay next week, Punch will tell about her actions.'

But, on looking at this bill again, I found that it came from Bury and related to Bury, and had nothing to do with Preston. The Masters' placards were not torn down or disfigured, but were being read quite as attentively as those on the opposite side.

That evening, the Delegates from the surrounding districts were coming in, according to custom, with their subscription lists for the week just closed. These delegates meet on Sunday as their only day of leisure; when they have made their reports, they go back to their homes and their Monday's work. On Sunday morning, I repaired to the Delegates' meeting.

These assemblages take place in a cockpit, which, in the better times of our fallen land, belonged to the late Lord Derby for the purposes of the intellectual recreation implied in its name. I was directed to the cockpit up a narrow lane, tolerably crowded by the lower sort of working people. Personally, I was quite unknown in the town, but every one made way for me to pass, with great civility, and perfect good humour. Arrived at the cockpit door, and expressing my desire to see and hear, I was handed through the crowd, down into the pit, and up again, until I found myself seated on the topmost circular bench, within one of the secretary's table, and within three of the chairman. Behind the chairman was a great crown on the top of a pole, made of particoloured calico, and strongly suggestive of May-day. There was no other symbol or ornament in the place.

It was hotter than any mill or factory I have ever been in; but there was a stove down in the sanded pit, and delegates were seated close to it, and one particular delegate often warmed his hands at it, as if he were chilly. The air was

so intensely close and hot, that at first I had but a confused perception of the delegates down in the pit, and the dense crowd of eagerly listening men and women (but not very many of the latter) filling all the benches and choking such narrow standing-room as there was. When the atmosphere cleared a little on better acquaintance, I found the question under discussion to be, Whether the Manchester Delegates in attendance from the Labour Parliament, should be heard?

If the Assembly, in respect of quietness and order, were put in comparison with the House of Commons, the Right Honourable the Speaker himself would decide for Preston. The chairman was a Preston weaver, two or three and fifty years of age, perhaps; a man with a capacious head, rather long dark hair growing at the sides and back, a placid attentive face, keen eyes, a particularly composed manner, a quiet voice, and a persuasive action of his right arm. Now look 'ee heer my friends. See what t' question is. T' question is, sholl these heer men be heerd. Then 't cooms to this, what ha' these men got t' tell us? Do they bring mooney? If they bring mooney, t'ords t' expenses o' this strike, they 're welcome. For, Brass, my friends, is what we want, and what we must ha' (hear hear hear!). Do they coom to us wi' any suggestion for the conduct of this strike? If they do, they 're welcome. Let 'em give us their advice and we will hearken to 't. But, if these men coom heer, to tell us what t' Labour Parliament is, or what Ernest Jones's opinions is, or t' bring in politics and differences amoong us when what we want is 'armony, brotherly love, and concord; then I say t' you, decide for yoursel' carefully, whether these men ote to be heerd in this place. (Hear hear hear! and No no no!) Chairman sits down, earnestly regarding delegates, and holding both arms of his chair. Looks extremely sensible; his plain coarse working man's shirt collar easily turned down over his loose Belcher neckerchief. Delegate who has moved that Manchester delegates be heard, presses motion—Mr. Chairman, will that delegate tell us, as a man, that these men have anything to say concerning this present strike and lock-out, for we have a deal of business to do, and what concerns this present strike and lock-out is

our business and nothing else is. (Hear hear hear!)—Delegate in question will not compromise the fact; these men want to defend the Labour Parliament from certain charges made against them.—Very well, Mr. Chairman, Then I move as an amendment that you do not hear these men now, and that you proceed wi' business—and if you don't I 'll look after you, I tell you that. (Cheers and laughter)—Coom lads, prov 't then!—Two or three hands for the delegates; all the rest for the business. Motion lost, amendment carried, Manchester deputation not to be heard.

But now, starts up the delegate from Throstletown, in a dreadful state of mind. Mr. Chairman, I hold in my hand a bill; a bill that requires and demands explanation from you, sir; an offensive bill; a bill posted in my town of Throstletown without my knowledge, without the knowledge of my fellow delegates who are here beside me; a bill purporting to be posted by the authority of the massed committee, sir, and of which my fellow delegates and myself were kept in ignorance. Why are we to be slighted? Why are we to be insulted? Why are we to be meanly stabbed in the dark? Why is this assassin-like course of conduct to be pursued towards us? Why is Throstletown, which has nobly assisted you, the operatives of Preston, in this great struggle, and which has brought its contributions up to the full sevenpence a loom, to be thus degraded, thus aspersed, thus traduced, thus despised, thus outraged in its feelings by un-English and unmanly conduct? Sir, I hand you up that bill, and I require of you, sir, to give me a satisfactory explanation of that bill. And I have that confidence in your known integrity, sir, as to be sure that you will give it, and that you will tell us who is to blame, and that you will make reparation to Throstletown for this scandalous treatment. Then, in hot blood, up starts Gruffshaw (professional speaker) who is somehow responsible for this bill. O my friends, but explanation is required here! O my friends, but it is fit and right that you should have the dark ways of the real traducers and apostates, and the real un-English stabbers, laid bare before you. My friends when this dark conspiracy first began—But here the persuasive right hand of the chairman falls gently on Gruffshaw's

shoulder. Gruffshaw stops in full boil. My friends, these are hard words of my friend Gruffshaw, and this is not the business—No more it is, and once again, sir, I, the delegate who said I would look after you, do move that you proceed to business!—Preston has not the strong relish for personal altercation that Westminster hath. Motion seconded and carried, business passed to, Gruffshaw dumb.

Perhaps the world could not afford a more remarkable contrast than between the deliberate collected manner of these men proceeding with their business, and the clash and hurry of the engines among which their lives are passed. Their astonishing fortitude and perseverance; their high sense of honour among themselves; the extent to which they are impressed with the responsibility that is upon them of setting a careful example, and keeping their order out of any harm and loss of reputation; the noble readiness in them to help one another, of which most medical practitioners and working clergymen can give so many affecting examples; could scarcely ever be plainer to an ordinary observer of human nature than in this cockpit. To hold, for a minute, that the great mass of them were not sincerely actuated by the belief that all these qualities were bound up in what they were doing, and that they were doing right, seemed to me little short of an impossibility. As the different delegates (some in the very dress in which they had left the mill last night) reported the amounts sent from the various places they represented, this strong faith on their parts seemed expressed in every tone and every look that was capable of expressing it. One man was raised to enthusiasm by his pride in bringing so much; another man was ashamed and depressed because he brought so little; this man triumphantly made it known that he could give you, from the store in hand, a hundred pounds in addition next week, if you should want it; and that man pleaded that he hoped his district would do better before long; but I could as soon have doubted the existence of the walls that enclosed us, as the earnestness with which they spoke (many of them referring to the children who were to be born to labour after them) of 'this great, this noble, gallant, godlike struggle.' Some designing and turbulent spirits among them, no

doubt there are; but I left the place with a profound conviction that their mistake is generally an honest one, and that it is sustained by the good that is in them, and not by the evil.

Neither by night nor by day was there any interruption to the peace of the streets. Nor was this an accidental state of things, for the police records of the town are eloquent to the same effect. I traversed the streets very much, and was, as a stranger, the subject of a little curiosity among the idlers; but I met with no rudeness or ill-temper. More than once, when I was looking at the printed balance-sheets to which I have referred, and could not quite comprehend the setting forth of the figures, a bystander of the working class interposed with his explanatory forefinger and helped me out. Although the pressure in the cockpit on Sunday was excessive, and the heat of the room obliged me to make my way out as I best could before the close of the proceedings, none of the people whom I put to inconvenience showed the least impatience; all helped me, and all cheerfully acknowledged my word of apology as I passed. It is very probable, notwithstanding, that they may have supposed from my being there at all—I and my companion were the only persons present, not of their own order—that I was there to carry what I heard and saw to the opposite side; indeed one speaker seemed to intimate as much.

On the Monday at noon, I returned to this cockpit, to see the people paid. It was then about half filled, principally with girls and women. They were all seated, waiting, with nothing to occupy their attention; and were just in that state when the unexpected appearance of a stranger differently dressed from themselves, and with his own individual peculiarities of course, might, without offence, have had something droll in it even to more polite assemblies. But I stood there, looking on, as free from remark as if I had come to be paid with the rest. In the place which the secretary had occupied yesterday, stood a dirty little common table, covered with fivepenny piles of halfpence. Before the paying began, I wondered who was going to receive these very small sums; but when it did begin, the mystery was soon cleared up. Each of these piles was the change for sixpence, deducting a penny.

All who were paid, in filing round the building to prevent confusion, had to pass this table on the way out; and the greater part of the unmarried girls stopped here, to change, each a sixpence, and subscribe her weekly penny in aid of the people on strike who had families. A very large majority of these girls and women were comfortably dressed in all respects, clean, wholesome and pleasant-looking. There was a prevalent neatness and cheerfulness, and an almost ludicrous absence of anything like sullen discontent.

Exactly the same appearances were observable on the same day, at a not numerously attended open air meeting in 'Chadwick's Orchard'—which blossoms in nothing but red bricks. Here, the chairman of yesterday presided in a cart, from which speeches were delivered. The proceedings commenced with the following sufficiently general and discursive hymn, given out by a workman from Burnley, and sung in long metre by the whole audience:

'Assembled beneath thy broad blue sky,
To thee, O God, thy children cry.
Thy needy creatures on Thee call,
For thou art great and good to all.

'Thy bounty smiles on every side,
And no good thing hast thou denied;
But men of wealth and men of power,
Like locusts, all our gifts devour.

'Awake, ye sons of toil! nor sleep
While millions starve, while millions weep;
Demand your rights; let tyrants see
You are resolved that you 'll be free.'

Mr. Hollins's Sovereign Mill was open all this time. It is a very beautiful mill, containing a large amount of valuable machinery, to which some recent ingenious improvements have been added. Four hundred people could find employment in it; there were eighty-five at work, of whom five had 'come in' that morning. They looked, among the vast array of motionless power-looms, like a few remaining leaves in a wintry forest, They were protected by the police (very prudently not obtruded on the scenes I have described), and were stared at every day when they came out, by a crowd which had never been large in reference to the numbers on strike, and had di-

minished to a score or two. One policeman at the door sufficed to keep order then. These eighty-five were people of exceedingly decent appearance, chiefly women, and were evidently not in the least uneasy for themselves. I heard of one girl among them, and only one, who had been hustled and struck in a dark street.

In any aspect in which it can be viewed, this strike and lock-out is a deplorable calamity. In its waste of time, in its waste of a great people's energy, in its waste of wages, in its waste of wealth that seeks to be employed, in its encroachment on the means of many thousands who are labouring from day to day, in the gulf of separation it hourly deepens between those whose interests must be understood to be identical or must be destroyed, it is a great national affliction. But, at this pass, anger is of no use, starving out is of no use—for what will that do, five years hence, but overshadow all the mills in England with the growth of a bitter remembrance?—political economy is a mere skeleton unless it has a little human covering and filling out, a little human bloom upon it, and a little human warmth in it. Gentlemen are found, in great manufacturing towns, ready enough to extol imbecile mediation with dangerous madmen abroad; can none of them be brought to think of authorised mediation and explanation at home? I do not suppose that such a knotted difficulty as this, is to be at all untangled by a morning-party in the Adelphi; but I would entreat both sides now so miserably opposed, to consider whether there are no men in England, above suspicion, to whom they might refer the matters in dispute, with a perfect confidence above all things in the desire of those men to act justly, and in their sincere attachment to their countrymen of every rank and to their country. Masters right, or men right; masters wrong, or men wrong; both right, or both wrong; there is certain ruin to both in the continuance or frequent revival of this breach. And from the ever-widening circle of their decay, what drop in the social ocean shall be free!

THE LATE MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD

[March 25, 1854]

The readers of these pages will have known, many days before the present number can come into their hands, that on Monday the thirteenth of March, this upright judge and good man died suddenly at Stafford in the discharge of his duties. Mercifully spared protracted pain and mental decay, he passed away in a moment, with words of Christian eloquence, of brotherly tenderness and kindness towards all men, yet unfinished on his lips.

As he died, he had always lived. So amiable a man, so gentle, so sweet-tempered, of such a noble simplicity, so perfectly unspoiled by his labours and their rewards, is very rare indeed upon this earth. These lines are traced by the faltering hand of a friend; but none can so fully know how true they are, as those who knew him under all circumstances, and found him ever the same.

In his public aspects; in his poems, in his speeches, on the bench, at the bar, in Parliament; he was widely appreciated, honoured, and beloved. Inseparable as his great and varied abilities were from himself in life, it is yet to himself and not to them, that affection in its first grief naturally turns. They remain, but he is lost.

The chief delight of his life was to give delight to others. His nature was so exquisitely kind, that to be kind was its highest happiness. Those who had the privilege of seeing him in his own home when his public successes were greatest,—so modest, so contented with little things, so interested in humble persons and humble efforts, so surrounded by children and young people, so adored in remembrance of a domestic generosity and greatness of heart too sacred to be unveiled here, can never forget the pleasure of that sight.

If ever there were a house, in England, justly celebrated for the reverse of the picture, where every art was honoured for its own sake, and where every visitor was received for his own claims and merits, that house was his. It was in this respect a

great example, as sorely needed as it will be sorely missed. Rendering all legitimate deference to rank and riches, there never was a man more composedly, unaffectedly, quietly, immovable by such considerations than the subject of this sorrowing remembrance. On the other hand, nothing would have astonished him so much as the suggestion that he was anybody's patron or protector. His dignity was ever of that highest and purest sort which has no occasion to proclaim itself, and which is not in the least afraid of losing itself.

In the first joy of his appointment to the judicial bench, he made a summer-visit to the sea-shore, 'to share his exultation in the gratification of his long-cherished ambition, with the friend'—now among the many friends who mourn his death and lovingly recall his virtues. Lingering in the bright moonlight at the close of a happy day, he spoke of his new functions, of his sense of the great responsibility he undertook, and of his placid belief that the habits of his professional life rendered him equal to their efficient discharge; but, above all, he spoke, with an earnestness never more to be separated in his friend's mind from the murmur of the sea upon a moonlight night, of his reliance on the strength of his desire to do right before God and man. He spoke with his own singleness of heart, and his solitary hearer knew how deep and true his purpose was. They passed, before parting for the night, into a playful dispute at what age he should retire, and what he would do at three-score years and ten. And ah! within five short years, it is all ended like a dream!

But, by the strength of his desire to do right, he was animated to the last moment of his existence. Who, knowing England at this time, would wish to utter with his last breath a more righteous warning than that its curse is ignorance, or a miscalled education which is as bad or worse, and a want of the exchange of innumerable graces and sympathies among the various orders of society, each hardened unto each and holding itself aloof? Well will it be for us and for our children, if those dying words be never henceforth forgotten on the Judgment Seat.

An example in his social intercourse to those who are born to station, an example equally to those who win it for them-

selves; teaching the one class to abate its stupid pride: the other, to stand upon its eminence, not forgetting the road by which it got there, and fawning upon no one; the conscientious judge, the charming writer and accomplished speaker, the gentle-hearted, guileless, affectionate man, has entered on a brighter world. Very, very many have lost a friend; nothing in Creation has lost an enemy.

The hand that lays this poor flower on his grave, was a mere boy's when he first clasped it—newly come from the work in which he himself began life—little used to the plough it has followed since—obscure enough, with much to correct and learn. Each of its successive tasks through many intervening years has been cheered by his warmest interest, and the friendship then begun has ripened to maturity in the passage of time; but there was no more self-assertion or condescension in his winning goodness at first, than at last. The success of other men made as little change in him as his own.

IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN

[September 2, 1854]

All newspaper-readers are probably on familiar terms with this phrase. It is not generally known that her Majesty's screw line-of-battle ship *Hogarth,* one hundred and twenty, was precisely seven years, seven months, seven days, seven hours, and seven minutes, on the stocks in Portsmouth Yard. It is not generally known that there is now in the garden of Mr. Pips, of Camberwell, a gooseberry weighing upwards of three ounces, the growth of a tree which Mr. Pips has reared entirely on warm toast and water. It is not generally known that on the last rent day of the estates of the Earl of Boozle, of Castle Boozle, his lordship remitted to his tenants five per cent. on all the amounts then paid up, and afterwards regaled them on the good old English cheer of roast beef and humming ale. (It is not generally known that ale in this connection always hums.) It is not generally known that a testimonial in the form of a magnificent silver centre-piece and

candelabra, weighing five hundred ounces, was on Tuesday last presented to Cocker Doodle, Esquire, F.S.A., at a splendid banquet given him by a brilliant circle of his friends and admirers, in testimony, no less of their admiration of his qualities as a man, than of anything else you like to fill up the blank with. It is not generally known that when Admiral Sir Charles Napier was junior post-captain on the African station, looking out for slavers, his ship was one day boarded by a strange craft, in the stern sheets of which sat a genuine specimen of the true British seaman, who, as he dropped alongside, exclaimed in the voice of a Stentor, 'Avast heaving! Old Charley, ahoy!' Upon this, the admiral, then post-captain, who chanced at the moment to be pacing the quarter-deck with his telescope at his eye (which it is not generally known he never removes except at meals and when asleep) looked good-humouredly over the starboard bulwarks, and responded, waving his cocked hat, 'Tom Gaff, ahoy, and I am glad to see you, my lad!' They had never met since the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, but Tom Gaff, like a true fok'sle salt, had never forgotten his old rough and tough first luff (as he characteristically called him) and had now come from another part of the station on leave of absence, two hundred and fifty miles in an open boat, expressly to get a glimpse of his former officer, of whose brilliant career he was justly proud. It is needless to add that all hands were piped to grog, and that Tom and old Charley were mutually pleased. But it is not generally known that they exchanged tobacco boxes, and that if when 'Old Charley' hoisted his broad pennant in proud command of the Baltic fleet, his gallant heart beat higher than usual, it pressed, as if for sympathy, against Tom Gaff's tobacco-box, to which his left-hand waistcoat pocket is on all occasions devoted. Similarly, many other choice events, chiefly reserved for the special London correspondents of country newspapers, are not generally known: including gifts of various ten-pound notes, by her gracious Majesty when a child, to various old women; and the constant sending of innumerable loyal presents, principally cats and cheeses, to Buckingham Palace. One thing is sure to happen. Codgers becomes a celebrated public character, or a great capitalist. Then it is not gener-

ally known that in the year eighteen hundred and blank, there stood, one summer evening on old London Bridge, a way-worn boy eating a penny loaf, and eyeing the passengers wistfully. Whom Mr. Flam of the Minories—attracted by something unusual in the boy's appearance—was induced to bestow sixpence on, and to invite to dinner every Sunday at one o'clock for seven years. This boy was Codgers, and it is not generally known that the tradition is still preserved with pride in Mr. Flam's family.

Now, it appears to me that several small circumstances of a different kind have lately happened, or are yet happening, about us, which can hardly be generally known, or, if known, generally appreciated. And as this is vacation-time, when most of us have some leisure for gossiping, I will enumerate a few.

It is not generally known that in this present year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, the English people of the middle classes are a mob of drunkards more beastly than the Russian courtiers under Peter the Great. It is not generally known that this is the national character. It is not generally known that a multitude of our countrymen taken at random from the sense, industry, self-denial, self-respect, and household virtues of this nation, repairing to the Exhibition at Sydenham, make it their business to get drunk there immediately; to struggle and fight with one another, to tear one another's clothes off, and to smash and throw down the statues. I say, this is not generally known to be so. Yet I find this picture, in a fit of temperate enthusiasm, presented to the people by an artist who is one of themselves, in pages addressed to themselves. I am even informed by a temperate journal, that the artist saw these facts, in this said Exhibition at Sydenham, with his own bodily eyes. Well! I repeat, this is a state of things not generally known.

It is not generally known, I believe, that the two scarcest books in England are *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Yet I find that the present American Minister (perfectly familiar with England) communicated the surprising intelligence to a company, assembled not long ago, at Fishmongers' Hall. It is not generally known perhaps, that

in expatiating on the education of his countrymen His Excellency remarked of these two rare works, that while they were to be met with in every cabin in the United States, they were 'comparatively little known in England'—not generally known, that is to say.

It is not generally known, and if it were recorded of our English Institutions, say by a French writer, would not, I think, be generally believed; that there is any court of justice in England, in which an individual gravely concerned in the case under inquiry, can twice call the advocate opposed to him, a Ruffian, in open court, under the judge's nose and within the judge's hearing. Is it generally known that such a case occurred this last July, and was nobody's business?

It is not generally known that the people have nothing to do with a certain large Club which assembles at Westminster, and that the Club has nothing to do with them. It is simply an odd anomaly that the members of the Club happen to be elected by a body who don't belong to the Club at all; the pleasure and business of the Club being, not with that body, but with what its own members say and do. Look to the reports of the Club's proceedings. In January, the right hand says it is the left hand that has abetted the slanders on 'an illustrious personage,' and the left hand says it is the right hand. In February, Mr. Pot comes down on Mr. Kettle, and Mr. Kettle requests to be taken from his cradle and followed by inches to that honourable hob. In the same month, the forefinger of the left hand hooks itself on with Mosaic-Arabian pertinacity to the two forefingers of the right hand, and never lets go any more. In March, the most delightful excitement of the whole session is about a club dinner-party. In April, there is Easter. In May, there is infinite Club-joy over personal Mosaic-Arabia, and personal Admiralty. In June, A relieves himself of the mild suggestion that B is 'an extraordinary bold apostate': when in cuts C, who has nothing to do with it, and the whole alphabet fall together by the ears. In August, Home Office takes up his colleague Under Treasury, for talking 'sheer nonsense.' In the same month, prorogation. Through the whole time, one perpetual clatter of 'What did I say, what did you say, what did he say? Yes I will, no you

won't, yes I did, no you didn't, yes I shall, no you shan't'—and no such thing as what do *they* say? (those few people outside there) ever heard of!

It is not generally known, perhaps, to what lengths, in these times, the pursuit of an object, and a cheer or a laugh, will carry a Member of this Club I am speaking of. It cannot have been generally observed, as it appears to me (for I have met with no just indignation on the subject), how far one of its members *was* thus carried, a very little while ago. Here is the case. A Board is to be got rid of. I oppose this Board. I have long opposed it. It is possible that my official opposition may have very considerably increased its difficulties and crippled its efficiency. I am bent upon a jocose speech, and a pleasant effect. I stand up in the heart of the metropolis of the world. From every quarter of the world, a dreadful disease which is peculiarly the scourge of the many, because the many are the poor, ill-fed, and badly housed—whereas I, being of the few, am neither—is closing in around me. It is coming from my low, nameless countrymen, the rank and file at Varna; it is coming from the hot sands of India, and the cold waters of Russia; it is in France; it is in Naples; it is in the stifling Vicoli of Genoa, where I read accounts of the suffering people that should make my heart compassionate, if anything in this world can; nay, it has begun to strike down many victims in this city where I speak, as I the speaker cannot fail to know—must know—am bound to know—do know thoroughly well. But I want a point. I have it! *'The cholera is always coming when the powers of this Board are about to expire* (A LAUGH).' This well-timed joke of mine, so neatly made upon the greatest misery and direst calamity that human nature can endure, will be repeated to-morrow in the same newspaper which will carry to my honourable friends here, through electric telegraph, the tidings of a troop-ship put back to Plymouth, with this very pestilence on board. What are all such trifles to me? I wanted a laugh; I have got a laugh. Talk to *me* of the agony and death of men and brothers! Am I not a Lord and a Member!

Now, is it generally known, I wonder, that this indecency

happened? Have the people of such a place as Totnes chanced to hear of it? Or will they ever hear of it, and shall we ever hear of their having heard of it?

It is not generally known that an entirely new principle has begun to obtain in legislation, and is gaining wider and broader recognition every day. I allude to the profoundly wise principle of legislating with a constant reference and deference to the worst members of society, and almost excluding from consideration the comfort and convenience of the best. The question, 'what do the decent mechanic and his family want, or deserve?' always yields, under this enlightened pressure, to the question, 'what will the vagabond idler, drunkard, or jail-bird, turn to bad account?' As if there were anything in the wide world which the dregs of humanity will turn to good account! And as if the shadow of the convict-ship and Newgate drop had any business, in the plainest sense or justice, to be cast, from January to December, on honest hard-working, steady Job Smith's family fireside!

Yet Job Smith suffers heavily, at every turn of his life, and at every inch of its straight course too, from the determined ruffianism in which he has no more part than he has in the blood Royal. Six days of Job's week are days of hard, monotonous, exhausting work. Upon the seventh, Job thinks that he, his old woman, and the children, could find it in their hearts to walk in a garden if they might, or to look at a picture, or a plant, or a beast of the forest or even a colossal toy made in imitation of some of the wonders of the world. Most people would be apt to think Job reasonable in this. But, up starts Britannia, tearing her hair and crying, 'Never, never! Here is Sloggins with the broken nose, the black eye, and the bulldog. What Job Smith uses, Sloggins will abuse. Therefore, Job Smith must not use.' So, Job sits down again in a killing atmosphere, a little weary and out of humour, or leans against a post all Sunday long.

It is not generally known that this accursed Sloggins is the evil genius of Job's life. Job never had in his possession at any one time, a little cask of beer, or a bottle of spirits. What he and his family drink in that way, is fetched, in very small portions indeed, from the public house. However dif-

ficult the Westminster Club-gentlemen may find it to realise such an existence, Job has realised it through many a long year; and he knows, infinitely better than the whole Club can tell him, at what hour he wants his 'drop of beer,' and how it best suits his means and convenience to get it. Against which practical conviction of Job's, Britannia, tearing her hair again, shrieks tenderly, 'Sloggins! Sloggins with the broken nose, the black eye, and the bulldog, will go to ruin,'—as if he were ever going anywhere else!—'if Job Smith has his beer when he wants it.' So, Job gets it when Britannia thinks it good for Sloggins to let him have it, and marvels greatly.

But, perhaps he marvels most, when, being invited in immense type, to go and hear the Evangelist of Eloquence, or the Apostle of Purity (I have noticed in such invitations, rather lofty, not to say audacious titles), he strays in at an open door, and finds a personage on a stage, crying aloud to him, 'Behold me! I, too, am Sloggins!! I likewise had a broken nose, a black eye, and a bulldog. Survey me well. Straight is my nose, white is my eye, deceased is my bulldog. I, formerly Sloggins, now Evangelist (or Apostle, as the case may be), cry aloud in the wilderness unto you Job Smith, that in respect that I was formerly Sloggins and am now Saintly, therefore you Job Smith, (who were never Sloggins, or in the least like him), shall, by force of law, accept what I accept, deny what I deny, take upon yourself My shape, and follow Me.' Now, it is not generally known that poor Job, though blest with an average understanding, and thinking any putting out of the way of that ubiquitous Sloggins a meritorious action highly to be commended, never can understand the application of all this to himself, who never had anything in common with Sloggins, but always abominated and abjured him.

It is not generally known that Job Smith is fond of music. But, he is; he has a decided natural liking for it. The Italian Opera being rather dear (Sloggins would disturb the performance if he were let in cheap), Job's taste is not highly cultivated; still, music pleases him and softens him, and he takes such recreation in the way of hearing it as his small means can buy. Job is fond of a play, also. He is not without the universal taste implanted in the child and the savage, and sur-

viving in the educated mind; and a representation by men and women, of the joys and sorrows, crimes and virtues, sufferings and triumphs, of this mortal life, has a strong charm for him. Job is not much of a dancer, but he likes well enough to see dancing, and his eldest boy is up to it, and he himself can shake a leg in a good plain figure on occasion. For all these reasons, Job now and then, in his rare holidays, is to be found at a cheap concert, a cheap theatre, or a cheap dance. And here one might suppose he would be left in peace to take his money's worth if he can find it.

It is not generally known, however, that against these poor amusements, an army rises periodically and terrifies the inoffensive Job to death. It is not generally known why. On account of Sloggins. Five-and-twenty prison chaplains, good men and true, have each got Sloggins hard and fast, and converted him. Sloggins, in five-and-twenty solitary cells at once, has told the five-and-twenty chaplains all about it. Child of evil as he is, with every drop of blood in his body circulating lies all through him, night and day these five-and-twenty years, Sloggins is nevertheless become the embodied spirit of Truth. Sloggins has declared 'that Amusements done it.' Sloggins has made manifest that 'Harmony brought him to it.' Sloggins has asserted that 'the draymer set him a nockin his old mother's head again the wall.' Sloggins has made manifest 'that it was the double-shuffle wot kep him out of church.' Sloggins has written the declaration, 'Dear Sir if i hadn seen the oprer Frardeaverler i shouldn dear Sir have been overaggrawated into the folli of beatin Betsey with a redot poker.' Sloggins warmly recommends that all Theatres be shut up for good, all Dancing Rooms pulled down, and all music stopped. Considers that nothing else is people's ruin. Is certain that but for sitch, he would now be in a large way of business and universally respected. Consequently, all the five-and-twenty, in five-and-twenty honest and sincere reports, do severally urge that the requirements and deservings of Job Smith be in nowise considered or cared for; that the natural and deeply rooted cravings of mankind be plucked up and trodden out; that Sloggins's gospel be the gospel for the conscientious and industrious part of the world; that Sloggins rule the land and

rule the waves; and that Britons unto Sloggins ever, ever, ever, shall—be—slaves.

I submit that this great and dangerous mistake cannot be too generally known or generally thought about.

LEGAL AND EQUITABLE JOKES

[SEPTEMBER 23, 1854]

I AM what Sydney Smith called that favourite animal of Whig governments, a barrister of seven years' standing. If I were to say of seventeen years' standing, I should not go beyond the mark; if I were even to say of seven-and-twenty, I might not go beyond the mark. But, I am not bound to commit myself, and therefore on this point I say no more.

Of course I, as a barrister of the rightful amount of standing, mourn over the decline of the profession. How have I seen it wither and decay! Within my time, John Doe and Richard Roe themselves, have fallen victims to the prejudice and ignorance of mere laymen. In my time, the cheerful evening sittings at the Old Bailey in the city of London have been discontinued; those merry meetings, after dinners where I do not hesitate to say I have seen more wine drunk in two or three hours, and have heard better things said, than at any other convivial assemblies of which it has been my good fortune to make one. Lord bless me! When I think of the jolly Ordinary mixing his famous salads, the Judges discussing vintages with the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the leading humorists of the Old Bailey bar delighting the Aldermen and visitors, and the whole party going socially back again into court, to try a fellow creature, perhaps for his or her life, in the genial glow produced by such an entertainment—I say when I think of these departed glories, and the commonplace stupidity into which we have fallen, I do not, and I cannot, wonder that England is going to ruin.

As my name is not appended to this paper, and therefore I can hardly be suspected by the public of egotism, I will remark that I have always had a pretty turn for humour. I

have a keen enjoyment of a joke. Like those excellent witnesses, the officers of the forty-sixth regiment (better witnesses I never saw, even in a horse-dealer's case,—yet the public, in these degenerate days, has no sympathy with them), I don't at all object to its being practical. I like a joke to be legal or equitable, because my tastes are in that direction; but I like it none the worse for being practical. And indeed the best legal and equitable jokes remaining, are all of a practical nature.

I use the word remaining, inasmuch as the levelling spirit of the times has destroyed some of the finest practical jokes connected with the profession. I look upon the examination of the parties in a cause, for instance, as a death-blow given to humour. Nothing *can* be more humorous than to make a solemn pretence of inquiring into the truth, and exclude the two people who in nine cases out of ten know most about it. Yet this is now a custom of the past, and so are a hundred other whimsical drolleries in which the fathers and grandfathers of the bar delighted.

But, I am going on to present within a short compass a little collection of existing practical jokes—mere samples of many others happily still left us in law and equity for our innocent amusement. As I never (though I set up for a humorist) tell another man's story as my own, I will name my authority before I conclude.

The great expense of the simplest suit in equity, and the droll laws which force all English subjects into a court of equity for their sole redress, in an immense number of cases, lead, at this present day, to a very entertaining class of practical joke. I mean that ludicrous class in which the joke consists of a man's taking and keeping possession of money or other property to which he even pretends to have no shadow of right, but which he seizes because he knows that the whole will be swallowed up in costs if the rightful owner should seek to assert his claim. I will relate a few stories of this kind.

JOKE OF A WITTY TRUSTEE

A wag, being left trustee under a will by which the testator left a small freehold property to be sold for charitable pur-

poses, sold it, and discovered the trust to be illegal. As the fund was too small in amount to bear a suit in equity (being not above sixty pounds), he laughed very heartily at the next of kin, pocketed it himself, spent it, and died.

JOKE OF A MEDICAL CHOICE SPIRIT

A country surgeon got a maundering old lady to appoint him sole executor of her will, by which she left the bulk of her small property to her brother and sister. What does this pleasant surgeon, on the death of the maundering old lady, but prove the will, get in the property, make out a bill for professional attendance to the tune of two or three hundred pounds, which absorbs it all; cry to the brother and sister, 'Boh! Chancery! Catch me if you can!' and live happy ever afterwards.

JOKE AGAINST SOME UNLUCKY CREDITORS

Certain creditors being left altogether without mention in the will of their deceased debtor, brought a suit in equity for a decree to sell his property. The decree was obtained. But, the property realising seven hundred pounds, and the suit costing seven hundred and fifty, these creditors brought their pigs to a fine market, and made much amusement for the Chancery Bar.

JOKES UPON INFANTS

An application to the Court of Chancery, in a friendly suit where nobody contested anything, to authorise trustees to advance a thousand pounds out of an estate, to educate some infants, cost a hundred and three pounds, fourteen, and sixpence; a similar application for the same authority, to the same trustees, under the same will, in behalf of some other infants, costs the same; twenty similar applications, under the same will, for similar power to the same trustees, in behalf of twenty other infants, or sets of infants, as their wants arise, will cost, each the same.

A poor national schoolmaster insured his life for two hun-

dred pounds, and made a will, giving discretionary power to his executors to apply the money for the benefit of his two children while under age, and then to divide it between them. One of the executors doubted whether under this will, after payment of debts and duty, he could appropriate the principal (that word not being used in the instrument) to buying the two small children into an orphan asylum. The sanction of the Court of Chancery would cost at least half the fund; so nothing can be done, and the two small children are to be educated and brought up, on four pounds ten a year between them.

JOKE AGAINST MRS. HARRIS

Mrs. Harris is left the dividends on three thousand pounds stock, for her life; the capital on her decease to be divided among legatees. Mr. Spodger is trustee under the will which so provides for Mrs. Harris. Mr. Spodger one day dies intestate. To Mr. Spodger's effects Mr. B. Spodger and Miss Spodger, his brother and sister, administer. Miss Spodger takes it into her head that nothing shall ever induce her to have anything to do with Mrs. Harris's trust-stock. Mrs. Harris, consequently unable to receive her dividends, petitions Court of Equity. Court of Equity delivers judgment that it can only order payment of dividends *actually due when Mrs. Harris petitions;* that, as fresh dividends keep on coming due, Mrs. Harris must keep on freshly petitioning; and that Mrs. Harris must, according to her Catechism, 'walk in the same all the days of her life.' So Mrs. Harris walks, at the present time; paying for every such application eighteen pounds, two, and eightpence; or thirty per cent. on her unfortunate income.

I am of opinion that it would be hard to invent better practical jokes than these, over which I have laughed until my sides were sore. They are neatly and pointedly related by Mr. Graham Willmore, queen's counsel and a county court judge, in his evidence, given in May of the present year, before a committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the state and practice of the county courts. But,

I am pained to add, nevertheless, that my learned friend Willmore has not the slightest sense of humour, and is perfectly destitute of any true perception of a joke.

For, what does he recommend in this same evidence of his? Why, says he, these cases involve 'an absolute denial of justice'; and, if you would give the county court judges a limited jurisdiction in Equity, these things could not possibly occur; for, then, such cases as the Witty Trustee's, and the Medical Choice Spirit's, would be determined on their merits, for a few pounds: while such applications as those in behalf of the Infants would be disposed of for a few shillings. But, what, I ask my learned friend, would become of the cream of the jokes? Are we to have no jokes? Would he make law and equity a dull, dreary transaction of plain right and wrong? I shall hear, next, of proposals to take our wigs off, and make us like common men. A few pounds too! And a few shillings! Has my learned friend no idea that hundreds of pounds are far more respectable—not to say profitable—than a few pounds and a few shillings? He may buy sundry pairs of boots for a few pounds, or divers pairs of stockings for a few shillings. Is not Equity more precious than boots? Or Law than stockings?

I am further of opinion that my learned friend Willmore falls into all his numerous mistakes before this committee, by reason of this one curious incapacity in his constitution to enjoy a joke. For instance, he relates the following excellent morsel:

JEST CONCERNING A SEA-CAPTAIN

A sea-captain ejected from his ship a noisy drunken man, who misconducted himself; and at the same time turned out certain pot-companions of the drunken man, who were as troublesome as he. Bibo (so to call the drunken man) bringeth an action against the captain for assault and battery; to which the captain pleadeth in justification that he removed the plaintiff 'and certain persons unknown,' from his ship, for that they did misbehave themselves. 'Aye,' quoth the learned counsel for Bibo, at the trial, 'but there be seventeen objections to that plea, whereof the main one is that it appeareth that the cer-

tain persons are *known* and not *unknown*, as by thee set forth.' 'Marry,' crieth the court, 'but that is fatal, Gentlemen of the Jury!' Verdict accordingly, with leave unto the sea-captain to move the Court of Queen's Bench in solemn argument. This being done with great delay and expense, the sea-captain (all the facts being perfectly plain from the first) at length got judgment in his favour. But, no man to this hour hath been able to make him comprehend how he got it, or why; or wherefore the suit was not decided on the merits when first tried. Which this wooden-headed seaman, staring straight before him with all his might, unceasingly maintains that it ought to have been.

Now, this surely is, in all respects, an admirable story, representing the density, obstinacy, and confusion of the sea-captain in a richly absurd light. Does my learned friend Willmore relish it? Not in the least. His dull remark upon it is: That in the county court the case would have been adjudicated on its merits, for less than a hundredth part of the costs incurred: and that he would so alter the law of the land as to deprive a plaintiff suing in a superior court in such an action (which we call an action of tort) and recovering less than twenty pounds, of all claim to costs, unless the judge should certify it to be a fit case to be tried in that superior court, rather than to have been taken to the county court at a small expense, and at once decided.

Precisely the same obtuseness pervades the very next suggestion of my learned friend. It has always appeared to me a good joke that county courts having a jurisdiction in cases of contract up to fifty pounds, should not also have a jurisdiction in cases of tort up to the same amount. As usual, my learned friend Willmore cannot perceive the joke. He says, in his commonplace way, 'I think it is the general desire that the jurisdiction should be given'; and puts as an illustration—'Suppose a gentleman's carriage is run against. The damages may be fifty pounds. In the case of a costermonger's donkey-cart, they may be fifty pence; the facts being identically the same.' Now, this, I am of opinion, is prosaic in the last degree.

Passing over my learned friend's inclinings towards giving the county courts jurisdiction in matters of bankruptcy; and also in criminal cases now disposed of, not much to anybody's satisfaction he seems to consider at Quarter Sessions—where, by the bye, I have known admirable practical jokes played off from the Bench; and towards making a Court of Appeal of a selection from county court judges; I will come to his crowning suggestion. He is not happier in this than in his other points, for it strikes at the heart of the excellent joke of putting the public in this dilemma, 'If you WILL have law cheap, you shall have an inferior article.'

Without the least tenderness for this jest—which is unctuous, surprising, inconsequential, practical, overflowing with all the characteristics of a wild and rollicking humour—my learned friend knocks the soul out of it with a commonplace sledge-hammer. I hold, says he, that you should have, for county court judges who deal with an immense variety of intricate and important questions, the very best men. 'I think there is great mischief in the assumption that when a man is made a county court judge, he never can be anything else. I think if the reverse were assumed—if the appointment as county court judge were not considered a bar to a man's professional advancement, you would have better men candidates for the office. You would have the whole body of talent in the profession willing to go through the previous state of probation, as it would then be, of a county court judgeship. You must not expect a permanent succession of able, conscientious men, competently trained and educated for such an appointment, if it is to be a final one at the present pay. The county court judge, especially in the provinces, is placed in a painful and false position. He is made a magistrate, and must associate with his brother justices. If he lives at all as they do, he perhaps spends more than he can afford; he certainly can lay up nothing for his family. If he does not, he will probably meet with slights and disparagement, to which, I think, he ought not to be subjected, and which impair his efficiency.' He believes also that if the Court of Appeal were established, and the other county court judges were, as vacancies occurred, to be appointed members of it, according to circumstances,

'the public would derive another advantage in not being obliged to take, as a judge of the superior courts, a purely untried man. They would have a man exercised both in Nisi Prius and in banc work, and exercised in the face of the public and the profession, instead of having a man taken because he has a certain standing as an advocate, or because he has certain political recommendations. I think it would be a much more certain mode of testing the merits of a man previous to his appointment as a judge in the superior courts.'

So, for the good old joke of fobbing the public off, when it is perverse in its demands, with half a second-rate loaf, instead of enough of the best bread; for the joke of putting an educated and trained gentleman, in a public station and discharging most important social functions, at a social disadvantage among a class not the least stiff-necked and purse-proud of all classes known between the British Channel and Abyssinia; for the joke, in short, of systematically overpaying the national Shows and underpaying the national Substances; my learned friend Willmore has not the slightest tenderness! I am of opinion that he does not see it at all. He winds up his evidence with the following extraordinarily flat remark:

'I think that the public attention ought to be very pointedly directed to the fact, that while in the rich man's superior courts the suitors pay nothing towards the salaries of judges, officers, etc., yet in the poor man's county courts the suitors are taxed to pay for all these, and something extra, by which the state is mean enough to make a small profit. I cannot understand how any one, except, perhaps, a very timid Chancellor of the Exchequer, could justify or even tolerate an injustice so gross, so palpable, and cruel.'

On the whole, therefore, it appears to me, and I am of opinion: That, if many such men as my learned friend Willmore were to secure a hearing, the vast and highly-entertaining collection of our legal and equitable jokes would be speedily brought to a close for ever. That, the object of such dull persons clearly is, to make Law and Equity intelligible and useful, and to cause them both to do justice and to be respected. Finally, that to clear out lumber, sweep away dust, bring down cobwebs, and destroy a vast amount of ex-

pensive practical joking, is no joke, but quite the reverse, and never will be considered humorous in any court in Westminster Hall.

TO WORKING MEN

[October 7, 1854]

It behoves every journalist, at this time when the memory of an awful pestilence[1] is fresh among us, and its traces are visible at every turn in various affecting aspects of poverty and desolation, which any of us can see who are not purposely blind, to warn his readers, whatsoever be their ranks and conditions, that unless they set themselves in earnest to improve the towns in which they live, and to amend the dwellings of the poor, they are guilty, before God, of wholesale murder.

The best of our journals have so well remembered their responsibility in this respect, and have so powerfully presented the truth to the general conscience, that little remains to be written on the urgent subject. But we would carry a forcible appeal made by our contemporary the *Times* to the working people of England a little further, and implore them—with a view to their future avoidance of a fatal old mistake—to beware of being led astray from their dearest interests, by high political authorities on the one hand, no less than by sharking mountebanks on the other. The noble lord, and the right honourable baronet, and the honourable gentlemen, and the honourable and learned gentleman, and the honourable and gallant gentleman, and the whole of the honourable circle, have, in their contests for place, power, and patronage, loaves and fishes, distracted the working man's attention from his first necessities, quite as much as the broken creature—once a popular Misleader—who is now sunk in hopeless idiotcy in a madhouse. To whatsoever shadows these may offer in lieu of substances, it is now the first duty of The People to be resolutely blind and deaf; firmly insisting, above all things, on

[1] Cholera outbreak in London, August and September, 1854.

their and their children's right to every means of life and health that Providence has afforded for all, and firmly refusing to allow their name to be taken in vain for any purpose, by any party, until their homes are purified and the amplest means of cleanliness and decency are secured to them.

We may venture to remark that this most momentous of all earthly questions is one we are not now urging for the first time. Long before this Journal came into existence, we systematically tried to turn Fiction to the good account of showing the preventible wretchedness and misery in which the mass of the people dwell, and of expressing again and again the conviction, founded upon observation, that the reform of their habitations must precede all other reforms; and that without it, all other reforms must fail. Neither Religion nor Education will make any way, in this nineteenth century of Christianity, until a Christian government shall have discharged its first obligation, and secured to the people Homes, instead of polluted dens.

Now, any working man of common intelligence knows perfectly well, that one session of parliament zealously devoted to this object would secure its attainment. If he do not also know perfectly well that a government or a parliament will of itself originate nothing to save his life, he may know it by instituting a very little inquiry. Let him inquire what either power has done to better his social condition, since the last great outbreak of disease five years ago. Let him inquire what amount of attention from government, and what amount of attendance in parliament, the question of that condition has ever attracted, until one night in this last August, when it became a personal question and a facetious question, and when Lord Seymour, the member for Totnes, exhibited his fitness for ever having been placed at the head of a great public department by cutting jokes, which were received with laughter, on the subject of the pestilence then raging. If the working man, on such a review of plain facts, be satisfied that without his own help he will not be helped, but will be pitilessly left to struggle at unnatural odds with disease and death; then let him bestir himself to set so monstrous a wrong right, and let him—for the time at least—dismiss from his mind all

other public questions, as straws in the balance. The glorious right of voting for Lord This (say Seymour, for instance) or Sir John That; the intellectual state of Abyssinia; the endowment of the College of Maynooth; the paper duty; the newspaper duty; the five per cent.; the twenty-five per cent.; the ten thousand hobby-horses that are exercised before him, scattering so much dust in his eyes that he cannot see his own hearth, until the cloud is suddenly fanned away by the wings of the Angel of Death: all these distractions let him put aside, holding steadily to one truth—'Waking and sleeping, I and mine are slowly poisoned. Imperfect development and premature decay are the lot of those who are dear to me as my life. I bring children into the world to suffer unnaturally, and to die when my Merciful Father would have them live. The beauty of infancy is blotted out from my sight, and in its stead sickliness and pain look at me from the wan mother's knee. Shameful deprivation of the commonest appliances, distinguishing the lives of human beings from the lives of beasts, is my inheritance. My family is one of tens of thousands of families who are set aside as food for pestilence.' And let him then, being made in the form of man, resolve, 'I will not bear it, and it shall not be!'

If working men will be thus true to themselves and one another, there never was a time when they had so much just sympathy and so much ready help at hand. The whole powerful middle-class of this country, newly smitten with a sense of self-reproach—far more potent with it, we fully believe, than the lower motives of self-defence and fear—is ready to join them. The utmost power of the press is eager to assist them. But the movement, to be irresistible, must originate with themselves, the suffering many. Let *them* take the initiative, and call the middle-class to unite with them: which they will do, heart and soul! Let the working people, in the metropolis, in any one great town, but turn their intelligence, their energy, their numbers, their power of union, their patience, their perseverance, in this straight direction in earnest —and by Christmas, they shall find a government in Downing Street and a House of Commons within hail of it, possessing not the faintest family resemblance to the Indifferents and In-

capables last heard of in that slumberous neighbourhood.

It is only through a government so acted upon and so forced to acquit itself of its first responsibility, that the intolerable ills arising from the present nature of the dwellings of the poor can be remedied. A Board of Health can do much, but not near enough. Funds are wanted, and great powers are wanted; powers to over-ride little interests for the general good; powers to coerce the ignorant, obstinate, and slothful, and to punish all who, by any infraction of necessary laws, imperil the public health. The working people and the middle-class thoroughly resolved to have such laws, there is no more choice left to all the Red Tape in Britain as to the form in which it shall tie itself next, than there is option in the barrel of a barrel-organ what tune it shall play.

But, though it is easily foreseen that such an alliance must soon incalculably mitigate, and in the end annihilate, the dark list of calamities resulting from sinful and cruel neglect which the late visitation has—unhappily not for the first time—unveiled; it is impossible to set limits to the happy issues that would flow from it. A better understanding between the two great divisions of society, a habit of kinder and nearer approach, an increased respect and trustfulness on both sides, a gently corrected method in each of considering the views of the other, would lead to such blessed improvements and interchanges among us, that even our narrow wisdom might within the compass of a short time learn to bless the sickly year in which so much good blossomed out of evil.

In the plainest sincerity, in affectionate sympathy, in the ardent desire of our heart to do them some service, and to see them take their place in the system which should bind us all together, and bring home, to us all, the happiness of which our necessarily varied conditions are all susceptible, we submit these few words to the working men. The time is ripe for every one of them to raise himself and those who are dear to him, at no man's cost, with no violence or injustice, with cheerful help and support, with lasting benefit to the whole community. Even the many among them at whose firesides there will be vacant seats this winter, we address with hope. However hard the trial and heavy the bereavement, there is

a far higher consolation in striving for the life that is left, than in brooding with sullen eyes beside the grave.

AN UNSETTLED NEIGHBOURHOOD

[November 11, 1854]

It is not my intention to treat of any of those new neighbourhoods which a wise legislature leaves to come into existence just as it may happen; overthrowing the trees, blotting out the face of the country, huddling together labyrinths of odious little streets of vilely constructed houses; heaping ugliness upon ugliness, inconvenience upon inconvenience, dirt upon dirt, and contagion upon contagion. Whenever a few hundreds of thousands of people of the classes most enormously increasing, shall happen to come to the conclusion that they have suffered enough from preventible disease (a moral phenomenon that may occur at any time), the said wise legislature will find itself called to a heavy reckoning. May it emerge from that extremity as agreeably as it slided in. Amen!

No. The unsettled neighbourhood on which I have my eye—in a literal sense, for I live in it, and am looking out of window—cannot be called a new neighbourhood. It has been in existence, how long shall I say? Forty, fifty, years. It touched the outskirts of the fields, within a quarter of a century; at that period it was as shabby, dingy, damp, and mean a neighbourhood, as one would desire not to see. Its poverty was not of the demonstrative order. It shut the street-doors, pulled down the blinds, screened the parlour-windows with the wretchedest plants in pots, and made a desperate stand to keep up appearances. The genteeler part of the inhabitants, in answering knocks, got behind the door to keep out of sight, and endeavoured to diffuse the fiction that a servant of some sort was the ghostly warder. Lodgings were let, and many more were *to* let; but, with this exception, signboards and placards were discouraged. A few houses that became afflicted in their lower extremities with eruptions of mangling

and clear-starching, were considered a disgrace to the neighbourhood. The working bookbinder with the large door-plate was looked down upon for keeping fowls, who were always going in and out. A corner house with 'Ladies' School' on a board over the first floor windows, was barely tolerated for its educational facilities; and Miss Jamanne the dress-maker, who inhabited two parlours, and kept an obsolete work of art representing the Fashions, in the window of the front one, was held at a marked distance by the ladies of the neighbourhood—who patronised her, however, with far greater regularity than they paid her.

In those days, the neighbourhood was as quiet and dismal as any neighbourhood about London. Its crazily built houses —the largest, eight-roomed—were rarely shaken by any conveyance heavier than the spring van that came to carry off the goods of a 'sold up' tenant. To be sold up was nothing particular. The whole neighbourhood felt itself liable, at any time, to that common casualty of life. A man used to come into the neighbourhood regularly, delivering the summonses for rates and taxes as if they were circulars. We never paid anything until the last extremity, and Heaven knows how we paid it then. The streets were positively hilly with the inequalities made in them by the man with the pickaxe who cut off the company's supply of water to defaulters. It seemed as if nobody had any money but old Miss Frowze, who lived with her mother at Number fourteen Little Twig Street, and who was rumoured to be immensely rich; though I don't know why, unless it was that she never went out of doors, and never wore a cap, and never brushed her hair, and was immensely dirty.

As to visitors, we really had no visitors at that time. Stabbers's Band used to come every Monday morning and play for three quarters of an hour on one particular spot by the Norwich Castle; but, how they first got into a habit of coming, or even how we knew them to be Stabbers's Band, I am unable to say. It was popular in the neighbourhood, and we used to contribute to it: dropping our halfpence into an exceedingly hard hat with a warm handkerchief in it, like a sort of bird's-nest (I am not aware whether it was Mr. Stabbers's hat

or not), which came regularly round. They used to open with 'Begone, dull Care!' and to end with a tune which the neighbourhood recognised as 'I'd rather have a Guinea than a One-pound Note.' I think any reference to money, that was not a summons or an execution, touched us melodiously. As to Punches, they knew better than to do anything but squeak and drum in the neighbourhood, unless a collection was made in advance—which never succeeded. Conjurors and strong men strayed among us, at long intervals; but, I never saw the donkey go up once. Even costermongers were shy of us, as a bad job: seeming to know instinctively that the neighbourhood ran scores with Mrs. Slaughter, Greengrocer, etc., of Great Twig Street, and consequently didn't dare to buy a ha'porth elsewhere: or very likely being told so by young Slaughter, who managed the business, and was always lurking in the Coal Department, practising Ramo Samee with three potatoes.

As to shops, we had no shops either, worth mentioning. We had the Norwich Castle, Truman Hanbury and Buxton, by J. Wigzell: a violent landlord, who was constantly eating in the bar, and constantly coming out with his mouth full and his hat on, to stop his amiable daughter from giving more credit; and we had Slaughter's; and we had a jobbing tailor's (in a kitchen), and a toy and hardbake (in a parlour), and a Bottle Rag Bone Kitchen-stuff and Ladies' Wardrobe, and a tobacco and weekly paper. We used to run to the doors and windows to look at a cab, it was such a rare sight; the boys (we had no end of boys, but where *is* there any end of boys?) used to Fly the garter in the middle of the road; and if ever a man might have thought a neighbourhood was settled down until it dropped to pieces, a man might have thought ours was.

What made the fact quite the reverse, and totally changed the neighbourhood? I have known a neighbourhood changed, by many causes, for a time. I have known a miscellaneous vocal concert every evening, do it; I have known a mechanical waxwork with a drum and organ, do it; I have known a Zion Chapel do it; I have known a firework-maker's do it; or a murder, or a tallow-melter's. But, in such cases, the neighbourhood has mostly got round again, after a time, to its

former character. I ask, what changed our neighbourhood altogether and for ever? I don't mean what knocked down rows of houses, took the whole of Little Twig Street into one immense hotel, substituted endless cab-ranks for Fly the garter, and shook us all day long to our foundations with waggons of heavy goods; but, what put the neighbourhood off its head, and wrought it to that feverish pitch that it has ever since been unable to settle down to any one thing, and will never settle down again? THE RAILROAD has done it all.

That the Railway Terminus springing up in the midst of the neighbourhood should make what I may call a physical change in it, was to be expected. That people who had not sufficient beds for themselves, should immediately begin offering to let beds to the travelling public, was to be expected. That coffee-pots, stale muffins, and egg-cups, should fly into parlour windows like tricks in a pantomime, and that everybody should write up Good Accommodation for Railway Travellers, was to be expected. Even that Miss Frowze should open a cigar-shop, with a what's-his-name that the Brahmins smoke, in the middle of the window, and a thing outside like a Canoe stood on end, with a familiar invitation underneath it, to 'Take a light,' might have been expected. I don't wonder at house-fronts being broken out into shops, and particularly into Railway Dining Rooms, with powdered haunches of mutton, powdered cauliflowers, and great flat bunches of rhubard, in the window. I don't complain of three eight-roomed houses out of every four taking upon themselves to set up as Private Hotels, and putting themselves, as such, into Bradshaw, with a charge of so much a day for bed and breakfast, including boot-cleaning and attendance, and so much extra for a private sitting-room—though where the private sitting-rooms can be, in such an establishment, I leave you to judge. I don't make it any ground of objection to Mrs. Minderson (who is a most excellent widow woman with a young family) that, in exhibiting one empty soup-tureen with the cover on, she appears to have satisfied her mind that she is fully provisioned as 'The Railway Larder.' I don't point it out as a public evil that all the boys who are left in the neighbourhood, tout to carry carpet-bags. The Railway

Ham, Beef, and German Sausage Warehouse, I was prepared for. The Railway Pie Shop, I have purchased pastry from. The Railway Hat and Travelling Cap Depot, I knew to be an establishment which in the nature of things must come. The Railway Hair-cutting Saloon, I have been operated upon in; the Railway Ironmongery, Nail and Tool Warehouse; the Railway Bakery; the Railway Oyster Rooms and General Shell Fish Shop; the Railway Medical Hall; and the Railway Hosiery and Travelling Outfitting Establishment; all these I don't complain of. In the same way, I know that the cabmen must and will have beer-shops, on the cellar-flaps of which they can smoke their pipes among the waterman's buckets, and dance the double shuffle. The railway porters must also have *their* houses of call; and at such places of refreshment I am prepared to find the Railway Double Stout at a gigantic threepence in your own jugs. I don't complain of this; neither do I complain of J. Wigzell having absorbed two houses on each side of him into The Railway Hotel (late Norwich Castle), and setting up an illuminated clock, and a vane at the top of a pole like a little golden Locomotive. But what I do complain of, and what I am distressed at, is, the state of mind—the moral condition—into which the neighbourhood has got. It is unsettled, dissipated, wandering (I believe nomadic is the crack word for that sort of thing just at present), and don't know its own mind for an hour.

I have seen various causes of demoralisation learnedly pointed out in reports and speeches, and charges to grand juries; but, the most demoralising thing *I* know, is Luggage. I have come to the conclusion that the moment Luggage begins to be always shooting about a neighbourhood, that neighbourhood goes out of its mind. Everybody wants to be off somewhere. Everybody does everything in a hurry. Everybody has the strangest ideas of its being vaguely his or her business to go 'down the line.' If any Fast-train could take it, I believe the whole neighbourhood of which I write: bricks, stones, timber, ironwork, and everything else: would set off down the line.

Why, only look at it! What with houses being pulled down and houses being built up, is it possible to imagine a

neighbourhood less collected in its intellects? There are not fifty houses of any sort in the whole place that know their own mind a month. Now, a shop says, 'I 'll be a toy-shop.' To-morrow it says, 'No I won't; I 'll be a milliner's.' Next week it says, 'No I won't; I 'll be a stationer's.' Next week it says, 'No I won't; I 'll be a Berlin wool repository.' Take the shop directly opposite my house. Within a year, it has gone through all these changes, and has likewise been a plumber's, painter's and glazier's, a tailor's, a broker's, a school, a lecturing-hall, and a feeding-place, 'established to supply the Railway public with a first-rate sandwich and a sparkling glass of Crowley's Alton Ale for threepence.' I have seen the different people enter on these various lines of business, apparently in a sound and healthy state of mind. I have seen them, one after another, go off their heads with looking at the cabs rattling by, top-heavy with luggage, the driver obscured by boxes and portmanteaus crammed between his legs, and piled on the footboard—I say, I have seen them with my own eyes, fired out of their wits by luggage, put up the shutters, and set off down the line.

In the old state of the neighbourhood, if any young party was sent to the Norwich Castle to see what o'clock it was, the solid information would be brought back—say, for the sake of argument, twenty minutes to twelve. The smallest child in the neighbourhood who can tell the clock, is now convinced that it hasn't time to say twenty minutes to twelve, but comes back and jerks out, like a little Bradshaw, 'Eleven forty.' Eleven forty!

Mentioning the Norwich Castle, reminds me of J. Wigzell. That man is a type of the neighbourhood. He used to wear his shirt-sleeves and his stiff drab trowsers, like any other publican; and if he went out twice in a year, besides going to the Licensed Victuallers' Festival, it was as much as he did. What is the state of that man now? His pantaloons must be railway checks; his upper garment must be a cut-away coat, perfectly undermined by travelling pockets; he must keep a time-bill in his waistcoat—besides the two immense ones, Up and Down, that are framed in the bar—he must have a macintosh and a railway rug always lying ready on a chair;

and he must habitually start off down the line, at five minutes' notice. Now, I *know* that J. Wigzell has no business down the line; he has no more occasion to go there than a Chinese. The fact is, he stops in the bar until he is rendered perfectly insane by the Luggage he sees flying up and down the street; then, catches up his macintosh and railway rug; goes down the line; gets out at a Common, two miles from a town; eats a dinner at the new little Railway Tavern there, in a choking hurry; comes back again by the next Up-train; and feels that he has done business!

We dream, in this said neighbourhood, of carpet-bags and packages. How can we help it? All night long, when passenger trains are flat, the Goods trains come in, banging and whanging over the turning-plates at the station like the siege of Sebastopol. Then, the mails come in; then, the mail-carts come out; then, the cabs set in for the early parliamentary; then, we are in for it through the rest of the day. Now, I don't complain of the whistle, I say nothing of the smoke and steam, I have got used to the red-hot burning smell from the Breaks which I thought for the first twelve-month was my own house on fire, and going to burst out; but, my ground of offence is the moral inoculation of the neighbourhood. I am convinced that there is some mysterious sympathy between my hat on my head, and all the hats in hat-boxes that are always going down the line. My shirts and stockings put away in a chest of drawers, want to join the multitude of shirts and stockings that are always rushing everywhere, Express, at the rate of forty mile an hour. The trucks that clatter with such luggage, full trot, up and down the platform, tear into our spirits, and hurry us, and we can't be easy.

In a word, the Railway Terminus Works themselves are a picture of our moral state. They look confused and dissipated, with an air as if they were always up all night, and always giddy. Here, is a vast shed that was not here yesterday, and that may be pulled down to-morrow; there, a wall that is run up until some other building is ready; there, an open piece of ground, which is a quagmire in the middle, bounded on all four sides by a wilderness of houses, pulled down, shored up, broken-headed, crippled, on crutches,

knocked about and mangled in all sorts of ways, and billed with fragments of all kinds of ideas. We are, mind and body, an unsettled neighbourhood. We are demoralised by the contemplation of luggage in perpetual motion. My conviction is, that you have only to circulate luggage enough—it is a mere question of quantity—through a Quakers' Meeting, and every broad-brimmed hat and slate-coloured bonnet there, will disperse to the four winds at the highest possible existing rate of locomotion.

REFLECTIONS OF A LORD MAYOR

[November 18, 1854]

'I have been told,' said the Lord Mayor of London, left alone in his dressing-room after a state occasion, and proceeding to divest himself of the very large chain the Lord Mayor of London wears about his neck, according to the manner of the President of the Royal Academy of Arts, and the watermen of the principal hackney-coach stands: 'I say, I have been told,' repeated the Lord Mayor, glancing at himself in the glass, 'rather frequently now, in contemporary history, that I am a Humbug.'

No matter what particular Lord Mayor of London thus delivered himself. Any modern Lord Mayor of London may have recalled, with the fidelity here quoted, the homage widely offered to his position.

'I have been told so,' continued the Lord Mayor of London, who was in the habit of practising oratory when alone, as Demosthenes did, and with the somewhat similar object of correcting a curious impediment in his speech, which always thrust the letter H upon him when he had no business with it, and always took it away from him when it was indispensable; 'I have been told so,' pursued the Lord Mayor, 'on the ground that the privileges, dues, levies, and other exactions of my government, are relics of ages in all respects unlike the present; when the manners and customs of the people were different, when commerce was differently understood and prac-

tised, when the necessities and requirements of this enormous metropolis were as unlike what they are now, as this enormous metropolis itself on the map of Queen Victoria's time is unlike the scarcely recognisable little mustard-seed displayed as London on the map of Queen Elizabeth's time. I have been told so, on the ground that whereas my office was a respectable reality when the little city in which I hold my state was actually London, and its citizens were the London people, it is a swaggering sham when the little city's inhabitants are not a twelfth part of the metropolitan population, and when that little city's extent is not a tenth part of the metropolitan surface. These, I am informed, are a short summary of the reasons why the London citizens who stand foremost as to the magnitude of their mercantile dealings and the grasp of their intelligence, always fly from the assumption of my blushing honours; and why formally constituted Commissions have admitted, not without some reluctance, that I am—officially,' said the Lord Mayor twice—'officially—a most absurd creature, and, in point of fact, the Humbug already mentioned.'

The Lord Mayor of London having thus summed up, polished his gold chain with his sleeve, laid it down on the dressing-table, put on a flannel gown, took a chair before the glass, and proceeded to address himself in the following neat and appropriate terms:

'Now, my Lord,' said the Lord Mayor of London; and at the word he bowed, and smiled obsequiously; 'you are well aware that there is no foundation whatever for these envious disparagements. They are the shadows of the light of Greatness.' (The Lord Mayor stopped and made a note of this sentiment, as available after dinner some day.) 'On what evidence will you receive your true position? On the City Recorder's? On the City Remembrancer's? On the City Chamberlain's? On the Court of Common Council's? On the Swordbearer's? On the Toastmaster's? These are good witnesses, I believe, and they will bear testimony at any time to your being a solid dignitary, to your office being one of the highest aspirations of man, one of the brightest crowns of

merit, one of the noblest objects of earthly ambition. But, my Lord Mayor'; here the Lord Mayor smiled at himself and bowed again; 'is it from the City only, that you get these tributes to the virtues of your office, and the empty wickedness of the Commission that would dethrone you? I think not. I think you may inquire East, West, North, and South—particularly West,' said the Lord Mayor, who was a courtly personage—'particularly West, among my friends of the aristocracy—and still find that the Lord Mayor of London is the brightest jewel (next to Mercy) in the British crown, and the apple of the United Kingdom's eye.

'Who,' said the Lord Mayor, crossing his knees, and arguing the point, with the aid of his forefinger, at himself in the glass, 'who is to be believed? Is it the superior classes (my very excellent and dear friends) that are to be believed, or is it Commissions and writers in newspapers? The reply of course is, the superior classes. Why then,' said the Lord Mayor, 'let us consider what my beloved and honoured friends the members of the superior classes, say.

'We will begin,' said the Lord Mayor, 'with my highly eminent and respected friends—my revered brothers, if they will allow me to call them so—the Cabinet Ministers. What does a cabinet minister say when he comes to dine with me? He gets up and tells the company that all the honours of official life are nothing comparable to the honour of coming and dining with the Lord Mayor. He gives them to understand that, in all his doubts, his mind instinctively reverts to the Lord Mayor for counsel; that in all his many triumphs, he looks to the Lord Mayor for his culminating moral support; that in all his few defeats, he looks to the Lord Mayor for lasting consolation. He signifies that, if the Lord Mayor only approves of his political career, he is happy; that if the Lord Mayor disapproves, he is miserable. His respect for the office is perpetually augmenting. He has had the honour of enjoying the munificent hospitality of other Lord Mayors, but he never knew such a Lord Mayor as this Lord Mayor, or such a Lord Mayor's dinner as this dinner. With much more to the same effect. And I believe,' said the Lord Mayor of

London, smiling obsequiously, 'that my noble and right honourable friends the Cabinet Ministers never make a fool of any one?

'Take,' said the Lord Mayor of London, 'next, my highly decorated friends, the Representatives of Foreign Courts. They assure the guests, in the politest manner, that when they inform their respective governments that they have had the honour of dining with the Lord Mayor, their respective governments will hardly know what to make of themselves, they will feel so exalted by the distinction. And I hope,' said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, 'that their Excellencies my diplomatic friends, usually say what they mean?

'What sentiments do the Army and Navy express when they come and dine at the Guildhall or Mansion House? They don't exactly tell the company that our brave soldiers and our hardy seamen rush to conquest, stimulating one another with the great national watchword, "The Lord Mayor!" but they almost go that length. They intimate that the courage of our national defenders would be dreadfully damped if there was no Lord Mayor; that Nelson and Wellington always had the Lord Mayor in their minds (as no doubt they had) in conducting their most brilliant exploits; and that they always looked forward to the Lord Mayor (as no doubt they did) for their highest rewards. And I think,' said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, 'that my honourable and gallant friends, the field-marshals and admirals of this glorious country, are not the men to bandy compliments?

'My eminently reverend friends the Archbishops and Bishops, *they* are not idle talkers,' said the Lord Mayor. 'Yet, when they do me the honour to take no thought (as I may say) what they shall eat or what they shall drink, but with the greatest urbanity to eat and drink (I am proud to think) up to the full amount of three pound three per head, they are not behind-hand with the rest. They perceive in the Lord Mayor, a pillar of the great fabric of church and state; they know that the Lord Mayor is necessary to true Religion; they are, in a general way, fully impressed with the conviction that the Lord Mayor is an Institution not to be touched without danger to orthodox piety. Yet, if I am not deceived,'

said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, 'my pastoral and personal friends, the archbishops and bishops, are to be believed upon their affirmation?

'My elevated and learned friends, the Judges!' cried the Lord Mayor, in a tone of enthusiasm. 'When I ask the judges to dinner, *they* are not found to encourage the recommendations of corrupt Commissions. On the contrary, I infer from their speeches that they are at a loss to understand how Law or Equity could ever be administered in this country, if the Lord Mayor was reduced. I understand from them, that it is, somehow, the Lord Mayor who keeps the very judges themselves straight; that if there was no Lord Mayor, they would begin to go crooked; that if they didn't dine with the Lord Mayor at least once a year, they couldn't answer for their not taking bribes, or doing something of that sort. And it is a general opinion, I imagine,' said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, 'that my judicial friends the judges, know how to sum up a case?

'Likewise my honourable and legislative friends the Members of the House of Commons—and my noble and deliberative friends, the Members of the House of Lords—and my learned and forensic friends of the liberal profession of the Bar!' cried the Lord Mayor. 'They are all convinced (when they come to dinner) that without the Lord Mayor, the whole Lord Mayor, and nothing but the Lord Mayor, there would ensue what I may call a national smash. They are all agreed that society is a kind of barrel, formed of a number of staves, with a very few hoops to keep them together; and that the Lord Mayor of London is such a strong hoop, that if he was taken off, the staves would fly asunder, and the barrel would burst. This is very gratifying, this is very imporant, this is very dignifying, this is very true. I am proud of this profound conviction. For, I believe,' said the Lord Mayor, smiling obsequiously, 'that this distinguished agglomeration of my eloquent and flowery friends, is capable of making speeches?

'Then you see, my Lord,' pursued the Lord Mayor, resuming the argument with his looking-glass, after a short pause of pride in his illustrious circle of acquaintance, which caused

him to swell considerably, 'it comes to this. Do these various distinguished persons come into the city annually, as a matter of course, to make certain routine speeches over you, without in the least caring or considering what they mean—just as the boys do, in the same month, over Guy Fawkes; or do they come really and truly to uphold you. In the former case, you would be placed in the unpleasant predicament of knowing for certain that they laugh at you when they go home; in the latter case, you would have the happiness of being sure that the Commission which declares you to be the—in point of fact,' said the Lord Mayor, with a lingering natural reluctance, 'the Humbug already mentioned—is a piece of impotent falsehood and malice.

'Which you know it to be,' said the Lord Mayor, rising firmly. 'Which you know it to be! Your honoured and revered friends of the upper classes, rally round you'; (the Lord Mayor made a note of the neat expression, rallying round, as available for various public occasions); 'and you see them, and you hear them, and seeing and hearing are believing, or nothing is. Further, you are bound as their devoted servant to believe them, or you fall into the admission that public functionaries have got into a way of pumping out floods of conventional words without any meaning and without any sincerity—a way not likely to be reserved for Lord Mayors only, and a very bad way for the whole community.'

So, the Lord Mayor of London went to bed, and dreamed of being made a Baronet.

THE LOST ARCTIC VOYAGERS

I

[December 2, 1854]

Dr. Rae may be considered to have established, by the mute but solemn testimony of the relics he has brought home, that Sir John Franklin and his party are no more.[1] But, there is

[1] Sir John Franklin's Third Arctic Expedition started on 24th May

one passage in his melancholy report, some examination into the probabilities and improbabilities of which, we hope will tend to the consolation of those who take the nearest and dearest interest in the fate of that unfortunate expedition, by leading to the conclusion that there is no reason whatever to believe, that any of its members prolonged their existence by the dreadful expedient of eating the bodies of their dead companions. Quite apart from the very loose and unreliable nature of the Esquimaux representations (on which it would be necessary to receive with great caution, even the commonest and most natural occurrence), we believe we shall show, that close analogy and the mass of experience are decidedly against the reception of any such statement, and that it is in the highest degree improbable that such men as the officers and crews of the two lost ships would, or could, in any extremity of hunger, alleviate the pains of starvation by this horrible means.

Before proceeding to the discussion, we will premise that we find no fault with Dr. Rae, and that we thoroughly acquit him of any trace of blame. He has himself openly explained, that his duty demanded that he should make a faithful report, to the Hudson's Bay Company or the Admiralty, of every circumstance stated to him; that he did so, as he was bound to do, without any reservation; and that his report was made public by the Admiralty: not by him. It is quite clear that if it were an ill-considered proceeding to disseminate this painful idea on the worst of evidence, Dr. Rae is not responsible for it. It is not material to the question that Dr. Rae believes in the alleged cannibalism; he does so, merely 'on the substance of information obtained at various times and various sources,' which is before us all. At the same time, we will most readily concede that he has all the rights to defend his opinion which his high reputation as a skilful and intrepid traveller of great experience in the Arctic Regions—combined with his manly, conscientious, and modest personal character—can possibly invest him with. Of the propriety of his immediate return to

1845, and was never heard of again after July of the same year. Several voyages of discovery were made, and Dr. Rae, who twice accompanied search parties, returned in 1854 and reported the results of his efforts.

England with the intelligence he had got together, we are fully convinced. As a man of sense and humanity, he perceived that the first and greatest account, to which it could be turned, was, the prevention of the useless hazard of valuable lives; and no one could better know in how much hazard all lives are placed that follow Franklin's track, than he who made eight visits to the Arctic shores. With these remarks we can release Dr. Rae from this inquiry, proud of him as an Englishman, and happy in his safe return home to well-earned rest.

The following is the passage in the report to which we invite attention: 'Some of the bodies had been buried (probably those of the first victims of famine); some were in a tent or tents; others under the boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter; and several lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island, one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulders, and his double-barrelled gun lay underneath him. From the mutilated state of many of the corpses and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last resource—cannibalism—as a means of prolonging existence. . . . None of the Esquimaux with whom I conversed had seen the "whites," nor had they ever been at the place where the bodies were found, but had their information from those who had been there, and who had seen the party when travelling.'

We have stated our belief that the extreme improbability of this inference as to the last resource, can be rested, first on close analogy, and secondly, on broad general grounds, quite apart from the improbabilities and incoherencies of the Esquimaux evidence: which is itself given, at the very best, at second-hand. More than this, we presume it to have been given at second-hand through an interpreter; and he was, in all probability, imperfectly acquainted with the language he translated to the white man. We believe that few (if any) Esquimaux tribes speak one common dialect; and Franklin's own experience of his interpreters in his former voyage was, that they and the Esquimaux they encountered understood each other 'tolerably'—an expression which he frequently uses

in his book, with the evident intention of showing that their communication was not altogether satisfactory. But, even making the very large admission that Dr. Rae's interpreter perfectly understood what he was told, there yet remains the question whether he could render it into language of corresponding weight and value. We recommend any reader who does not perceive the difficulty of doing so and the skill required, even when a copious and elegant European language is in question, to turn to the accounts of the trial of Queen Caroline, and to observe the constant discussions that arose—sometimes, very important—in reference to the worth in English, of words used by the Italian witnesses. There still remains another consideration, and a grave one, which is, that ninety-nine interpreters out of a hundred, whether savage, half-savage, or wholly civilised, interpreting to a person of superior station and attainments, will be under a strong temptation to exaggerate. This temptation will always be strongest, precisely where the person interpreted to is seen to be the most excited and impressed by what he hears; for, in proportion as he is moved, the interpreter's importance is increased. We have ourself had an opportunity of inquiring whether any part of this awful information, the unsatisfactory result of 'various times and various sources,' was conveyed by gestures. It was so, and the gesture described to us as often repeated—that of the informant setting his mouth to his own arm—would quite as well describe a man having opened one of his veins, and drunk of the stream that flowed from it. If it be inferred that the officer who lay upon his double-barrelled gun, defended his life to the last against ravenous seamen, under the boat or elsewhere, and that he died in so doing, how came his body to be found? That was not eaten, or even mutilated, according to the description. Neither were the bodies, buried in the frozen earth, disturbed; and is it not likely that if any bodies were resorted to as food, those the most removed from recent life and companionship would have been the first? Was there any fuel in that desolate place for cooking 'the contents of the kettles'? If none, would the little flame of the spirit-lamp the travellers *may have had* with them, have sufficed for such a purpose? If not, would the

kettles have been defiled for that purpose at all? 'Some of the corpses,' Dr. Rae adds, in a letter to the *Times*, 'had been sadly mutilated, and had been stripped by those who had the misery to survive them, and who were found wrapped in two or three suits of clothes.' Had there been no bears thereabout, to mutilate those bodies; no wolves, no foxes? Most probably the scurvy, known to be the dreadfullest scourge of Europeans in those latitudes, broke out among the party. Virulent as it would inevitably be under such circumstances, it would of itself cause dreadful disfigurement—woeful mutilation—but, more than that, it would not only soon annihilate the desire to eat (especially to eat flesh of any kind), but would annihilate the power. Lastly, no man can, with any show of reason, undertake to affirm that this sad remnant of Franklin's gallant band were not set upon and slain by the Esquimaux themselves. It is impossible to form an estimate of the character of any race of savages, from their deferential behaviour to the white man while he is strong. The mistake has been made again and again; and the moment the white man has appeared in the new aspect of being weaker than the savage, the savage has changed and sprung upon him. There are pious persons who, in their practice, with a strange inconsistency, claim for every child born to civilisation all innate depravity, and for every savage born to the woods and wilds all innate virtue. We believe every savage to be in his heart covetous, treacherous, and cruel; and we have yet to learn what knowledge the white man—lost, houseless, shipless, apparently forgotten by his race, plainly famine-stricken, weak, frozen, helpless, and dying—has of the gentleness of Esquimaux nature.

Leaving, as we purposed, this part of the subject with a glance, let us put a supposititious case.

If a little band of British naval officers, educated and trained exactly like the officers of this ill-fated expedition, had, on a former occasion, in command of a party of men vastly inferior to the crews of these two ships, penetrated to the same regions, and been exposed to the rigours of the same climate; if they had undergone such fatigue, exposure, and disaster, that scarcely power remained to them to crawl, and they tot-

tered and fell many times in a journey of a few yards; if they could not bear the contemplation of their 'filth and wretchedness, each other's emaciated figures, ghastly countenances, dilated eyeballs, and sepulchral voices'; if they had eaten their shoes, such outer clothes as they could part with and not perish of cold, the scraps of acrid marrow yet remaining in the dried and whitened spines of dead wolves; if they had wasted away to skeletons, on such fare, and on bits of putrid skin, and bits of hides and the covers of guns, and pounded bones; if they had passed through all the pangs of famine, had reached that point of starvation where there is little or no pain left, and had descended so far into the valley of the shadow of Death, that they lay down side by side, calmly and even cheerfully awaiting their release from this world; if they had suffered such dire extremity, and yet lay where the bodies of their dead companions lay unburied, within a few paces of them; and yet never dreamed at the last gasp of resorting to this said 'last resource'; would it not be strong presumptive evidence against an incoherent Esquimaux story, collected at 'various times' as it wandered from 'various sources'? But, if the leader of that party were the leader of this very party too; if Franklin himself had undergone those dreadful trials, and had been restored to health and strength, and had been—not for days and months alone, but years—the Chief of this very expedition, infusing into it, as such a man necessarily must, the force of his character and discipline, patience and fortitude; would there not be a still greater and stronger moral improbability to set against the wild tales of a herd of savages?

Now, this *was* Franklin's case. He had passed through the ordeal we have described. He was the Chief of that expedition, and he was the Chief of this. In this, he commanded a body of picked English seamen of the first class; in that, he and his three officers had but one English seaman to rely on; the rest of the men being Canadian voyagers and Indians. His *Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea in* 1819–22, is one of the most explicit and enthralling in the whole literature of Voyage and Travel. The facts are acted and suffered before the reader's eyes, in the descriptions of

Franklin, Richardson, and Back: three of the greatest names in the history of heroic endurance.

See how they gradually sink into the depths of misery.

'I was reduced,' says Franklin, long before the worst came, 'almost to skin and bone, and, like the rest of the party, suffered from degrees of cold that would have been disregarded whilst in health and vigour.' 'I set out with the intention of going to Saint Germain, to hasten his operations (making a canoe), but though he was only three quarters of a mile distant, I spent three hours in a vain attempt to reach him, my strength being unequal to the labour of wading through the deep snow; and I returned quite exhausted, and much shaken by the numerous falls I had got. My associates were all in the same debilitated state. The voyagers were somewhat stronger than ourselves, but more indisposed to exertion, on account of their despondency. The sensation of hunger was no longer felt by any of us, yet we were scarcely able to converse upon any other subject than the pleasures of eating.' 'We had a small quantity of this weed (tripe de roche, and always the cause of miserable illness to some of them) in the evening, and the rest of our supper was made up of scraps of roasted leather. The distance walked to-day was six miles.' 'Previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes, and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigue of the day's journey.' 'Not being able to find any tripe de roche, we drank an infusion of the Labrador tea-plant, and ate a few morsels of burnt leather for supper.' 'We were unable to raise the tent, and found its weight too great to carry it on; we therefore cut it up, and took a part of the canvas for a cover.' Thus growing weaker and weaker every day, they reached, at last, Fort Enterprise, a lonely and desolate hut, where Richardson—then Dr. Richardson, now Sir John—and Hepburn, the English seaman, from whom they had been parted, rejoined them. 'We were all shocked at beholding the emaciated countenances of the Doctor and Hepburn, as they strongly evidenced their extremely debilitated state. The alteration in our appearance was equally distressing to them, for, since the swellings had subsided, we were little more

than skin and bone. The Doctor particularly remarked the sepulchral tone of our voices, which he requested us to make more cheerful, if possible, quite unconscious that his own partook of the same key.' 'In the afternoon Peltier was so much exhausted, that he sat up with difficulty, and looked piteously; at length he slided from his stool upon the bed, as we supposed to sleep, and in this composed state he remained upwards of two hours without our apprehending any danger. We were then alarmed by hearing a rattling in his throat, and on the Doctor's examining him he was found to be speechless. He died in the course of the night. Semandré sat up the greater part of the day, and even assisted in pounding some bones; but, on witnessing the melancholy state of Peltier, he became very low, and began to complain of cold, and stiffness of the joints. Being unable to keep up a sufficient fire to warm him, we laid him down, and covered him with several blankets. He did not, however, appear to get better, and I deeply lament to add, he also died before daylight. We removed the bodies of the deceased into the opposite part of the house, but our united strength was inadequate to the task of interring them, or even carrying them down to the river.' 'The severe shock occasioned by the sudden dissolution of our two companions, rendered us very melancholy. Adam (one of the interpreters) became low and despondent; a change which we lamented the more, as we perceived he had been gaining strength and spirits for the two preceding days. I was particularly distressed by the thought that the labour of collecting wood must now devolve upon Dr. Richardson and Hepburn, and that my debility would disable me from affording them any material assistance; indeed both of them most kindly urged me not to make the attempt. I found it necessary, in their absence, to remain constantly near Adam and to converse with him, in order to prevent his reflecting on our condition, and to keep up his spirits as far as possible. I also lay by his side at night.' 'The Doctor and Hepburn were getting much weaker, and the limbs of the latter were now greatly swelled. They came into the house frequently in the course of the day to rest themselves, and when once seated were unable to

rise without the help of one another, or of a stick. Adam was for the most part in the same low state as yesterday, but sometimes he surprised us by getting up and walking with an appearance of increased strength. His looks were now wild and ghastly, and his conversation was often incoherent.' 'I may here remark, that owing to our loss of flesh, the hardness of the floor, from which we were only protected by a blanket, produced soreness over the body, and especially those parts on which the weight rested in lying; yet to turn ourselves for relief was a matter of toil and difficulty. However, during this period, and indeed all along after the acute pains of hunger, which lasted but a short time, had subsided, we generally enjoyed the comfort of a few hours' sleep. The dreams which for the most part but not always accompanied it, were usually (though not invariably) of a pleasant character, being very often about the enjoyments of feasting. In the daytime, we fell into the practice of conversing on common and light subjects, although we sometimes discoursed, with seriousness and earnestness, on topics connected with religion. We generally avoided speaking, directly, of our present sufferings, or even of the prospect of relief. I observed, that in proportion as our strength decayed, our minds exhibited symptoms of weakness, evinced by a kind of unreasonable pettishness with each other. Each of us thought the other weaker in intellect than himself, and more in need of advice and assistance. So trifling a circumstance as a change of place, recommended by one as being warmer and more comfortable, and refused by the other from a dread of motion, frequently called forth fretful expressions, which were no sooner uttered than atoned for, to be repeated, perhaps, in the course of a few minutes. The same thing often occurred when we endeavoured to assist each other in carrying wood to the fire; none of us were willing to receive assistance, although the task was disproportioned to our strength. On one of these occasions, Hepburn was so convinced of this waywardness, that he exclaimed, "Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understandings!" '

Surely it must be comforting to the relatives and friends

of Franklin and his brave companions in later dangers, now at rest, to reflect upon this manly and touching narrative; to consider that at the time it so affectingly describes, and all the weaknesses which it so truthfully depicts, the bodies of the dead lay within reach, preserved by the cold, but unmutilated; and to know it for an established truth, that the sufferers had passed the bitterness of hunger and were then dying passively.

They knew the end they were approaching very well, as Franklin's account of the arrival of their deliverance next day, shows. 'Adam had passed a restless night, being disquieted by gloomy apprehensions of approaching death, which we tried in vain to dispel. He was so low in the morning as to be scarcely able to speak. I remained in bed by his side, to cheer him as much as possible. The Doctor and Hepburn went to cut wood. They had hardly begun their labour, when they were amazed at hearing the report of a musket. They could scarcely believe that there was really any one near, until they heard a shout, and immediately espied three Indians close to the house. Adam and I heard the latter noise, and I was fearful that a part of the house had fallen upon one of my companions; a disaster which had in fact been thought not unlikely. My alarm was only momentary. Dr. Richardson came in to communicate the joyful intelligence that relief had arrived. He and myself immediately addressed thanksgiving to the throne of mercy for this deliverance, but poor Adam was in so low a state that he could scarcely comprehend the information. When the Indians entered, he attempted to rise, but sank down again. But for this seasonable interposition of Providence, his existence must have terminated in a few hours, and that of the rest probably in not many days.'

But, in the preceding trials and privations of that expedition, there *was* one man, Michel, an Iroquois hunter, who *did* conceive the horrible idea of subsisting on the bodies of the stragglers, if not of even murdering the weakest with the express design of eating them—which is pretty certain. This man planned and executed his wolfish devices at a time when Sir John Richardson and Hepburn were afoot with him

every day; when, though their sufferings were very great, they had not fallen into the weakened state of mind we have just read of; and when the mere difference between his bodily robustness and the emaciation of the rest of the party—to say nothing of his mysterious absences and returns—might have engendered suspicion. Yet, so far off was the unnatural thought of cannibalism from their minds, and from that of Mr. Hood, another officer who accompanied them—though they were all then suffering the pangs of hunger, and were sinking every hour—that no suspicion of the truth dawned upon one of them, until the same hunter shot Mr. Hood dead as he sat by a fire. It was after the commission of that crime, when he had become an object of horror and distrust, and seemed to be going savagely mad, that circumstances began to piece themselves together in the minds of the two survivors, suggesting a guilt so monstrously unlikely to both of them that it had never flashed upon the thoughts of either until they knew the wretch to be a murderer. To be rid of his presence, and freed from the danger they at length perceived it to be fraught with, Sir John Richardson, nobly assuming the responsibility he would not allow a man of commoner station to bear, shot this devil through the head—to the infinite joy of all the generations of readers who will honour him in his admirable narrative of that transaction.

The words in which Sir John Richardson mentions this Michel, after the earth is rid of him, are extremely important to our purpose, as almost describing the broad general ground towards which we now approach. 'His principles, unsupported by a belief in the divine truths of Christianity, were unable to withstand the pressure of severe distress. His countrymen, the Iroquois, are generally Christians, but he was totally uninstructed, and ignorant of the duties inculcated by Christianity; and from his long residence in the Indian country, seems to have imbibed, or retained, the rules of conduct which the southern Indians prescribe to themselves.'

Heaven forbid that we, sheltered and fed, and considering this question at our own warm hearth, should audaciously set

limits to any extremity of desperate distress! It is in reverence for the brave and enterprising, in admiration for the great spirits who can endure even unto the end, in love for their names, and in tenderness for their memory, that we think of the specks, once ardent men, 'scattered about in different directions' on the waste of ice and snow, and plead for their lightest ashes. Our last claim in their behalf and honour, against the vague babble of savages, is, that the instances in which this 'last resource' so easily received, has been permitted to interpose between life and death, are few and exceptional; whereas the instances in which the sufferings of hunger have been borne until the pain was past, are very many. Also, and as the citadel of the position, that the better educated the man, the better disciplined the habits, the more reflective and religious the tone of thought, the more gigantically improbable the 'last resource' becomes.

Beseeching the reader always to bear in mind that the lost Arctic voyagers were carefully selected for the service, and that each was in his condition no doubt far above the average, we will test the Esquimaux kettle-stories by some of the most trying and famous cases of hunger and exposure on record.

This, however, we must reserve for another and concluding chapter next week.

II

[December 9, 1854]

We resume our subject of last week.

The account of the sufferings of the shipwrecked men, in *Don Juan*, will rise into most minds as our topic presents itself. It is founded (so far as such a writer as Byron may choose to resort to facts, in aid of what he knows intuitively), on several real cases. Bligh's undecked-boat navigation, after the mutiny of the *Bounty;* and the wrecks of the *Centaur*, the *Peggy*, the *Pandora*, the *Juno*, and the *Thomas;* had been, among other similar narratives, attentively read by the poet.

In Bligh's case, though the endurances of all on board were extreme, there was no movement towards the 'last resource.' And this, though Bligh in the memorable voyage which showed his knowledge of navigation to be as good as his temper was bad (which is very high praise), could only serve out, at the best, 'about an ounce of pork to each person,' and was fain to weigh the allowance of bread against a pistol bullet, and in the most urgent need could only administer wine or rum by the teaspoonful. Though the necessities of the party were so great, that when a stray bird was caught, its blood was poured into the mouths of three of the people who were nearest death, and 'the body, with the entrails, beak, and feet, was divided into eighteen shares.' Though of a captured dolphin there was 'issued about two ounces, including the offals, to each person'; and though the time came, when, in Bligh's words, 'there was a visible alteration for the worse in many of the people which excited great apprehensions in me. Extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of approaching dissolution.'

The *Centaur*, man-of-war, sprung a leak at sea in very heavy weather; was perceived, after great labour, to be fast settling down by the head; and was abandoned by the captain and eleven others, in the pinnace. They were 'in a leaky boat, with one of the gunwales stove, in nearly the middle of the Western Ocean; without compass, quadrant, or sail: wanting great-coat or cloak; all very thinly clothed, in a gale of wind, and with a great sea running.' They had 'one biscuit divided into twelve morsels for breakfast, and the same for dinner; the neck of a bottle, broke off with the cork in it, served for a glass; and this filled with water was the allowance for twenty-four hours, to each man.' This misery was endured, without any reference whatever to the last resource, for fifteen days: at the expiration of which time, they happily made land. Observe the captain's words, at the height. 'Our sufferings were now as great as human strength could bear; but, we were convinced that good spirits were a better support than great bodily strength; for on this day Thomas

Mathews, quartermaster, perished from hunger and cold. On the day before, he had complained of want of strength in his throat, as he expressed it, to swallow his morsel, and in the night grew delirious and died without a groan.' What were their reflections? That they could support life on the body? 'As it became next to certainty that we should all perish in the same manner in a day or two, it was somewhat comfortable to reflect that dying of hunger was not so dreadful as our imaginations had represented.'

The *Pandora*, frigate, was sent out to Otaheite, to bring home for trial such of the mutineers of the *Bounty* as could be found upon the island. In Endeavour Straits, on her homeward voyage, she struck upon a reef; was got off, by great exertion; but had sustained such damage, that she soon heeled over and went down. One hundred and ten persons escaped in the boats, and entered on 'a long and dangerous voyage.' The daily allowance to each, was a musket-ball weight of bread, and two small wineglasses of water. 'The heat of the sun and reflection of the sand became intolerable, and the quantity of salt water swallowed by the men created the most parching thirst; excruciating tortures were endured, and one of the men went mad and died.' Perhaps this body was devoured? No. 'The people at length neglected weighing their slender allowance, their mouths becoming so parched that few attempted to eat; and what was not claimed, was returned to the general stock.' They were a fine crew (but not so fine as Franklin's), and in a state of high discipline. Only this one death occurred, and all the rest were saved.

The *Juno*, a rotten and unseaworthy ship, sailed from Rangoon for Madras, with a cargo of teak-wood. She had been out three weeks, and had already struck upon a sandbank and sprung a leak, which the crew imperfectly stopped, when she became a wreck in a tremendous storm. The second mate and others, including the captain's wife, climbed into the mizen-top, and made themselves fast to the rigging. The second mate is the narrator of their distresses, and opens them with this remarkable avowal. 'We saw that we might remain on the wreck till carried off by famine, the most frightful

shape in which death could appear to us. I confess it was my intention, as well as that of the rest, to prolong my existence by the only means that seemed likely to occur—eating the flesh of any whose life might terminate before my own. But this idea we did not communicate, or even hint to each other, until long afterwards; except once, that the gunner, a Roman Catholic, asked me if I thought there would be a sin in having recourse to such an expedient.' Now, it might reasonably be supposed, with this beginning, that the wreck of the *Juno* furnishes some awful instances of the 'last resource' of the Esquimaux stories. Not one. But, perhaps no unhappy creature died, in this mizen-top where the second mate was? Half a dozen, at least, died there; and the body of one Lascar getting entangled in the rigging, so that the survivors in their great weakness could not for some time release it and throw it overboard—which was their manner of disposing of the other bodies—hung there, for two or three days. It is worthy of all attention, that as the mate grew weaker, the terrible phantom which had been in his mind at first (as it might present itself to the mind of any other person, not actually in the extremity imagined), grew paler and more remote. At first, he felt sullen and irritable; on the night of the fourth day he had a refreshing sleep, dreamed of his father, a country clergyman, thought that he was administering the Sacrament to him, and drew the cup away when he stretched out his hand to take it. He chewed canvas, lead, any substance he could find—would have eaten his shoes, early in his misery, but that he wore none. And yet he says, and at an advanced stage of his story too, 'After all that I suffered, I believe it fell short of the idea I had formed of what would probably be the natural consequence of such a situation as that to which we were reduced. I had read or heard that no person could live without food, beyond a few days; and when several had elapsed, I was astonished at my having existed so long, and concluded that every succeeding day must be the last. I expected, as the agonies of death approached, that we should be tearing the flesh from each other's bones.' Later still, he adds: 'I can give very little account of the rest of the time. The sensation of hunger

was lost in that of weakness; and when I could get a supply of fresh water I was comparatively easy.' When land was at last descried, he had become too indifferent to raise his head to look at it, and continued lying in a dull and drowsy state, much as Adam the interpreter lay, with Franklin at his side.

The *Peggy* was an American sloop, sailing home from the Azores to New York. She encountered great distress of weather, ran short of provision, and at length had no food on board, and no water, 'except about two gallons which remained dirty at the bottom of a cask.' The crew ate a cat they had on board, the leather from the pumps, their buttons and their shoes, the candles and the oil. Then, they went aft, and down into the captain's cabin, and said they wanted him to see lots fairly drawn who should be killed to feed the rest. The captain refusing with horror, they went forward again, contrived to make the lot fall on a negro whom they had on board, shot him, fried a part of him for supper, and pickled the rest, with the exception of the head and fingers which they threw overboard. The greediest man among them, dying raving mad on the third day after this event, they threw his body into the sea—it would seem because they feared to derive a contagion of madness from it, if they ate it. Nine days having elapsed in all since the negro's death, and they being without food again, they went below once more and repeated their proposal to the captain (who lay weak and ill in his cot, having been unable to endure the mere thought of touching the negro's remains), that he should see lots fairly drawn. As he had no security but that they would manage, if he still refused, that the lot should fall on him, he consented. It fell on a foremast-man, who was the favourite of the whole ship. He was quite willing to die, and chose the man who shot the negro, to be his executioner. While he was yet living, the cook made a fire in the galley; but, they resolved, when all was ready for his death, that the fire should be put out again, and that the doomed foremast-man should live until an hour before noon next day; after which they went once more into the captain's cabin, and begged him to read prayers, with supplications that a sail might heave in

sight before the appointed time. A sail was seen at about eight o'clock next morning, and they were taken off the wreck.

Is there any circumstance in this case to separate it from the others already described, and from the case of the lost Arctic voyagers? Let the reader judge. The ship was laden with wine and brandy. The crew were incessantly drunk from the first hour of their calamities falling upon them. They were not sober, even at the moment when they proposed the drawing of lots. They were with difficulty restrained from making themselves wildly intoxicated while the strange sail bore down to their rescue. And the mate, who should have been the exemplar and preserver of discipline, was so drunk after all, that he had no idea whatever of anything that had happened, and was rolled into the boat which saved his life.

In the case of the *Thomas*, the surgeon bled the man to death on whom the lot fell, and his remains were eaten ravenously. The details of this shipwreck are not within our reach; but, we confidently assume the crew to have been of an inferior class.

The useful and accomplished Sir John Barrow, remarking that it is but too well established 'that men in extreme cases *have destroyed each other* for the sake of appeasing hunger,' instances the English ship the *Nautilus* and the French ship the *Medusa*. Let us look into the circumstances of these two shipwrecks.

The *Nautilus*, sloop of war, bound for England with despatches from the Dardanelles, struck, one dark and stormy January night, on a coral rock in the Mediterranean, and soon broke up. A number of the crew got upon the rock, which scarcely rose above the water, and was less than four hundred yards long, and not more than two hundred broad. *On the fourth day*—they having been in the meantime hailed by some of their comrades who had got into a small whale-boat which was hanging over the ship's quarter when she struck; and also knowing that boat to have made for some fishermen not far off—these shipwrecked people ate the body of a young man who had died some hours before: notwithstanding that Sir John Barrow's words would rather imply

that they killed some unfortunate person for the purpose. Now, surely after what we have just seen of the extent of human endurance under similar circumstances, we know this to be an exceptional and uncommon case. It may likewise be argued that few of the people on the rock can have eaten of this fearful food; for, the survivors were fifty in number, and were not taken off until the sixth day and the eating of no other body is mentioned, though many persons died.

We come then, to the wreck of the *Medusa*, of which there is a lengthened French account by two surviving members of the crew, which was very indifferently translated into English some five-and-thirty years ago. She sailed from France for Senegal, in company with three other vessels, and had about two hundred and forty souls on board, including a number of soldiers. She got among shoals and stranded, a fortnight after her departure from Aix Roads. After scenes of tremendous confusion and dismay, the people at length took to the boats, and to a raft made of topmasts, yards, and other stout spars, strongly lashed together. One hundred and fifty mortals were crammed together on the raft, of whom only fifteen remained to be saved at the end of thirteen days. The raft has become the ship, and may always be understood to be meant when the wreck of the *Medusa* is in question.

Upon this raft, every conceivable and inconceivable horror, possible under the circumstances, took place. It was shamefully deserted by the boats (though the land was within fifteen leagues at that time), and it was so deep in the water that those who clung to it, fore and aft, were always immersed in the sea to their middles, and it was only out of the water amidships. It had a pole for a mast, on which the top-gallant sail of the *Medusa* was hoisted. It rocked and rolled violently with every wave, so that even in the dense crowd it was impossible to stand without holding on. Within the first few hours, people were washed off by dozens, flung themselves into the sea, were stifled in the press, and, getting entangled among the spars, rolled lifeless to and fro under foot. There was a cask of wine upon it which was secretly broached by the soldiers and sailors, who drank themselves so mad, that they resolved to cut the cords asunder, and send the whole living freight to perdi-

tion. They were headed by 'an Asiatic, and soldier in a colonial regiment: of a colossal stature, with short curled hair, an extremely large nose, an enormous mouth, a sallow complexion, and a hideous air.' Him, an officer cast into the sea; upon which, his comrades made a charge at the officer, threw *him* into the sea, and, on his being recovered by their opponents who launched a barrel to him, tried to cut out his eyes with a penknife. Hereupon, an incessant and infernal combat was fought between the two parties, with sabres, knives, bayonets, nails, and teeth, until the rebels were thinned and cowed, and they were all ferociously wild together. On *the third day*, they 'fell upon the dead bodies with which the raft was covered, and cut off pieces, which some instantly devoured. Many did not touch them; almost all the officers were of this number.' On the fourth 'we dressed some fish (they had fire on the raft) which we devoured with extreme avidity; but, our hunger was so great, and our portion of fish so small, that we added to it some human flesh, which dressing rendered less disgusting; it was this which the officers touched for the first time. From this day we continued to use it; but we could not dress it any more, as we were entirely deprived of the means,' through the accidental extinction of their fire, and their having no materials to kindle another. Before the fourth night, the raving mutineers rose again, and were cut down and thrown overboard until only thirty people remained alive upon the raft. On the seventh day, there were only twenty-seven; and twelve of these, being spent and ill, were every one cast into the sea by the remainder, who then, in an access of repentance, threw the weapons away too, all but one sabre. After that 'the soldiers and sailors' were eager to devour a butterfly which was seen fluttering on the mast; after that, some of them began to tell the stories of their lives; and thus, with grim joking, and raging thirst and reckless bathing among the sharks which had now begun to follow the raft, and general delirium and fever, they were picked up by a ship: to the number, and after the term of exposure, already mentioned.

Are there any circumstances in this frightful case, to account for its peculiar horrors? Again, the reader shall judge.

No discipline worthy of the name had been observed aboard the *Medusa* from the minute of her weighing anchor. The captain had inexplicably delegated his authority 'to a man who did not belong to the staff. He was an ex-officer of the marine, who had just left an English prison, where he had been for ten years.' This man held the ship's course against the protest of the officers, who warned him what would come of it. The work of the ship had been so ill done, that even the common manœuvres necessary to the saving of a boy who fell overboard, had been bungled, and the boy had been needlessly lost. Important signals had been received from one of the ships in company, and neither answered nor reported to the captain. The *Medusa* had been on fire through negligence. When she struck, desertion of duty, mean evasion and fierce recrimination, wasted the precious moments. 'It is probable that if one of the first officers had set the example, order would have been restored; but every one was left to himself.' The most virtuous aspiration of which the soldiers were sensible, was, to fire upon their officers, and, failing that, to tear their eyes out and rend them to pieces. The historians compute that there were not in all upon the raft—before the sick were thrown into the sea—more than twenty men of decency, education, and purpose enough, even to oppose the maniacs. To crown all, they describe the soldiers as 'wretches who were not worthy to wear the French uniform. They were the scum of all countries, the refuse of the prisons, where they had been collected to make up the force. When, for the sake of health, they had been made to bathe in the sea (a ceremony from which some of them had the modesty to endeavour to excuse themselves), the whole crew had had ocular demonstration that it was not upon their *breasts* these heroes wore the insignia of the exploits which had led to their serving the state in the ports of Toulon, Brest, or Rochefort.' And is it with the scourged and branded sweepings of the galleys of France, in their debased condition of eight-and-thirty years ago, that we shall compare the flower of the trained adventurous spirit of the English Navy, raised by Parry, Franklin, Richardson, and Back?

Nearly three hundred years ago, a celebrated case of famine

occurred in the *Jacques*, a French ship, homeward-bound from Brazil, with forty-five persons on board, of whom twenty-five were the ship's company. She was a crazy old vessel, fit for nothing but firewood, and had been out four months, and was still upon the weary seas far from land, when her whole stock of provisions was exhausted. The very maggots in the dust of the bread-room had been eaten up, and the parrots and monkeys brought from Brazil by the men on board had been killed and eaten, when two of the men died. Their bodies were committed to the deep. At least twenty days afterwards, when they had had perpetual cold and stormy weather, and were grown too weak to navigate the ship; when they had eaten pieces of the dried skin of the wild hog, and leather jackets and shoes, and the horn-plates of the ship-lanterns, and all the wax-candles; the gunner died. His body likewise, was committed to the deep. They then began to hunt for mice, so that it became a common thing on board, to see skeleton-men watching eagerly and silently at mouse-holes, like cats. They had no wine and no water; nothing to drink but one little glass of cider, each, per day. When they were come to this pass, two more of the sailors 'died of hunger.' Their bodies likewise, were committed to the deep. So long and doleful were these experiences on the barren sea, that the people conceived the extraordinary idea that another deluge had happened, and there was no land left. Yet, this ship drifted to the coast of Brittany, and no 'last resource' had ever been appealed to. It is worth remarking that, *after they were saved*, the captain declared he had meant to kill somebody, privately, next day. Whosoever has been placed in circumstances of peril, with companions, will know the infatuated pleasure some imaginations take in enhancing them and all their remotest possible consequences, after they are escaped from, and will know what value to attach to this declaration.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a ship's master and fifteen men escaped from a wreck in an open boat, which they weighed down very heavy, and were at sea, with no fresh-water, and nothing to eat but the floating sea-weed, seven days and nights. 'We will all live or die together,' said the master on the third day, when one of the men proposed to draw lots—not who

should become the last resource, but who should be thrown overboard to lighten the boat. On the fifth day, that man and another died. The rest were 'very weak and praying for death'; but these bodies also, were committed to the deep.

In the reign of George the Third, the *Wager*, man-of-war, one of a squadron badly found and provided in all respects, sailing from England for South America, was wrecked on the coast of Patagonia. She was commanded by a brutal though bold captain, and manned by a turbulent crew, most of whom were exasperated to a readiness for all mutiny by having been pressed in the Downs, in the hour of their arrival at home from long and hard service. When the ship struck, they broke open the officers' chests, dressed themselves in the officers' uniforms, and got drunk in the old, Smollett manner. About a hundred and fifty of them made their way ashore, and divided into parties. Great distress was experienced from want of food, and one of the boys, 'having picked up the liver of one of the drowned men whose carcase had been dashed to pieces against the rocks, could be with difficulty withheld from making a meal of it.' One man, in a quarrel, on a spot which, in remembrance of their sufferings there, they called Mount Misery, stabbed another mortally, and left him dead on the ground. Though a third of the whole number were no more, chiefly through want, in eight or ten weeks; and though they had in the meantime eaten a midshipman's dog, and were now glad to feast on putrid morsels of seal that had been thrown away; certain men came back to this Mount Misery, expressly to give this body (which throughout had remained untouched), decent burial: assigning their later misfortunes 'to their having neglected this necessary tribute.' Afterwards, in an open-boat navigation, when rowers died at their oars of want and its attendant weakness, and there was nothing to serve out but bits of rotten seal, the starving crew went ashore to bury the bodies of their dead companions, in the sand. At such a condition did even these ill-nurtured, ill-commanded, ill-used men arrive, without appealing to the 'last resource,' that they were so much emaciated 'as hardly to have the shape of men,' while the captain's legs 'resembled posts, though his body appeared to be nothing but skin and bone,' and he had

fallen into that feeble state of intellect that he had positively forgotten his own name.

In the same reign, an East Indiaman, bound from Surat to Mocha and Jidda in the Dead Sea, took fire when two hundred leagues distant from the nearest land, which was the coast of Malabar. The mate and ninety-five other people, white, brown, and black, found themselves in the long-boat, with this voyage before them, and neither water nor provisions on board. The account of the mate who conducted the boat, day and night, is, 'We were never hungry, though our thirst was extreme. On the seventh day, our throats and tongues swelled to such a degree, that we conveyed our meaning by signs. Sixteen died on that day, and almost the whole people became silly, and began to die laughing. I earnestly petitioned God that I might continue in my senses to my end, which He was pleased to grant: I being the only person on the eighth day that preserved them. Twenty more died that day. On the ninth I observed land, which overcame my senses, and I fell into a swoon with thankfulness of joy.' Again no last resource, and can the reader doubt that they would all have died without it?

In the same reign, and within a few years of the same date, the *Philip Aubin*, bark of eighty tons, bound from Barbadoes to Surinam, broached-to at sea, and foundered. The captain, the mate, and two seamen, got clear of the wreck and into 'a small boat twelve or thirteen feet long.' In accomplishing this escape, they all, but particularly the captain, showed great coolness, courage, sense, and resignation. They took the captain's dog on board, and picked up thirteen onions which floated out of the ship, after she went down. They had no water, no mast, sail, or oars; nothing but the boat, what they wore, and a knife. The boat had sprung a leak, which was stopped with a shirt. They cut pieces of wood from the boat itself, which they made into a mast; they rigged the mast with strips of the shirt; and they hoisted a pair of wide trousers for a sail. The little boat being cut down almost to the water's edge, they made a bulwark against the sea, of their own backs. The mate steered with a topmast he had pushed before him to the boat, when he swam to it. On the

third day, they killed the dog, and drank his blood out of a hat. On the fourth day, the two men gave in, saying they would rather die than toil on; and one persisted in refusing to do his part in bailing the boat, though the captain implored him on his knees. But, a very decided threat from the mate to steer him into the other world with the topmast by bringing it down upon his skull, induced him to turn-to again. On the fifth day, the mate exhorted the rest to cut a piece out of his thigh, and quench their thirst; but, no one stirred. He had eaten more of the dog than any of the rest, and would seem from this wild proposal to have been the worse for it, though he was quite steady again next day, and derived relief (as the captain did), from turning a nail in his mouth, and often sprinkling his head with salt-water. The captain, first and last, took only a few mouthfuls of the dog, and one of the seamen only tasted it, and the other would not touch it. The onions they all thought of small advantage to them, as engendering greater thirst. On the eighth day, the two seamen, who had soon relapsed and become delirious and quite oblivious of their situation, died, within three hours of each other. The captain and mate saw the Island of Tobago that evening, but could not make it until late in the ensuing night. The bodies were found in the boat, unmutilated by the last resource.

In the same reign still, and within three years of this disaster, the American brig, *Tyrel*, sailed from New York for the Island of Antigua. She was a miserable tub, grossly unfit for sea, and turned bodily over in a gale of wind, five days after her departure. Seventeen people took to a boat, nineteen feet and a half long, and less than six feet and a half broad. They had half a peck of white biscuit, changed into salt dough by the sea-water; and a peck of common ship-biscuit. They steered their course by the polar-star. Soon after sunset on the ninth day, the second mate and the carpenter died very peacefully. 'All betook themselves to prayers, and then after some little time stripped the bodies of their two unfortunate comrades, and threw them overboard.' Next night, a man aged sixty-four who had been fifty years at sea, died, asking to the last for a drop of water; next day, two more

died, in perfect repose; next night, the gunner; four more in the succeeding four-and-twenty hours. Five others followed in one day. And all these bodies were quietly thrown overboard—though with great difficulty at last, for the survivors were now exceeding weak, and not one had strength to pull an oar. On the fourteenth or fifteenth morning, when there were only three left alive, and the body of the cabin boy, newly dead, was in the boat, the chief mate 'asked his two companions whether they thought they could eat any of the boy's flesh? They signified their inclination to try; whence, the body being quite cold, he cut a piece from the inside of its thigh, a little above the knee. Part of this he gave to the captain and boatswain, and reserved a small portion to himself. But, on attempting to swallow the flesh, it was rejected by the stomachs of all, and the body was therefore thrown overboard.' Yet that captain, and that boatswain both died of famine in the night, and *another whole week elapsed* before a schooner picked up the chief mate, left alone in the boat with their unmolested bodies, the dumb evidence of his story. Which bodies the crew of that schooner saw, and buried in the deep.

Only four years ago, in the autumn of eighteen hundred and fifty, a party of British missionaries were most indiscreetly sent out by a Society, to Patagonia. They were seven in number, and all died near the coast (as nothing but a miracle could have prevented their doing), of starvation. An exploring party, under Captain Moorshead of her Majesty's ship *Dido*, came upon their traces, and found the remains of four of them, lying by their two boats which they had hauled up for shelter. Captain Gardiner, their superintendent, who had probably expired the last, had kept a journal until the pencil had dropped from his dying hand. They had buried three of their party, like Christian men, and the rest had faded away in quiet resignation, and without great suffering. They were kind and helpful to one another, to the last. One of the common men, just like Adam with Franklin, was 'cast down at the loss of his comrades, and wandering in his mind' before he passed away.

Against this strong case in support of our general posi-

tion, we will faithfully set four opposite instances we have sought out.

The first is the case of the *New Horn*, Dutch vessel, which was burnt at sea and blew up with a great explosion, upwards of two hundred years ago. Seventy-two people escaped in two boats. The old Dutch captain's narrative being rather obscure, and (as we believe) scarcely traceable beyond a French translation, it is not easy to understand how long they were at sea, before the people fell into the state to which the ensuing description applies. According to our calculation, however, they had not been shipwrecked many days—we take the period to have been less than a week—and they had had seven or eight pounds of biscuit on board. 'Our misery daily increased, and the rage of hunger urging us to extremities, the people began to regard each other with ferocious looks. Consulting among themselves, they secretly determined to devour the boys on board, and after their bodies were consumed, to throw lots who should next suffer death, that the lives of the rest might be preserved.' The captain dissuading them from this with the utmost loathing and horror, they reconsidered the matter, and decided 'that should we not get sight of land in three days, the boys should be sacrificed.' On the last of the three days, land was made; so, whether any of them would have executed this intention, can never be known.

The second case runs thus. In the last year of the last century, six men were induced to desert from the English artillery at St. Helena—a deserter from any honest service is not a character from which to expect much—and to go on board an American ship, the only vessel then lying in those roads. After they got on board in the dark, they saw lights moving about on shore, and, fearful that they would be missed and taken, went over the side, with the connivance of the ship's people, got into the whale boat, and made off: purposing to be taken up again by and by, when the ship was under weigh. But, they missed her, and rowed and sailed about for sixteen days, at the end of which their provisions were all consumed. After chewing bamboo, and gnawing leather, and eating a dolphin, one of them proposed, when ten days more had run out, that lots should be drawn which deserter should bleed

himself to death, to support life in the rest. It was agreed to, and done. They could take very little of this food.

The third, is the case of the Nottingham Galley, trading from Great Britain to America, which was wrecked on a rock called Boon Island, off the coast of Massachusetts. About two days afterwards—the narrative is not very clear in its details—the cook died on the rock. 'Therefore,' writes the captain, 'we laid him in a convenient place for the sea to carry him away. None then proposed to eat his body, though several afterwards acknowledged that they, as well as myself, had thoughts of it.' They were 'tolerably well supplied with fresh-water throughout.' But, when they had been upon the rock about a fortnight, and had eaten all their provisions, the carpenter died. And then the captain writes: 'We suffered the body to remain with us till morning, when I desired those who were best able to remove it. I crept out myself to see whether Providence had yet sent us anything to satisfy our craving appetites. Returning before noon, and observing that the dead body still remained, I asked the men why they had not removed it: to which they answered, that all were not able. I therefore fastened a rope to it, and, giving the utmost of my assistance, we, with some difficulty, got it out of the tent. But the fatigue and consideration of our misery together, so overcame my spirits, that, being ready to faint, I crept into the tent and was no sooner there, than, as the highest aggravation of distress, the men began requesting me to give them the body of their lifeless comrade to eat, the better to support their own existence.' The captain ultimately complied. They became brutalised and ferocious; but they suffered him to keep the remains on a high part of the rock: and they were not consumed when relief arrived.

The fourth and last case, is the wreck of the *St. Lawrence*, bound from Quebec for New York. An ensign of foot, bringing home despatches, relates how she went ashore on a desolate part of the coast of North America, and how those who were saved from the wreck suffered great hardships, both by land and sea, and were thinned in their numbers by death, and buried their dead. All this time they had some provisions, though they ran short, but at length they were reduced to live

upon weed and tallow and melted snow. The tallow being all gone, they lived on weed and snow for three days, and then the ensign came to this 'The time was now arrived when I thought it highly expedient to put the plan before mentioned (casting lots who should be killed) into execution; but on feeling the pulse of my companions, I found some of them rather averse to the proposal. The desire of life still prevailed above every other sentiment, notwithstanding the wretchedness of our condition, and the impossibility of preserving it by any other method. I thought it an extraordinary instance of infatuation, that men should prefer the certainty of a lingering and miserable death, to the distant chance of escaping one more immediate and less painful. However, on consulting with the mate what was to be done, I found that although they objected to the proposal of casting lots for the victim, yet all concurred in the necessity of some one being sacrificed for the preservation of the rest. The only question was how it should be determined; when by a kind of reasoning more agreeable to the dictates of self-love than justice, it was agreed, that as the captain was now so exceedingly reduced as to be evidently the first who would sink under our present complicated misery; as he had been the person to whom we considered ourselves in some measure indebted for all our misfortunes; and further, as he had ever since our shipwreck been the most remiss in his exertions towards the general good—he was undoubtedly the person who should be the first sacrificed.' The design of which the ensign writes with this remarkable coolness, was not carried into execution, by reason of their falling in with some Indians; but, some of the party who were afterwards separated from the rest, declared when they rejoined them, that they had eaten of the remains of their deceased companions. Of this case it is to be noticed that the captain is alleged to have been a mere kidnapper, sailing under false pretences, and therefore not likely to have had by any means a choice crew; that the greater part of them got drunk when the ship was in danger; and that they had not a very sensitive associate in the ensign, on his own highly disagreeable showing.

It appears to us that the influence of great privation upon

the lower and less disciplined class of character, is much more bewildering and maddening at sea than on shore. The confined space, the monotonous aspect of the waves, the mournful winds, the monotonous motion, the dead uniformity of colour, the abundance of water that cannot be drunk to quench the raging thirst (which the Ancient Mariner perceived to be one of his torments)—these seem to engender a diseased mind with greater quickness and of a worse sort. The conviction on the part of the sufferers that they hear voices calling for them; that they descry ships coming to their aid; that they hear the firing of guns, and see the flash; that they can plunge into the waves without injury, to fetch something or to meet somebody; is not often paralleled among suffering travellers by land. The mirage excepted—a delusion of the desert, which has its counterpart upon the sea, not included under these heads—we remember nothing of this sort experienced by Bruce, for instance, or by Mungo Park: least of all by Franklin in the memorable book we have quoted. Our comparison of the records of the two kinds of trial, leads us to believe, that even men who might be in danger of the last resource at sea, would be very likely to pine away by degrees, and never come to it, ashore.

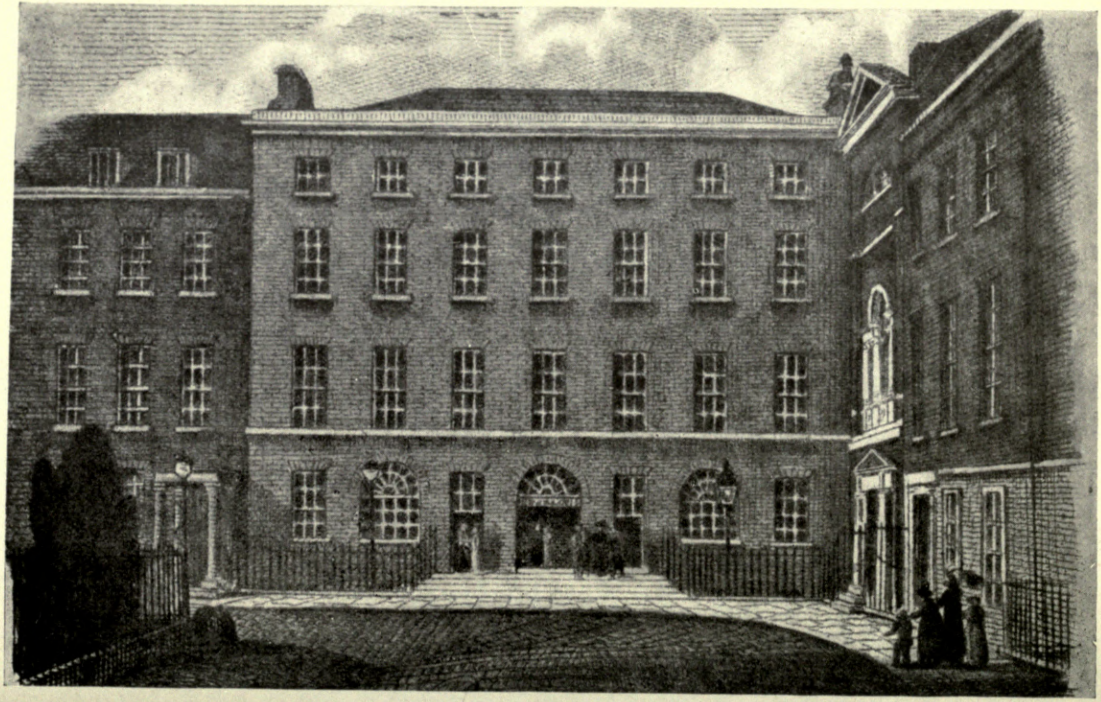
In his published account of the ascent of Mont Blanc, which is an excellent little book, Mr. Albert Smith describes, with very humorous fidelity, that when he was urged on by the guides, in a drowsy state when he would have given the world to lie down and go to sleep for ever, he was conscious of being greatly distressed by some difficult and altogether imaginary negotiations respecting a non-existent bedstead; also, by an impression that a familiar friend in London came up with the preposterous intelligence that the King of Prussia objected to the party's advancing, because it was his ground. But, these harmless vagaries are not the present question, being commonly experienced under most circumstances where an effort to fix the attention, or exert the body, contends with a strong disposition to sleep. We have been their sport thousands of times, and have passed through a series of most inconsistent and absurd adventures, while trying hard to follow a short dull story related by some eminent conversationalist after dinner.

No statement of cannibalism, whether on the deep or the dry land, it to be admitted suppositiously, or inferentially, or on any but the most direct and positive evidence: no, not even as occurring among savage people, against whom it was in earlier times too often a pretence for cruelty and plunder. Mr. Prescott, in his brilliant history of the Conquest of Mexico, observes of a fact so astonishing as the existence of cannibalism among a people who had attained considerable advancement in the arts and graces of life, that 'they did not feed on human flesh merely to gratify a brutish appetite, but in obedience to their religion—a distinction,' he justly says, 'worthy of notice.' Besides which, it is to be remarked, that many of these feeding practices rest on the authority of narrators who distinctly saw St. James and the Virgin Mary fighting at the head of the troops of Cortes, and who possessed, therefore, to say the least, and unusual range of vision. It is curious to consider, with our general impressions on the subject—very often derived, we have no doubt, from Robinson Crusoe, if the oaks of men's beliefs could be traced back to acorns—how rarely the practice, even among savages, has been proved. The word of a savage is not to be taken for it; firstly, because he is a liar; secondly, because he is a boaster; thirdly, because he often talks figuratively; fourthly, because he is given to a superstitious notion that when he tells you he has his enemy in his stomach, you will logically give him credit for having his enemy's valour in his heart. Even the sight of cooked and dissevered human bodies among this or that tattoo'd tribe, is not proof. Such appropriate offerings to their barbarous, wide-mouthed, goggle-eyed gods, savages have been often seen and known to make. And although it may usually be held as a rule, that the fraternity of priests lay eager hands upon everything meant for the gods, it is always possible that these offerings are an exception: as at once investing the idols with an awful character, and the priests with a touch of disinterestedness, whereof their order may occasionally stand in need.

The imaginative people of the East, in the palmy days of its romance—not very much accustomed to the sea, perhaps, but certainly familiar by experience and tradition with the

perils of the desert—had no notion of the 'last resource' among civilised human creatures. In the whole wide circle of the *Arabian Nights*, it is reserved for ghoules, gigantic blacks with one eye, monsters like towers, of enormous bulk and dreadful aspect, and unclean animals lurking on the sea-shore, that puffed and blew their way into caves where the dead were interred. Even for Sinbad the Sailor, buried alive, the story-teller found it easier to provide some natural sustenance, in the shape of so many loaves of bread and so much water, let down into the pit with each of the other people buried alive after him (whom he killed with a bone, for he was not nice), than to invent this dismal expedient.

We are brought back to the position almost embodied in the words of Sir John Richardson towards the close of the former chapter. In weighing the probabilities and improbabilities of the 'last resource,' the foremost question is—not the nature of the extremity; but, the nature of the men. We submit that the memory of the lost Arctic voyagers is placed, by reason and experience, high above the taint of this so easily-allowed connection; and that the noble conduct and example of such men, and of their own great leader himself, under similar endurances, belies it, and outweighs by the weight of the whole universe the chatter of a gross handful of uncivilised people, with a domesticity of blood and blubber. Utilitarianism will protest 'they are dead; why care about this?' Our reply shall be, 'Because they ARE dead, therefore we care about this. Because they served their country well, and deserved well of her, and can ask, no more on this earth, for her justice or her loving-kindness; give them both, full measure, pressed down, running over. Because no Franklin can come back, to write the honest story of their woes and resignation, read it tenderly and truly in the book he has left us. Because they lie scattered on those wastes of snow, and are as defenceless against the remembrance of coming generations, as against the elements into which they are resolving, and the winter winds that alone can waft them home, now, impalpable air; therefore, cherish them gently, even in the breasts of children. Therefore, teach no one to shudder without reason, at the history of their end. Therefore, confide with their own firmness, in their fortitude, their lofty sense of duty, their courage, and their religion.



THE SOHO BAZAAR.

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS

From 'The Examiner,' 'Household Words,'
and 'All the Year Round'

PLAYS AND POEMS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

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MISCELLANIES

FROM

'HOUSEHOLD WORDS'

1850–1859

(*continued*)

THAT OTHER PUBLIC

[February 3, 1855]

In our ninth volume,[1] it fell naturally in our way to make a few inquiries as to the abiding place of that vague noun of multitude signifying many, The Public. We reminded our readers that it is never forthcoming when it is the subject of a joke at the theatre: which is always perceived to be a hit at some other Public richly deserving it, but not present. The circumstances of this time considered, we cannot better commence our eleventh volume, than by gently jogging the memory of that other Public: which is often culpably oblivious of its own duties, rights, and interests: and to which it is perfectly clear that neither we nor our readers are in the least degree related. *We* are the sensible, reflecting, prompt, Public, always up to the mark—whereas that other Public persists in supinely lagging behind, and behaving in an inconsiderate manner.

To begin with a small example lately revived by our friend, the *Examiner* newspaper. What can that other Public mean, by allowing itself to be fleeced every night of its life, by responsible persons whom it accepts for its servants? The case stands thus. Bribes and fees to small officials, had become quite insupportable at the time when the great Railway Companies sprang into existence. All such abuses they immediately and very much to their credit, struck out of their system of management; the keepers of hotels were soon generally obliged to follow in this rational direction; the Public (meaning always, that other one, of course) were relieved from a most annoying and exasperating addition to the hurry and worry of travel; and the reform, as is in the nature of every

[1] *Household Words*, vol. ix. p. 156, in an article entitled 'Where are They?' written by G. A. Sala.

reform that is necessary and sensible, extended in many smaller directions, and was beneficially felt in many smaller ways. The one persistent and unabashed defyer of it, at this moment, is the Theatre—which pursues its old obsolete course of refusing to fulfil its contract with that other Public, unless that other Public, after paying for its box-seats or stalls, will also pay the wages of theatre servants who buy their places that they may prey upon that other Public. As if we should sell our publisher's post to the highest bidder, leaving him to charge an additional penny or twopence, or as much as he could get, on every number of *Household Words* with which he should graciously favour that other Public! Within a week or two of this present writing, we paid five shillings, at nine o'clock in the evening, for our one seat at a pantomime; after our cheerful compliance with which demand, a hungry footpad clapped a rolled-up play-bill to our breast, like the muzzle of a pistol, and positively stood before the door of which he was the keeper, to prevent our access (without forfeiture of another shilling for his benefit) to the seat we had purchased. Now, that other Public still submits to the gross imposition, notwithstanding that its most popular entertainer has abandoned all the profit derivable from it, and has plainly pointed out its manifest absurdity and extortion. And although to be sure it is universally known that the Theatre, as an Institution, is in a highly thriving and promising state, and although we have only to see a play, hap-hazard, to perceive that the great body of ladies and gentlemen representing it, have educated themselves with infinite labour and expense in a variety of accomplishments, and have really qualified for their calling in the true spirit of students of the Fine Arts; yet, we take leave to suggest to that other Public with which our readers and we are wholly unconnected, that these are no reasons for its being so egregiously gulled.

We just now mentioned Railway Companies. That other Public is very jealous of Railway Companies. It is not unreasonable in being so, for, it is quite at their mercy; we merely observe that it is not usually slow to complain of them when it has any cause. It has remonstrated, in its time, about rates of Fares, and has adduced instances of their being un-

doubtedly too high. But, has that other Public ever heard of a preliminary system from which the Railway Companies have no escape, and which runs riot in squandering treasure to an incredible amount, before they have excavated one foot of earth or laid a bar of iron on the ground? Why does that other Public never begin at the beginning, and raise its voice against the monstrous charges of soliciting private bills in Parliament, and conducting inquiries before Committees of the House of Commons—allowed on all hands to be the very worst tribunals conceivable by the mind of man? Has that other Public any adequate idea of the corruption, profusion, and waste, occasioned by this process of misgovernment? Supposing it were informed that, ten years ago, the average Parliamentary and Law expenses of all the then existing Railway Companies amounted to a charge of seven hundred pounds a mile on every mile of railway made in the United Kingdom, would it be startled? But, supposing it were told in the next breath, that this charge was really—not seven, but SEVENTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS A MILE, what would that other Public (on whom, of course, every farthing of it falls), say then? Yet this is the statement, in so many words and figures, of a document issued by the Board of Trade, and which is now rather scarce—as well it may be, being a perilous curiosity. That other Public may learn from the same pages, that on the Law and Parliamentary expenses of a certain Stone and Rugby Line, the Bill for which was lost (and the Line consequently not made after all), there was expended the modest little preliminary total of one hundred and forty-six thousand pounds! That was in the joyful days when counsel learned in Parliamentary Law, refused briefs marked with one hundred guinea fees, and accepted the same briefs marked with one thousand guinea fees; the attorney making the neat addition of a third cipher, on the spot, with a presence of mind suggestive of his own little bill against that other Public (quite dissociated from us as aforesaid), at whom our readers and we are now bitterly smiling. That was also in the blessed times when, there being no Public Health Act, Whitechapel paid to the tutelary deities, Law and Parliament, six thousand five hundred pounds, to be graciously allowed to pull down, for the

public good, a dozen odious streets inhabited by Vice and Fever.

Our Public know all about these things, and *our* Public are not blind to their enormity. It is that other Public, somewhere or other—where can it be?—which is always getting itself humbugged and talked over. It has been in a maze of doubt and confusion, for the last three or four years, on that vexed question, the Liberty of the Press. It has been told by Noble Lords that the said Liberty is vastly inconvenient. No doubt it is. No doubt all Liberty is—to some people. Light is highly inconvenient to such as have their sufficient reasons for preferring darkness; and soap and water is observed to be a particular inconvenience to those who would rather be dirty than clean. But, that other Public finding the Noble Lords much given to harping betweenwhiles, in a sly dull way, on this string, became uneasy about it, and wanted to know what the harpers would have—wanted to know for instance, how they would direct and guide this dangerous Press. Well, now they *may* know. If that other Public will ever learn, their instruction-book, very lately published, is open before them. Chapter one is a High Court of Justice; chapter two is a history of personal adventure, whereof they may hear more, perhaps, one of these days. The Queen's Representative in a most important part of the United Kingdom—a thorough gentleman, and a man of unimpeachable honour beyond all kind of doubt—knows so little of this Press, that he is seen in secret personal communication with tainted and vile instruments which it rejects, buying their praise with the public money, overlooking their dirty work, and setting them their disgraceful tasks. One of the great national departments in Downing Street is exhibited under strong suspicion of like ignorant and disreputable dealing, to purchase remote puffery among the most puff-ridden people ever propagated on the face of this earth. *Our* Public know this very well, and have, of course, taken it thoroughly to heart, in its many suggestive aspects; but, when will that other Public—always lagging behindhand in some out of the way place—become informed about it, and consider it, and act upon it?

It is impossible to over-state the completeness with which

our Public have got to the marrow of the true question arising out of the condition of the British Army before Sebastopol. *Our* Public know perfectly, that, making every deduction for haste, obstruction, and natural strength of feeling in the midst of goading experiences, the correspondence of the *Times* has revealed a confused heap of mismanagement, imbecility, and disorder, under which the nation's bravery lies crushed and withered. *Our* Public is profoundly acquainted with the fact that this is not a new kind of disclosure, but, that similar defection and incapacity have before prevailed at similar periods until the labouring age has heaved up a man strong enough to wrestle with the Misgovernment of England and throw it on its back. Wellington and Nelson both did this, and the next great General and Admiral—for whom we now impatiently wait, but may wait some time, content (if we can be) to know that it is not the tendency of our service, by sea or land, to help the greatest Merit to rise—must do the same, and will assuredly do it, and by that sign ye shall know them. *Our* Public reflecting deeply on these materials for cogitation, will henceforth hold fast by the truth, that the system of administering their affairs is innately bad; that classes and families and interests, have brought them to a very low pass; that the intelligence, steadfastness, foresight, and wonderful power of resource, which in private undertakings distinguish England from all other countries, have no vitality in its public business; that while every merchant and trader has enlarged his grasp and quickened his faculties, the Public Departments have been drearily lying in state, a mere stupid pageant of gorgeous coffins and feebly-burning lights; and that the windows must now be opened wide, and the candles put out, and the coffins buried, and the daylight freely admitted, and the furniture made firewood, and the dirt clean swept away. This is the lesson from which *our* Public is nevermore to be distracted by any artifice, we all know. But, that other Public. What will *they* do? They are a humane, generous, ardent Public; but, will they hold like grim Death to the flower Warning, we have plucked from this nettle War? Will they steadily reply to all cajolers, that though every flannel waistcoat in the civilised, and every bearskin and buf-

falo-skin in the uncivilised, world, had been sent out in these days to our ill-clad countrymen (and never reached them), they would not in the least affect the lasting question, or dispense with a single item of the amendment proved to be needful, and, until made, to be severely demanded, in the whole household and system of Britannia? When the war is over, and that other Public, always ready for a demonstration, shall be busy throwing up caps, lighting up houses, beating drums, blowing trumpets, and making hundreds of miles of printed columns of speeches, will they be flattered and wordily-pumped dry of the one plain issue left, or will they remember it? O that other Public! If we—you, and I, and all the rest of us —could only make sure of that other Public!

Would it not be a most extraordinary remissness on the part of that other Public, if it were content, in a crisis of uncommon difficulty, to laugh at a Ministry without a Head, and leave it alone? Would it not be a wonderful instance of the shortcomings of that other Public, if it were never seen to stand aghast at the supernatural imbecility of that authority to which, in a dangerous hour, it confided the body and soul of the nation? *We* know what a sight it would be to behold that miserable patient, Mr. Cabinet, specially calling his relations and friends together before Christmas, tottering on his emaciated legs in the last stage of paralysis, and feebly piping that if such and such powers were not entrusted to him for instant use, he would certainly go raving mad of defeated patriotism, and pluck his poor old wretched eyes out in despair; *we* know with what disdainful emotions we should see him gratified and then shuffle away and go to sleep: to make no use of what he had got, and be heard of no more until one of his nurses, more irritable than the rest, should pull his weazen nose and make him whine—*we* know what these experiences would be to us, and Bless us! *we* should act upon them in round earnest—but, where is that other Public, whose indifference is the life of such scarecrows, and whom it would seem that not even plague pestilence and famine, battle murder and sudden death, can rouse?

There is one comfort in all this. We English are not the only victims of that other Public. It is to be heard of, else-

where. It got across the Atlantic, in the train of the Pilgrim Fathers, and has frequently been achieving wonders in America. Ten or eleven years ago, one Chuzzlewit was heard to say, that he had found it on that side of the water, doing the strangest things. The assertion made all sorts of Publics angry, and there was quite a cordial combination of Publics to resent it and disprove it. But there *is* a little book of Memoirs to be heard of at the present time, which looks as if young Chuzzlewit had reason in him too. Does the 'smart' Showman, who makes such a Mermaid, and makes such a Washington's Nurse, and makes such a Dwarf, and makes such a Singing Angel upon earth, and makes such a fortune, and, above all, makes such a book—does *he* address the free and enlightened Public of the great United States: the Public of State Schools, Liberal Tickets, First-chop Intelligence, and Universal Education? No, no. That other Public is the sharks'-prey. It is that other Public, down somewhere or other, whose bright particular star and stripe are not yet ascertained, which is so transparently cheated and so hardily outfaced. For that other Public, the hatter of New York outbid Creation at the auction of the first Lind seat. For that other Public, the Lind speeches were made, the tears shed, the serenades given. It is that other Public, always on the boil and ferment about anything or nothing, whom the travelling companion shone down upon from the high Hotel-Balconies. It is that other Public who will read, and even buy, the smart book in which they have so proud a share, and who will fly into raptures about its being circulated from the old Ocean Cliffs of the Old Granite State to the Rocky Mountains. It is indubitably in reference to that other Public that we find the following passage in a book called *American Notes*. 'Another prominent feature is the love of "smart" dealing, which gilds over many a swindle and gross breach of trust, many a defalcation, public and private; and enables many a knave to hold his head up with the best, who well deserves a halter—though it has not been without its retributive operation; for, this smartness has done more in a few years to impair the public credit and to cripple the public resources, than dull honesty, however rash, could have effected in a century.

The merits of a broken speculation, or a bankruptcy, or of a successful scoundrel, are not gauged by its or his observance of the golden rule, "Do as you would be done by," but are considered with reference to their smartness. The following dialogue I have held a hundred times:—"Is it not a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So-and-So should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means; and, notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your Citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?"—"Yes, sir."—"A convicted liar?"—"Yes, sir."—"He has been kicked and cuffed and caned?"—"Yes, sir."—"And he is utterly dishonourable, debased, and profligate?"—"Yes, sir."—"In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?"—"Well, sir, he is a smart man." '

That other Public of our own bore their full share, and more, of bowing down before the Dwarf aforesaid, in despite of his obviously being too young a child to speak plainly: and *we*, the Public who are never taken in, will not excuse their folly. So, if John on this shore, and Jonathan over there, could each only get at that troublesome other Public of his, and brighten them up a little, it would be very much the better for both brothers.

GASLIGHT FAIRIES

[February 10, 1855]

Fancy an order for five-and-thirty Fairies! Imagine a mortal in a loose-sleeved great-coat, with the mud of London streets upon his legs, commercially ordering, in the commonplace, raw, foggy forenoon, 'five-and-thirty more Fairies'! Yet I, the writer, heard the order given. 'Mr. Vernon, let me have five-and-thirty more Fairies to-morrow morning—and take care they are good ones.'

Where was it that, towards the close of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, on a dark December morning, I overheard this astonishing commission given to Mr. Vernon, and by Mr. Vernon accepted without a word of re-

monstrance and entered in a note-book? It was in a dark, deep gulf of a place, hazy with fog—at the bottom of a sort of immense well without any water in it; remote crevices and chinks of daylight faintly visible on the upper rim; dusty palls enveloping the sides; gas flaring at my feet; hammers going, in invisible workshops; groups of people hanging about, trying to keep their toes and fingers warm, what time their noses were dimly seen through the smoke of their own breath. It was in the strange conventional world where the visible people only, never advance; where the unseen painter learns and changes; where the unseen tailor learns and changes; where the unseen machinist adapts to his purpose the striding ingenuity of the age; where the electric light comes, in a box that is carried under a man's arm; but, where the visible flesh and blood is so persistent in one routine that, from the waiting-woman's apron-pockets (with her hands in them), upward to the smallest retail article in the 'business' of mad Lear with straws in his wig, and downward to the last scene but one of the pantomime, where, for about one hundred years last past, all the characters have entered groping, in exactly the same way, in identically the same places, under precisely the same circumstances, and without the smallest reason—I say, it was in that strange world where the visible population have so completely settled their so-potent art, that when I pay my money at the door I know beforehand everything that can possibly happen to me, inside. It was in the Theatre, that I heard this order given for five-and-thirty Fairies.

And hereby hangs a recollection, not out of place, though not of a Fairy. Once, on just such another December morning, I stood on the same dusty boards, in the same raw atmosphere, intent upon a pantomime-rehearsal. A massive giant's castle arose before me, and the giant's body-guard marched in to comic music; twenty grotesque creatures, with little arms and legs, and enormous faces moulded into twenty varieties of ridiculous leer. One of these faces in particular—an absurdly radiant face, with a wink upon it, and its tongue in its cheek—elicited much approving notice from the authorities, and a ready laugh from the orchestra, and was, for a full half min-

ute, a special success. But, it happened that the wearer of the beaming visage carried a banner; and, not to turn a banner as a procession moves, so as always to keep its decorated side towards the audience, is one of the deadliest sins a banner-bearer can commit. This radiant goblin, being half-blinded by his mask, and further disconcerted by partial suffocation, three distinct times omitted the first duty of man, and petrified us by displaying, with the greatest ostentation, mere sackcloth and timber, instead of the giant's armorial bearings. To crown which offence he couldn't hear when he was called to, but trotted about in his richest manner, unconscious of threats and imprecations. Suddenly, a terrible voice was heard above the music, crying, 'Stop!' Dead silence, and we became aware of Jove in the boxes. 'Hatchway,' cried Jove to the director, 'who is that man? Show me that man.' Hereupon Hatchway (who had a wooden leg), vigorously apostrophising the defaulter as an 'old beast,' stumped straight up to the body-guard now in line before the castle, and taking the radiant countenance by the nose, lifted it up as if it were a saucepan-lid, and disclosed below, the features of a bald, superannuated, aged person, very much in want of shaving, who looked in the forlornest way at the spectators, while the large face aslant on the top of his head mocked him. 'What! It 's *you*, is it?' said Hatchway, with dire contempt. 'I thought it was you.' 'I knew it was that man!' cried Jove. 'I told you yesterday, Hatchway, he was not fit for it. Take him away, and bring another!' He was ejected with every mark of ignominy, and the inconstant mask was just as funny on another man's shoulders immediately afterwards. To the present day, I never see a very comic pantomime-mask but I wonder whether this wretched old man can possibly have got behind it; and I never think of him as dead and buried (which is far more likely), but I make that absurd countenance a part of his mortality, and picture it to myself as gone the way of all the winks in the world.

Five-and-thirty more Fairies, and let them be good ones. I saw them next day. They ranged from an anxious woman of ten, learned in the prices of victual and fuel, up to a conceited young lady of five times that age, who always persisted

in standing on one leg longer than was necessary, with the determination (as I was informed), 'to make a Part of it.' This Fairy was of long theatrical descent—centuries, I believe—and had never had an ancestor who was entrusted to communicate one word to a British audience. Yet, the whole race had lived and died with the fixed idea of 'making a Part of it'; and she, the last of the line, was still unchangeably resolved to go down on one leg to posterity. Her father had fallen a victim to the family ambition; having become in course of time so extremely difficult to 'get off,' as a villager, seaman, smuggler, or what not, that it was at length considered unsafe to allow him to 'go on.' Consequently, those neat confidences with the public in which he had displayed the very acmé of his art—usually consisting of an explanatory tear, or an arch hint in dumb show of his own personal determination to perish in the attempt then on foot—were regarded as superfluous, and came to be dispensed with, exactly at the crisis when he himself foresaw that he would 'be put into Parts' shortly. I had the pleasure of recognizing in the character of an Evil Spirit of the Marsh, overcome by this lady with one (as I should else have considered purposeless) poke of a javelin, an actor whom I had formerly encountered in the provinces under circumstances that had fixed him agreeably in my remembrance. The play represented to a nautical audience, was *Hamlet*; and this gentleman having been killed with much credit as Polonius, reappeared in the part of Osric: provided against recognition by the removal of his white wig, and the adjustment round his waist of an extremely broad belt and buckle. He was instantly recognised, notwithstanding these artful precautions, and a solemn impression was made upon the spectators for which I could not account, until a sailor in the Pit drew a long breath, said to himself in a deep voice, 'Blowed if here an't another Ghost!' and composed himself to listen to a second communication from the tomb. Another personage whom I recognized as taking refuge under the wings of Pantomime (she was not a Fairy, to be sure, but she kept the cottage to which the Fairies came, and lived in a neat upper bedroom, with her legs obviously behind the street door), was a country manager's wife—a most estima-

ble woman of about fifteen stone, with a larger family than I had ever been able to count: whom I had last seen in Lincolnshire, playing Juliet, while her four youngest children (and nobody else) were in the boxes—hanging out of window, as it were, to trace with their forefingers the pattern on the front, and making all Verona uneasy by their imminent peril of falling into the Pit. Indeed, I had seen this excellent woman in the whole round of Shakesperian beauties, and had much admired her way of getting through the text. If anybody made any remark to her, in reference to which any sort of answer occurred to her mind, she made that answer; otherwise, as a character in the drama, she preserved an impressive silence, and, as an individual, was heard to murmur to the unseen person next in order of appearance, 'Come on!' I found her, now, on good motherly terms with the Fairies, and kindly disposed to chafe and warm the fingers of the younger of that race. Out of Fairy-land, I suppose that so many shawls and bonnets of a peculiar limpness were never assembled together. And, as to shoes and boots, I heartily wished that 'the good people' were better shod, or were as little liable to take cold as in the sunny days when they were received at Court as Godmothers to Princesses.

Twice a-year, upon an average, these gaslight Fairies appear to us; but, who knows what becomes of them at other times? You are sure to see them at Christmas, and they may be looked for hopefully at Easter; but, where are they through the eight or nine long intervening months? They cannot find shelter under mushrooms, they cannot live upon dew; unable to array themselves in supernatural green, they must even look to Manchester for cotton stuffs to wear. When they become visible, you find them a traditionary people, with a certain conventional monotony in their proceedings which prevents their surprising you very much, save now and then when they appear in company with Mr. Beverley. In a general way, they have been sliding out of the clouds, for some years, like barrels of beer delivering at a public-house. They sit in the same little rattling stars, with glorious corkscrews twirling about them and never drawing anything, through a good many successive seasons. They come up in the same

shells out of the same three rows of gauze water (the little ones lying down in front, with their heads diverse ways); and you resign yourself to what must infallibly take place when you see them armed with garlands. You know all you have to expect of them by moonlight. In the glowing day, you are morally certain that the gentleman with the muscular legs and the short tunic (like the Bust at the Hairdresser's, completely carried out), is coming, when you see them 'getting over' to one side, while the surprising phenomenon is presented on the landscape of a vast mortal shadow in a hat of the present period, violently directing them so to do. You are acquainted with all these peculiarities of the gaslight Fairies, and you know by heart everything that they will do with their arms and legs, and when they will do it. But, as to the same good people in their invisible condition, it is a hundred to one that you know nothing, and never think of them.

I began this paper with, perhaps, the most curious trait, after all, in the history of the race. They are certain to be found when wanted. Order Mr. Vernon to lay on a hundred and fifty gaslight Fairies next Monday morning, and they will flow into the establishment like so many feet of gas. Every Fairy can bring other Fairies; her sister Jane, her friend Matilda, her friend Matilda's friend, her brother's young family, her mother—if Mr. Vernon will allow that respectable person to pass muster. Summon the Fairies, and Drury Lane, Soho, Somers' Town, and the neighbourhood of the obelisk in St. George's Fields, will become alike prolific in them. Poor, good-humoured, patient, fond of a little self-display, perhaps, (sometimes, but far from always), they will come trudging through the mud, leading brother and sister lesser Fairies by the hand, and will hover about in the dark stage-entrances, shivering and chattering in their shrill way, and earning their little money hard, idlers and vagabonds though we may be pleased to think them. I wish, myself, that we were not so often pleased to think ill of those who minister to our amusement. I am far from having satisfied my heart that either we or they are a bit the better for it.

Nothing is easier than for any one of us to get into a pulpit, or upon a tub, or a stump, or a platform, and blight (so far

as with our bilious and complacent breath we can), any class of small people we may choose to select. But, it by no means follows that because it is easy and safe, it is right. Even these very gaslight Fairies, now. Why should I be bitter on them because they are shabby personages, tawdrily dressed for the passing hour, and then to be shabby again? I have known very shabby personages indeed—the shabbiest I ever heard of—tawdrily dressed for public performances of other kinds, and performing marvellously ill too, though transcendently rewarded: yet whom none disparaged! In even-handed justice, let me render these little people their due.

Ladies and Gentlemen. Whatever you may hear to the contrary (and may sometimes have a strange satisfaction in believing), there is no lack of virtue and modesty among the Fairies. All things considered, I doubt if they be much below our own high level. In respect of constant asknowledgment of the claims of kindred, I assert for the Fairies, that they yield to no grade of humanity. Sad as it is to say, I have known Fairies even to fall, through this fidelity of theirs. As to young children, sick mothers, dissipated brothers, fathers unfortunate and fathers undeserving, Heaven and Earth, how many of these have I seen clinging to the spangled skirts, and contesting for the nightly shilling or two, of one little lop-sided, weak-legged Fairy!

Let me, before I ring the curtain down on this short piece, take a single Fairy, as Sterne took his Captive, and sketch the Family-Picture. I select Miss Fairy, aged three-and-twenty, lodging within cannon range of Waterloo Bridge, London—not alone, but with her mother, Mrs. Fairy, disabled by chronic rheumatism in the knees; and with her father, Mr. Fairy, principally employed in lurking about a public-house, and waylaying the theatrical profession for twopence wherewith to purchase a glass of old ale, that he may have something warming on his stomach (which has been cold for fifteen years); and with Miss Rosina Fairy, Miss Angelica Fairy, and Master Edmund Fairy, aged respectively, fourteen, ten, and eight. Miss Fairy has an engagement of twelve shillings a week—sole means of preventing the Fairy family from coming to a dead lock. To be sure, at this time of year

the three young Fairies have a nightly engagement to come out of a Pumpkin as French soldiers; but, its advantage to the housekeeping is rendered nominal, by that dreadful old Mr. Fairy's making it a legal formality to draw the money himself every Saturday—and never coming home until his stomach is warmed, and the money gone. Miss Fairy is pretty too, makes up very pretty. This is a trying life at the best, but very trying at the worst. And the worst is, that that always beery old Fairy, the father, hovers about the stage-door four or five nights a week, and gets his cronies among the carpenters and footmen to carry in messages to his daughter (he is not admitted himself), representing the urgent coldness of his stomach and his parental demand for twopence; failing compliance with which, he creates disturbances; and getting which, he becomes maudlin and waits for the manager, to whom he represents with tears that his darling child and pupil, the pride of his soul, is 'kept down in the Theatre.' A hard life this for Miss Fairy, I say, and a dangerous! And it is good to see her, in the midst of it, so watchful of Rosina Fairy, who otherwise might come to harm one day. A hard life this, I say again, even if John Kemble Fairy, the brother, who sings a good song, and when he gets an engagement always disappears about the second week or so and is seen no more, had not a miraculous property of turning up on a Saturday without any heels to his boots, firmly purposing to commit suicide, unless bought off with half-a-crown. And yet—so curious is the gaslighted atmosphere in which these Fairies dwell!—through all the narrow ways of such an existence, Miss Fairy never relinquishes the belief that that incorrigible old Fairy, the father, is a wonderful man! She is immovably convinced that nobody ever can, or ever could, approach him in Rolla. She has grown up in this conviction, will never correct it, will die in it. If, through any wonderful turn of fortune, she were to arrive at the emolument and dignity of a Free Benefit to-morrow, she would 'put up' old Fairy, red nosed, stammering and imbecile—with delirium tremens shaking his very buttons off—as the noble Peruvian, and would play Cora herself, with a profound belief in his taking the town by storm at last.

GONE TO THE DOGS

[March 10, 1855]

We all know what treasures Posterity will inherit, in the fulness of time. We all know what handsome legacies are bequeathed to it every day, what long luggage-trains of Sonnets it will be the better for, what patriots and statesmen it will discover to have existed in this age whom we have no idea of, how very wide awake it will be, and how stone blind the Time is. We know what multitudes of disinterested persons are always going down to it, laden, like processions of genii, with inexhaustible and incalculable wealth. We have frequent experience of the generosity with which the profoundest wits, the subtlest politicians, unerring inventors, and lavish benefactors of mankind, take beneficent aim at it with a longer range than Captain Warner's, and blow it up to the very heaven of heavens, one hundred years after date. We all defer to it as the great capitalist in expectation, the world's residuary legatee in respect of all the fortunes that are not just now convertible, the heir of a long and fruitful minority, the fortunate creature on whom all the true riches of the earth are firmly entailed. When Posterity does come into its own at last, what a coming of age there will be!

It seems to me that Posterity, as the subject of so many handsome settlements, has only one competitor. I find the Dogs to be every day enriched with a vast amount of valuable property.

What has become—to begin like Charity at home—what has become, I demand, of the inheritance I myself entered on, at nineteen years of age! A shining castle (in the air) with young Love looking out of window, perfect contentment and repose of spirit standing with ethereal aspect in the porch, visions surrounding it by night and day with an atmosphere of pure gold. This was my only inheritance, and I never squandered it. I hoarded it like a miser. Say, bright-eyed Araminta (with the obdurate parents), thou who wast sole lady of the castle, did I not? Down the flowing river by the

walls, called Time, how blest we sailed together, treasuring our happiness unto death, and never knowing change, or weariness, or separation! Where is that castle now, with all its magic furniture? Gone to the Dogs. Canine possession was taken of the whole of that estate, my youthful Araminta, about a quarter of a century ago.

Come back, friend of my youth. Come back from the glooms and shadows that have gathered round thee, and let us sit down once more, side by side, upon the rough, notched form at school! Idle is Bob Tample, given to shirking his work and getting me to do it for him, inkier than a well-regulated mind in connection with a well-regulated body is usually observed to be, always compounding with his creditors on pocket-money days, frequently selling off penknives by auction, and disposing of his sister's birthday presents at an enormous sacrifice. Yet, a rosy, cheerful, thoughtless fellow is Bob Tample, borrowing with an easy mind, sixpences of Dick Sage the prudent, to pay eighteenpences after the holidays, and freely standing treat to all comers. Musical is Bob Tample. Able to sing and whistle anything. Learns the piano (in the parlour), and once plays a duet with the musical professor, Mr. Goavus of the Royal Italian Opera (occasional-deputy-assistant-copyist in that establishment, I have since seen reason to believe), whom Bob's friends and supporters. I foremost in the throng, consider tripped up in the first half-dozen bars. Not without bright expectations is Bob Tample, being an orphan with a guardian near the Bank, and destined for the army. I boast of Bob at home that his name is 'down at the Horse Guards,' and that his father left it in his will that 'a pair of colours' (I like the expression without particularly knowing what it means) should be purchased for him. I go with Bob on one occasion to look at the building where his name is down. We wonder in which of the rooms it is down, and whether the two horse soldiers on duty know it. I also accompany Bob to see his sister at Miss Maggiggs's boarding establishment at Hammersmith, and it is unnecessary to add that I think his sister beautiful and love her. She will be independent, Bob says. I relate at home that Mr. Tample left it in his will that his daughter was to be inde-

pendent. I put Mr. Tample, entirely of my own accord and invention, into the army; and I perplex my family circle by relating feats of valour achieved by that lamented officer at the Battle of Waterloo, where I leave him dead, with the British flag (which he wouldn't give up to the last) wound tightly round his left arm. So we go on, until Bob leaves for Sandhurst. *I* leave in course of time—every body leaves. Years have gone by, when I twice or thrice meet a gentleman with a moustache, driving a lady in a very gay bonnet, whose face recalls the boarding establishment of Miss Maggiggs at Hammersmith, though it does not look so happy as it did under Miss Maggiggs, iron-handed despot as I believed that accomplished woman to be. This leads me to the discovery that the gentleman with the moustache is Bob; and one day Bob pulls up, and talks, and asks me to dinner; but, on subsequently ascertaining that I don't play billiards, hardly seems to care as much about me as I had expected. I ask Bob at this period, if he is in the service still? Bob answers no my boy, he got bored and sold out; which induces me to think (for I am growing worldly), either that Bob must be very independent indeed, or must be going to the Dogs. More years elapse, and having quite lost sight and sound of Bob meanwhile, I say on an average twice a week during three entire twelvemonths, that I really will call at the guardian's near the Bank, and ask about Bob. At length I do so. Clerks, on being apprised of my errand, became disrespectful. Guardian, with bald head highly flushed, burst out of inner office, remarks that he hasn't the honour of my acquaintance, and bursts in again, without exhibiting the least desire to improve the opportunity of knowing me. I now begin sincerely to believe that Bob is going to the Dogs. More years go by, and as they pass Bob sometimes goes by me too, but never twice in the same aspect—always tending lower and lower. No redeeming trace of better things would hang about him now, were he not always accompanied by the sister. Gay bonnet gone; exchanged for something limp and veiled, that might be a mere porter's knot of the feminine gender, to carry a load of misery on—shabby, even slipshod. I, by some vague means or other, come to the knowledge of the fact that she entrusted

that independence to Bob, and that Bob—in short, that it has all gone to the Dogs. One summer day, I descry Bob idling in the sun, outside a public-house near Drury Lane; she, in a shawl that clings to her, as only the robes of poverty do cling to their wearers when all things else have fallen away, waiting for him at the street corner; he, with a stale, accustomed air, picking his teeth and pondering; two boys watchful of him, not unadmiringly. Curious to know more of this, I go round that way another day, look at a concert-bill in the public-house window, and have not a doubt that Bob is Mr. Berkeley, the celebrated bacchanalian vocalist, who presides at the piano. From time to time, rumours float by me afterwards, I can't say how, or where they come from—from the expectant and insatiate Dogs for anything I know—touching hushed-up pawnings of sheets from poor furnished lodgings, begging letters to old Miss Maggiggs at Hammersmith, and the clearing away of all Miss Maggiggs's umbrellas and clogs, by the gentleman who called for an answer on a certain foggy evening after dark. Thus downward, until the faithful sister begins to beg of *me*, whereupon I moralise as to the use of giving her any money (for I have grown quite worldly now), and look furtively out of my window as she goes away by night with that half-sovereign of mine, and think, contemptuous of myself, can I ever have admired the crouching figure plashing through the rain, in a long round crop of curls at Miss Maggiggs's! Oftentimes she comes back with bedridden lines from the brother, who is always nearly dead and never quite, until he does tardily make an end of it, and at last this Actæon reversed has rung the Dogs wholly down and betaken himself to them finally. More years have passed, when I dine at Withers's at Brighton on a day, to drink 'Forty-one claret; and there, Spithers, the new Attorney-General, says to me across the table, 'Weren't you a Mithers's boy?' To which I say, 'To be sure I was!' To which he retorts, 'And don't you remember me?' To which I retort, 'To be sure I do'—which I never did until that instant—and then he says how the fellows have all dispersed, and he has never seen one of them since, and have I? To which I, finding that my learned friend has a pleasant remembrance of Bob from

having given him a black eye on his fifteenth birthday in assertion of his right to 'smug' a pen-wiper forwarded to said Bob by his sister on said occasion, make response by generalising the story I have now completed, and adding that I have heard that, after Bob's death, Miss Maggiggs, though deuced poor through the decay of her school, took the sister home to live with her. My learned friend says, upon his word it does Miss Whatshername credit, and all old Mitherses ought to subscribe a trifle for her. Not seeing the necessity of that, I praise the wine, and we send it round, the way of the world (which world I am told is getting nearer to the Sun every year of its existence), and we bury Bob's memory with the epitaph that he went to the Dogs.

Sometimes, whole streets, inanimate streets of brick and mortar houses, go to the Dogs. Why, it is impossible to say, otherwise than that the Dogs bewitch them, fascinate them, magnetise them, summon them and they must go. I know of such a street at the present writing. It was a stately street in its own grim way, and the houses held together like the last surviving members of an aristocratic family, and, as a general rule, were—still not unlike them—very tall and very dull. How long the Dogs may have had their eyes of temptation upon this street is unknown to me, but they called to it, and it went. The biggest house—it was a corner one—went first. An ancient gentleman died in it; and the undertaker put up a gaudy hatchment that looked like a very bad transparency, not intended to be seen by day, and only meant to be illuminated at night; and the attorney put up a bill about the lease, and put in an old woman (apparently with nothing to live upon but a cough), who crept away into a corner like a scared old dormouse, and rolled herself up in a blanket. The mysterious influence of the Dogs was on the house, and it immediately began to tumble down. Why the infection should pass over fourteen houses to seize upon the fifteenth, I don't know; but, fifteen doors off next began to be fatally dim in the windows; and after a short decay, its eyes were closed by brokers, and its end was desolation. The best house opposite, unable to bear these sights of woe, got out a black board with all despatch, respecting unexpired remainder of tern,

and cards to view; and the family fled, and a bricklayer's wife and children came in to 'mind' the place, and dried their little weekly wash on lines hung across the dining-room. Black boards, like the doors of so many hearses taken off the hinges, now became abundant. Only one speculator, without suspicion of the Dogs upon his soul, responded. He repaired and stuccoed number twenty-four, got up an ornamented parapet and balconies, took away the knockers, and put in plate glass, found too late that all the steam power on earth could never have kept the street from the Dogs when it was once influenced to go, and drowned himself in a water butt. Within a year, the house he had renewed became the worst of all; the stucco decomposing like a Stilton cheese, and the ornamented parapet coming down in fragments like the sugar of a broken twelfth cake. Expiring efforts were then made by a few of the black boards to hint at the eligibility of these commodious mansions for public institutions, and suites of chambers. It was useless. The thing was done. The whole street may now be bought for a mere song. But, nobody will hear of it, for who dares dispute possession of it with the Dogs!

Sometimes, it would seem as if the least yelp of these dreadful animals, did the business at once. Which of us does not remember that eminent person—with indefinite resources in the City, tantamount to a gold mine—who had the delightful house near town, the famous gardens and gardener, the beautiful plantations, the smooth green lawns, the pineries, the stabling for five-and-twenty horses, and the standing for half a dozen carriages, the billiard-room, the music-room, the picture gallery, the accomplished daughters and aspiring sons, all the pride and pomp and circumstance of riches? Which of us does not recall how we knew him through the good offices of our esteemed friend Swallowfly, who was ambassador on the occasion? Which of us cannot still hear the gloating roundness of tone with which Swallowfly informed us that our new friend was worth five hun-dred thou-sand pounds, sir, if he was worth a penny? How we dined there with all the Arts and Graces ministering to us, and how we came away reflecting that wealth after all was a desirable delight, I

need not say. Neither need I tell, how we every one of us met Swallowfly within six little months of that same day, when Swallowfly observed, with such surprise, 'You haven't heard? Lord bless me! Ruined—Channel Islands—gone to the Dogs!'

Sometimes again, it would seem as though in exceptional cases here and there, the Dogs relented, or lost their power over the imperilled man in an inscrutable way. There was my own cousin—he is dead now, therefore I have no objection to mention his name—Tom Flowers. He was a bachelor (fortunately), and, among other ways he had of increasing his income and improving his prospects, betted pretty high. He did all sorts of things that he ought not to have done, and he did everything at a great pace, so it was clearly seen by all who knew him that nothing would keep him from the Dogs; that he was running them down hard, and was bent on getting into the very midst of the pack with all possible speed. Well! He was as near them, I suppose, as ever man was, when he suddenly stopped short, looked them full in their jowls, and never stirred another inch onward, to the day of his death. He walked about for seventeen years, a very neat little figure, with a capital umbrella, an excellent neckcloth, and a pure white shirt, and he had not got a hair's-breadth nearer to the horrible animals at the end of that time than he had when he stopped. How he lived, our family could never make out—whether the Dogs can have allowed him anything will always be a mystery to me—but, he disappointed all of us in the matter of the canine epitaph with which we had expected to dismiss him, and merely enabled us to remark that poor Tom Flowers was gone at sixty-seven.

It is overwhelming to think of the Treasury of the Dogs. There are no such fortunes embarked in all the enterprises of life, as have gone their way. They have a capital Drama, for their amusement and instruction. They have got hold of all the People's holidays for the refreshment of weary frames, and the renewal of weary spirits. They have left the People little else in that way but a Fast now and then for the ignorances and imbecilities of their rulers. Perhaps those

days will go next. To say the plain truth very seriously, I shouldn't be surprised.

Consider the last possessions that have gone to the Dogs. Consider, friends and countrymen, how the Dogs have been enriched, by your despoilment at the hands of your own blessed governors—to whom be honour and renown, stars and garters, for ever and ever!—on the shores of a certain obscure spot called Balaklava, where Britannia rules the waves in such an admirable manner, that she slays her children (who never never never will be slaves, but very very very often will be dupes), by the thousand, with every movement of her glorious trident! When shall there be added to the possessions of the Dogs, those columns of talk, which, let the columns of British soldiers vanish as they may, still defile before us wearily, wearily, leading to nothing, doing nothing, for the most part even saying nothing, only enshrouding us in a mist of idle breath that obscures the events which are forming themselves—not into playful shapes, believe me—beyond. If the Dogs, lately so gorged, still so voracious and strong, could and would deliver a most gracious bark, I have a strong impression that their warning would run thus:

'My Lords and Gentlemen. We are open-mouthed and eager. Either you must send suitable provender to us without delay, or you must come to us yourselves. There is no avoidance of the alternative. Talk never softened the three-headed dog that kept the passage to the Shades; less will it appease us. No jocular old gentleman throwing sommersaults on stilts because his great-grandmother is not worshipped in Ninevah, is a sop to us for a moment; no hearing, cheering, sealing-waxing, tapeing, fire-eating, vote-eating, or other popular Club-performance, at all imports us. We are the Dogs. We are known to you just now, as the Dogs of War. We crouched at your feet for employment, as William Shakespeare, plebeian, saw us crouching at the feet of the Fifth Harry—and you gave it us; crying Havoc! in good English, and letting us slip (quite by accident), on good Englishmen. With our appetites so whetted, we are

hungry. We are sharp of scent and quick of sight, and we see and smell a great deal coming to us rather rapidly. Will you give us such old rubbish as must be ours in any case? My Lords and Gentlemen, make haste! Something must go to the Dogs in earnest. Shall it be you, or something else?'

FAST AND LOOSE

[March 24, 1855]

If the Directors of any great joint-stock commercial undertaking—say a Railway Company—were to get themselves made Directors principally in virtue of some blind superstition declaring every man of the name of Bolter to be a man of business, every man of the name of Jolter to be a mathematician, and every man of the name of Polter to possess a minute acquaintance with the construction of locomotive steam-engines; and if those ignorant Directors so managed the affairs of the body corporate, as that the trains never started at the right times, began at their right beginnings, or got to their right ends, but always devoted their steam to bringing themselves into violent collision with one another; and if by such means incapable Directors destroyed thousands of lives, wasted millions of money, and hopelessly bewildered and conglomerated themselves and everybody else; what would the shareholding body say, if those brazen-faced Directors called them together in the midst of the wreck and ruin they had made, and with an audacious piety addressed them thus: 'Lo, ye miserable sinners, the hand of Providence is heavy on you! Attire yourselves in sackcloth, throw ashes on your heads, fast, and hear us condescend to make discourses to you on the wrong you have done!'

Or, if Mr. Matthew Marshall of the Bank of England, were to be superseded by Bolter; if the whole Bank parlour were to be cleared for Jolter; and the engraving of bank-notes were to be given as a snug thing to Polter; and if Bolter Jolter

and Polter, with a short pull and a weak pull and a pull no two of them together, should tear the Money Market to pieces, and rend the whole mercantile system and credit of the country to shreds; what kind of a reception would Bolter Jolter and Polter get from Baring Brothers, Rothschilds, and Lombard Street in general, if those Incapables should cry out, 'Providence has brought you all to the Gazette. Listen, wicked ones, and we will give you an improving lecture on the death of the old Lady in Threadneedle Street!'

Or, if the servants in a rich man's household were to distribute their duties exactly as the fancy took them; if the housemaid were to undertake the kennel of hounds, and the dairymaid were to mount the coachbox, and the cook were to pounce upon the secretaryship, and the groom were to dress the dinner, and the game-keeper were to make the beds, while the gardener gave the young ladies lessons on the piano, and the stable-helper took the baby out for an airing; would the rich man, soon very poor, be much improved in his mind when the whole incompetent establishment, surrounding him, exclaimed, 'You have brought yourself to a pretty pass, sir. You had better see what fasting and humiliation will do to get you out of this. We will trouble you to pay us, keep us, and try!'

A very fine gentleman, very daintily dressed, once took an uncouth creature under his protection— a wild thing, half man and half brute. And they travelled along together.

The wild man was ignorant; but he had some desire for knowledge too, and at times he even fell into strange fits of thought, wherein he had gleams of reason and flashes of a quick sagacity. There was also veneration in his breast, for the Maker of all the wondrous universe about him. It has even been supposed that these seeds were sown within him by a greater and wiser hand than the hand of the very fine gentleman very daintily dressed.

It was necessary that they should get on quickly to avoid a storm, and the first thing that happened was, that the wild man's feet became crippled.

Now, the very fine gentleman had made the wild man

put on a tight pair of boots which were altogether unsuited to him, so the wild man said:

'It 's the boots.'

'It 's a Rebuke,' said the very fine gentleman.

'A WHAT?' roared the wild man.

'It 's Providence,' said the very fine gentleman.

The wild man cast his eyes on the earth around him, and up to the sky, and then at the very fine gentleman, and was mightily displeased to hear that great word so readily in the mouth of such an interpreter on such an occasion; but, he hobbled on as well as he could without saying a syllable, until they had gone a very long way, and he was hungry.

There was abundance of wholesome fruits and herbs by the wayside, which the wild man tried to reach by springing at them, but could not.

'I am starving,' the wild man complained.

'It 's a Rebuke,' said the very fine gentleman.

'It 's the handcuffs,' said the wild man. For, he had submitted to be handcuffed before he came out.

However, his companion wouldn't hear of that (he said it was not official, and was unparliamentary), so they went on and on, a weary journey; and the wild man got nothing, because he was handcuffed, and because the very fine gentleman couldn't reach the fruit for him on account of his stays; and the very fine gentleman got what he had in his pocket.

By and by, they came to a house on fire, where the wild man's brother was being burnt to death, because he couldn't get out at the door; which door had been locked seven years before, by the very fine gentleman, who had taken away the key.

'Produce the key,' exclaimed the wild man, in an agony, 'and let my brother out.'

'I meant it to have been here the day before yesterday,' returned the very fine gentleman, in his leisurely way, 'and I had it put aboard ship to be brought here; but, the fact is, the ship has gone round the world instead of coming here, and I doubt if we shall ever hear any more about it.'

'It 's Murder!' cried the wild man.

But, the very fine gentleman was uncommonly high with

him, for not knowing better than that: so the brother was burnt to death, and they proceeded on their journey.

At last, they came to a fine palace by a river, where a gentleman of a thriving appearance was rolling out at the gate in a very neat chariot, drawn by a pair of blood horses, with two servants up behind in fine purple liveries.

'Bless my soul!' cried this gentleman, checking his coachman, and looking hard at the wild man, 'what monster have we here!'

Then the very fine gentleman explained that it was a hardened creature with whom Providence was very much incensed; in proof of which, here he was, rebuked, crippled, handcuffed, starved, with his brother burnt to death in a locked-up house, and the key of the house going round the world.

'Are *you* Providence?' asked the wild man, faintly.

'Hold your tongue, sir,' said the very fine gentleman.

'Are *you?*' asked the wild man of the gentleman of the palace.

The gentleman of the palace made no reply; but, coming out of his carriage in a brisk business-like manner, immediately put the wild man into a strait-waistcoat, and said to the very fine gentleman, 'He shall fast for his sins.'

'I have already done that,' the wild man protested weakly.

'He shall do it again,' said the gentleman of the palace.

'I have fasted from work too, through divers causes—you know I speak the truth—until I am miserably poor,' said the wild man.

'He shall do it again,' said the gentleman of the palace.

'A day's work just now, is the breath of my life,' said the wild man.

'He shall do without the breath of his life,' said the gentleman of the palace.

Therewith, they carried him off to a hard bench, and sat him down, and discoursed to him ding-dong, through and through the dictionary, about all manner of businesses except the business that concerned him. And when they saw his thoughts, red-eyed and angry though he was, escape from them up to the true Providence far away, and when they

saw that he confusedly humbled and quieted his mind before Heaven, in his innate desire to approach it and learn from it, and know better how to bear these things and set them right, they said 'He is listening to us, he is doing as we would have him, he would never be troublesome.'

What that wild man really had before him in his thoughts, at that time of being so misconstrued and so practised on, History shall tell—not the narrator of this story, though he knows full well. Enough for us, and for the present purpose, that this tale can have no application—how were that possible!—to the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE HUMBUGS

I

[April 21, 1855]

Everybody is acquainted with that enchanting collection of stories, the Thousand and One Nights, better known in England as the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. Most people know that these wonderful fancies are unquestionably of genuine Eastern origin, and are to be found in Arabic manuscripts now existing in the Vatican, in Paris, in London and in Oxford; the last-named city being particularly distinguished in this connection, as possessing, in the library of Christchurch, a manuscript of the never-to-be-forgotten Voyages of Sinbad the Sailor.

The civilised world is indebted to France for a vast amount of its possessions, and among the rest for the first opening to Europe of this gorgeous storehouse of Eastern riches. So well did M. Galland, the original translator, perform his task, that when Mr. Wortley Montague brought home the manuscript now in the Bodleian Library, there was found (poetical quotations excepted), to be very little, and that of a very inferior kind, to add to what M. Galland had already made perfectly familiar to France and England.

Thus much as to the Thousand and One Nights, we recall, by way of introduction to the discovery we are about to announce.

There has lately fallen into our hands, a manuscript in the Arabic Character (with which we are perfectly acquainted), containing a variety of stories extremely similar in structure and incident to the Thousand and One Nights; but presenting the strange feature that although they are evidently of ancient origin, they have a curious accidental bearing on the present time. Allowing for the difference of manners and customs, it would often seem—were it not for the manifest impossibility of such prophetic knowledge in any mere man or men—that they were written expressly with an eye to events of the current age. We have referred the manuscript (which may be seen at our office on the first day of April in every year, at precisely four o'clock in the morning), to the profoundest Oriental Scholars of England and France, who are no less sensible than we are ourselves of this remarkable coincidence, and are equally at a loss to account for it. They are agreed, we may observe, on the propriety of our rendering the title in the words, The Thousand and One Humbugs. For, although the Eastern story-tellers do not appear to have possessed any word, or combination of parts of words, precisely answering to the modern English Humbug (which, indeed, they expressed by the figurative phrase, A Camel made of sand), there is no doubt that they were conversant with so common a thing, and further that the thing was expressly meant to be designated in the general title of the Arabic manuscript now before us. Dispensing with further explanation, we at once commence the specimens we shall occasionally present, of this literary curiosity.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

Among the ancient Kings of Persia who extended their glorious conquests into the Indies, and far beyond the famous River Ganges, even to the limits of China, Taxedtaurus (or Fleeced Bull) was incomparably the most renowned. He was so rich that he scorned to undertake the humblest enterprise

without inaugurating it by ordering his Treasurers to throw several millions of pieces of gold into the dirt. For the same reason he attached no value to his foreign possessions, but merely used them as playthings for a little while, and then always threw them away or lost them.

This wise Sultan, though blessed with innumerable sources of happiness, was afflicted with one fruitful cause of discontent. He had been married many scores of times, yet had never found a wife to suit him. Although he had raised to the dignity of Howsa Kummauns [1] (or Peerless Chatterer), a great variety of beautiful creatures, not only of the lineage of the high nobles of his court, but also selected from other classes of his subjects, the result had uniformly been the same. They proved unfaithful, brazen, talkative, idle, extravagant, inefficient, and boastful. Thus it naturally happened that a Howsa Kummauns very rarely died a natural death, but was generally cut short in some violent manner.

At length, the young and lovely Reefawm (that is to say Light of Reason), the youngest and fairest of all the Sultan's wives, and to whom he had looked with hope to recompense him for his many disappointments, made as bad a Howsa Kummauns as any of the rest. The unfortunate Taxedtaurus took this so much to heart that he fell into a profound melancholy, secluded himself from observation, and for some time was so seldom seen or heard of that many of his great officers of state supposed him to be dead.

Shall I never, said the unhappy Monarch, beating his breast in his retirement in the Pavilion of Failure, and giving vent to his tears, find a Howsa Kummauns, who will be true to me! He then quoted from the Poet, certain verses importing, Every Howsa Kummauns has deceived me, Every Howsa Kummauns is a Humbug, I must slay the present Howsa Kummauns as I have slain so many others, I am brought to shame and mortification, I am despised by the world. After which his grief so overpowered him, that he fainted away.

It happened that on recovering his senses he heard the voice of the last-made Howsa Kummauns, in the Divan adjoining.

[1] Sounded like House o' Commons.

Applying his ear to the lattice, and finding that that shameless Princess was vaunting her loyalty and virtue, and denying a host of facts—which she always did, all night—the Sultan drew his scimetar in a fury, resolved to put an end to her existence.

But, the Grand Vizier Parmarstoon (or Twirling Weathercock), who was at that moment watching his incensed master from behind the silken curtains of the Pavilion of Failure, hurried forward and prostrated himself, trembling on the ground. This Vizier had newly succeeded to Abaddeen (or the Addled), who had for his misdeeds been strangled with a garter.

The breath of the slave, said the Vizier, is in the hands of his Lord, but the Lion will sometimes deign to listen to the croaking of the frog. I swear to thee, Vizier, replied the Sultan, that I have borne too much already and will bear no more. Thou and the Howsa Kummauns are in one story, and by the might of Allah and the beard of the Prophet, I have a mind to destroy ye both!

When the Vizier heard the Sultan thus menace him with destruction, his heart drooped within him. But, being a brisk and ready man, though stricken in years, he quoted certain lines from the Poet, implying that the thunder-cloud often spares the leaf or there would be no fruit, and touched the ground with his forehead in token of submission. What wouldst thou say? demanded the generous Prince, I give thee leave to speak. Thou art not unaccustomed to public speaking; speak glibly! Sire, returned the Vizier, but for the dread of the might of my Lord, I would reply in the words addressed by the ignorant man to the Genie. And what were those words? demanded the Sultan. Repeat them! Parmarstoon replied, To hear is to obey:

THE STORY OF THE IGNORANT MAN AND THE GENIE

Sire, on the barbarous confines of the kingdom of the Tartars, there dwelt an ignorant man, who was obliged to make a journey through the Great Desert of Desolation; which, as your Majesty knows, is sometimes a journey of upwards of

three score and ten years. He bade adieu to his mother very early in the morning, and departed without a guide, ragged, barefoot, and alone. He found the way surprisingly steep and rugged, and beset by vile serpents and strange unintelligible creatures of horrible shapes. It was likewise full of black bogs and pits, into which he not only fell himself, but often had the misfortune to drag other travellers whom he encountered, and who got out no more, but were miserably stifled.

Sire, on the fourteenth day of the journey of the ignorant man of the kingdom of the Tartars, he sat down to rest by the side of a foul well (being unable to find a better), and there cracked for a repast, as he best could, a very hard nut, which was all he had about him. He threw the shell anywhere as he stripped it off, and having made an end of his meal arose to wander on again, when suddenly the air was darkened, he heard a frightful cry, and saw a monstrous Genie, of gigantic stature, who brandished a mighty scimetar in a hand of iron, advancing towards him. Rise, ignorant beast, said the monster, as he drew nigh, that I, Law, may kill thee for having affronted my ward. Alas, my lord, returned the ignorant man, how can I have affronted thy ward whom I never saw? He is invisible to thee, returned the Genie, because thou art a benighted barbarian; but if thou hadst ever learnt any good thing thou wouldst have seen him plainly, and wouldst have respected him. Lord of my life, pleaded the traveller, how could I learn where there were none to teach me, and how affront thy ward whom I have not the power to see? I tell thee, returned the Genie, that with thy pernicious refuse thou hast struck my ward, Prince Socieetee, in the apple of the eye; and because thou hast done this, I will be thy ruin. I maim and kill the like of thee by thousands every year, for no other crime. And shall I spare *thee?* Kneel and receive the blow.

Your Majesty will believe (continued the Grand Vizier) that the ignorant man of the kingdom of the Tartars, gave himself up for lost when he heard those cruel words. Without so much as repeating the formula of our faith—There is but one Allah, from him we come, to him we must return, and who

shall resist his will (for he was too ignorant even to have heard it)—he bent his neck to receive the fatal stroke. His head rolled off as he finished saying these words: Dread Law, if thou hadst taken half the pains to teach me to discern thy ward that thou hast taken to avenge him, thou hadst been spared the great account to which I summon thee!

Taxedtaurus the Sultan of Persia listened attentively to this recital on the part of his Grand Vizier, and when it was concluded said, with a threatening brow, Expound to me, O nephew of a dog! the points of resemblance between the Tiger and the Nightingale, and what thy ignorant man of the accursed kingdom of the Tartars has to do with the false Howsa Kummauns and the glib Vizier Parmarstoon? While speaking he again raised his glittering scimetar. Let not my master sully the sole of his foot by crushing an insect, returned the Vizier, kissing the ground seven times, I meant but to offer up a petition from the dust, that the Light of the eyes of the Faithful would, before striking, deign to hear my daughter. What of thy daughter? said the Sultan impatiently, and why should I hear thy daughter any more than the daughter of the dirtiest of the dustmen? Sire, returned the Vizier, I am dirtier than the dirtiest of the dustmen in your Majesty's sight, but my daughter is deeply read in the history of every Howsa Kummauns who has aspired to your Majesty's favour during many years, and if your Majesty would condescend to hear some of the Legends she has to relate, they might— What dost thou call thy daughter? demanded the Sultan, interrupting. Hansardadade, replied the Vizier. Go, said the Sultan, bring her hither. I spare thy life until thou shalt return.

The Grand Vizier Parmarstoon, on receiving the injunction to bring his daughter Hansardadade into the royal presence, lost no time in repairing to his palace which was but across the Sultan's gardens, and going straight to the women's apartments, found Hansardadade surrounded by a number of old women who were all consulting her at once. In truth, this affable Princess was perpetually being referred to, by all manner of old women. Hastily causing her attendants, when she

heard her father's errand, to attire her in her finest dress which outsparkled the sun; and bidding her young sister, Brothartoon (or Chamber Candlestick), to make similar preparations and accompany her; the daughter of the Grand Vizier soon covered herself with a rich veil, and said to her father, with a low obeisance, Sir, I am ready to attend you, to my Lord, the Commander of the Faithful.

The Grand Vizier, and his daughter Hansardadade, and her young sister Brothartoon, preceded by Mistaspeeka, a black mute, the Chief of the officers of the royal Seraglio, went across the Sultan's gardens by the way the Vizier had come, and arriving at the Sultan's palace, found that monarch on his throne surrounded by his principal counsellors and officers of state. They all four prostrated themselves at a distance, and waited the Sultan's pleasure. That gracious prince was troubled in his mind when he commanded the fair Hansardadade (who, on the whole, was very fair indeed), to approach, for he had sworn an oath in the Vizier's absence from which he could not depart. Nevertheless, as it must be kept, he proceeded to announce it before the assembly. Vizier, said he, thou hast brought thy daughter here, as possessing a large stock of Howsa Kummauns experience, in the hope of her relating something that may soften me under my accumulated wrongs. Know that I have solemnly sworn that if her stories fail—as I believe they will—to mitigate my wrath, I will have her burned and her ashes cast to the winds! Also, I will strangle thee and the present Howsa Kummauns, and will take a new one every day and strangle her as soon as taken, until I find a good and true one. Parmarstoon replied, To hear is to obey.

Hansardadade then took a one-stringed lute, and sang a lengthened song in prose. Its purport was, I am the recorder of brilliant eloquence, I am the chronicler of patriotism, I am the pride of sages, and the joy of nations. The continued salvation of the country is owing to what I preserve, and without it there would be no business done. Sweet are the voices of the crow and chough, and Persia never never never can have words enough. At the conclusion of this delightful strain, the Sultan and the whole divan were so

faint with rapture that they remained in a comatose state for seven hours.

Would your Majesty, said Hansardadade, when all were at length recovered, prefer first to hear the story of the Wonderful Camp, or the story of the Talkative Barber, or the story of Scarli Tapa and the Forty Thieves? I would have thee commence, replied the Sultan, with the story of the Forty Thieves.

Hansardadade began, Sire, there was once a poor relation —when Brothartoon interposed. Dear sister, cried Brothartoon, it is now past midnight, it will be shortly daybreak, and if you are not asleep, you ought to be. I pray you, dear sister, by all means to hold your tongue to-night, and if my Lord the Sultan will suffer you to live another day, you can talk to-morrow. The Sultan arose with a clouded face, but went out without giving any orders for the execution.

II

[April 28, 1855]

THE STORY OF SCARLI TAPA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

Accompanied by the Grand Vizier Parmarstoon, and the black mute Mistaspeeka the chief of the Seraglio, Hansardadade again repaired next day to the august presence, and, after making the usual prostrations before the Sultan, began thus:

Sire, there was once a poor relation who lived in a town in the dominions of the Sultan of the Indies, and whose name was Scarli Tapa. He was the youngest son of a Dowajah—which, as your Majesty knows, is a female spirit of voracious appetites, and generally with a wig and a carmine complexion, who prowls about old houses and preys upon mankind. This Dowajah had attained an immense age, in consequence of having been put by an evil Genie on the Penshunlist, or talisman to secure long life; but, at length she very reluctantly died towards the close of a quarter, after making the most affecting struggles to live into the half-year.

Scarli Tapa had a rich elder brother named Cashim, who had married the daughter of a prosperous merchant, and lived magnificently. Scarli Tapa, on the other hand, could barely support his wife and family by lounging about the town and going out to dinner with his utmost powers of perseverance, betting on horse-races, playing at billiards, and running into debt with everybody who would trust him—the last being his principal means of obtaining an honest livelihood.

One day, when Scarli Tapa had strolled for some time along the banks of a great river of liquid filth which ornamented that agreeable country and rendered it salubrious, he found himself in the neighbourhood of the Woods and Forests. Lifting up his eyes, he observed in the distance a great cloud of dust. He was not surprised to see it, knowing those parts to be famous for casting prodigious quantities of dust into the eyes of the Faithful; but, as it rapidly advanced towards him, he climbed into a tree, the better to observe it without being seen himself.

As the cloud of dust approached, Scarli Tapa perceived it from his hiding place to be occasioned by forty mounted robbers, each bestriding a severely-goaded and heavily-laden Bull. The whole troop came to a halt at the foot of the tree, and all the robbers dismounted. Every robber then tethered his hack to the most convenient shrub, gave it a full meal of very bad chaff, and hung over his arm the empty sack which had contained the same. Then the Captain of the Robbers, advancing to a door in an antediluvian rock, which Scarli Tapa had not observed before, and on which were the enchanted letters O. F. F. I. C. E., said, Debrett's Peerage. Open Sesame! As soon as the Captain of the Robbers had uttered these words, the door, obedient to the charm, flew open, and all the robbers went in. The captain went in last, and the door shut of itself.

The robbers stayed so long within the rock that Scarli Tapa more than once felt tempted to descend the tree and make off. Fearful, however, that they might reappear and catch him before he could escape, he remained hidden by the leaves, as patiently as he could. At last the door opened, and the forty robbers came out. As the captain had gone in last, he came

out first, and stood to see the whole troop pass him. When they had all done so, he said, Debrett's Peerage. Shut Sesame! The door immediately closed again as before! Every robber then mounted his Bull, adjusting before him his sack well filled with gold, silver, and jewels. When the captain saw that they were all ready, he put himself at their head, and they rode off by the way they had come.

Scarli Tapa remained in the tree until the receding cloud of dust occasioned by the troop of robbers with their captain at their head, was no longer visible, and then came softly down and approached the door. Making use of the words that he had heard pronounced by the Captain of the Robbers, he said, after first piously strengthening himself with the remembrance of his deceased mother the Dowajah, Debrett's Peerage. Open Sesame! The door instantly flew wide open.

Scarli Tapa, who had expected to see a dull place, was surprised to find himself in an exceedingly agreeable vista of rooms, where everything was as light as possible, and where vast quantities of the finest wheaten loaves, and the richest gold and silver fishes, and all kinds of valuable possessions, were to be got for the laying hold of. Quickly loading himself with as much spoil as he could move under, he opened and closed the door as the Captain of the Robbers had done, and hurried away with his treasure to his poor home.

When the wife of Scarli Tapa saw her husband enter their dwelling after it was dark, and proceed to pile upon the floor a heap of wealth, she cried, Alas! husband, whom have you taken in now? Be not alarmed, wife, returned Scarli Tapa, no one suffers but the public. And then told her how he, a poor relation, had made his way into Office by the magic words and had enriched himself.

There being more money and more loaves and fishes than they knew what to do with at the moment, the wife of Scarli Tapa, transported with joy, ran off to her sister-in-law, the wife of Cashim Tapa, who lived hard by, to borrow a Measure by means of which their property could be got into some order. The wife of Cashim Tapa looking into the measure when it was brought back, found at the bottom of it, several of the crumbs of fine loaves and of the scales of gold and

silver fishes; upon which, flying into an envious rage, she thus addressed her husband: Wretched Cashim, you know you are of high birth as the eldest son of a Dowajah, and you think you are rich, but your despised younger brother, Scarli Tapa, is infinitely richer and more powerful than you. Judge of his wealth from these tokens. At the same time she showed him the measure.

Cashim, who since his marriage to the merchant's widow, had treated his brother coolly and held him at a distance, was at once fired with a burning desire to know how he had become rich. He was unable to sleep all night, and at the first streak of day, before the summons to morning prayers was heard from the minarets of the mosques, arose and went to his brother's house. Dear Scarli Tapa, said he, pretending to be very fraternal, what loaves and fishes are these that thou hast in thy possession? Scarli Tapa perceiving from this discourse that he could no longer keep his secret, communicated his discovery to his brother, who lost no time in providing all things necessary for the stowage of riches, and in repairing alone to the mysterious door near the Woods and Forests.

When night came, and Cashim Tapa did not return, his relatives became uneasy. His absence being prolonged for several days and nights, Scarli Tapa at length proceeded to the enchanted door in search of him. Opening it by the infallible means, what were his emotions to find that the robbers had encountered his brother within, and had quartered him upon the spot for ever!

Commander of the Faithful, when Scarli Tapa beheld the dismal spectacle of his brother everlastingly quartered upon Office for having merely uttered the magic words, Debrett's Peerage. Open Sesame! he was greatly troubled in his mind. Feeling the necessity of hushing the matter up, and putting the best face upon it for the family credit, he at once devised a plan to attain that object. There was, in the House where his brother had sat himself down on his marriage with the merchant's daughter, a discreet slave whose name was Jobbiana. Though a kind of under secretary in the treasury department, she was very useful in the dirty work of the establishment, and had also some knowledge of the stables, and

could assist the whippers-in at a pinch. Scarli Tapa, going home and taking the discreet slave aside, related to her how her master was quartered, and how it was now their business to disguise the fact, and deceive the neighbours. Jobbiana replied, To hear is to obey.

Accordingly, before day—for she always avoided daylight—the discreet slave went to a certain cobbler whom she knew, and found him sitting in his stall in the public street. Good morrow, friend, she said, putting a bribe into his hand, will you bring the tools of your trade and come to a House with me? Willingly, but what to do? replied the cobbler, who was a merry fellow. Nothing against my patriotism and conscience, I hope? (at which he laughed heartily). Not in the least, returned Jobbiana, giving him another bribe. But, you must go into the House blindfolded and with your hands tied; you don't mind that for a job? I don't mind anything for a job, returned the cobbler with vivacity; I like a job. It is my business to job; only make it worth my while, and I am ready for any job you may please to name. At the same time he arose briskly. Jobbiana then imparted to him the quartering that had taken place, and that he was wanted to cobble the subject up and hide what had been done. Is that all? If it is no more than that, returned the cobbler, blind my eyes and tie my hands, and let us cobble away as long as you like!

Sire, the discreet slave blindfolded the cobbler, and tied his hands, and took him to the House; where he cobbled the subject up with so much skill, that she rewarded him munificently. We must now return to the Captain of the Robbers, whose name was Yawyawah, and whose soul was filled with perplexities and anxieties, when he visited the cave and found, from the state of the wheaten loaves and the gold and silver fishes, that there was yet another person who possessed the secret of the magic door.

Your majesty must know that Yawyawah, Captain of the Robbers (most of whose forefathers had been rebellious Genii, who never had had anything whatever to do with Solomon), sauntering through the city, in a highly disconsolate and languid state, chanced to come before daylight upon the cobbler

working in his stall. Good morrow, honourable friend, said he, you job early. My Lord, returned the cobbler, I job early and late. You do well, observed the Captain of the Robbers; but, have you light enough? The less light the better, said the cobbler, for *my* work. Ay! returned Yawyawah; why so? Why so! repeated the cobbler, winking, because I can cobble certain businesses, best, in the dark. When the Captain of the Robbers heard him say this, he quickly understood the hint. He blindfolded him, and tied his hands, as the discreet slave had done, turned his coat, and led him away until he stopped at the House. This is the House that was concerned in the quartering and cobbling, said he. The captain set a mark upon it. But, Jobbiana coming by soon afterwards, and seeing what had been done, set exactly the same mark upon twenty other Houses in the same row. So that in truth they were all precisely alike, and one was marked by Jobbiana exactly as another was, and there was not a pin to choose between them.

Thus discomfited, the Captain of the Robbers called his troop together and addressed them. My noble, right honourable, honourable and gallant, honourable and learned, and simply honourable, friends, said he, it is apparent that we, the old band who for so many years have possessed the command of the magic door, are in danger of being superseded. In a word, it is clear that there are now two bands of robbers, and that we must overcome the opposition, or be ourselves vanquished. All the robbers applauded this sentiment. Therefore, said the captain, I will disguise myself as a trader —in the patriotic line of business—and will endeavour to prevail by stratagem. The robbers as with one voice approved of this design.

The Captain of the Robbers accordingly disguised himself as a trader of that sort which is called at the bazaars a patriot, and, having again had recourse to the cobbler, and having carefully observed the House, arranged his plans without delay. Feigning to be a dealer in soft-soap, he concealed his men in nine-and-thirty jars of that commodity, a man in every jar; and, loading a number of mules with this pretended

merchandise, appeared at the head of his caravan one evening at the House, where Scarli Tapa was sitting on a bench in his usual place, taking it (as he generally did in the House) very coolly. My Lord, said the pretended trader, I am a stranger here, and know not where to bestow my merchandise for the night. Suffer me then, I beseech you, to warehouse it here. Scarli Tapa rose up, showed the pretended merchant where to put his goods, and instructed Jobbiana to prepare an entertainment for his guest. Also a bath for himself; his hands being very far from clean.

The discreet slave, in obedience to her orders, proceeded to prepare the entertainment and the bath; but was vexed to discover, when it was late and the shops of the dealers were all shut, that there was no soft-soap in the House—which was the more unexpected, as there was generally more than enough. Remembering, however, that the pretended trader had brought a large stock with him, she went to one of the jars to get a little. As she drew near to it, the impatient robber within, supposing it to be his leader, said in a low voice,—Is it time for our party to come in? Jobbiana, instantly comprehending the danger, replied, Not yet, but presently. She went in this manner to all the jars, receiving the same question, and giving the same answer.

The discreet slave returned into the kitchen, with her presence of mind not at all disturbed, and there prepared a lukewarm mess of soothing syrup, worn-out wigs, weak milk and water, poppy-heads, empty nut-shells, froth, and other similar ingredients. When it was sufficiently mawkish, she returned to the jars, bearing a large kettle filled with this mixture, poured some of it upon every robber, and threw the whole troop into a state of insensibility or submission. She then returned to the House, served up the entertainment, cleared away the fragments, and attired herself in a rich dress to dance before her master and his disguised visitor.

In the course of her dances, which were performed in the slowest time, and during which she blew both her own and the family trumpet with extraordinary pertinacity, Jobbiana took care always to approach nearer and still nearer to the

Captain of the Robbers. At length she seized him by the sleeve of his disguise, disclosed him in his own dress to her master, and related where his men were, and how they had asked Was it time to come in? Scarli Tapa, so far from being angry with the pretended trader, fell upon his neck and addressed him in these friendly expressions: Since our object is the same and no great difference exists between us, O my brother, let us form a Coalition. Debrett's Peerage will open Sesame to the Scarli Tapas and the Yawyawahs equally, and will shut out the rest of mankind. Let it be so. There is plunder enough in the cave. So that it is never restored to the original owners and never gets into other hands but ours, why should we quarrel overmuch! The Captain made a suitable reply and embraced his entertainer. Jobbiana, shedding tears of joy, embraced them both.

Shortly afterwards, Scarli Tapa in gratitude to the wise Jobbiana, caused her to be invested with the freedom of the City—where she had been very much beloved for many years—and gave her in marriage to his own son. They had a large family and a powerful number of relations, who all inherited, by right of relationship, the power of opening Sesame and shutting it tight. The Yawyawahs became a very numerous tribe also, and exercised the same privilege. This, Commander of the Faithful, is the reason why, in that distant part of the dominions of the Sultan of the Indies, all true believers kiss the ground seven hundred and seventy-seven times on hearing the magic words, Debrett's Peerage—why the talisman of Office is always possessed in common by the three great races of the Scarli Tapas, the Yawyawahs, and the Jobbianas—why the public affairs, great and small, and all the national enterprises both by land and sea are conducted on a system which is the highest peak of the mountain of justice, and which always succeeds—why the people of that country are serenely satisfied with themselves and things in general, are unquestionably the envy of surrounding nations, and cannot fail in the inevitable order of events to flourish to the end of the world—why all these great truths are incontrovertible, and why all who dispute them receive the bastinado as atheists and rebels.

Here, Hansardadade concluded the story of the Forty Thieves, and said, If my Lord the Sultan will deign to hear another narrative from the lips of the lowest of his servants, I have adventures yet more surprising than these to relate: adventures that are worthy to be written in letters of gold. By Allah! exclaimed the Sultan, whose hand had been upon his scimetar several times during the previous recital, and whose eyes had menaced Pamarstoon until the soul of that Vizier had turned to water, what thou hast told but now, deserves to be recorded in letters of Brass!

Hansardadade was proceeding, Sire, in the great plain at the feet of the mountains of Casgar, which is seven weeks' journey across—when Brotharton interrupted her: Sister, it is nearly daybreak, and if you are not asleep you ought to be. I pray you, dear sister, tell us at present no more of those stories that you know so well, but hold your tongue and go to bed. Hansardadade was silent, and the Sultan arose in a very indifferent humour and gloomily walked out—in great doubt whether he would let her live, on any consideration, over another day.

III

[May 5, 1855]

On the following night, Hansardadade proceeded with:

THE STORY OF THE TALKATIVE BARBER

In the great plain which lies at the feet of the mountains of Casgar, and which is seven weeks' journey across, there is a city where a lame young man was once invited, with other guests, to an entertainment. Upon his entrance, the company already assembled rose up to do him honour, and the host taking him by the hand invited him to sit down with the rest upon the estrade. At the same time the master of the house greeted his visitor with the salutation, Allah is Allah, there is no Allah but Allah, may his name be praised, and may Allah be with you!

Sire, the lame young man, who had the appearance of one that had suffered much, was about to comply with the invitation of the master of the house to seat himself upon the estrade with the rest of the company, when he suddenly perceived among them a Barber. He instantly flew back with every token of abhorrence, and made towards the door. The master of the house, amazed at this behaviour, stopped him. Sir, exclaimed the young man, I adjure you by Mecca, do not stop me, let me go. I cannot without horror look upon that abominable Barber. Upon him and upon the whole of his relations be the curse of Allah, in return for all I have endured from his intolerable levity, and from his talk never being to the point or purpose! With these words, the lame young man again made violently towards the door. The guests were astonished at this behaviour, and began to have a very bad opinion of the Barber.

The master of the house so courteously entreated the lame young man to recount to the company the causes of this strong dislike, that at length he could not refuse. Averting his head so that he might not see the Barber, he proceeded. Gentlemen, you must know that this accursed Barber is the cause of my being crippled, and is the occasion of all my misfortunes. I became acquainted with him in the following manner.

I am called Publeck, or The Many Headed. I am one of a large family, who have undergone an infinite variety of adventures and afflictions. One day, I chanced to sit down to rest on a seat in a narrow lane, when a lattice over against me opened, and I obtained a glimpse of the most ravishing Beauty in the world. After watering a pot of budding flowers which stood in the window, she perceived me and modestly withdrew; but, not before she had directed towards me a glance so full of charms, that I screamed aloud with love and became insensible for a considerable time.

When I came to myself, I directed a favourite slave to make enquiries among the neighbours, and, on pain of death, to bring me an exact account of the young lady's family and condition. The slave acquitted himself so well, that he in-

formed me within an hour that the young lady's name was Fair Guvawnment, and that she was the daughter of the chief Cadi. The violence of my passion became so great that I took to my bed that evening, fell into a fever, and was reduced to the brink of death, when an old lady of my acquaintance came to see me. Son, said she, after observing me attentively, I perceive that your disease is love. Inform me who is the object of your affections, and rely upon me to bring you together. This address of the good old lady's had such an effect upon me, that I immediately arose quite restored in health, and began to dress myself.

In a word (continued the lame young man, addressing the company assembled in the house of the citizen of the plain at the feet of the mountains of Casgar, and always keeping his head in such a position as that he could not see the Barber), the old lady exerted herself in my behalf with such effect, that on the very next day she returned, commissioned by the enchantress of my soul to appoint a meeting between us. I arranged to attire myself in my richest clothes, and dispatched the same favourite slave with instructions to fetch a Barber, who knew his business, and who could skilfully prepare me for the interview I was to have, for the first time in all my life, with Fair Guvawnment. Gentlemen, the slave returned with the wretch whom you see here.

Sir, began this accursed Barber whom a malignant destiny thus inflicted on me, how do you do, I hope you are pretty well. I do not wish to praise myself, but you are lucky to have sent for me. My name is Praymiah. In me you behold an accomplished diplomatist, a first-rate statesman, a frisky speaker, an easy shaver, a touch-and-go joker, a giver of the go-by to all complainers, and above all a member of the aristocracy of Barbers. Sir, I am a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and consequently a born Barber. All my relations, friends, acquaintances, connexions, and associates, are likewise lineal descendants of the Prophet, and consequently born Barbers every one. As I said, but the other day, to Layardeen, or the Troublesome, the aristocracy—May Allah confound thy aristocracy and thee! cried I, will you begin to shave me?

Gentlemen (proceeded the lame young man), the Barber had brought a showy case with him, and he consumed such an immense time in pretending to open it, that I was well nigh fretted to death. I will not be shaved at all, said I. Sir, returned the unabashed Barber, you sent for me to shave you, and with your pardon I will do it, whether you like it or not. Ah, Sir! you have not so good an opinion of me as your father had. I knew your father, and he appreciated me. I said a thousand pleasant things to him, and rendered him a thousand services, and he adored me. Just Heaven, he would exclaim, you are an inexhaustible fountain of wisdom, no man can plumb the depth of your profundity! My dear Sir, I would reply, you do me more honour than I deserve. Still, as a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and one of the aristocracy of born Barbers, I will, with the help of Allah, shave you pretty close before I have done with you.

You may guess, gentlemen, in my state of expectancy, with my heart set on Fair Guvawnment, and the precious time running by, how I cursed this impertinent chattering on the part of the Barber. Barber of mischief, Barber of sin, Barber of false pretence, Barber of froth and bubble, said I, stamping my foot upon the ground, will you begin to do your work? Fair and softly, Sir, said he, let me count you out first. With that, he counted from one up to thirty-eight with great deliberation, and then laughed heartily and went out to look at the weather.

When the Barber returned, he went on prattling as before. You are in high feather, Sir, said he. I am glad to see you look so well. But, how can you be otherwise than flourishing, after having sent for *me!* I am called the Careless. I am not like Dizzee, who draws blood; nor like Darbee, who claps on blisters; nor like Johnnee, who works with the square and rule; I am the easy shaver, and I care for nobody, I can do anything. Shall I dance the dance of Mistapit to please you, or shall I sing the song of Mistafoks, or joke the joke of Jomillah? Honour me with your attention while I do all three.

The Barber (continued the lame young man, with a groan), danced the dance of Mistapit, and sang the song of Mista-

foks, and joked the joke of Jomillah, and then began with fresh impertinences. Sir, said he, with a lofty flourish, when Britteen first at Heaven's command, arose from out the azure main, this was the charter of the land, and guardian angels sang this strain: Singing, as First Lord was a wallerking the Office-garding around, no end of born Barbers he picked up and found, Says he I will load them with silvier and gold, for the country 's a donkey, and as such is sold.—At this point I could bear his insolence no longer, but starting up, cried, Barber of hollowness, by what consideration am I restrained from falling upon and strangling thee? Calmly, Sir, said he, let me count you out first. He then played his former game of counting from one to under forty, and again laughed heartily, and went out to take the height of the sun, and make a calculation of the state of the wind, that he might know whether it was an auspicious time to begin to shave me.

I took the opportunity (said the young man) of flying from my house so darkened by the fatal presence of this detestable Barber, and of repairing with my utmost speed to the house of the Cadi. But, the appointed hour was long past, and Fair Guvawnment had withdrawn no one knew whither. As I stood in the street cursing my evil destiny and execrating this intolerable Barber, I heard a hue and cry. Looking in the direction whence it came, I saw the diabolical Barber, attended by an immense troop of his relations and friends, the lineal descendants of the Prophet and aristocracy of born Barbers, all offering a reward to any one who would stop me, and all proclaiming the unhappy Publeek to be their natural prey and rightful property. I turned and fled. They jostled and bruised me cruelly among them, and I became maimed, as you see. I utterly detest, abominate, and abjure this Barber, and ever since and evermore I totally renounce him. With these concluding words, the lame young man arose in a sullen way that had something very threatening in it, and left the company.

Commander of the Faithful, when the lame young man was gone, the guests, turning to the Barber, who wore his turban very much on one side and smiled complacently, asked him what he had to say for himself? The Barber immediately

danced the dance of Mistapit, and sang the song of Mistafoks, and joked the joke of Jomillah. Gentlemen, said he, not at all out of breath after these performances, it is true that I am called the Careless; permit me to recount to you, as a lively diversion, what happened to a twin-brother of that young man who has so undeservedly abused me, in connexion with a near relation of mine. No one objecting, the Barber related:

THE STORY OF THE BARMECIDE FEAST

The young man's twin-brother, Guld Publeek, was in very poor circumstances and hardly knew how to live. In his reduced condition he was fain to go about to great men, begging them to take him in—and to do them justice, they did it extensively.

One day in the course of his poverty-stricken wanderings, he came to a large house with two high towers, a spacious hall, and abundance of fine gilding, statuary, and painting. Although the house was far from finished, he could see enough to assure him that enormous sums of money must be lavished upon it. He inquired who was the master of this wealthy mansion, and received for information that he was a certain Barmecide. (The Barmecide, gentlemen, is my near relation, and, like myself, a lineal descendant of the Prophet, and a born Barber.)

The young man's twin brother passed through the gateway and crept submissively onward, until he came into a spacious apartment, where he descried the Barmecide sitting at the upper end in the post of honour. The Barmecide asked the young man's brother what he wanted? My Lord, replied he, in a pitiful tone, I am sore distressed, and have none but high and mighty nobles like yourself, to help me. That much at least is true, returned the Barmecide, there is no help save in high and mighty nobles, it is the appointment of Allah. But, what is your distress? My Lord, said the young man's brother, I am fasting from all the nourishment I want, and —whatever you may please to think—am in a dangerous extremity. A very little more at any moment, and you would be astonished at the figure I should make. Is it so, indeed?

inquired the Barmecide. Sir, returned the young man's brother, I swear by Heaven and Earth that it is so, and Heaven and Earth are every hour drawing nearer to the discovery that it is so. Alas, poor man! replied the Barmecide, pretending to have an interest in him. Ho, boy! Bring us of the best here, and let us not spare our liberal measures. This poor man shall make good cheer without delay.

Though no boy appeared, gentlemen, and though there was no sign of the liberal measures of which the Barmecide spoke so ostentatiously, the young man's brother, Guld Publeek, endeavoured to fall in with the Barmecide's humour. Come! cried the Barmecide, feigning to pour water on his hands, let us begin fair and fresh. How do you like this purity? Ah, my Lord, returned Guld Publeek, imitating the Barmecide's action, this is indeed purity: this is in truth a delicious beginning. Then let us proceed, said the Barmecide, seeming to dry his hands, with this smoking dish of Reefawm. How do you like it? At the same time he pretended to hand choice morsels to the young man's brother. Take your fill of it, exclaimed the Barmecide, there is plenty here, do not spare it, it was cooked for you. May Allah prolong your life, my Lord, said Guld Publeek, you are liberal indeed!

The Barmecide having boasted in this pleasant way of his smoking dish of Reefawn, which had no existence, affected to call for another dish. Ho! cried he, clapping his hands, bring in those Educational Kabobs. Then, he imitated the action of putting some upon the plate of the young man's brother, and went on. How do you like these Educational Kabobs? The cook who made them is a treasure. Are they not justly seasoned? Are they not so honestly made, as to be adapted to all digestions? You want them very much, I know, and have wanted them this long time. Do you enjoy them? And here is a delicious mess, called Foreen Leejun. Eat of it also, for I pride myself upon it, and expect it to bring me great respect and much friendship from distant lands. And this pillau of Church-endowments-and-duties, which you see so beautifully divided, pray how do you approve of this pillau? It was invented on your account, and no expense has been spared to

render it to your taste. Ho, boy, bring in that ragout! Now here, my friend, is a ragout, called Law-of-Partnership. It is expressly made for poor men's eating, and I particularly pride myself upon it. This is indeed a dish at which you may cut and come again. And boy! hasten to set before my good friend, Guld Publeck, the rare stew of colonial spices, minced crime, hashed poverty, swollen liver of ignorance, stale confusion, rotten tape, and chopped-up bombast, steeped in official sauce, and garnished with a great deal of tongue and a very little brains—the crowning dish, of which my dear friend never can have enough, and upon which he thrives so well! But, you don't eat with an appetite, my brother, said the Barmecide. I fear the repast is hardly to your liking? Pardon me, my benefactor, returned the guest, whose jaws ached with pretending to eat, I am full almost to the throat.

Well then, said the Barmecide, since you have dined so well, try the dessert. Here are apples of discord from the Horse Guards and Admiralty, here is abundance of the famous fruit from the Dead Sea that turns to ashes on the lips, here are dates from the Peninsula in great profusion, and here is a fig for the nation. Eat and be happy! My Lord, replied the object of his merriment, I am quite worn out by your liberality, and can bear no more.

Gentlemen (continued the loquacious Barber), when the humorous Barmecide, my near relation lineally descended from the Prophet, had brought his guest to this pass, he clapped his hands three times to summon around him his slaves, and instructed them to force in reality the vile stew of which he had spoken down the throat of the hungry Guld Publeek, together with a nauseous mess called DUBLINCUMTAX, and to put bitters in his drink, strew dust on his head, blacken his face, shave his eyebrows, pluck away his beard, insult him and make merry with him. He then caused him to be attired in a shameful dress and set upon an ass with his face to the tail, and in this state to be publicly exposed with the inscription round his neck, This is the punishment of Guld Publeek who asked for nourishment and said he wanted it. Such is the present droll condition of this person; while my near relation, the Barmecide, sits in the post of honour with his turban very much

on one side, enjoying the joke. Which I think you will all admit is an excellent one.

Hansardadade having made an end of the discourse of the loquacious Barber, would have instantly begun another story, had not Brothartoon shut her up with, Dear Sister, it will be shortly daybreak. Get to bed and be quiet.

THE TOADY TREE

[May 26, 1855]

It is not a new remark, that any real and true change for the public benefit, must derive its vitality from the practice of consistent people. Whatever may be accepted as the meaning of the adage, Charity begins at home—which for the most part has very little meaning that I could ever discover—it is pretty clear that Reform begins at home. If I had the lungs of Hercules and the eloquence of Cicero, and devoted them at any number of monster-meetings to a cause which I deserted in my daily life whensoever the opportunity of desertion was presented to me (say on an average fifty times a day), I had far better keep my lungs and my eloquence to myself, and at all times and seasons leave that cause alone.

The humble opinion of the present age is, that no privileged class should have an inheritance in the administration of the public affairs, and that a system which fails to enlist in the service of the country, the greatest fitness and merit that the country produces, must have in it something inherently wrong. It might be supposed, the year One having been for some time in the calendar of the past, that this is on the whole a moderate and reasonable opinion—not very far in advance of the period, or of any period, and involving no particularly unchristian revenge for a great national breakdown. Yet, to the governing class in the main, the sentiment is altogether so novel and extraordinary, that we may observe it to be received as an incomprehensible and incredible thing. I have been seriously asking myself, whose fault is this? I have

come to the conclusion that it is the fault of the over-cultivation of the great Toady Tree; the tree of many branches, which grows to an immense height in England, and which overshadows all the land.

My name is Cobbs. Why do I, Cobbs, love to sit like a Patriarch, in the shade of my Toady Tree! What have I to do with it? What comfort do I derive from it, what fruit of self-respect does it yield to me, what beauty is there in it? To lure me to a Public Dinner, why must I have a Lord in the chair? To gain me to a Subscription-list, why do I need fifty Barons, Marquises, Viscounts, Dukes, and Baronets, at the head of it, in larger type and longer lines than the commonalty? If I don't want to be perpetually decorated with these boughs from the Toady Tree—if it be my friend Dobbs, and not I, Cobbs, in whose ready button-hole such appliances are always stuck—why don't I myself quietly and good-humouredly renounce them? Why not! Because I *will* be always gardening, more or less, at the foot of the Toady Tree.

Take Dobbs. Dobbs is a well-read man, an earnest man, a man of strong and sincere convictions, a man who would be deeply wounded if I told him he was not a true Administrative Reformer in the best sense of the word. When Dobbs talks to me about the House of Commons, (and lets off upon me those little revolvers of special official intelligence which he always carries, ready loaded and capped), why does he adopt the Lobby slang: with which he has as much to do as with any dialect in the heart of Africa? Why must he speak of Mr. Fizmaili as 'Fizzy,' and of Lord Gambaroon as 'Gam'? How comes it that he is acquainted with the intentions of the Cabinet six weeks beforehand—often, indeed, so long beforehand that I shall infallibly die before there is the least sign of their having ever existed? Dobbs is perfectly clear in his generation that men are to be deferred to for their capacity for what they undertake, for their talents and worth, and for nothing else. Aye, aye, I know he is. But, I have seen Dobbs dive and double about that Royal Academy Exhibition, in pursuit of a nobleman, in a marvellously small way. I have stood with Dobbs examining a picture, when the Marquis has entered, and I have known of the Marquis's entrance

without lifting my eyes or turning my head, solely by the increased gentility in the audible tones of Dobbs's critical observations. And then, the Marquis approaching, Dobbs has talked to me as his lay figure, at and for the Marquis, until the Marquis has said, 'Ha, Dobbs?' and Dobbs, with his face folded into creases of deference, has piloted that illustrious nobleman away, to the contemplation of some pictorial subtleties of his own discovery. Now, Dobbs has been troubled and abashed in all this; Dobbs's voice, face, and manner, with a stubbornness far beyond his control, have revealed his uneasiness; Dobbs, leading the noble Marquis away, has shown me in the expression of his very shoulders that he knew I laughed at him, and that he knew he deserved it; and yet Dobbs could not for his life resist the shadow of the Toady Tree, and come out into the natural air!

The other day, walking down Piccadilly from Hyde Park Corner, I overtook Hobbs. Hobbs had two relations starved to death with needless hunger and cold before Sebastopol, and one killed by mistake in the hospital at Scutari. Hobbs himself had the misfortune, about fifteen years ago, to invent a very ingenious piece of mechanism highly important to dockyards, which has detained him unavailingly in the waiting-rooms of public offices ever since, and which was invented last month by somebody else in France, and immediately adopted there. Hobbs had been one of the public at Mr. Roebuck's committee, the very day I overtook him, and was burning with indignation at what he had heard. 'This Gordian knot of red tape,' said Hobbs, 'must be cut. All things considered, there never was a people so abused as the English at this time, and there never was a country brought to such a pass. It will not bear thinking of—(Lord Joddle).' The parenthesis referred to a passing carriage, which Hobbs turned and looked after with the greatest interest. 'The system,' he continued, 'must be totally changed. We must have the right man in the right place (Duke of Twaddleton on horseback), and only capability and not family connexions placed in office (brother-in law of the Bishop of Gorhambury). We must not put our trust in mere idols (how do you do!—Lady Coldveal—little too highly painted, but fine woman for her years), and

we must get rid as a nation of our ruinous gentility and deference to mere rank. (Thank you, Lord Edward, I am quite well. Very glad indeed to have the honour and pleasure of seeing you. I hope Lady Edward is well. Delighted, I am sure.)' Pending the last parenthesis, he stopped to shake hands with a dim old gentleman in a flaxen wig, whose eye he had been exceedingly solicitous to catch, and, when we went on again, seemed so refreshed and braced by the interview that I believe him to have been for the time actually taller. This in Hobbs, whom I knew to be miserably poor, whom I saw with my eyes to be prematurely grey, the best part of whose life had been changed into a wretched dream from which he could never awake now, who was in mourning with out and in mourning within, and all through causes that any half-dozen shopkeepers taken at random from the London Directory and shot into Downing Street out of sacks could have turned aside—this, I say, in Hobbs, of all men, gave me so much to think about, that I took little or no heed of his further conversation until I found we had come to Burlington House. 'A little sketch,' he was saying then, 'by a little child, and two hundred and fifty pounds already bid for it! Well, it 's very gratifying, isn't it? Really, it 's very gratifying! Won't you come in? Do come in!' I excused myself, and Hobbs went in without me: a drop in a swollen current of the general public. I looked into the courtyard as I went by, and thought I perceived a remarkably fine specimen of the Toady Tree in full growth there.

There is my friend Nobbs. A man of sufficient merit, one would suppose, to be calmly self-reliant, and to preserve that manly equilibrium which as little needs to assert itself overmuch, as to derive a sickly reflected light from any one else. I declare in the face of day, that I believe Nobbs to be morally and physically unable to sit at a table and hear a man of title mentioned, whom he knows, without putting in his claim to the acquaintance. I have observed Nobbs under these circumstances, a thousand times, and have never found him able to hold his peace. I have seen him fidget, and worry himself, and try to get himself away from the Toady Tree, and say to himself as plainly as he could have said aloud,

'Nobbs, Nobbs, is not this base in you, and what can it possibly matter to these people present, whether you know this man, or not?' Yet, there has been a compulsion upon him to say, 'Lord Dash Blank?' 'Oh, yes! I know him very well; very well, indeed. I have known Dash Blank—let me see—really I am afraid to say how long I have known Dash Blank. It must be a dozen years. A very good fellow, Dash Blank!' And, like my friend Hobbs, he has been positively taller for some moments afterwards. I assert of Nobbs, as I have already in effect asserted of Dobbs, that if I could be brought blindfold into a room full of company, of whom he made one, I could tell in a moment, by his manner of speaking, not to say by his mere breathing, whether there were a title present. The ancient Egyptians in their palmiest days, had not an enchanter among them who could have wrought such a magical change in Nobbs, as the incarnation of one line from the book of the Peerage can effect in one minute.

Pobbs is as bad, though in a different way. Pobbs affects to despise these distinctions. He speaks of his titled acquaintances, in a light and easy vein, as 'the swells.' According as his humour varies, he will tell you that the swells are, after all, the best people a man can have to do with, or that he is weary of the swells and has had enough of them. But, note, that to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief, Pobbs would die of chagrin, if the swells left off asking him to dinner. That he would rather exchange nods in the Park with a semi-idiotic Dowager, than fraternise with another Shakespeare. That he would rather have his sister, Miss Pobbs (he is greatly attached to her, and is a most excellent brother), received on sufferance by the swells, than hold her far happier place in the outer darkness of the untitled, and be loved and married by some good fellow, who could daff the world of swells aside, and bid it pass. Yet, O, Pobbs, Pobbs! if for once—only for once—you could hear the magnificent patronage of some of those Duchesses of yours, casually making mention of Miss Pobbs, as 'a rather pretty person!'

I say nothing of Robbs, Sobbs, Tobbs, and so on to Zobbs,

whose servility has no thin coating of disguise or shame upon it, who grovel on their waistcoats with a sacred joy, and who turn and roll titles in their mouths as if they were exquisite sweetmeats. I say nothing of Mayors and such like;—to lay on adulation with a whitewashing brush and have it laid on in return, is the function of such people, and verily they have their reward. I say nothing of County families, and provincial neighbourhoods, and lists of Stewards and Lady Patronesses, and electioneering, and racing, and flower-showing, and demarcations and counter-demarcations in visiting, and all the forms in which the Toady Tree is cultivated in and about cathedral towns and rural districts. What I wish to remark in conclusion is not that, but this:

If, at a momentous crisis in the history and progress of the country we all love, we, the bulk of the people, fairly embodying the general moderation and sense, are so mistaken by a class, undoubtedly of great intelligence and public and private worth, as that, either they cannot by any means comprehend our resolution to live henceforth under a Government, instead of a Hustlement and Shufflement; or, comprehending it, can think to put it away by cocking their hats in our faces (which is the official exposition of policy conceded to us on all occasions by our chief minister of State); the fault is our own. As the fault is our own, so is the remedy. We do not present ourselves to these personages as we really are, and we have no reason for surprise or complaint, if they take us for what we are at so much pains to appear. Let every man, therefore, apply his own axe to his own branch of the Toady Tree. Let him begin the essential Reform with himself, and he need have no fear of its ending there. We require no ghost to tell us that many inequalities of condition and distinction there must always be. Every step at present to be counted in the great social staircase would be still there, though the shadow of the Toady Tree were cleared away. More than this, the whole of the steps would be safer and stronger; for, the Toady Tree is a tree infected with rottenness, and its droppings wear away what they fall upon.

CHEAP PATRIOTISM

[June 9, 1855]

When the writer of this paper states that he has retired from the civil service on a superannuation fund to which he contributed during forty years, he trusts that the prejudice likely to be engendered by the admission that he has been a Government-clerk, will not be violently strong against him.

In short, to express myself in the first person at once—for, to that complexion I feel I must come, in consequence of the great difficulty of sustaining the third—I beg to make it known that I have no longer any connexion with Somerset House. I am a witness without bias, and will relate my experience in an equitable manner.

Of my official career as an individual clerk, I may soon dispose. I went into the office at eighteen (my father having recently 'plumped for Grobus,' who, under the less familiar designation of The Right Honourable Sir Gilpin Grobus Grobus, Bart., one of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, retired into remote space and unapproachable grandeur immediately after his election), and began at ninety pounds a-year. I did all the usual things. I wasted as much writing-paper as I possibly could. I set up all my younger brothers with public penknives. I took to modelling in sealing-wax (being hopeless of getting through the quantity I was expected to consume by any other means), and I copied a large amount of flute music into a ponderous vellum-covered book with an anchor outside (supposed to be devoted to the service of the Royal Navy), on every page of which there was a neat water-mark, representing Britannia with a sprig in her hand, seated in an oval. I lunched at the office every day, when I stayed till lunch time which was two o'clock, at an average expense of about sixty pounds per annum. My dress cost me (or cost somebody—I really at this distance of time cannot say whom), about a hundred more; and I spent the remainder of my salary in general amusements.

We had the usual kind of juniors in the office, when I was

a junior. We had young O'Killamollybore, nephew of the Member, and son of the extensive Irish Proprietor who had killed the other extensive Irish Proprietor in the famous duel arising out of the famous quarrel at the famous assembly about dancing with the famous Beauty—with the whole particulars of which events, mankind was acquainted. O'Killamollybore represented himself to have been educated at every seat of learning in the empire—and I dare say had been; but, he had not come out of the ordeal, in an orthographical point of view, with the efficiency that might have been expected. He also represented himself as a great artist, and used to put such capital imitations of the marks they make at the shops, on the backs of his pencil-drawings, that they had all the appearance of having been purchased. We had young Percival Fitz-Legionite, of the great Fitz-Legionite family, who, 'took the quarterly pocket-money,' as he told us, for the sake of having something to do (he never did it), and who went to all the parties in the morning papers, and used to be always opening soda-water all over the desks. We had Meltonbury, another nob and our great light, who had been in a crack regiment, and had betted and sold out, and had got his mother, old Lady Meltonbury, to 'stump up,' on condition of his coming into our office, and playing at hockey with the coals. We had Scrivens (just of age), who dressed at the Prince Regent; and we had Baber, who represented the Turf in our department, and made a book, and wore a speckled blue cravat and top-boots. Finally, we had one extra clerk at five shillings a-day, who had three children, and did all the work, and was much looked down upon by the messengers.

As to our ways of getting through the time, we used to stand before the fire, warming ourselves behind, until we made ourselves faint; and we used to read the papers; and, in hot weather, we used to make lemonade and drink it. We used to yawn a good deal, and ring the bell a good deal, and chat and lounge a good deal, and go out a good deal, and come back a little. We used to compare notes as to the precious slavery it was, and as to the salary not being enough

for bread and cheese, and as to the manner in which we were screwed by the public—and we used to take our revenge on the public by keeping it waiting and giving it short answers, whenever it came into our office. It has been matter of continuous astonishment to me, during many years, that the public never took me, when I was a junior, by the nape of my neck, and dropped me over the banisters down three stories into the hall.

However, Time was good enough without any assistance on my part, to remove me from the juniors and to hoist me upward. I shed some of my impertinences as I grew older (which is the custom of most men), and did what I had to do, reasonably well. It did not require the head of a Chief Justice, or a Lord Chancellor, and I may even say that in general I believe I did it very well. There is a considerable flourish just now, about examining candidates for clerkships, as if they wanted to take high degrees in learned professions. I don't myself think that Chief Justices and Lord Chancellors are to be got for twenty-two pound ten a quarter, with a final prospect of some five or six hundred a year in the ripe fulness of futurity—and even if they were, I doubt if their abilities could come out very strongly in the usual work of a government office.

This brings me to that part of my experience which I wish to put forth. It is surprising what I have, in my time, seen done in our Department in the reforming way—but always beginning at the wrong end—always stopping at the small men—always showing the public virtue of Two thousand a year M.P. at the expense of that wicked little victim, Two hundred a year. I will recall a few instances.

The head of our Department came in and went out with the Ministry. The place was a favourite place, being universally known among place-people as a snug thing. Soon after I became a Chief in the office, there was a change of Ministry, and we got Lord Stumpington. Down came Lord Stumpington on a certain day, and I had notice to be in readiness to attend him. I found him a very free and pleasant nobleman (he had lately had great losses on the turf, or

he wouldn't have accepted any public office), and he had his nephew the Honourable Charles Random with him, whom he had appointed as his official private secretary.

'Mr. Tapenham, I believe?' said His Lordship, with his hands under his coat-tails before the fire. I bowed and repeated, 'Mr. Tapenham.' 'Well, Mr. Tapenham,' said His Lordship, 'how are we getting on in this Department?' I said that I hoped we were getting on pretty well. 'At what time do your fellows come in the morning, now?' said His Lordship. 'Half-past ten, my Lord.' 'The devil they do!' said His Lordship. 'Do *you* come at half-past ten?' 'At half-past ten, my Lord.' 'Can't imagine how you do it,' said His Lordship. 'Surprising! Well, Mr. Tapenham, we must do something here, or the opposition will be down upon us and we shall get floored. *What* can we do? What do your fellows work at? Do they do sums, or do they write, or what are they usually up to?' I explained the general duties of our Department, which seemed to stagger His Lordship exceedingly. ''Pon my soul,' he said, turning to his private secretary, 'I am afraid from Mr. Tapenham's account this is a horrible bore, Charley. However, we must do something, Mr. Tapenham, or we shall have those fellows down upon us and get floored. Isn't there any Class (you spoke of the various Classes in the Department just now), that we could cut down a bit? Couldn't we clear off some salaries, or superannuate a few fellows, or blend something with something else, and make a sort of an economical fusion somewhere?' I looked doubtful, and felt perplexed. 'I tell you what we can do, Mr. Tapenham, at any rate,' said His Lordship, brightening with a happy idea. 'We can make your fellows come at ten—Charley, you must turn out in the middle of the night and come at ten. And let us have a Minute that in future the fellows must know something—say French, Charley; and be up in their arithmetic—Rule of Three, Tare and Tret, Charley, Decimals, or something or other. And Mr. Tapenham, if you will be so good as to put yourself in communication with Mr. Random, perhaps you will be able between you to knock out some idea in the economical fusion way. Charley, I am sure you will find Mr.

Tapenham a most invaluable coadjutor, and I have no doubt that with such assistance, and getting the fellows here at Ten, we shall make quite a Model Department of it and do all sorts of things to promote the efficiency of the public service.' Here His Lordship, who had a very easy and captivating manner, laughed, and shook hands with me, and said that he needn't detain me any longer.

That Government lasted two or three years, and then we got Sir Jasper Janus, who had acquired in the House the reputation of being a remarkable man of business, through the astonishing confidence with which he explained details of which he was entirely ignorant, to an audience who knew no more of them than he did. Sir Jasper had been in office very often, and was known to be a Dragon in the recklessness of his determination to make out a case for himself. It was our Department's first experience of him, and I attended him with fear and trembling. 'Mr. Tapenham,' said Sir Jasper, 'if your memoranda are prepared, I wish to go through the whole business and system of this Department with you. I must first master it completely, and then take measures for consolidating it.' He said this with severe official gravity, and I entered on my statement; he leaning back in his chair with his feet on the fender, outwardly looking at me, and inwardly (as it appeared to me), paying no attention whatever to anything I said. 'Very good, Mr. Tapenham,' he observed, when I had done. 'Now, I gather from your exposition'—whereas I *know* he had got it out of the Court Calendar before he came—'that there are forty-seven clerks in this Department, distributed through four classes, A, B, C, and D. This Department must be consolidated, by the reduction of those forty-seven clerks to thirty-four—in other words, by the abolition of thirteen juniors—the substitution of two classes and a Remove for four—and the construction of an entirely new system of check, by double entry and countersign, on the issue at the outports of fore-top-gallant-yards and snatch-blocks to the Royal Navy. You will be so good, Mr. Tapenham, as to furnish me with the project you would recommend for carrying this consolidation into effect, the day after to-morrow, as I desire to be in a condition

to explain the consolidation I propose, when the House is in committee on the Miscellaneous Estimates.' I had nothing for it but to flounder through an impracticable plan that would barely last Sir Jasper Janus's time (which I knew perfectly well, was all he cared for), and he made a speech upon it that would have set up the Ministry, if any effort could have made such a lame thing walk. I do in my conscience believe that in every single point he touched arising out of our Department, he was as far from accuracy as mortal man could possibly be; yet he was inaccurate with such an air, that I almost doubted my own knowledge of the facts as I sat below the bar and heard him. I myself observed three admirals cheering vigorously when the fore-top-gallant-yards and snatch-blocks came into play; and though the effect of that part of the consolidation was, that no ship in the Navy could under any conceivable circumstances of emergency have got rigged while it lasted, it became so strong a card in Sir Jasper's favour that within a fortnight after the coming-in of the opposition, he gave notice of his intention to ask his successor 'Whether Her Majesty's Government had abandoned the system of check by double-entry and countersign, on the issue at the outports of fore-top-gallant-yards and snatch-blocks,' amidst vehement cheering.

The next man of mark we got, was the Right Honourable Mr. Gritts, the member for Sordust. Mr. Gritts came to our Department with a Principle; and the principle was, that no man in a clerkship ought to have more than a hundred a-year. Mr. Gritts held that more did such a man no good; that he didn't want it; that he was not a producer—for he grew nothing; or a manufacturer—for he changed the form of nothing; and that there was some first principle in figures which limited the income of a man who grew nothing and changed the form of nothing, to a maximum of exactly one hundred pounds a-year. Mr. Gritts had acquired a reputation for unspeakable practical sagacity, entirely on the strength of this discovery. I believe it is not too much to say, that he had destroyed two Chancellors of the Exchequer by hammering them on the head with it, night and day. Now, I have seen a little jobbery in forty years; but, such

a jobber as Mr. Gritts of Sordust never entered our Department. He brought a former book-keeper of his with him as his private secretary, and I am absolutely certain, to begin with, that he pocketed one-half of that unfortunate man's public salary, and made it an exalted piece of patronage to let him have the other. Of all the many underfed, melancholy men whom Mr. Gritts appointed, I doubt if there were one who was not appointed corruptly. We had consolidations of clerkships to provide for his brother-in-law, we had consolidations of clerkships to provide for his cousin, we had amalgamations to increase his own salary, we had immolations of juniors on the altar of the country every day—but I never knew the country to require the immolation of a Gritts. Add to this, that it became the pervading characteristic of our Department to do everything with intense meanness; to alienate everybody with whom he had to deal; to shuffle, and chaffer, and equivocate; and be shabby, suspicious, and huckstering; and the Gritts administration is faithfully described. Naturally enough, we soon got round to Lord Stumpington again, and then we came to Sir Jasper Janus again; and so we have been ringing the changes on the Stumpingtons and Januses, and each of them has been undoing the doings of the other, ever since.

I am in a disinterested position, and wish to give the public a caution. They will never get any good out of those virtuous changes that are severely virtuous upon the juniors. Such changes originate in the cheapest patriotism in the world, and the commonest. The official system is upside down, and the roots are at the top. Begin there, and the little branches will soon come right.

SMUGGLED RELATIONS

[June 23, 1855]

When I was a child, I remember to have had my ears boxed for informing a lady-visitor who made a morning call at our house, that a certain ornamental object on the table, which

was covered with marbled-paper, 'wasn't marble.' Years of reflection upon this injury have fully satisfied me that the honest object in question never imposed upon anybody; further, that my honoured parents, though both of a sanguine temperament, never can have conceived it possible that it might, could, should, would, or did, impose upon anybody. Yet, I have no doubt that I had my ears boxed for violating a tacit compact in the family and among the family visitors, to blink the stubborn fact of the marbled paper, and agree upon a fiction of real marble.

Long after this, when my ears had been past boxing for a quarter of a century, I knew a man with a cork leg. That he had a cork leg—or, at all events, that he was at immense pains to take about with him a leg which was not his own leg, or a real leg—was so plain and obvious a circumstance, that the whole universe might have made affidavit of it. Still, it was always understood that this cork leg was to be regarded as a leg of flesh and blood, and even that the very subject of cork in the abstract was to be avoided in the wearer's society.

I have had my share of going about the world; wherever I have been, I have found the marbled paper and the cork leg. I have found them in many forms; but, of all their Protean shapes, at once the commonest and strangest has been—Smuggled Relations.

I was on intimate terms for many, many years, with my late lamented friend, Cogsford, of the great Greek house of Cogsford Brothers and Cogsford. I was his executor. I believe he had no secrets from me but one—his mother. That the agreeable old lady who kept his house for him *was* his mother, must be his mother, couldn't possibly be anybody but his mother, was evident: not to me alone, but to everybody who knew him. She was not a refugee, she was not proscribed, she was not in hiding, there was no price put upon her venerable head; she was invariably liked and respected as a good-humoured, sensible, cheerful old soul. Then why did Cogsford smuggle his mother all the days of his life? I have not the slightest idea why. I cannot so much as say whether she had ever contracted a second marriage, and her

name was really Mrs. Bean: or whether that name was bestowed upon her as a part of the smuggling transaction. I only know that there she used to sit at one end of the hospitable table, the living image in a cap of Cogsford at the other end, and that Cogsford knew that I knew who she was. Yet, if I had been a Custom-house officer at Folkestone, and Mrs. Bean a French clock that Cogsford was furtively bringing from Paris in a hat-box, he could not have made her the subject of a more determined and deliberate pretence. It was prolonged for years upon years. It survived the good old lady herself. One day, I received an agitated note from Cogsford, entreating me to go to him immediately; I went, and found him weeping, and in the greatest affliction, 'My dear friend,' said he, pressing my hand, 'I have lost Mrs. Bean. She is no more.' I went to the funeral with him. He was in the deepest grief. He spoke of Mrs. Bean on the way back, as the best of women. But, even then he never hinted that Mrs. Bean was his mother; and the first and last acknowledgment of the fact that I ever had from him was in his last will, wherein he entreated 'his said dear friend and executor' to observe that he requested to be buried beside his mother—whom he didn't even name, he was so perfectly confident that I had detected Mrs. Bean.

I was once acquainted with another man who smuggled a brother. This contraband relative made mysterious appearances and disappearances, and knew strange things. He was called John—simply John. I have got into a habit of believing that he must have been under a penalty to forfeit some weekly allowance if he ever claimed a surname. He came to light in this way;—I wanted some information respecting the remotest of the Himalaya range of mountains, and I applied to my friend Benting (a member of the Geographical Society, and learned on such points), to advise me. After some consideration, Benting said, in a half reluctant and constrained way, very unlike his usual frank manner, that he 'thought he knew a man' who could tell me, of his own experience, what I wanted to learn. An appointment was made for a certain evening at Benting's house. I arrived first, and had not observed for more than five minutes that Benting

was under a curious cloud, when his servant announced—in a hushed, and I may say unearthly manner—'Mr. John.' A rather stiff and shabby person appeared, who called Benting by no name whatever (a singularity that I always observed whenever I saw them together afterwards), and whose manner was curiously divided between familiarity and distance. I found this man to have been all over the Indies, and to possess an extraordinary fund of traveller's experience. It came from him drily at first; but he warmed, and it flowed freely until he happened to meet Benting's eye. Then, he subsided again, and (it appeared to me), felt himself, for some unknown reason, in danger of losing that weekly allowance. This happened a dozen times in a couple of hours, and not the least curious part of the matter was, that Benting himself was always as much disconcerted as the other man. It did not occur to me that night, that this was Benting's brother, for I had known him very well indeed for years, and had always understood him to have none. Neither can I now recall, nor, if I could, would it matter, by what degrees and stages I arrived at the knowledge. However this may be, I knew it, and Benting knew that I knew it. But, we always preserved the fiction that I could have no suspicion that there was any sort of kindred or affinity between them. He went to Mexico, this John—and he went to Australia—and he went to China—and he died somewhere in Persia—and one day, when we went down to dinner at Benting's I would find him in the dining-room, already seated (as if he had just been counting the allowance on the tablecloth), and another day I would hear of him as being among scarlot parrots in the tropics; but, I never knew whether he had ever done anything wrong, or whether he had ever done anything right, or why he went about the world, or how. As I have already signified, I get into habits of believing; and I have got into a habit of believing that Mr. John had something to do with the dip of the magnetic needle—he is all vague and shadowy to me, however, and I only know him for certain to have been a smuggled relation.

Other people, again, put these contraband commodities entirely away from the light, as smugglers of wine and brandy

bury tubs. I have heard of a man who never imparted, to his most intimate friend, the terrific secret that he had a relation in the world, except when he lost one by death; and then he would be weighed down by the greatness of the calamity, and would refer to his bereavement as if he had lost the very shadow of himself, from whom he had never been separated since the days of infancy. Within my own experience, I have observed smuggled relations to possess a wonderful quality of coming out when they die. My own dear Tom, who married my fourth sister, and who is a great Smuggler, never fails to speak to me of one of his relations newly deceased, as though, instead of never having in the remotest way alluded to that relative's existence before, he had been perpetually discoursing of it. 'My poor, dear, darling Emmy,' he said to me, within these six months, 'she is gone—I have lost her.' Never until that moment had Tom breathed one syllable to me of the existence of any Emmy whomsoever on the face of this earth, in whom he had the smallest interest. He had scarcely allowed me to understand, very distantly and generally, that he had some relations—'my people,' he called them—down in Yorkshire. 'My own dear, darling Emmy,' says Tom notwithstanding, 'she has left me for a better world.' (Tom must have left her for his own world, at least fifteen years). I repeated, feeling my way, 'Emmy, Tom?' 'My favourite niece,' said Tom, in a reproachful tone, 'Emmy, you know. I was her godfather, you remember. Darling, fair-haired Emmy! Precious, blue-eyed child!' Tom burst into tears, and we both understood that henceforth the fiction was established between us that I had been quite familiar with Emmy by reputation, through a series of years.

Occasionally, smuggled relations are discovered by accident: just as those tubs may be, to which I have referred. My other half—I mean, of course, my wife—once discovered a large cargo in this way, which had been long concealed. In the next street to us, lived an acquaintance of ours, who was a Commissioner of something or other, and kept a handsome establishment. We used to exchange dinners, and I have frequently heard him at his own table mention his

father as a 'poor dear good old boy,' who had been dead for any indefinite period. He was rather fond of telling anecdotes of his very early days, and from them it appeared that he had been an only child. One summer afternoon, my other half, walking in our immediate neighbourhood, happened to perceive Mrs. Commissioner's last year's bonnet (to every inch of which, it is unnecessary to add, she could have sworn), going along before her on somebody else's head. Having heard generally of the swell mob, my good lady's first impression was, that the wearer of this bonnet belonged to that fraternity, had just abstracted the bonnet from its place of repose, was in every sense of the term walking off with it, and ought to be given into the custody of the nearest policeman. Fortunately, however, my Susannah, who is not distinguished by closeness of reasoning or presence of mind, reflected, as it were by a flash of inspiration, that the bonnet might have been given away. Curious to see to whom, she quickened her steps, and descried beneath it, an ancient lady of an iron-bound presence, in whom (for my Susannah has an eye), she instantly recognised the lineaments of the Commissioner! Eagerly pursuing this discovery, she, that very afternoon, tracked down an ancient gentleman in one of the Commissioner's hats. Next day she came upon the trail of four stony maidens, decorated with artificial flowers out of the Commissioner's epergne; and thus we dug up the Commissioner's father and mother and four sisters, who had been for some years secreted in lodgings round the corner and never entered the Commissioner's house save in the dawn of morning and the shades of evening. From that time forth, whenever my Susannah made a call at the Commissioner's, she always listened on the doorstep for any slight preliminary scuffling in the hall, and, hearing it, was delighted to remark, 'The family are here, and they are hiding them!'

I have never been personally acquainted with any gentleman who kept his mother-in-law in the kitchen, in the useful capacity of Cook; but I have heard of such a case on good authority. I once lodged in the house of a genteel lady claiming to be a widow, who had four pretty children, and

might be occasionally overheard coercing an obscure man in a sleeved waistcoat, who appeared to be confined in some Pit below the foundations of the house, where he was condemned to be always cleaning knives. One day, the smallest of the children crept into my room, and said, pointing downward with a little chubby finger, 'Don't tell! It 's Pa!' and vanished on tiptoe.

One other branch of the smuggling trade demands a word of mention before I conclude. My friend of friends in my bachelor days, became the friend of the house when I got married. He is our Amelia's godfather; Amelia being the eldest of our cherubs. Through upwards of ten years he was backwards and forwards at our house three or four times a week, and always found his knife and fork ready for him. What was my astonishment on coming home one day to find Susannah sunk upon the oil-cloth in the hall, holding her brow with both hands, and meeting my gaze, when I admitted myself with my latch-key, in a distracted manner! 'Susannah,' I exclaimed, 'what has happened?' She merely ejaculated, 'Larver'—that being the name of the friend in question. 'Susannah!' said I, 'what of Larver? Speak! Has he met with any accident? Is he ill?' Susannah replied faintly, 'Married—married before we were!' and would have gone into hysterics but that I made a rule of never permitting that disorder under my roof.

For upwards of ten years, my bosom friend Larver, in close communication with me every day, had smuggled a wife! He had at last confided the truth to Susannah, and had presented Mrs. Larver. There was no kind of reason for this, that we could ever find out. Even Susannah had not a doubt of things being all correct. He had 'run' Mrs. Larver into a little cottage in Hertfordshire, and nobody ever knew why, or ever will know. In fact, I believe there was no why in it.

The most astonishing part of the matter is, that I have known other men do exactly the same thing. I could give the names of a dozen in a footnote, if I thought it right.

THE GREAT BABY

[August 4, 1855]

Has it occurred to any of our readers that that is surely an unsatisfactory state of society which presents, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-five, the spectacle of a committee of the People's representatives, pompously and publicly inquiring how the People shall be trusted with the liberty of refreshing themselves in humble taverns and tea-gardens on their day of rest? Does it appear to any one whom we now address, and who will pause here to reflect for a moment on the question we put, that there is anything at all humiliating and incongruous in the existence of such a body, and pursuit of such an enquiry, in this country, at this time of day?

For ourselves, we will answer the question without hesitation. We feel indignantly ashamed of the thing as a national scandal. It would be merely contemptible, if it were not raised into importance by its slanderous aspersions of a hard-worked, heavily-taxed, but good-humoured and most patient people, who have long deserved far better treatment. In this green midsummer, here is a committee virtually enquiring whether the English can be regarded in any other light, and domestically ruled in any other manner, than as a gang of drunkards and disorderlies on a Police charge-sheet! O my Lords and Gentlemen, my Lords and Gentlemen, have we got so very near Utopia after our long travelling together over the dark and murderous road of English history, that we have nothing else left to say and do to the people but this? Is there nothing abroad, nothing at home, nothing seen by us, nothing hidden from us, which points to higher and more generous things?

There are two public bodies remarkable for knowing nothing of the people, and for perpetually interfering to put them right. The one is the House of Commons; the other the Monomaniacs. Between the Members and the Monomaniacs, the devoted People, quite unheard, get harried and worried to the last extremity. Everybody of ordinary

sense, possessing common sympathies with necessities not their own, and common means of observation—Members and Monomaniacs are of course excepted—has perceived for months past, that it was manifestly impossible that the People could or would endure the inconveniences and deprivations, sought to be imposed upon them by the latest Sunday restrictions. We who write this, have again and again by word of mouth forewarned many scores both of Members and Monomaniacs, as we have heard others forewarn them, that what they were in the densest ignorance allowing to be done, could not be borne. Members and Monomaniacs knew better, or cared nothing about it; and we all know the rest—to this time.

Now, the Monomaniacs, being by their disease impelled to clamber upon platforms, and there squint horribly under the strong possession of an unbalanced idea, will of course be out of reason and go wrong. But, why the Members should yield to the Monomaniacs is another question. And why do they? It is because the People is altogether an abstraction to them; a Great Baby, to be coaxed and chucked under the chin at elections, and frowned upon at quarter sessions, and stood in the corner on Sundays, and taken out to stare at the Queen's coach on holidays, and kept in school under the rod, generally speaking, from Monday morning to Saturday night? Is it because they have no other idea of the People than a big-headed Baby, now to be flattered and now to be scolded, now to be sung to and now to be denounced to old Boguey, now to be kissed and now to be whipped, but always to be kept in long clothes, and never under any circumstances to feel its legs and go about of itself? We take the liberty of replying, Yes.

And do the Members and Monomaniacs suppose that this is *our* discovery? Do they live in the shady belief that the object of their capricious dandling and punishing does not resentfully perceive that it is made a Great Baby of, and may not begin to kick thereat with legs that may do mischief?

In the first month of the existence of this Journal, we called attention to a detachment of the Monomaniacs, who, under the name of jail-chaplains, had taken possession of the prisons, and were clearly offering premiums to vice, promoting hypoc-

risy, and making models of dangerous scoundrels.[1] They had their way, and the Members backed them; and now their Pets recruit the very worst class of criminals known. The Great Baby, to whom this copy was set as a moral lesson, is supposed to be perfectly unimpressed by the real facts, and to be entirely ignorant of them. So, down at Westminster, night after night, the Right Honourable Gentleman the Member for Somewhere, and the Honourable Gentleman the Member for Somewherelse, badger one another, to the infinite delight of their adherents in the cockpit; and when the Prime Minister has released his noble bosom of its personal injuries, and has made his jokes and retorts for the evening, and has said little and done less, he winds up with a standard form of words respecting the vigorous prosecution of the war, and a just and honourable peace, which are especially let off upon the Great Baby; which Baby is always supposed never to have heard before; and which it is understood to be a part of Baby's catechism to be powerfully affected by. And the Member for Somewhere, and the Member for Somewherelse, and the Noble Lord, and all the rest of that Honourable House, go home to bed, really persuaded that the Great Baby has been talked to sleep!

Let us see how the unfortunate Baby is addressed and dealt with, in the inquiry concerning his Sunday eatings and drinkings—as wild as a nursery rhyme, and as inconclusive as Bedlam.

The Great Baby is put upon his trial. A mighty noise of creaking boots is heard in an outer passage. O good gracious, here 's an official personage! Here 's a solemn witness! Mr. Gamp, we believe you have been a dry-nurse to the Great Baby for some years? Yes, I have.—Intimately acquainted with his character? Intimately acquainted—As a police magistrate, Mr. Gamp? As a police magistrate. (Sensation.)—Pray, Mr. Gamp, would you allow a working man, a small tradesman, clerk, or the like, to go to Hampstead or to Hampton Court at his own convenience on a Sunday, with his family, and there to be at liberty to regale himself and them,

[1] See previous article entitled *Pet Prisoners*.

in a tavern where he could buy a pot of beer and a glass of gin-and-water? I would on no account concede that permission to any person.—Will you be so kind as to state why, Mr. Gamp? Willingly. Because I have presided for many years at the Bo-Peep police office, and have seen a great deal of drunkenness there. A large majority of the Bo-Peep charges are charges against persons of the lowest class, of having been found drunk and incapable of taking care of themselves.—Will you instance a case, Mr. Gamp? I will instance the case of Sloggins.[1]—Was that a man with a broken nose, a black eye, and a bull-dog? Precisely so.—Was Sloggins frequently the subject of such a charge? Continually. I may say, constantly. —Especially on Monday? Just so. Especially on Monday. —And therefore you would shut the public-houses, and particularly the suburban public-houses, against the free access of working-people on Sunday? Most decidedly so. (Mr. Gamp retires, much complimented.)

Naughty Baby, attend to the Reverend Single Swallow! Mr. Swallow, you have been much in the confidence of thieves and miscellaneous miscreants? I have the happiness to believe that they have made me the unworthy depository of their unbounded confidence.—Have they usually confessed to you that they have been in the habit of getting drunk? Not drunk; upon that point I wish to explain. Their ingenuous expression has generally been, 'lushy.'—But those are convertible terms? I apprehend they are; still, as gushing freely from a penitent breast, I am weak enough to wish to stipulate for lushy; I pray you bear with me.—Have you reason, Mr. Swallow, to believe that excessive indulgence in 'lush' has been the cause of these men's crimes? O yes indeed. O yes!—Do you trace their offences to nothing else? They have always told me, that they themselves traced them to nothing else worth mentioning.—Are you acquainted with a man named Sloggins? O yes! I have the truest affection for Sloggins.—Has he made any confidence to you that you feel justified in disclosing, bearing on this subject of becoming lushy? Sloggins, when in solitary confinement, informed me, every morn-

[1] See previous article entitled *It is not Generally Known.*

ing for eight months, always with tears in his eyes, and uniformly at five minutes past eleven o'clock, that he attributed his imprisonment to his having partaken of rum-and-water at a licensed house of entertainment, called (I use his own words) The Wiry Tarrier. He never ceased to recommend that the landlord, landlady, young family, potboy, and the whole of the frequenters of that establishment, should be taken up.—Did you recommend Sloggins for a commutation of his term, on a ticket of leave? I did.—Where is he now? I believe he is in Newgate now.—Do you know what for? Not of my own knowledge, but I have heard that he got into trouble through having been weakly tempted into the folly of garotting a market gardener.—Where was he taken for this last offence? At The Wiry Tarrier, on a Sunday.—It is unnecessary to ask you, Mr. Single Swallow, whether you therefore recommend the closing of all public-houses on a Sunday? Quite unnecessary.

Bad Baby, fold your hands and listen to the Reverend Temple Pharisee, who will step out of his carriage at the Committee Door, to give you a character that will rather astonish you. Mr. Temple Pharisee, you are the incumbent of the extensive rectory of Camel-cum-Needle's-eye? I am.—Will you be so good as to state your experience of that district on a Sunday? Nothing can be worse. That part of the Rectory of Camel-cum-Needle's-eye in which my principal church is situated, abuts upon the fields. As I stand in the pulpit, I can actually see the people, through the side windows of the building (when the heat of the weather renders it necessary to have them open), walking. I have, on some occasions, heard them laughing. Whistling has reached my curate's ears (he is an industrious and well-meaning young man); but I cannot say I have heard it myself.—Is your church well frequented? No. I have no reason to complain of the Pew-portion of my flock, who are eminently respectable; but, the Free Seats are comparatively deserted: which is the more emphatically deplorable, as there are not many of them.—Is there a Railway near the church? I regret to state that there is, and that I hear the rush of the trains, even while I am preaching.—Do you mean to say that they do not slacken speed for your

preaching? Not in the least.—Is there anything else near the church, to which you would call the Committee's attention? At the distance of a mile and a half and three rods (for my clerk has measured it by my direction), there is a common public-house with tea-gardens, called The Glimpse of Green. In fine weather these gardens are filled with people on a Sunday evening. Frightful scenes take place there. Pipes are smoked; liquors mixed with hot water are drunk; shrimps are eaten; cockles are consumed; tea is swilled; ginger-beer is loudly exploded. Young women with their young men; young men with their young women; married people with their children; baskets, bundles, little chaises, wicker-work perambulators, every species of low abomination, is to be observed there. As the evening closes in, they all come straggling home together through the fields; and the vague sounds of merry conversation which then strike upon the ear, even at the further end of my dining-room (eight-and-thirty feet by twenty-seven), are most distressing. I consider The Glimpse of Green irreconcileable with public morality.—Have you heard of pickpockets resorting to this place? I have. My clerk informed me that his uncle's brother-in-law, a marine store-dealer who went there to observe the depravity of the people, missed his pocket-handkerchief when he reached home. Local ribaldry has represented him to be one of the persons who had their pockets picked at St. Paul's Cathedral on the last occasion when the Bishop of London preached there. I beg to deny this; I know those individuals very well, and they were people of condition.—Do the mass of the inhabitants of your district work hard all the week? I believe they do.—Early and late? My curate reports so.—Are their houses close and crowded? I believe they are.—Abolishing The Glimpse of Green, where would you recommend them to go on a Sunday? I should say to church.—Where after church? Really, that is their affair; not mine.

Adamantine-hearted Baby, dissolve into scalding tears at sight of the next witness, hanging his head and beating his breast. He was one of the greatest drunkards in the world, he tells you. When he was drunk, he was a very demon—and he never was sober. He never takes any strong drink

now, and is as an angel of light. And because this man never could use without abuse; and because he imitated the Hyæna or other obscene animal, in not knowing, in the ferocity of his appetites, what Moderation was; therefore, O Big-headed Baby, you perceive that he must become as a standard for you; and for his backslidings you shall be put in the corner evermore.

Ghost of John Bunyan, it is surely thou who usherest into the Committee Room, the volunteer testifier, Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch! Baby, a finger in each eye, and ashes from the nearest dustbin on your wretched head, for it is all over with you now. Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch, have you paid great attention to drunkenness? Immense attention, unspeakable attention.—For how many years? Seventy years.—Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch, have you ever been in Whitechapel? Millions of times.—Did you ever shed tears over the scenes you have witnessed there? Oceans of tears.—Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch, will you proceed with your testimony? Yes; I am the only man to be heard on the subject; I am the only man who knows anything about it. No connexion with any other establishment; all others are impostors; I am the real original. Other men are said to have looked into these places, and to have worked to raise them out of the Slough of Despond. Don't believe it. Nothing is genuine unless signed by me. I am the original fly with the little eye. Nobody ever mourned over the miseries and vices of the lowest of the low, but I. Nobody has ever been haunted by them, waking and sleeping, but I. Nobody would raise up the sunken wretches, but I. Nobody understands how to do it, but I.—Do you think the People ever really want any beer or liquor to drink? Certainly not. I know all about it, and I know they don't.—Do you think they ever ought to have any beer or liquor to drink? Certainly not. I know all about it, and I know they oughtn't.—Do you think they could suffer any inconvenience from having their beer and liquor entirely denied them? Certainly not. I know all about it, and I know they couldn't.

Thus, the Great Baby is dealt with from the beginning to the end of the chapter. It is supposed equally by the Mem-

bers and by the Monomaniacs to be incapable of putting This and That together, and of detecting the arbitrary nonsense of these monstrous deductions. That a whole people,—a domestic, reasonable, considerate people, whose good-nature and good sense are the admiration of intelligent foreigners, and who are no less certain to secure the affectionate esteem of such of their own countrymen as will have the manhood to be open with them, and to trust them,—that a whole people should be judged by, and made to answer and suffer for, the most degraded and most miserable among them, is a principle so shocking in its injustice, and so lunatic in its absurdity, that to entertain it for a moment is to exhibit profound ignorance of the English mind and character. In Monomaniacs this may be of no great significance, but in Members it is alarming; for, if they cannot be brought to understand the People for whom they make laws, and if they so grievously under-rate them, how is it to be hoped that they, and the laws, and the People, being such a bundle of anomalies, can possibly thrive together?

It is not necessary for us, or for any decent person, to go to Westminster, or anywhere else, to make a flourish against intemperance. We abhor it; would have no drunkard about us, on any consideration; would thankfully see the child of our heart, dead in his baby beauty, rather than he should live and grow with the shadow of such a horror upon him. In the name of Heaven, let drunkards and ruffians restrain themselves and be restrained by all conceivable means—but, not govern, bind, and defame, the temperance, the industry, the rational wants and decent enjoyments of a whole toiling nation! We oppose those virtuous Malays who run amuck out of the House of Peers or Exeter Hall, as much as those vicious Malays who run amuck out of Sailors' lodging-houses in Rotherhithe. We have a constitutional objection in both cases to being stabbed in the back, and we claim that the one kind of Monomaniac has no more right than the other to gash and disfigure honest people going their peaceable way. Lastly, we humbly beg to assert and protest with all the vigour that is in us, that the People is, in sober truth and reality, something very considerably more than a Great Baby;

that it has come to an age when it can distinguish sound from sense; that mere jingle, will not do for it; in a word, that the Great Baby is growing up, and had best be measured accordingly.

THE WORTHY MAGISTRATE

[August 25, 1855]

Under this stereotyped title expressive of deference to the police-bench, we take the earliest opportunity afforded us by our manner of preparing this publication, of calling upon every Englishman who reads these pages to take notice what he is. The circulation of this journal comprising a wide diversity of classes, we use it to disseminate the information that every Englishman is a drunkard. Drunkenness is the national characteristic. Whereas the German people (when uncontaminated by the English), are always sober, the English, setting at nought the bright example of the pure Germans domiciled among them, are always drunk. The authority for this polite and faithful exposition of the English character, is a modern Solomon, whose temple rears its head near Drury Lane; the wise Mr. Hall, Chief Police Magistrate, sitting at Bow Street, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex, Barrister-at-Law.

As we hope to keep this household word of Drunkard, affixed to the Englishman by the awful Mr. Hall from whom there is no appeal, pretty steadily before our readers, we present the very pearl discovered in that magisterial oyster. On Thursday, the ninth of this present month of August, the following sublime passage evoked the virtuous laughter of the thief-takers of Bow Street:

Mr. Hall.—Were you sober, Sir?
Prosecutor.—Yes, certainly.
Mr. Hall.—You must be a foreigner, then?
Prosecutor.—I am a German.
Mr. Hall.—Ah, that accounts for it. If you had been an Englishman, you would have been drunk, for a certainty.

Prosecutor (smiling).—The Germans get drunk sometimes, I fear.

Mr. HALL.—Yes, after they have resided any time in this country. They acquire our English habits.

In reproducing these noble expressions, equally honourable to the Sage who uttered them, and to the Country that endures them, we will correct half a dozen vulgar errors which, within our observation, have been rather prevalent since the great occasion on which the Oracle at Bow Street spake.

1. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that if a magistrate wilfully deliver himself of a slanderous aspersion, knowing it to be unjust, he is unfit for his post.

2. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that if a magistrate, in a fit of bile brought on by recent disregard of some very absurd evidence of his, so yield to his ill-temper as to deliver himself, in a sort of mad exasperation, of such slanderous aspersion as aforesaid, he is unfit for his post.

3. It is altogether a mistake to suppose it to be very questionable whether, even in degraded Naples at this time, a magistrate could from the official bench insult and traduce the whole people, without being made to suffer for it.

4. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that it would be becoming in some one individual out of between six and seven hundred national representatives, to be so far jealous of the honour of his country, as indignantly to protest against its being thus grossly stigmatised.

5. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that the Home Office has any association whatever with the general credit, the general self-respect, the general feeling in behalf of decent utterance, or the general resentment when the same is most discreditably violated. The Home Office is merely an ornamental institution supported out of the general pocket.

6. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that Mr. Hall is anybody's business, or that we, the mere bone and sinew, tag rag and bobtail of England, have anything to do with him, but to pay him his salary, accept his Justice, and meekly bow our heads to his high and mighty reproof.

A SLIGHT DEPRECIATION OF THE CURRENCY

[November 3, 1855]

It was said by the wise and witty Sydney Smith, that many Englishmen appear to have a remarkable satisfaction in even speaking of large sums of money; and that when men of this stamp say of Mr. So-and-So, 'I am told he is worth Two Hun-dred Thou-sand pounds,' there is a relish in their emphasis, an unctuous appetite and zest in their open-mouthed enunciation, which nothing but the one inspiring theme, Money, develops in them.

That this is an accurate piece of observation, few who observe at all will dispute. Its application is limited to no class of society, and it is even more generally true of the genteel than of the vulgar. The last famous golden calf that disfigured this country, was set up for worship in the highest places, and was pampered to its face and made a standing-jest of behind its back throughout Belgravia, with an intensity of meanness never surpassed in Seven Dials.

But I am not going to write a homily upon that ancient text, the general deification of Money. The few words that I wish to note down here, bear reference to one particular misuse of Money, and exaggeration of its power, which presents itself to my mind as a curious rottenness appertaining to this age.

Let us suppose, to begin with, that there was once upon a time a Baron, who governed his estate not wisely nor too well, and whose dependants sustained in consequence many preventible hardships. Let us suppose that the Baron was of a highly generous disposition, and that when he found a vassal to have been oppressed or maltreated by a hard or foolish steward, who had strained against him some preposterous point of the discordant system on which the estate was administered, he immediately gave that vassal Money. Let us suppose that such munificent action set the noble Baron's mind completely at rest, and that, having performed it, he

felt quite satisfied with himself and everybody else; considered his duty done, and never dreamed of so adjusting that point for the future as that the thing could not recur. Let us suppose the Baron to have been continually doing this from day to day and from year to year—to have been perpetually patching broken heads with Money, and repairing moral wrongs with Money, yet leaving the causes of the broken heads and the moral wrongs in unchecked operation. Agreed upon these suppositions, we shall probably agree in the conclusion that the Baron's estate was not in a promising way; that the Baron was a lazy Baron, who would have done far better to be just than generous; and that the Baron, in this easy satisfaction of his noble conscience, showed a false idea of the powers and uses of Money.

Is it possible that we, in England, at the present time, bear any resemblance to the supposititious and misguided Baron? Let us inquire.

A year or so ago, there was a court-martial held at Windsor, which attracted the public attention in an unusual manner; not so much because it was conducted in a spirit hardly reconcileable with the popular prejudice in favour of fair play, as because it suggested very grave defects in our military system, and exhibited us, as to the training of our officers, in very disadvantageous contrast with other countries. The result at which that court-martial arrived, was widely regarded as absurd and unjust. What were we who held that opinion, moved by our honest conviction, to do? To bestir ourselves to amend the system thus exposed? To apply ourselves to reminding our countrymen that it was fraught with enormous dangers to us and to our children, and that, in suffering any authorities whatsoever to maintain it, or in allowing ourselves to be either bullied or cajoled about it, we were imperilling the institutions under which we live, the national liberty of which we boast, and the very existence of England in her place among the nations? Did we go to work to point out to the unthinking, what our valiant forefathers did for us, what their resolute spirit won for us, what their earnestness secured to us, and what we, by allowing work to degenerate into play, were relaxing our grasp of, every hour? Did

numbers of us unite into a phalanx of steady purpose, bent upon impressing these truths upon those who accept the responsibility of government, and on having them enforced, in stern and steady practice, through all the vital functions of Great Britain? No. Not quite that. We were highly indignant, we were a little alarmed; between the two emotions we were made, for the moment, exceedingly uncomfortable; so we relieved our uneasy souls by—giving the subject of the court-martial, Money. In putting our hands into our pockets and pulling out our five-pound notes, we discharged, as to that matter, the whole duty of man. The thing was set right, the country had nothing further to do with it. The subscription amounted, sir, to upwards of Two Thou-sand pounds.

Now, I will assume that the cash could not have been better laid out. I will assume that the recipient in every such case is none the worse for the gift, but is all the more independent, high-spirited, and self-reliant. Still I take the liberty of questioning whether I have any right to be satisfied with my part in that subscription; whether it is the least discharge of my duty as a citizen; whether it is not an easy shirking of my difficult task in that capacity; whether it is not a miserable compromise leading to the substitution of sand for rock in the foundations of this kingdom; whether it does not exhibit my sacred appreciation of Money, and the low belief I have within me that it can do anything.

Take another case. Two labouring men leave their work for half a day (having given notice of their intention beforehand, and having risen betimes to make amends), and go to see a review: which review is commended to their fellows and neighbours as a highly patriotic and loyal sight. Under a foolish old act of Parliament which nobody but a country justice would have the kindred foolishness to enforce, the men are haled before country justices, and committed by those Brobdingnagian donkeys to jail—illegally, by the bye; but never mind that. An unconstitutional person in the neighbourhood, making this Bedlamite cruelty known, there arises a growl of wonder and dissatisfaction from all the other unconstitutional persons in the country. We try the Home

Secretary, but he 'sees no reason' to reverse the decision—and how can we expect that he should; knowing that he never sees any reason, hears any reason, or utters any reason, for anything? What do we then? Do we get together and say, 'We really must not in these times allow the labouring men to live under the impression that this is the spirit of our Law towards them. We positively must not, cannot, will not, put such a weapon in the hands of those who tamper with them constantly. These justices have made it necessary for us to insist on their dismissal from the bench, as an assurance to the order so ridiculously oppressed in the persons of these two men, that the common sense of the country revolts from the outrage. Furthermore, we must now exert ourselves to prevent other such justices from being intrusted with like powers, and to take new securities for their moderate and reasonable exercise.' Is this our course? Why no. What is our course? We give the two men Money—and there an end of it.

Try again. A countryman has a little field of wheat which he reaps upon a Sunday; foreseeing that he will otherwise have his tiny harvest spoiled. For this black offence he, too, is had before a country justice of the vast Shallow family, and is punished by fine. It is to be presumed that, with this new stimulant upon us, we are roused into an attitude against the Shallows, which has some faint approach to determination in it, and that we become resolved to take our laws and our people out of their hands. But, no. This would occasion us trouble, and we all have our business to attend to, and have a languid objection to being bored. We put our hands into our pockets again, and let the obsolete acts of Parliament and the evergreen Shallows drift us where they may.

It was remarked in these pages, some time ago, that the raising of a shout of triumph over the enactment of a wretched little law for the protection of women,[1] punishing the greatest brutes on the earth with six months' imprisonment, surely suggested that our legislative civilisation must be very imperfect and bad. The insufficiency of this puny law, and the

[1] See previous article entitled *Things that Cannot be Done.*

frequency of the offence against which it is directed, are matter of public notoriety. Do we take this subject into our own hands, then; declare that we will have the severity of the Law increased; examine the social condition laid bare in such cases, and plainly avow that we find great numbers of the people sunk in horrible debasement, and that they must be got out of it by (among other means), having more humanising pleasures provided for them, and better escapes than gin-shops afforded them from the wretchedness of their existence? That they even stand in need of cheerful relief without the Cant of instruction, and that Marlborough House itself, may be but a solemn nightmare to legions who, nevertheless, pay taxes, and have souls to be saved? Do we leave off blinking the real question, and manfully say, 'We find the existence of these people—men, women and children, all alike—to be most deplorable, and, as matters stand, we really do not know what it is made easy for them to do when they are not at work, but to lurk, and sot, and quarrel, and fight?' All of us who know anything of the facts know this to be God's truth; but, instead of asserting it, we send five shillings' worth of postage stamps to the police magistrate for the relief of the last unhappy woman who has been half-murdered; and go to church next Sunday with the adhesive plaster of those sixty queen's heads, binding up our rickety consciences.

Neither is it we alone, the body of the people, who have this base recourse to Money as a healing balm on all occasions. The leaders who carry the banners we engage to follow, set us the example, and do the same. The last Thanksgiving Day was not so long ago but that we may all remember the advertising columns of the newspapers about that time, and the desirable opportunities they offered for devout investment. It was clear to the originators of those advertisements, manifest to the whole tribe of Moses (and Sons) who published those decorous appeals—that we must coin our thankful feelings into Money. If we wanted another victory, we could not hope to get it for nothing, or on credit, but must come down with our ready Money. There was not a church-organ unpaid for, not a beadle's cocked hat and blushing breeches for which church-wardens were responsible, not

a chapel painting and glazing job, on any painters' and glaziers' books, but we were called upon to liquidate that obligation, and get a ticket in return, entitling us to the other side of Sebastopol. And we paid the money and took the ticket. Hosts of us did so. We paid the balance due upon that organ, we settled the bill for the cocked hat and blushing breeches, we settled the account of the painter and glazier, and we felt, in the vulgar phrase, that we had gone and been and done it.

So many of us parted with our small change to clear off these scores, because we found it much easier to pay the fine than undertake the service. The service required of us was severe. Paralysis had disclosed itself in the heart and brain of our administration of affairs; favour and dull routine were all in all, merit and exigency were nothing. A class had got possession of our strength, and made it weakness; and three-quarters of the globe stood looking on with a rather keen interest in the wonderful sight. The service demanded of us by the crisis, was the recovery of our strength through steadfastness in what was plainly right, and overthrow of what was plainly wrong. The service was difficult, ungentlemanly, unpopular in good society; and we paid the fine with pleasure.

But if every man drawn in a conscription paid a fine instead of going for a soldier, the country in which that happened would have no defenders. There are fights not fought by soldiers, O my countrymen, and they are no less necessary to the defence of a country, and the conscription for that war is on every one of us. Money is great, but it is not omnipotent. All the Money that could be piled up between this and the moon would not fill the place of one little grain of duty.

INSULARITIES

[January 19, 1856]

It is more or less the habit of every country—more or less commendable in every case—to exalt itself and its institutions above every other country, and be vain-glorious. Out of the

partialities thus engendered and maintained, there has arisen a great deal of patriotism, and a great deal of public spirit. On the other hand, it is of paramount importance to every nation that its boastfulness should not generate prejudice, conventionality, and a cherishing of unreasonable ways of acting and thinking, which have nothing in them deserving of respect, but are ridiculous or wrong.

We English people, owing in a great degree to our insular position, and in a small degree to the facility with which we have permitted electioneering lords and gentlemen to pretend to think for us, and to represent our weaknesses to us as our strength, have been in particular danger of contracting habits which we will call for our present purpose, Insularities. Our object in this paper, is to string together a few examples.

On the continent of Europe, generally, people dress according to their personal convenience and inclinations. In that capital which is supposed to set the fashion in affairs of dress, there is an especial independence in this regard. If a man in Paris have an idiosyncrasy on the subject of any article of attire between his hat and his boots, he gratifies it without the least idea that it can be anybody's affair but his; nor does anybody else make it his affair. If, indeed, there be anything obviously convenient or tasteful in the peculiarity, then it soon ceases to be a peculiarity, and is adopted by others. If not, it is let alone. In the meantime, the commonest man in the streets does not consider it at all essential to his character as a true Frenchman, that he should howl, stare, jeer, or otherwise make himself offensive to the author of the innovation. That word has ceased to be Old Boguey to him since he ceased to be a serf, and he leaves the particular sample of innovation to come in or go out upon its merits.

Our strong English prejudice against anything of this kind that is new to the eye, forms one of our decided insularities. It is disappearing before the extended knowledge of other countries consequent upon steam and electricity, but it is not gone yet. The hermetically-sealed, black, stiff, chimney-pot, a foot and a half high, which we call a hat, is generally admitted to be neither convenient nor graceful; but,

there are very few middle-aged gentlemen within two hours' reach of the Royal Exchange, who would bestow their daughters on wide-awakes, however estimable the wearers. Smith Payne and Smith, or Ransom and Co., would probably consider a run upon the house not at all unlikely, in the event of their clerks coming to business in caps, or with such felt-fashions on their heads as didn't give them the headache, and as they could wear comfortably and cheaply. During the dirt and wet of at least half the year in London, it would be a great comfort and a great saving of expense to a large class of persons, to wear the trousers gathered up about the leg, as a Zouave does, with a long gaiter below—to shift which, is to shift the whole mud-incumbered part of the dress, and to be dry, and clean directly. To such clerks, and others with much out-door work to do, as could afford it, Jack-boots, a much more costly article, would, for similar reasons, be excellent wear. But what would Griggs and Bodger say to Jack-boots? They would say, 'This sort of thing, sir, is not the sort of thing the house has been accustomed to, you will bring the house into the Gazette, you must ravel out four inches of trousers daily, sir, or you must go.'

Some years ago, we, the writer, not being in Griggs and Bodger's, took the liberty of buying a great-coat which we saw exposed for sale in the Burlington Arcade, London, and which appeared to be in our eyes the most sensible great-coat we had ever seen. Taking the further liberty to wear this great-coat after we had bought it, we became a sort of Spectre, eliciting the wonder and terror of our fellow creatures as we flitted along the streets. We accompanied the coat to Switzerland for six months; and, although it was perfectly new there, we found it was not regarded as a portent of the least importance. We accompanied it to Paris for another six months; and, although it was perfectly new there too, nobody minded it. This coat so intolerable to Britain, was nothing more nor less than the loose wide-sleeved mantle, easy to put on, easy to put off, and crushing nothing beneath it, which everybody now wears.

During hundreds of years, it was the custom in England to wear beards. It became, in course of time, one of our

Insularities to shave close. Whereas, in almost all the other countries of Europe, more or less of moustache and beard was habitually worn, it came to be established in this speck of an island, as an Insularity from which there was no appeal, that an Englishman, whether he liked it or not, must hew, hack, and rasp his chin and upper lip daily. The inconvenience of this infallible test of British respectability was so widely felt, that fortunes were made by razors, razor-strops, hones, pastes, shaving-soaps, emollients for the soothing of the tortured skin, all sorts of contrivances to lessen the misery of the shaving process and diminish the amount of time it occupied. This particular Insularity even went some miles further on the broad highway of Nonsense than other Insularities; for it not only tabooed unshorn civilians, but claimed for one particular and very limited military class the sole right to dispense with razors as to their upper lips. We ventured to suggest in this journal that the prohibition was ridiculous, and to show some reasons why it was ridiculous. The Insularity having no sense in it, has since been losing ground every day.

One of our most remarkable Insularities is a tendency to be firmly persuaded that what is not English is not natural. In the Fine Arts department of the French Exhibition, recently closed, we repeatedly heard, even from the more educated and reflective of our countrymen, that certain pictures which appeared to possess great merit—of which not the lowest item was, that they possessed the merit of a vigorous and bold Idea—were all very well, but were 'theatrical.' Conceiving the difference between a dramatic picture and a theatrical picture, to be, that in the former case a story is strikingly told, without apparent consciousness of a spectator, and that in the latter case the groups are obtrusively conscious of a spectator, and are obviously dressed up, and doing (or not doing) certain things with an eye to the spectator, and not for the sake of the story; we sought in vain for this defect. Taking further pains then, to find out what was meant by the term theatrical, we found that the actions and gestures of the figures were not English. That is to say,—the figures expressing themselves

in the vivacious manner natural in a greater or less degree to the whole great continent of Europe, were overcharged and out of the truth, because they did not express themselves in the manner of our little Island—which is so very exceptional, that it always places an Englishman at a disadvantage, out of his own country, until his fine sterling qualities shine through his external formality and constraint. Surely nothing can be more unreasonable, say, than that we should require a Frenchman of the days of Robespierre, to be taken out of his jail to the guillotine with the calmness of Clapham or the respectability of Richmond Hill, after a trial at the Central Criminal Court in eighteen hundred and fifty-six. And yet this exactly illustrates the requirement of the particular Insularity under consideration.

When shall we get rid of the Insularity of being afraid to make the most of small resources, and the best of scanty means of enjoyment? In Paris (as in innumerable other places and countries) a man who has six square feet of yard, or six square feet of housetop, adorns it in his own poor way, and sits there in the fine weather because he likes to do it, because he chooses to do it, because he has got nothing better of his own, and has never been laughed out of the enjoyment of what he has got. Equally, he will sit at his door, or in his balcony, or out on the pavement, because it is cheerful and pleasant and he likes to see the life of the city. For the last seventy years his family have not been tormenting their lives with continual enquiries and speculations whether other families, above and below, to the right and to the left, over the way and round the corner, would consider these recreations genteel, or would do the like, or would not do the like. That abominable old Tyrant, Madame Grundy, has never been of his acquaintance. The result is, that, with a very small income and in a very dear city, he has more innocent pleasure than fifty Englishmen of the same condition; and is distinctly, in spite of our persuasion to the contrary (another Insularity!) a more domestic man than the Englishman, in regard of his simple pleasures being, to a much greater extent, divided with his wife and children. It is a natural con-

sequence of their being easy and cheap, and profoundly independent of Madame Grundy.

But, this Insularity rests, not to the credit of England, on a more palpable foundation than perhaps any other. The old school of Tory writers did so pertinaciously labour to cover all easily available recreations and cheap reliefs from the monotony of common life, with ridicule and contempt, that great numbers of the English people got scared into being dull, and are only now beginning to recover their courage. The object of these writers, when they had any object beyond an insolent disparagement of the life-blood of the nation, was to jeer the weaker members of the middle class into making themselves a poor fringe on the skirts of the class above them, instead of occupying their own honest, honourable, independent place. Unfortunately they succeeded only too well, and to this grievous source may be traced many of our present political ills. In no country but England have the only means and scenes of relaxation within the reach of some million or two of people been systematically lampooned and derided. This disgraceful Insularity exists no longer. Still, some weak traces of its contemptuous spirit may occasionally be found, even in very unlikely places. The accomplished Mr. Macaulay, in the third volume of his brilliant History writes loftily about 'the thousands of clerks and milliners who are now thrown into raptures by the sight of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond.' No such responsible gentleman, in France or Germany, writing history—writing anything—would think it fine to sneer at any inoffensive and useful class of his fellow subjects. If the clerks and milliners—who pair off arm in arm, by thousands, for Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, to celebrate the Early Closing Movement, we presume—will only imagine their presence poisoning those waters to the majestic historian as he roves along the banks, looking for Whig Members of Parliament to sympathise with him in admiration of the beauties of Nature, we think they will be amply avenged in the absurdity of the picture.

Not one of our Insularities is so astonishing in the eyes of an intelligent foreigner, as the Court Newsman. He is one

of the absurd little obstructions perpetually in the way of our being understood abroad. The quiet greatness and independence of the national character seems so irreconcileable with its having any satisfaction in the dull slipslop about the slopes and the gardens, and about the Prince Consort's going a-hunting and coming back to lunch, and about Mr. Gibbs and the ponies, and about the Royal Highnesses on horseback and the Royal infants taking carriage exercise, and about the slopes and the gardens again, and the Prince Consort again, and Mr. Gibbs and the ponies again, and the Royal Highnesses on horseback again, and the Royal infants taking carriage exercise again, and so on for every day in the week and every week in the year, that in questions of importance the English as a people, really miss their just recognition. Similar small beer is chronicled with the greatest care about the nobility in their country-houses. It is in vain to represent that the English people don't care about these insignificant details, and don't want them; that aggravates the misunderstanding. If they don't want them, why do they have them? If they feel the effect of them to be ridiculous, why do they consent to be made ridiculous? If they can't help it, why, then the bewildered foreigner submits that he was right at first, and that it is not the English people that is the power, but Lord Aberdeen, or Lord Palmerston, or Lord Aldborough, or Lord Knowswhom.

It is an Insularity well worth general consideration and correction, that the English people are wanting in self-respect. It would be difficult to bear higher testimony to the merits of the English aristocracy than they themselves afford in not being very arrogant or intolerant, with so large a public always ready to abase themselves before titles. On all occasions, public and private, where the opportunity is afforded, this readiness is to be observed. So long as it obtains so widely, it is impossible that we should be justly appreciated and comprehended, by those who have the greatest part in ruling us. And thus it happens that now we are facetiously pooh-poohed by our Premier in the English capital, and now the accredited representatives of our arts and sciences are disdainfully slighted by our Ambassador

in the French capital, and we wonder to find ourselves in such curious and disadvantageous comparison with the people of other countries. Those people may, through many causes, be less fortunate and less free; but, they have more social self-respect: and that self-respect must, through all their changes, be deferred to, and will assert itself. We apprehend that few persons are disposed to contend that Rank does not receive its due share of homage on the continent of Europe; but, between the homage it receives there, and the homage it receives in our island, there is an immense difference. Half a dozen dukes and lords, at an English county ball, or public dinner, or any tolerably miscellaneous gathering, are painful and disagreeable company; not because they have any disposition unduly to exalt themselves, or are generally otherwise than cultivated and polite gentlemen, but, because too many of us are prone to twist ourselves out of shape before them, into contortions of servility and adulation. Elsewhere, Self-respect usually steps in to prevent this; there is much less toadying and tuft-hunting; and the intercourse between the two orders is infinitely more agreeable to both, and far more edifying to both.

It is one of our Insularities, if we have a royal or titled visitor among us, to use expressions of slavish adulation in our public addresses that have no response in the heart of any breathing creature, and to encourage the diffusion of details respecting such visitor's devout behaviour at church, courtly behaviour in reception-rooms, decent behaviour at dinner-tables, implying previous acquaintance with the uses of knife, fork, spoon, and wine-glass,—which would really seem to denote that we had expected Orson. These doubtful compliments are paid nowhere else, and would not be paid by us if we had a little more self-respect. Through our intercourse with other nations, we cannot too soon import some. And when we have left off representing, fifty times a day, to the King of Brentford and the Chief Tailor of Tooley Street, that their smiles are necessary to our existence, those two magnificent persons will begin to doubt whether they really are so, and we shall have begun to get rid of another Insularity.

A NIGHTLY SCENE IN LONDON

[January 26, 1856]

On the fifth of last November, I, the Conductor of this journal, accompanied by a friend well-known to the public, accidentally strayed into Whitechapel. It was a miserable evening; very dark, very muddy, and raining hard.

There are many woful sights in that part of London, and it has been well-known to me in most of its aspects for many years. We had forgotten the mud and rain in slowly walking along and looking about us, when we found ourselves, at eight o'clock, before the Workhouse.

Crouched against the wall of the Workhouse, in the dark street, on the muddy pavement-stones, with the rain raining upon them were five bundles of rags. They were motionless, and had no resemblance to the human form. Five great beehives, covered with rags—five dead bodies taken out of graves, tied neck and heels, and covered with rags—would have looked like those five bundles upon which the rain rained down in the public street.

'What is this!' said my companion. 'What *is* this!'

'Some miserable people shut out of the Casual Ward, I think,' said I.

We had stopped before the five ragged mounds, and were quite rooted to the spot by their horrible appearance. Five awful Sphinxes by the wayside, crying to every passer-by, 'Stop and guess! What is to be the end of a state of society that leaves us here!'

As we stood looking at them, a decent working-man, having the appearance of a stone-mason, touched me on the shoulder.

'This is an awful sight, sir,' said he, 'in a Christian country!'

'God knows it is, my friend,' said I.

'I have often seen it much worse than this, as I have been going home from my work. I have counted fifteen, twenty, five-and-twenty, many a time. It 's a shocking thing to see.'

'A shocking thing indeed,' said I and my companion

together. The man lingered near us a little while, wished us good-night, and went on.

We should have felt it brutal in us who had a better chance of being heard than the working-man, to leave the thing as it was, so we knocked at the Workhouse Gate. I undertook to be spokesman. The moment the gate was opened by an old pauper, I went in, followed close by my companion. I lost no time in passing the old porter, for I saw in his watery eye a disposition to shut us out.

'Be so good as to give that card to the master of the Workhouse, and say I shall be glad to speak to him for a moment.'

We were in a kind of covered gateway, and the old porter went across it with the card. Before he had got to a door on our left, a man in a cloak and hat bounced out of it very sharply, as if he were in the nightly habit of being bullied and of returning the compliment.

'Now, gentlemen,' said he in a loud voice, 'what do you want here?'

'First,' said I 'will you do me the favour to look at that card in your hand. Perhaps you may know my name.'

'Yes,' says he, looking at it. 'I know this name.'

'Good. I only want to ask you a plain question in a civil manner, and there is not the least occasion for either of us to be angry. It would be very foolish in me to blame you, and I don't blame you. I may find fault with the system you administer, but pray understand that I know you are here to do a duty pointed out to you, and that I have no doubt you do it. Now, I hope you won't object to tell me what I want to know.'

'No,' said he, quite mollified, and very reasonable, 'not at all. What is it?'

'Do you know that there are five wretched creatures outside?'

'I haven't seen them, but I dare say there are.'

'Do you doubt that there are?'

'No, not at all. There might be many more.'

'Are they men? Or women?'

'Women, I suppose. Very likely one or two of them were there last night, and the night before last.'

'There all night, do you mean?'

'Very likely.'

My companion and I looked at one another, and the master of the Workhouse added quickly, 'Why, Lord bless my soul, what am I to do? What can I do? The place is full. The place is always full—every night. I must give the preference to women with children, mustn't I? You wouldn't have me not do that?'

'Surely not,' said I. 'It is a very humane principle, and quite right; and I am glad to hear of it. Don't forget that I don't blame *you*.'

'Well!' said he. And subdued himself again.

'What I want to ask you,' I went on, 'is whether you know anything against those five miserable beings outside?'

'Don't know anything about them,' said he, with a wave of his arm.

'I ask, for this reason: that we mean to give them a trifle to get a lodging—if they are not shelterless because they are thieves for instance.—You don't know them to be thieves?'

'I don't know anything about them,' he repeated emphatically.

'That is to say, they are shut out, solely because the Ward is full?'

'Because the Ward is full.'

'And if they got in, they would only have a roof for the night and a bit of bread in the morning, I suppose?'

'That 's all. You 'll use your own discretion about what you give them. Only understand that I don't know anything about them beyond what I have told you.'

'Just so. I wanted to know no more. You have answered my questions civilly and readily, and I am much obliged to you. I have nothing to say against you, but quite the contrary. Good-night!'

'Good-night, gentlemen!' And out we came again.

We went to the ragged bundle nearest to the Workhouse-

door, and I touched it. No movement replying, I gently shook it. The rags began to be slowly stirred within, and by little and little a head was unshrouded. The head of a young woman of three or four and twenty, as I should judge; gaunt with want, and foul with dirt; but not naturally ugly.

'Tell us,' said I, stooping down. 'Why are you lying here?'

'Because I can't get into the Workhouse.'

She spoke in a faint dull way, and had no curiosity or interest left. She looked dreamily at the black sky and the falling rain, but never looked at me or my companion.

'Were you here last night?'

'Yes. All last night. And the night afore too.'

'Do you know any of these others?'

'I know her next but one. She was here last night, and she told me she come out of Essex. I don't know no more of her.'

'You were here all last night, but you have not been here all day?'

'No. Not all day.'

'Where have you been all day?'

'About the streets.'

'What have you had to eat?'

'Nothing.'

'Come!' said I. 'Think a little. You are tired and have been asleep, and don't quite consider what you are saying to us. You have had something to eat to-day. Come! Think of it!'

'No I haven't. Nothing but such bits as I could pick up about the market. *Why, look at me!*'

She bared her neck, and I covered it up again.

'If you had a shilling to get some supper and a lodging, should you know where to get it?'

'Yes. I could do that.'

'For GOD's sake get it then!'

I put the money into her hand, and she feebly rose up and went away. She never thanked me, never looked at me—melted away into the miserable night, in the strangest manner I ever saw. I have seen many strange things, but not one

that has left a deeper impression on my memory than the dull impassive way in which that worn-out heap of misery took that piece of money, and was lost.

One by one I spoke to all the five. In every one, interest and curiosity were extinct as in the first. They were all dull and languid. No one made any sort of profession or complaint; no one cared to look at me; no one thanked me. When I came to the third, I suppose she saw that my companion and I glanced, with a new horror upon us, at the two last, who had dropped against each other in their sleep, and were lying like broken images. She said, she believed they were young sisters. These were the only words that were originated among the five.

And now let me close this terrible account with a redeeming and beautiful trait of the poorest of the poor. When we came out of the Workhouse, we had gone across the road to a public house, finding ourselves without silver, to get change for a sovereign. I held the money in my hand while I was speaking to the five apparitions. Our being so engaged, attracted the attention of many people of the very poor sort usual to that place; as we leaned over the mounds of rags, they eagerly leaned over us to see and hear; what I had in my hand, and what I said, and what I did, must have been plain to nearly all the concourse. When the last of the five had got up and faded away, the spectators opened to let us pass; and not one of them, by word or look, or gesture, begged of us. Many of the observant faces were quick to know that it would have been a relief to us to have got rid of the rest of the money with any hope of doing good with it. But, there was a feeling among them all, that their necessities were not to be placed by the side of such a spectacle; and they opened a way for us in profound silence, and let us go.

My companion wrote to me, next day, that the five ragged bundles had been upon his bed all night. I debated how to add our testimony to that of many other persons who from time to time are impelled to write to the newspapers, by having come upon some shameful and shocking sight of this description. I resolved to write in these pages an exact account of what we had seen, but to wait until after Christ-

mas, in order that there might be no heat or haste. I know that the unreasonable disciples of a reasonable school, demented disciples who push arithmetic and political economy beyond all bounds of sense (not to speak of such a weakness as humanity), and hold them to be all-sufficient for every case, can easily prove that such things ought to be, and that no man has any business to mind them. Without disparaging those indispensable sciences in their sanity, I utterly renounce and abominate them in their insanity; and I address people with a respect for the spirit of the New Testament, who do mind such things, and who think them infamous in our streets.

THE FRIEND OF THE LIONS

[February 2, 1856]

We are in the studio of a friend of ours, whose knowledge of all kinds of Beasts and Birds has never been surpassed, and to whose profound acquaintance with the whole Animal Kingdom, every modern picture-gallery and every print-shop, at home and abroad, bears witness. We have been wanted by our friend as a model for a Rat-catcher. We feel much honoured, and are sitting to him in that distinguished capacity, with an awful Bulldog much too near us.

Our friend is, as might be expected, the particular friend of the Lions in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London. On behalf of that Royal Family dear to his heart, he offers—standing painting away at his easel, with his own wonderful vigour and ease—a few words of friendly remonstrance to the Zoological Society.

You are an admirable society (says our friend, throwing in, now a bit of our head, and now a bit of the Bulldog's), and you have done wonders. You are a society that has established in England, a national menagerie of the most beautiful description, and that has placed it freely and in a spirit deserving of the highest commendation within the reach of the great body of the people. You are a society rendering

a real service and advantage to the public, and always most sensibly and courteously represented by your excellent Mitchell.

Then why (proceeds our friend), don't you treat your Lions better?

In the earnestness of his enquiry, our friend looks harder than usual at the Bulldog. The Bulldog immediately droops and becomes embarrassed. All dogs feel that our friend knows all their secrets, and that it is utterly hopeless to attempt to take him in. The last base action committed by this Bulldog is on his conscience, the moment our friend fixes him. 'What? You did, eh?' says our friend to the Bulldog. The Bulldog licks his lips with the greatest nervousness, winks his red eyes, balances himself afresh on his bandy forelegs, and becomes a spectacle of dejection. He is as little like his vagabond self, as that remarkable breed which the French call a bouledogue.

Your birds (says our friend, resuming his work, and addressing himself again to the Zoological Society), are as happy as the day is—he was about to add, long, but glances at the light and substitutes—short. Their natural habits are perfectly understood, their structure is well-considered, and they have nothing to desire. Pass from your birds to those members of your collection whom Mr. Rogers used to call, 'our poor relations.' Of course I mean the monkeys. They have an artificial climate carefully prepared for them. They have the blessing of congenial society carefully secured to them. They are among their own tribes and connexions. They have shelves to skip upon, and pigeon-holes to creep into. Graceful ropes dangle from the upper beams of their sitting-rooms, by which they swing, for their own enjoyment, the fascination of the fair sex, and the instruction of the enquiring minds of the rising generation. Pass from our poor relations to that beast, the Hippopotamus—What do you mean?

The last enquiry is addressed, not to the Zoological Society, but to the Bulldog, who has deserted his position, and is sneaking away. Passing his brush to the left thumb on which he holds his palette, our friend leisurely walks up to

the Bulldog, and slaps his face! Even we, whose faith is great, expect to see him next moment with the Bulldog hanging on to his nose; but, the Bulldog is abjectly polite, and would even wag his tail if it had not been bitten off in his infancy.

Pass, I was saying (coolly pursues our friend at his easel again), from our poor relations to that impersonation of sensuality, the Hippopotamus. How do you provide for him? Could he find, on the banks of the Nile, such a villa as you have built for him on the banks of the Regent's canal? Could he find, in his native Egypt, an appropriately furnished drawing-room, study, bath, wash-house, and spacious pleasure-ground, all *en suite*, and always ready? I think not. Now, I beseech your managing committee and your natural philosophers, to come with me and look at the Lions.

Here, our friend seizes a piece of charcoal and instantly produces, on a new canvas standing on another easel near, a noble Lion and Lioness. The Bulldog (who deferentially resumed his position after having his face slapped), looks on in manifest uneasiness, lest this new proceeding should have something to do with him.

There! says our friend, throwing the charcoal away, there they are! The majestic King and Queen of quadrupeds. The British Lion is no longer a fictitious creature in the British coat of arms. You produce your British Lion every year from this royal couple. And how, with all the vast amount of resources, knowledge, and experience at your command, how do you treat these your great attractions? From day to day, I find the noble creatures patiently wearing out their weary lives in narrow spaces where they have hardly room to turn, and condemned to face in the roughest weather a bitter Nor'-Westerly aspect. Look at those wonderfully-constructed feet, with their exquisite machinery for alighting from springs and leaps. What do you conceive to be the kind of ground to which those feet are, in the great foresight of Nature, least adapted? Bare, smooth, hard boards, perhaps, like the deck of a ship? Yes. A strange reason why you should choose that and no other flooring for their dens!

Why, Heaven preserve us! (cries our friend, frightening the Bulldog very much) do any of you keep a cat? Will any of you do me the favour to watch a cat in a field or garden, on a bright sunshiny day—how she crouches in the mould, rolls in the sand, basks in the grass, delights to vary the surface upon which she rests, and change the form of the substance upon which she takes her ease. Compare such surfaces and substances with the one uniform, unyielding, unnatural, unelastic, inappropriate piece of human carpentry upon which these beautiful animals, with their vexed faces, pace and repace, and pass each other two hundred and fifty times an hour.

It is really incomprehensible (our friend proceeds), in you who should be so well acquainted with animals, to call these boards—or that other uncomfortable boarded object like a Mangle with the inside taken out—a Bed, for creatures with these limbs and these habits. That, a Bed for a Lion and Lioness, which does not even give them a chance of being bruised in a new place? Learn of your cat again, and see how *she* goes to bed. Did you ever find her, or any living creature, go to bed, without re-arranging to the whim and sensation of the moment, the materials of the bed itself? Don't you, the Zoological Society, punch and poke your pillows, and settle into suitable places in your beds? Consider then, what the discomfort of these magnificent brutes must be, to whom you leave no diversity of choice, no power of new arrangement, and as to whose unchanging and unyielding beds you begin with a form and substance that have no parallel in their natural lives. If you doubt the pain they must endure, go to museums and colleges where the bones of lions and other animals of the feline tribe who have lived in captivity under similar circumstances, are preserved; and you will find them thickly encrusted with a granulated substance, the result of long lying upon unnatural and uncomfortable planes.

I will not be so pressing as to the feeding of my Royal Friends (pursues the Master), but even there I think you are wrong. You may rely upon it, that the best regulated families of Lions and Lionesses don't dine every day punctually at

the same hour, in their natural state, and don't always keep the same kind and quantity of meat in the larder. However, I will readily waive that question of board, if you will only abandon the other.

The time of the sitting being out, our friend takes his palette from his thumb, lays it aside with his brush, ceases to address the Zoological Society, and releases the Bulldog and myself. Having occasion to look closely at the Bulldog's chest, he turns that model over as if he were made of clay (if I were to touch him with my little finger he would pin me instantly), and examines him without the smallest regard to his personal wishes or convenience. The Bulldog, having humbly submitted, is shown to the door.

'Eleven precisely, to-morrow,' says our friend, 'or it will be the worse for you.' The Bulldog respectfully slouches out. Looking out of the window, I presently see him going across the garden, accompanied by a particularly ill-looking proprietor with a black eye—my prototype I presume—again a ferocious and audacious Bulldog, who will evidently kill some other dog before he gets home.

WHY?

[March 1, 1856]

I am going to ask a few questions which frequently present themselves to my mind. I am not going to ask them with any expectation of getting an answer, but in the comforting hope that I shall find some thousands of sympathising readers, whose minds are constantly asking similar questions.

Why does a young woman of prepossessing appearance, glossy hair, and neat attire, taken from any station of life and put behind the counter of a Refreshment Room on an English Railroad, conceive the idea that her mission in life is to treat me with scorn? Why does she disdain my plaintive and respectful solicitations for portions of pork-pie or cups of tea? Why does she feed me like a hyæna? What have I done to incur the young lady's displeasure? Is it, that I

nave come there to be refreshed? It is strange that she should take that ill, because her vocation would be gone if I and my fellow-travellers did not appear before her, suing in humility to be allowed to lay out a little money. Yet I never offered her any other injury. Then, why does she wound my sensitive nature by being so dreadfully cross to me? She has relations, friends, acquaintances, with whom to quarrel. Why does she pick *me* out for her natural enemy?

When a Reviewer or other Writer has crammed himself to choking with some particularly abstruse piece of information, why does he introduce it with the casual remark, that 'every schoolboy knows' it? He didn't know it himself last week; why is it indispensable that he should let off this introductory cracker among his readers? We have a vast number of extraordinary fictions in common use, but this fiction of the schoolboy is the most unaccountable to me of all. It supposes the schoolboy to know everything. The schoolboy knows the exact distance, to an inch, from the moon to Uranus. The schoolboy knows every conceivable quotation from the Greek and Latin authors. The schoolboy is up at present, and has been these two years, in the remotest corners of the maps of Russia and Turkey; previously to which display of his geographical accomplishments he had been on the most intimate terms with the whole of the gold regions of Australia. If there were a run against the monetary system of the country to-morrow, we should find this prodigy of a schoolboy down upon us with the deepest mysteries of banking and the currency. We have nearly got rid of the Irishman who stood by us so long, and did so much public service, by enabling the narrators of facetious anecdotes to introduce them with 'As the Irishman said.' We have quite got rid of the Frenchman who was for many years in partnership with him. Are we never, on any terms, to get rid of the schoolboy?

If the Court Circular be a sacred institution for the edification of a free people, why is the most abhorred villain always invested, in right of that frightful distinction, with a Court Circular of his own? Why am I always to be told about the ruffian's pleasant manners, his easy ways, his agree-

able smile, his affable talk, the profound conviction of his innocence that he blandly wafts into the soft bosoms of guileless lambs and turnkeys, the orthodox air with which he comes and goes, with his Bible and prayer-book in his hand, along the yard, that I fervently hope may have no outlet for him but the gallows? Why am I to be dosed and drenched with these nauseous particulars, in the case of every wretch sufficiently atrocious to become their subject? Why am I supposed never to know all about it beforehand, and never to have been pelted with similar mud in my life? Has not the whole detestable programme been presented to me without variation, fifty times? Am I not familiar with every line of it, from its not being generally known that Sharmer was much respected in the County of Blankshire, down to the virtuous heat of Bilkins, Sharmer's counsel, when, in his eloquent address, he cautions the jurymen about laying their heads on their pillows, and is moved to pious wrath by the wicked predisposition of human nature to object to the foulest murder that its faculties can imagine? Why, why, why, must I have the Newgate Court Circular over and over again, as if the genuine Court Circular were not enough to make me modestly independent, proud, grateful, and happy?

When I overhear my friend Blackdash inquire of my friend Asterisk whether he knows Sir Giles Scroggins, why does Asterisk reply, provisionally and with limitation, that he has met him? Asterisk knows as well as I do, that he has no acquaintance with Sir Giles Scroggins; why does he hesitate to say so, point blank? A man may not even know Sir Giles Scroggins by sight, yet be a man for a' that. A man may distinguish himself, without the privity and aid of Sir Giles Scroggins. It is even supposed by some that a man may get to Heaven without being introduced by Sir Giles Scroggins. Then why not come out with the bold declaration, 'I really do not know Sir Giles Scroggins, and I have never found that eminent person in the least necessary to my existence?'

When I go to the Play, why must I find everything conventionally done—reference to nature discharged, and reference to stage-usage the polar star of the dramatic art? Why does the baron, or the general, or the venerable steward, or

the amiable old farmer, talk about his chee-ilde? He knows of no such thing as a chee-ilde anywhere else; what business has he with a chee-ilde on the boards alone? I never knew an old gentleman to hug himself with his left arm, fall into a comic fit of delirium tremens, and say to his son, 'Damme, you dog, will you marry her?' Yet, the moment I see an old gentleman on the stage with a small cape to his coat, I know of course that this will infallibly happen. Now, why should I be under the obligation to be always entertained by this spectacle, however refreshing, and why should I never be surprised?

Why have six hundred men been trying through several generations to fold their arms? The last twenty Parliaments have directed their entire attention to this graceful art. I have heard it frequently declared by individual senators that a certain ex-senator still producible, 'folded his arms better than any man in the house.' I have seen aspirants inflamed with a lofty ambition, studying through the whole sessions the folded arms on the Treasury Bench, and trying to fold their arms according to the patterns there presented. I have known neophytes far more distracted about the folding of their arms than about the enunciation of their political views, or the turning of their periods. The injury inflicted on the nation by Mr. Canning, when he folded his arms and got his portrait taken, is not to be calculated. Every member of Parliament from that hour to the present has been trying to fold his arms. It is a graceful, a refined, a decorative art; but, I doubt if its results will bear comparison with the infinite pains and charges bestowed upon its cultivation.

Why are we so fond of talking about ourselves as 'eminently a practical people?' *Are* we eminently a practical people? In our national works, for example; our public buildings, our public places, our columns, the lines of our new streets, our monstrous statues; do we come so very practically out of all that? No, to be sure; but we have our railroads, results of private enterprise, and they are great works. Granted. Yet, is it very significant of an eminently practical people that we live under a system which wasted hundreds of thousands of pounds in law and corruption, be-

fore an inch of those roads could be made! Is it a striking proof of an eminently practical people having invested their wealth in making them, that in point of money return, in point of public accommodation, in every particular of comfort, profit, and management, they are at a heavy discount when compared with the railways on the opposite side of a sea-channel five-and-twenty miles across, though those were made under all the disadvantages consequent upon unstable governments and shaken public confidence? Why do we brag so? If an inhabitant of some other sphere were to light upon our earth in the neighbourhood of Norwich, were to take a first-class ticket to London, were to attend an Eastern Counties' Railway meeting in Bishopsgate Street, were to go down from London Bridge to Dover, cross to Calais, travel from Calais to Marseilles, and be furnished with an accurate statement of the railway cost and profit on either side of the water (having compared the ease and comfort for himself), which people would he suppose to be the eminently practical one, I wonder!

Why, on the other hand, do we adopt, as a mere matter of lazy usage, charges against ourselves, that have as little foundation as some of our boasts? We are eminently a money-loving people. Are we? Well, we are bad enough; but, I have heard Money more talked of in a week under the stars and stripes, than in a year under the union-jack. In a two hours' walk in Paris, any day, you shall overhear more scraps of conversation that turn upon Money, Money, Money, Money, than in a whole day's saunter between Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange. I go into the Théâtre Français, after the rising of the curtain; fifty to one the first words I hear from the stage as I settle myself in my seat, are fifty thousand francs; she has a dowry of fifty thousand francs; he has an income of fifty thousand francs; I will bet you fifty thousand francs upon it, my dear Emile; I come from winning at the Bourse, my celestial Diane, fifty thousand francs. I pass into the Boulevard theatres one by one. At the Variétés, I find an old lady who must be conciliated by two opposing nephews, because she has fifty thousand francs per annum. At the Gymnase, I find the English Prime Minister (attended

by his faithful servant Tom Bob), in a fearful predicament occasioned by injudicious speculation in millions of francs. At the Porte St. Martin, I find a picturesque person with a murder on his mind, into which he has been betrayed by a pressing necessity for a box containing fifty thousand francs. At the Ambigu, I find everybody poisoning everybody else for fifty thousand francs. At the Lyrique, I find on the stage a portly old gentleman, a slender young gentleman, and a piquante little woman with sprightly eyebrows, all singing an extremely short song together about fifty thousand francs Lira lara, fifty thousand francs Ting ting! At the Impérial, I find a general with his arm in a bandage, sitting in a magnificent summer-house, relating his autobiography to his niece, and arriving at this point: 'It is to this ravishing spot then, my dearest Julie, that I, thy uncle, faithful always to his Emperor, then retired; bringing with me my adorable Georgette, this wounded arm, this cross of glory, the love of France, remembrances ever inextinguishable of the Emperor my master, and fifty thousand francs.' At this establishment the sum begins to diminish, and goes on rapidly decreasing until I finish at the Funambules and find Pierrot despoiling a friend of only one hundred francs, to the great satisfaction of the congregated blouses. Again. Will any Englishman undertake to match me that generic French old lady whom I will instantly produce against him, from the private life of any house of five floors in the French capital, and who is a mere gulf for swallowing my money, or any man's money? That generic French old lady who, whether she gives me her daughter to wife, or sits next me in a balcony at a theatre, or opposite to me in a public carriage, or lets me an apartment, or plays me a match at dominoes, or sells me an umbrella, equally absorbs my substance, calculates my resources with a fierce nicety, and is intent upon my ruin? That generic French old lady who is always in black, and always protuberant, and always complimentary, and who always eats up everything that is presented to her—almost eats her knife besides—and who has a supernatural craving after francs which fascinates me, and inclines me to pour out all I have at her feet, saying, 'Take them and twinkle at me with those

hungry eyes no more?' *We* eminently a money-loving people! Why do we talk such nonsense with this terrible old woman to contradict us?

Why do we take conclusions into our heads for which we have no warrant, and bolt with them like mad horses, until we are brought up by stone walls? Why do we go cheering and shouting after an officer who didn't run away—as though all the rest of our brave officers did run away!—and why do we go plucking hairs out of the tail of the identical charger, and why do we follow up the identical uniform, and why do we stupidly roar ourselves hoarse with acclamation about nothing? Why don't we stop to think? Why don't we say to one another, 'What have the identical charger and the identical uniform done for us, and what have they done against us: let us look at the account.' How much better this would be than straining our throats first, and afterwards discovering that there was less than no reason for the same!

Why am I, at any given moment, in tears of triumph and joy, because Buffy and Boodle are at the head of public affairs? I freely declare that I have not the least idea what specific action Buffy and Boodle have ever in the whole course of their existence done, that has been of any appreciable advantage to my beloved country. On the other hand, I no less freely acknowledge that I have seen Buffy and Boodle (with some small appearance of trading in principles), nail their colours to every mast in the political fleet. Yet I swear to everybody—because everybody swears to me—that Buffy and Boodle are the only men for the crisis, and that none of women born, but Buffy and Boodle, could pull us through it. I would quarrel with my son for Buffy and Boodle. I almost believe that in one of my states of excitement I would die for Buffy and Boodle. I expect to be presently subscribing for statues to Buffy and Boodle. Now, I am curious to know why I go on in this way? I am profoundly in earnest; but I want to know Why?

I wonder why I feel a glow of complacency in a court of justice, when I hear the learned judges taking uncommon pains to prevent the prisoner from letting out the truth. If the object of the trial be to discover the truth, perhaps it

might be as edifying to hear it, even from the prisoner, as to hear what is unquestionably not the truth from the prisoner's advocate. I wonder why I say, in a flushed and rapturous manner, that it would be 'un-English' to examine the prisoner. I suppose that with common fairness it would be next to impossible to confuse him, unless he lied; and if he did lie, I suppose he could hardly be brought to confusion too soon. Why does that word 'un-English,' always act as a spell upon me, and why do I suffer it to settle any question? Twelve months ago, it was un-English to abstain from throttling our soldiers. Thirty years ago, it was un-English not to hang people up by scores every Monday. Sixty years ago, it was un-English to be sober after dinner. A hundred years ago, it was un-English not to love cock-fighting, prize-fighting, dog-fighting, bull-baiting, and other savageries. Why do I submit to the word as a clincher, without asking myself whether it has any meaning? I don't dispute that I do so, every day of my life; but I want to know why I do so?

On the other hand, why am I meek in regard of really non-English sentiments, if the potent bugbear of that term be not called into play? Here is a magistrate tells me I am one of a nation of drunkards. All Englishmen are drunkards, is the judicial bray. Here is another magistrate propounding from the seat of justice the stupendous nonsense that it is desirable that every person who gives alms in the streets should be fined for that offence. This to a Christian people, and with the New Testament lying before him—as a sort of Dummy, I suppose, to swear witnesses on. Why does my so-easily-frightened nationality not take offence at such things? My hobby shies at shadows; why does it amble so quietly past these advertising-vans of Blockheads seeking notoriety?

Why? I might as well ask, Why I leave off here, when I have a long perspective of Why stretching out before me.

RAILWAY DREAMING

[May 10, 1856]

When was I last in France all the winter, deducting the many hours I passed upon the wet and windy way between France and England? In what autumn and spring was it that those Champs Elysées trees were yellow and scant of leaf when I first looked at them out of my balcony, and were a bright and tender green when I last looked at them on a beautiful May morning?

I can't make out. I am never sure of time or place upon a Railroad. I can't read, I can't think, I can't sleep—I can only dream. Rattling along in this railway carriage in a state of luxurious confusion, I take it for granted I am coming from somewhere, and going somewhere else. I seek to know no more. Why things come into my head and fly out again, whence they come and why they come, where they go and why they go, I am incapable of considering. It may be the guard's business, or the railway company's; I only know it is not mine. I know nothing about myself—for anything I know, I may be coming from the Moon.

If I am coming from the Moon, what an extraordinary people the Mooninians must be for sitting down in the open air! I have seen them wipe the hoar-frost off the seats in the public ways, on the faintest appearance of a gleam of sun, and sit down to enjoy themselves. I have seen them, two minutes after it has left off raining for the first time in eight-and-forty hours, take chairs in the midst of the mud and water, and begin to chat. I have seen them by the road-side, easily reclining on iron couches, when their beards have been all but blown off their chins by the east wind. I have seen them, with no protection from the black drizzle and dirt but a saturated canvas blind overhead, and a handful of sand underfoot, smoke and drink new beer, whole evenings. And the Mooninian babies. Heavens, what a surprising race are

the Mooninian babies! Seventy-one of these innocents have I counted, with their nurses and chairs, spending the day outside the Café de la Lune, in weather that would have satisfied Herod. Thirty-nine have I beheld in that locality at once, with these eyes, partaking of their natural refreshment under umbrellas. Twenty-three have I seen engaged with skipping-ropes, in mire three inches thick. At three years old the Mooninian babies grow up. They are by that time familiar with coffee-houses, and used up as to truffles. They dine at six. Soup, fish, two entrées, a vegetable, a cold dish, or paté-de-foie-gras, a roast a salad, a sweet, and a preserved peach or so, form (with occasional whets of sardines, radishes, and Lyons sausage) their frugal repast. They breakfast at eleven, on a light beefsteak with Madeira sauce, a kidney steeped in champagne, a trifle of sweetbread, a plate of fried potatoes, and a glass or two of wholesome Bordeaux wine. I have seen a marriageable young female aged five, in a mature bonnet and crinoline, finish off at a public establishment with her amiable parents, on coffee that would consign a child of any other nation to the family undertaker in one experiment. I have dined at a friendly party, sitting next to a Mooninian baby, who ate of nine dishes besides ice and fruit, and, wildly stimulated by sauces, in all leisure moments flourished its spoon about its head in the manner of a pictorial glory.

The Mooninian Exchange was a strange sight in my time. The Moonians of all ranks and classes were gambling at that period (whenever it was), in the wildest manner—in a manner, which, in its extension to all possible subjects of gambling, and in the prevalence of the frenzy among all grades, has few parallels that I can recall. The steps of the Mooninian Bourse were thronged every day with a vast, hot, mad crowd, so expressive of the desperate game in which the whole City were players, that one stood aghast. In the Mooninian Journals I read, any day, without surprise, how such a Porter had rushed out of such a house and flung himself into the river, 'because of losses on the Bourse'; or how such a man had robbed such another, with the intent of acquiring funds for speculation on the Bourse. In the great Mooninian Pub-

lic Drive, every day, there were crowds of riders on blood-horses, and crowds of riders in dainty carriages red-velvet lined and white-leather harnessed, all of whom had the cards and counters in their pockets; who were all feeding the blood-horses on paper and stabling them on the board; who were leading a grand life at a great rate and with a mighty show; who were all profuse and prosperous while the cards could continue to be shuffled and the deals to go round.

In the same place, I saw, nearly every day, a curious spectacle. One pretty little child at a window, always waving his hand at, and cheering, an array of open carriages escorted by out-riders in green and gold; and no one echoing the child's acclamation. Occasional deference in carriages, occasional curiosity on foot, occasional adulation from foreigners, I noticed in that connection, in that place; but, four great streams of determined indifference I always saw flowing up and down; and I never, in six months, knew a hand or heard a voice to come in real aid of the child.

I am not a lonely man, though I was once a lonely boy; but that was long ago. The Mooninian capital, however, is the place for lonely men to dwell in. I have tried it, and have condemned myself to solitary freedom expressly for the purpose. I sometimes like to pretend to be childless and companionless, and to wonder whether, if I were really so, I should be glad to find somebody to ask me out to dinner, instead of living under a constant terror of weakly making engagements that I don't want to make. Hence, I have been into many Mooninian restaurants as a lonely man. The company have regarded me as an unfortunate person of that description. The paternal character, occupying the next table with two little boys whose legs were difficult of administration in a narrow space, as never being the right legs in the right places, has regarded me, at first, with looks of envy. When the little boys have indecorously inflated themselves out of the seltzer-water bottle, I have seen discomfiture and social shame on that Mooninian's brow. Meanwhile I have sat majestically using my tooth-pick, in silent assertion of my counterfeit superiority. And yet it has been good to see how that family Mooninian has vanquished me in the long-run. I

have never got so red in the face over my meat and wine, as he. I have never warmed up into such enjoyment of my meal as he has of his. I have never forgotten the legs of the little boys, whereas from that Mooninian's soul they have quickly walked into oblivion. And when, at last, under the ripening influence of dinner, those boys have both together pulled at that Mooninian's waistcoat (imploring him, as I conceived, to take them to the play-house, next door but one), I have shrunk under the glance he has given me; so emphatically has it said, with the virtuous farmer in the English domestic comedy, 'Dang it, Squoire, can'ee doa thic!' (I may explain in a parenthesis that 'thic,' which the virtuous farmer can do and the squire can't, is to lay his hand upon his heart—a result opposed to my experience in actual life, where the humbugs are always able to lay their hands upon their hearts, and do it far oftener and much better than the virtuous men.)

In my solitary character I have walked forth after eating my dinner and paying my bill—in the Mooninian capital we used to call the bill 'the addition'—to take my coffee and cigar at some separate establishment devoted to such enjoyments. And in the customs belonging to these, as in many other easy and gracious customs, the Mooninians are highly deserving of imitation among ourselves. I have never had far to go, unless I have been particularly hard to please; a dozen houses at the utmost. A spring evening is in my mind when I sauntered from my dinner into one of these resorts, haphazard. The thoroughfare in which it stood, was not as wide as the Strand in London, by Somerset House; the houses were no larger and no better than are to be found in that place; the climate (we find ours a convenient scapegoat) had been, for months, quite as cold and wet, and very very often almost as dark, as the climate in the Strand. The place into which I turned, had been there all the winter just as it was then. It was like a Strand-shop, with the front altogether taken away. Within, it was sanded, prettily painted and papered, decorated with mirrors and glass chandeliers for gas; furnished with little round stone tables, crimson stools, and crimson benches. It was made much more tasteful (at the cost of three and fourpence a week) by two elegant

baskets of flowers on pedestals. An inner raised-floor, answering to the back shop in the Strand, was partitioned off with glass, for those who might prefer to read the papers and play at dominoes, in an atmosphere free from tobacco-smoke. There, in her neat little tribune, sits the Lady of the Counter, surrounded at her needlework by lump-sugar and little punch-bowls. To whom I touch my hat; she graciously acknowledging the salute. Forth from her side comes a pleasant waiter, scrupulously clean, brisk, attentive, honest: a man to be very obliging to me, but expecting me to be obliging in return, and whom I cannot bully—which is no deprivation to me, as I don't at all want to do it. He brings me, at my request, my cup of coffee and cigar, and, of his own motion, a small decanter of brandy and a liqueur-glass. He gives me a light, and leaves me to my enjoyment. The place from which the shop-front has been taken makes a gay proscenium; as I sit and smoke, the street becomes a stage, with an endless procession of lively actors crossing and re-crossing. Women with children, carts and coaches, men on horseback, soldiers, water-carriers with their pails, family groups, more soldiers, lounging exquisites, more family groups (coming past, flushed, a little too late for the play), stone-masons leaving work on the new buildings and playing tricks with one another as they go along, two lovers, more soldiers, wonderfully neat young women from shops, carrying flat boxes to customers; a seller of cool drink, with the drink in a crimson velvet temple at his back, and a waistcoat of tumblers on; boys, dogs, more soldiers, horse-riders strolling to the Circus in amazing shirts of private life, and yellow kid gloves; family groups; pickers-up of refuse, with baskets at their backs and hooked rods in their hands to fill them with; more neat young women, more soldiers. The gas begins to spring up in the street; and my brisk waiter lighting our gas, enshrines me, like an idol, in a sparkling temple. A family group come in: father and mother and little child. Two short-throated old ladies come in, who will pocket their spare sugar, and out of whom I foresee that the establishment will get as little profit as possible. Workman in his common frock comes in; orders his small bottle of beer, and lights his pipe. We are all

amused, sitting seeing the traffic in the street, and the traffic in the street is in its turn amused by seeing us. It is surely better for me, and for the family group, and for the two old ladies, and for the workman, to have thus much of community with the city life of all degrees, than to be getting bilious in hideous black-holes, and turning cross and suspicious in solitary places! I may never say a word to any of these people in my life, nor they to me; but, we are all interchanging enjoyment frankly and openly—not fencing ourselves off and boxing ourselves up. We are forming a habit of mutual consideration and allowance; and this institution of the café (for all my entertainment and pleasure in which, I pay tenpence), is a part of the civilised system that requires the giant to fall into his own place in a crowd, and will not allow him to take the dwarf's; and which renders the commonest person as certain of retaining his or her commonest seat in any public assembly, as the marquis is of holding his stall at the Opera through the evening.

There were many things among the Mooninians that might be changed for the better, and there were many things that they might learn from us. They could teach us, for all that, how to make and keep a Park—which we have been accustomed to think ourselves rather learned in—and how to trim up our ornamental streets, a dozen times a-day, with scrubbing-brushes, and sponges, and soap, and chloride of lime. As to the question of sweetness within doors, I would rather not have put my own residence, even under the perpetual influence of peat charcoal, in competition with the cheapest model lodging-house in England. And one strange sight, which I have contemplated many a time during the last dozen years, I think is not so well arranged in the Mooninian capital as in London, even though our coroners hold their dread courts at the little public-houses—a custom which I am of course prepared to hear is, and which I know beforehand must be, one of the Bulwarks of the British Constitution.

I am thinking of the Mooninian Morgue, where the bodies of all persons discovered dead, with no clue to their identity upon them, are placed to be seen by all who choose to go and

look at them. All the world knows this custom, and perhaps all the world knows that the bodies lie on inclined planes within a great glass window, as though Holbein should represent Death, in his grim Dance, keeping a shop, and displaying his goods like a Regent Street or Boulevard linen-draper. But, all the world may not have had the means of remarking perhaps, as I by chance have had from time to time, some of the accidental peculiarities of the place. The keeper seems to be fond of birds. In fair weather, there is always a cage outside his little window, and a something singing within it as such a something sang, thousands of ages ago, before ever a man died on this earth. The spot is sunny in the forenoon, and, there being a little open space there, and a market for fruit and vegetables close at hand, and a way to the Great Cathedral past the door, is a reasonably good spot for mountebanks. Accordingly, I have often found Paillasse there, balancing a knife or a straw upon his nose, with such intentness that he has almost backed himself in at the doorway. The learned owls have elicited great mirth there, within my hearing, and once the performing dog who had a wait in his part, came and peeped in, with a red jacket on, while I was alone in the contemplation of five bodies, one with a bullet through the temple. It happened, on another occasion, that a handsome youth lay in front in the centre of the window, and that a press of people behind me rendered it a difficult and slow process to get out. As I gave place to the man at my right shoulder, he slipped into the position I had occupied, with his attention so concentrated on the dead figure that he seemed unaware of the change of place. I never saw a plainer expression that that upon his features, or one that struck more enduringly into my remembrance. He was an evil-looking fellow of two or three and twenty, and had his left hand at the draggled ends of his cravat, which he had put to his mouth, and his right hand feeling in his breast. His head was a little on one side; his eyes were intently fixed upon the figure. 'Now, if I were to give that pretty young fellow, my rival, a stroke with a hatchet on the back of the head, or were to tumble him over into the river by night, he would look pretty much like that, I am thinking!' He could

not have said it more plainly;—I have always an idea that he went away and did it.

It is wonderful to see the people at this place. Cheery married women, basket in hand, strolling in, on their way to or from the buying of the day's dinner; children in arms with little pointing fingers; young girls; prowling boys; comrades in working, soldiering, or what not. Ninety-nine times in a hundred, nobody about to cross the threshold, looking in the faces coming out, could form the least idea, from anything in their expression, of the nature of the sight. I have studied them attentively, and have reason for saying so.

But, I never derived so strange a sensation from this dismal establishment as on going in there once, and finding the keeper moving about among the bodies. I never saw any living creature in among them, before or since, and the wonder was that he looked so much more ghastly and intolerable than the dead, stark people. There is a strong light from above, and a general cold, clammy aspect; and I think that with the first start of seeing him must have come the impression that the bodies were all getting up! It was instantaneous; but he looked horribly incongruous there, even after it had departed. All about him was a library of mysterious books that I have often had my eyes on. From pegs and hooks and rods, hang, for a certain time, the clothes of the dead who have been buried without recognition. They mostly have been taken off people who were found in the water, and are swollen (as the people often are) out of shape and likeness. Such awful boots, with turned-up toes, and sand and gravel clinging to them, shall be seen in no other collection of dress; nor, such neckcloths, long and lank, still retaining the form of having been wrung out; nor, such slimy garments with puffed legs and arms; nor such hats and caps that have been battered against pile and bridge; nor, such dreadful rags. Whose work ornaments that decent blouse; who sewed that shirt? And the man who wore it. Did he ever stand at this window wondering, as I do, what sleepers shall be brought to these beds, and whether wonderers as to who should occupy them, have come to be laid down here themselves?

London! Please to get your tickets ready, gentlemen. I must have a coach. And that reminds me, how much better they manage coaches for the public in the capital of the Mooninians! But, it is done by Centralisation! somebody shrieks to me from some vestry's topmost height. Then, my good sir, let us have Centralisation. It is a long word, but I am not at all afraid of long words when they represent efficient things. Circumlocution is a long word, but it represents inefficiency; inefficiency in everything; inefficiency from the state coach to my hackney cab.

THE DEMEANOUR OF MURDERERS

[June 14, 1856]

The recent trial of the greatest villain[1] that ever stood in the Old Bailey dock, has produced the usual descriptions inseparable from such occasions. The public has read from day to day of the murderer's complete self-possession, of his constant coolness, of his profound composure, of his perfect equanimity. Some describers have gone so far as to represent him, occasionally rather amused than otherwise by the proceedings; and all the accounts that we have seen, concur in more or less suggesting that there is something admirable, and difficult to reconcile with guilt, in the bearing so elaborately set forth.

As whatever tends, however undesignedly, to insinuate this uneasy sense of incongruity into any mind, and to invest so abhorrent a ruffian with the slightest tinge of heroism, must be prejudicial to the general welfare, we revive the detestable subject with the hope of showing that there is nothing at all singular in such a deportment, but that it is always to be looked for and counted on, in the case of a very wicked murderer. The blacker the guilt, the stronger the probability of its being thus carried off.

In passing, we will express an opinion that Nature never

[1] William Palmer.

writes a bad hand. Her writing, as it may be read in the human countenance, is invariably legible, if we come at all trained to the reading of it. Some little weighing and comparing are necessary. It is not enough in turning our eyes on the demon in the Dock, to say he has a fresh colour, or a high head, or a bluff manner, or what not, and therefore he does not look like a murderer, and we are surprised and shaken. The physiognomy and conformation of the Poisoner whose trial occasions these remarks, were exactly in accordance with his deeds; and every guilty consciousness he had gone on storing up in his mind, had set its mark upon him.

We proceed, within as short a compass as possible, to illustrate the position we have placed before our readers in the first paragraph of this paper.

The Poisoner's demeanour was considered exceedingly remarkable, because of his composure under trial, and because of the confident expectation of acquittal which he professed to the last, and under the influence of which he, at various times during his incarceration, referred to the plans he entertained for the future when he should be free again.

Can any one, reflecting on the matter for five minutes, suppose it possible—we do not say probable, but possible—that in the breast of this Poisoner there were surviving, in the days of his trial, any lingering traces of sensibility, or any wrecked fragment of the quality which we call sentiment? Can the profoundest or the simplest man alive, believe that in such a heart there could have been left, by that time, any touch of Pity? An objection to die, and a special objection to be killed, no doubt he had; and with that objection very strong within him for divers very weighty reasons, he was—*not* quite composed. Distinctly *not* quite composed, but, on the contrary, very restless. At one time, he was incessantly pulling on and pulling off his glove; at another time, his hand was constantly passing over and over his face; and the thing most instanced in proof of his composure, the perpetual writing and scattering about of little notes, which, as the verdict drew nearer and nearer, thickened from a sprinkling to a heavy shower, is in itself a proof of miserable restlessness. Beyond this emotion, which any lower animal would have,

with an apprehension on it of a similar fate, what was to be expected from such a creature but insensibility? I poison my friend in his drink, and I poison my friend in his bed, and I poison my wife, and I poison her memory, and do you look to ME, at the end of such a career as mine, for sensibility? I have not the power of it even in my own behalf, I have lost the manner of it, I don't know what it means, I stand contemptuously wondering at you people here when I see you moved by this affair. In the Devil's name, man, have you heard the evidence of that chambermaid, whose tea I should like to have the sweetening of? Did you hear her describe the agonies in which my friend expired? Do you know that it was my trade to be learned in poisons, and that I foresaw all that, and considered all that, and knew, when I stood at his bedside looking down upon his face turned to me for help on its road to the grave through the frightful gate when swinging on its hinges, that in so many hours or minutes all those horrors would infallibly ensue? Have you heard that, after my poisonings, I have had to face the circumstances out, with friends and enemies, doctors, undertakers, all sorts of men, and have uniformly done it; and do you wonder that I face it out with you? Why not? What right or reason can you have to expect anything else of me? Wonder! You might wonder, indeed, if you saw me moved here now before you. If I had any natural human feeling for my face to express, do you imagine that those medicines of my prescribing and administering would ever have been taken from my hand? Why, man, my demeanour at this bar is the natural companion of my crimes, and, if it were a tittle different from what it is, you might even begin reasonably to doubt whether I had ever committed them!

The Poisoner had a confident expectation of acquittal. We doubt as little that he really had some considerable hope of it, as we do that he made a pretence of having more than he really had. Let us consider, first, if it be wonderful that he should have been rather sanguine. He had poisoned his victims according to his carefully laid plans; he had got them buried out of his way; he had murdered, and forged, and yet kept his place as a good fellow and a sporting character; he

had made a capital friend of the coroner, and a serviceable traitor of the postmaster; he was a great public character, with a special Act of Parliament for his trial; the choice spirits of the Stock Exchange were offering long odds in his favour, and, to wind up all, here was a tip-top Counsellor bursting into tears for him, saying to the jury, three times over, 'You dare not, you dare not, you dare not!' and bolting clean out of the course to declare his belief that he was innocent. With all this to encourage him, with his own Derby-day division of mankind into knaves and fools, and with his own secret knowledge of the difficulties and mysteries with which the proof of Poison had been, in the manner of the Poisoning, surrounded, it would have been strange indeed if he were not borne up by some idea of escape. But, why should he have professed himself to have more hope of escape than he really entertained? The answer is, because it belongs to that extremity, that the villain in it should not only declare a strong expectation of acquittal himself, but should try to infect all the people about him with it. Besides having an artful fancy (not wholly without foundation) that he disseminates by that means an impression that he is innocent; to surround himself in his narrowed world with this fiction is, for the time being, to fill the jail with a faintly rose-coloured atmosphere, and to remove the gallows to a more agreeable distance. Hence, plans are laid for the future, communicated with an engaging candour to turnkeys, and discussed in a reliant spirit. Even sick men and women, over whom natural death is impending, constantly talk with those about them on precisely the same principle.

It may be objected that there is some slight ingenuity in our endeavours to resolve the demeanour of this Poisoner into the same features as the demeanour of every other wicked and very hardened criminal in the same strait, but that a parallel would be better than argument. We have no difficulty in finding a parallel; we have no difficulty in finding scores, beyond the almost insuperable difficulty of finding, in the criminal records, as deeply-dyed a murderer. To embarrass these remarks, however, with references to cases that have passed out of the general memory, or have never been

widely known, would be to render the discussion very irksome. We will confine ourselves to a famous instance. We will not even ask if it be so long ago since Rush was tried, that *his* demeanour is forgotten. We will call Thurtell into court, as one of the murderers best remembered in England.

With the difference that the circumstances of Thurtell's guilt are not comparable in atrocity with those of the Poisoner's, there are points of strong resemblance between the two men. Each was born in a fair station, and educated in conformity with it; each murdered a man with whom he had been on terms of intimate association, and for whom he professed a friendship at the time of the murder; both were members of that vermin-race of outer betters and blacklegs, of whom some worthy samples were presented on both trials, and of whom, as a community, mankind would be blessedly rid, if they could all be, once and for ever, knocked on the head at a blow. Thurtell's demeanour was exactly that of the Poisoner's. We have referred to the newspapers of his time, in aid of our previous knowledge of the case; and they present a complete confirmation of the simple fact for which we contend. From day to day, during his imprisonment before his trial, he is described as 'collected and resolute in his demeanour,' as 'rather mild and conciliatory in his address,' as being visited by 'friends whom he receives with cheerfulness,' as 'remaining firm and unmoved,' as 'increasing in confidence as the day which is to decide his fate draws nigh,' as 'speaking of the favourable result of the trial with his usual confidence.' On his trial, he looks 'particularly well and healthy.' His attention and composure are considered as wonderful as the Poisoner's; he writes notes as the Poisoner did; he watches the case with the same cool eye; he 'retains that firmness for which, from the moment of his apprehension, he has been distinguished'; he 'carefully assorts his papers on a desk near him'; he is (in this being singular) his own orator, and makes a speech in the manner of Edmund Kean, on the whole not very unlike that of the leading counsel for the Poisoner, concluding, as to his own innocence, with a So help me God! Before his trial, the Poisoner says he will be at the coming race for the Derby. Before his trial, Thurtell

says, 'that after his acquittal he will visit his father, and will propose to him to advance the portion which he intended for him, upon which he will reside abroad.' (So Mr. Manning observed, under similar circumstances, that when all that nonsense was over, and the thing wound up, he had an idea of establishing himself in the West Indies.) When the Poisoner's trial is yet to last another day or so, he enjoys his half-pound of steak and his tea, wishes his best friends may sleep as he does, and fears the grave 'no more than his bed.' (See the Evening Hymn for a Young Child.) When Thurtell's trial is yet to last another day or so, he takes his cold meat, tea, and coffee, and 'enjoys himself with great comfort'; also, on the morning of his execution, he wakes from as innocent a slumber as the Poisoner's, declaring that he has had an excellent night, and that he hasn't dreamed 'about this business.' Whether the parallel will hold to the last, as to 'feeling very well and very comfortable,' as to 'the firm step and perfect calmness,' as to 'the manliness and correctness of his general conduct, as to 'the countenance unchanged by the awfulness of the situation'—not to say as to bowing to a friened, from the scaffold 'in a friendly but dignified manner'—our readers will know for themselves when we know too.

It is surely time that people who are not in the habit of dissecting such appearances, but who are in the habit of reading about them, should be helped to the knowledge that, in the worst examples they are the most to be expected, and the least to be wondered at. That, there is no inconsistency in them, and no fortitude in them. That, there is nothing in them but cruelty and insensibility. That, they are seen, because the man is of a piece with his misdeeds; and that it is not likely that he ever could have committed the crimes for which he is to suffer, if he had not this demeanour to present, in standing publicly to answer for them.

NOBODY, SOMEBODY, AND EVERYBODY

[August 30, 1856]

The power of Nobody is becoming so enormous in England, and he alone is responsible for so many proceedings, both in the way of commission and omission; he has so much to answer for, and is so constantly called to account; that a few remarks upon him may not be ill-timed.

The hand which this surprising person had in the late war is amazing to consider. It was he who left the tents behind, who left the baggage behind, who chose the worst possible ground for encampments, who provided no means of transport, who killed the horses, who paralysed the commissariat, who knew nothing of the business he professed to know and monopolised, who decimated the English army. It was Nobody who gave out the famous unroasted coffee, it was Nobody who made the hospitals more horrible than language can describe, it was Nobody who occasioned all the dire confusion of Balaklava harbour, it was even Nobody who ordered the fatal Balaklava cavalry charge. The non-relief of Kars was the work of Nobody, and Nobody has justly and severely suffered for that infamous transaction.

It is difficult for the mind to span the career of Nobody. The sphere of action opened to this wonderful person, so enlarges every day, that the limited faculties of Anybody are too weak to compass it. Yet, the nature of the last tribunal expressly appointed for the detection and punishment of Nobody may, as a part of his stupendous history, be glanced at without winking.

At the Old Bailey, when a person under strong suspicion of malpractices is tried, it is the custom (the rather as the strong suspicion has been found, by a previous enquiry, to exist), to conduct the trial on stringent principles, and to confide it to impartial hands. It has not yet become the practice of the criminal, or even of the civil courts—but they, indeed, are constituted for the punishment of Somebody—to invite the prisoner's or defendant's friends to talk the

matter over with him in a cosy, tea-and-muffin sort of way, and make out a verdict together, that shall be what a deposed iron king called making things 'pleasant.' But, when Nobody was shown within these few weeks to have occasioned intolerable misery and loss in the late war, and to have incurred a vast amount of guilt in bringing to pass results which all morally sane persons can understand to be fraught with fatal consequences, far beyond present calculation, this cosy course of proceeding was the course pursued. My Lord, intent upon establishing the responsibility of Nobody, walked into court as he would walk into a ball-room; and My Lord's friends and admirers toadied and fawned upon him in court, as they would toady him and fawn upon him in the other assembly. My Lord carried his head very high, and took a mighty great tone with the common people; and there was no question as to anything My Lord did or said, and Nobody got triumphantly fixed. Ignorance enough and incompetency enough to bring any country that the world has ever seen to defeat and shame, and to lay any head that ever was in it low, were proved beyond question; but, My Lord cried, 'On Nobody's eyes be it!' and My Lord's impaneled chorus cried, 'There is no impostor but Nobody; on him be the shame and blame!'

Surely, this is a rather wonderful state of things to be realising itself so long after the Flood, in such a country as England. Surely, it suggests to us with some force, that wherever this ubiquitous Nobody is, there mischief is and there danger is. For, it is especially to be borne in mind that wherever failure is accomplished, there Nobody lurks. With success, he has nothing to do. That is Everybody's business, and all manner of improbable people will invariably be found at the bottom of it. But, it is the great feature of the present epoch that all public disaster in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is assuredly, and to dead certainty, Nobody's work.

We have, it is not to be denied, punished Nobody, with exemplary rigour. We have, as a nation, allowed ourselves to be deluded by no influences or insolences of office or rank, but have dealt with Nobody in a spirit of equal and uncom-

promising justice that has moved the admiration of the world. I have had some opportunities of remarking, out of England, the impression made on other peoples by the stern Saxon spirit with which the default proved and the wrong done, we have tracked down and punished the defaulter and wrong-doer. And I do here declare my solemn belief, founded on much I have seen, that the remembrance of our frightful failures within the last three years, and of our retaliation upon Nobody, will be more vivid and potent in Europe (mayhap in Asia, too, and in America) for years upon years to come than all our successes since the days of the Spanish Armada.

In civil matters we have Nobody equally active. When a civil office breaks down, the break-down is sure to be in Nobody's department. I entreat on my reader, dubious of this proposition, to wait until the next break-down (the reader is certain not to have to wait long), and to observe, whether or no, it is in Nobody's department. A dispatch of the greatest moment is sent to a minister abroad, at a most important crisis; Nobody reads it. British subjects are affronted in a foreign territory; Nobody interferes. Our own loyal fellow-subjects, a few thousand miles away, want to exchange political, commercial, and domestic intelligence with us; Nobody stops the mail. The government, with all its mighty means and appliances, is invariably beaten and outstripped by private enterprise; which we all know to be Nobody's fault. Something will be the national death of us, some day; and who can doubt that Nobody will be brought in Guilty?

Now, might it not be well, if it were only for the novelty of the experiment, to try Somebody a little? Reserving Nobody for statues, and stars and garters, and batons, and places and pensions without duties, what if we were to try Somebody for real work? More than that, what if we were to punish Somebody with a most inflexible and grim severity, when we caught him pompously undertaking in holiday-time to do work, and found him, when the working-time came, altogether unable to do it?

Where do I, as an Englishman, want Somebody? Be-

fore high Heaven, I want him everywhere! I look round the whole dull horizon, and I want Somebody to do work while the Brazen Head, already hoarse with crying 'Time is!' passes into the second warning, 'Time was!' I don't want Somebody to let off Parliamentary penny crackers against evils that need to be stormed by the thunderbolts of Jove. I don't want Somebody to sustain, for Parliamentary and Club entertainment, and by the desire of several persons of distinction, the character of a light old gentleman, or a fast old gentleman, or a debating old gentleman, or a dandy old gentleman, or a free-and-easy old gentleman, or a capital old gentleman considering his years. I want Somebody to be clever in doing the business, not clever in evading it. The more clever he is in the latter quality (which has been the making of Nobody), the worse I hold it to be for me and my children and for all men and their children. I want Somebody who shall be no fiction; but a capable, good, determined workman. For, it seems to me that from the moment when I accept Anybody in a high place, whose function in that place is to exchange winks with me instead of doing the serious deeds that belong to it, I set afloat a system of false pretence and general swindling, the taint of which soon begins to manifest itself in every department of life, from Newgate to the Court of Bankruptcy, and thence to the highest Court of Appeal. For this reason, above all others, I want to see the working Somebody in every responsible position which the winking Somebody and Nobody now monopolise between them.

And this brings me back to Nobody; to the great irresponsible, guilty, wicked, blind giant of this time. O friends, countrymen, and lovers, look at that carcase smelling strong of prussic acid, (drunk out of a silver milkpot, which was a part of the plunder, or as the less pernicious thieves call it, the swag), cumbering Hampstead Heath by London town! Think of the history of which that abomination is at once the beginning and the end; of the dark social scenes daguerreotyped in it; and of the Lordship of your Treasury to which Nobody, driving a shameful bargain, raised this creature when he was alive. Follow the whole story, and finish by lis-

tening to the parliamentary lawyers as they tell you that Nobody knows anything about it; that Nobody is entitled (from the attorney point of view) to believe that there ever was such a business at all; that Nobody can be allowed to demand, for decency's sake, the swift expulsion from the lawmaking body of the surviving instrument in the heap of crime; that such expulsion is, in a word, just Nobody's business, and must at present be constitutionally left to Nobody to do.

There is a great fire raging in the land, and—by all the polite precedents and prescriptions!—you shall leave it to Nobody to put it out with a squirt, expected home in a year or so. There are inundations bursting on the valleys, and—by the same precedents and prescriptions!—you shall trust to Nobody to bale the water out with a bottomless tin kettle. Nobody being responsible to you for his perfect success in these little feats, and you confiding in him, you shall go to Heaven. Ask for Somebody in his stead, and you shall go in quite the contrary direction.

And yet, for the sake of Everybody, give me Somebody! I raise my voice in the wilderness for Somebody. My heart, as the ballad says, is sore for Somebody. Nobody has done more harm in this single generation than Everybody can mend in ten generations. Come, responsible Somebody; accountable Blockhead, come!

THE MURDERED PERSON

[October 11, 1856]

In an early number of this journal,[1] we made some reference to the fact that in the highly improving accounts which are given to the public of the last moments of murderers, the murdered person may be usually observed to be entirely dismissed from the moral discourses with which the murderer favours his admiring audience, except as an incidental and tributary portion of his own egotistical story.

[1] *Pet Prisoners.*

To what lengths this dismissal of the very objectionable personage who persisted in tempting the Saint in the condemned cell to murder him, may be carried, we have had a recent opportunity of considering, in the case of the late lamented Mr. Dove. That amiable man, previous to taking the special express-train to Paradise which is vulgarly called the Gallows, indited a document wherein he made it manifest to all good people that the mighty and beneficent Creator of the vast Universe had specially wrought to bring it about that he should cruelly and stealthily torture, torment, and by inches slay, a weak sick woman, and that woman his wife, in order that he Dove, as with the wings of a Dove (a little blood-stained or so, but that's not much) should be put in the way of ascending to Heaven.

Frightful as this statement is, and sickening as one would suppose it must be, to any mind capable of humbly and reverentially approaching at an inconceivable distance the idea of the Divine Majesty, there it stands in the printed records of the day: a part of the Gaol Court-Newsman's account of the visitors whom the chosen vessel received in his cell, of his proposing to sing hymns in chorus in the night season, and of the 'Prison Philanthropist' declaring him to be a pattern penitent.

Now, to the Prison Philanthropist we concede all good intentions. We take it for granted that the venerable gentleman did not confer his alliterative title on himself, and that he is no more responsible for it, than a public-house is for its sign, or a ship for her figure-head. Yet, holding this horrible confusion of mind on the part of the inhuman wretch to whom he devoted so much humanity, to be shocking in itself and widely perilous in its influences, we plainly avow that we for our part cannot accept good intentions as any set-off against the production of such a mental state, and that we think the condemned cells everywhere (left to their appointed ministers of religion who are very rarely deficient in kindness and zeal) would be better without such philanthropy. What would the Home Secretary say to Professor Holloway, if that learned man applied for free admission to the condemned cells throughout England, in order that he

might with his ointment anoint the throats of the convicts about to be hanged, so that under the influences of the application their final sensations should be of a mild tickling? What would the Home Secretary reply to the august members of the Hygeian Council of the British College of Health, if they made a similar request, with a view to the internal exhibition for a similar purpose of that great discovery, Morrison's pills? Even if some regular medical hand of eminence were to seek the same privilege, with a view to a drugging within the limits of the pharmacopœia—say for the philanthropic purpose of making the patient maudlin drunk with opium and peppermint, and sending him out of this world with a leer—how would the Home Secretary receive that edifying proposal? And is there nothing of greater moment involved in this revolting conceit, setting its heel on the murdered body, and daring eternity on the edge of the murderer's grave?

Pursue this advance made by the late Mr. Dove on the usual calm dismissal of the murdered person, and see where it ends. There are sent into this world two human creatures: one, a highly interesting individual in whom Providence is much concerned—Mr. Dove: one, a perfectly uninteresting individual of no account whatever, here or hereafter—Mrs. Dove. Mr. Dove being expressly wanted in the regions of the blessed, Mrs. Dove is delivered over to him, soul and body, to ensure his presence there, and provide against disappointment. There is no escape from this appalling, this impious conclusion. The special Gaol-Call which was wanting to, and was found by, Mr. Dove who is hanged, was wanting to, and was not found by, Mrs. Dove who is poisoned. Thus, the New Drop usurps the place of the Cross; and Saint John Ketch is preached to the multitude as the latest and holiest of the Prophets!

Our title is so associated with the remembrance of this exhibition, that we have been led into the present comments on it. But, the purpose with which we adopted the title was rather to illustrate the general prevalence of the practice of putting the murdered person out of the question, and the ex-

tensive following which the custom of criminals has found outside the gaols.

Two noble lords at loggerheads, each of whom significantly suggests that he thinks mighty little of the capabilities of the other, are blamed for certain disasters which did undoubtedly befall, under their distinguished administration of military affairs. They demand enquiry. A Board of their particular friends and admirers is appointed 'to enquire'—much as its members might leave their cards for the noble lords with that inscription. The enquiry is in the first instance directed by one of the noble lords to the question—not quite the main question at issue—whether the Board can muzzle the Editor of the *Times*? The Board have the best will in the world to do it, but, finding that the Editor declines to be muzzled, perforce confess their inability to muzzle him. The enquiry then proceeds into anything else that the noble lords like, and into nothing else that the noble lords don't like. It ends in eulogiums on the soldierly qualities and conduct of both lords, and clearly shows their fitness for command to have been so completely exemplified, in failing, that the inference is, if they had succeeded they would have failed. The compliments ended, the Board breaks up (the best thing it could possibly do, and the only function it is fit for), the noble lords are decorated, and there is an end of the matter.

How like the case of the late Mr. Dove! The murdered person—by name the wasted forces and resources of England—is not to be thought of; or, if thought of, is only to be regarded as having been expressly called into being for the noble lords to make away with, and mount up to the seventh Heaven of merit upon. The President of the Board (answering to the Prison Philanthropist) sings pæans in the dark to any amount, and the only thing wanting in the parallel, is, the finishing hand of Mr. Calcraft.

Let us pass to another instance. The Law of Divorce is in such condition that from the tie of marriage there is no escape to be had, no absolution to be got, except under certain proved circumstances not necessary to enter upon here,

and then only on payment of an enormous sum of money. Ferocity, drunkenness, flight, felony, madness, none of these will break the chain, without the enormous sum of money. The husband who, after years of outrage, has abandoned his wife, may at any time claim her for his property and seize the earnings on which she subsists. The most profligate of women, an intolerable torment, torture, and shame to her husband, may nevertheless, unless he be a very rich man, insist on remaining handcuffed to him, and dragging him away from any happier alliance, from youth to old age and death. Out of this condition of things among the common people, out of the galling knowledge of the impossibility of relief—aggravated, in cottages and single rooms, to a degree not easily imaginable by ill-assorted couples who live in houses of many chambers, and who, both at home and abroad, can keep clear of each other and go their respective ways—vices and crimes arise which no one with open eyes and any fair experience of the people can fail often to trace, from the Calendars of Assizes, back to this source. It is proposed a little to relax the severity of a thraldom prolonged beyond the bounds of morality, justice, and sense, and to modify the law. Instantly the singing of pæans begins, and the murdered person disappears! Authorities, lay and clerical, rise in their parliamentary places to deliver panegyrics on Marriage as an Institution (which nobody disputes to be just); they have much to relate concerning what the Fathers thought of it, and what was written, said, and done about it hundreds of years before these evils were; they set up their fancy whipping-tops, and whip away; they utter homilies without end upon the good side of the question, which is in no want of them; but, from their exalted state of vision the murdered person utterly vanishes. The tortures and wrongs of the sufferer have no place in their speeches. They felicitate themselves, like the murderers, on their own glowing state of mind, and they mount upon the mangled creature to deliver their orations, much as the Duke's man in the sham siege took his post on the fallen governor of Barataria.

So in the case of overstrained Sunday observance, and denial of innocent popular reliefs from labour. The murdered

person—the consumptive, scrofulous, rickety worker in unwholesome places, the wide prevalence of whose reduced physical condition has rendered it necessary to lower the standard of health and strength for recruiting into the army, and caused its ranks to be reinforced in the late war by numbers of poor creatures notoriously in an unserviceable bodily state—the murdered person, in this phase of his ubiquity, is put out of sight, as a matter of course. We have flaming and avenging speeches made, as if a bold peasantry, their country's pride, models of cheerful health and muscular development, were in every hamlet, town, and city, once a week ardently bent upon the practice of asceticism and the renunciation of the world; but, the murdered person, Legion, who cannot at present by any means be got at once a week, and who does nothing all that day but gloom and grumble and deteriorate, is put out of sight as if none of us had ever heard of him! What is it to the holders forth, that wherever we live, or wherever we go, we see him, and see him with so much pity and dismay that we want to make him better by other human means than those which have missed him? To get rid of his memory, in the murdering way, and vaunt ourselves instead, is much easier.

Bankrupts are declared, greedy speculators smash, and bankers break. Who does not hear of the reverses of those unfortunate gentlemen; of the disruption of their establishments; of their wives being reduced to live upon their settlements; of the sale of their horses, equipages, pictures, wines; of the mighty being fallen, and of their magnanimity under their reverses? But, the murdered person, the creditor, investor, depositor, the cheated and swindled under whatsoever name, whose mind does he trouble? The mind of the fraudulent firm? Enquire at the House of Detention, Clerkenwell, London, and you will find that the last great fraudulent firm was no more troubled about *him*, than Mr. Dove or Mr. Palmer was by the client whom he 'did for,' in the way of his different line of business.

And, lastly, get an order of admission to Sir Charles Barry's palace any night in the session, and you will observe the murdered person to be as comfortably stowed away as

he ever is at Newgate. What In said to Out in eighteen hundred and thirty-five, what Out retorted upon In in eighteen hundred and forty-seven, why In would have been Out in eighteen hundred and fifty-four but for Out's unparalleled magnanimity in not coming in, this, with all the contemptible ins and outs of all the Innings and Outings, shall be discoursed upon, with abundance of hymns and pæans on all sides, for six months together. But, the murdered old gentleman Time, and the murdered matron, Britannia, shall no more come in question than the murdered people do in the cells of the penitents—unless indeed they are reproduced, as in the odious case with which we began, to show that they were expressly created for the exaltation of the speech-makers.

MURDEROUS EXTREMES

[January 3, 1857]

Our title may suggest a reference in the reader's mind, to those much maligned persons, the ticket-of-leave men, who at present favour the metropolis with more of their exemplary business-transactions than is appreciated with becoming gratitude by an ungrateful public. It is not intended, however, to have that significance. We have over and over again in these pages dwelt upon the consequences to which a preposterous encouraging and rewarding of prison hypocrisy, were inevitably leading. Whether they have ensued in sufficient abundance (being met by a corresponding decreas of efficiency in the Police), and whether the issuing of an Order in Council, any time within the last six months, for the incarceration and severe punishment of convicted offenders enlarged upon commuted sentences, unable to show that they were honestly employed, would have been as good a symptom as the Income Tax of our really living under a Government; all our readers can judge for themselves.

The Murderous Extremes to which we will, in very few words, entreat serious attention, appear to us to have a re-

markable bearing on, and to be forcibly illustrated in, the Parliament Street Murder; than which an outrage more barbarous in itself, or more disgraceful to the country, has not been committed in England within a hundred years.

The only circumstances in this act of brutality which our present object requires us to revive, are, that it was committed in a public shop (made the more public by being extraordinarily small, and nearly all window), at an early hour of the evening, in a great main thoroughfare of London; that it was committed with bystanders looking on, and by-passers asking what was the matter; that the blows of the murderer, and the feeble groans of the murdered, were audible in the public street to several persons; and that not one of them interfered, saving a poor errand boy.

Is it worth any man's while to ask himself the question, how does it happen that a passiveness so shocking was displayed in such a case? Is it worth any man's while to ask himself the question, how does it happen that a similar passiveness, in similar cases, is actually becoming a part of the national character, brave and generous though it is? For, we assume that few can stop short at the Parliament Street example, and comfortably tick it off as a Phenomenon, who read with the least attention the reports of the Police Courts and of the Criminal Trials: in which records, the same ugly feature is constantly observable.

We have made bold to question our own mind on this painful subject, and we find the answer plainly, in two murderous extremes—in two wrestings of things good in themselves, to unnatural and ridiculous proportions.

Extreme the first:

It has been, for many years, a misfortune of the English People to be, by those in authority, both over-disparaged and over-praised. The disparagement has grown out of mere arrogance and ignorance; the praise, out of a groundless fear of the people, and a timid desire to keep them well in hand.

A due respect for the Law is the basis of social existence. Without it, we come to the Honourable Preston S. Brooks, Kansas, and those two shining constellations among the bright Stars of Freedom, known by the names of Bowie-

knife and Revolver. But, have none of us Englishmen heard this tuneful fiddle with one string played upon, until our souls have sickened of it? From the Bench, from the Bar, from the Pulpit, from the Platform, from the Floor of the House of Commons, from all the thousand fountain-heads of boredom, have none of us been badgered and baited with an Englishman's respect for the Law, until, in the singular phraseology of Mr. Morier's Persian hero, our faces have turned upside down, and our livers have resolved themselves into water? We take leave to say, Yes; most emphatically, Yes! We avow for our own part, that whensoever, at public meeting, dinner, testimonial-presentation, charity-election, or other spoutation ceremony, we find (which we always do), an orator approaching an Englishman's respect for the Law, our heart dries up within us, and terror paralyses our frame. As the dreadful old clap-trap begins to jingle, we become the prey of a deep-seated melancholy and a miserable despair. We know the thing to have passed into a fulsome form, out of which the life has gone, and into which putrefaction has come. On common lips we perceive it to be a thing of no meaning, and on lips of authority we perceive it to have gradually passed into a thing of most pernicious meaning.

For, what does it mean? What is it? What has it come to? 'My good man, John Bull, hold up your hand and hear me! You are on no account to do anything for yourself. You are by no means to stir a finger to help yourself, or to help another man. Law has undertaken to take care of you, and to take care of the other man, whoever he may be. You are the foremost man of all this world, in regard to respecting the Law. Call in the Law, John, on all occasions. If you can find the Law round the corner, run after it and bring it on the scene when you see anything wrong; but, don't touch the wrong on any consideration. Don't *you* interfere, whatever you see. It 's not *your* business. Call in the Law, John. You shall not take the Law into your own hands. You are a good boy, John, and your business is to be a bystander, and a looker on, and to be thought for, and to be acted for. That 's the station of life unto which *you* are called. Law is an edge-tool, John, and a strong arm, and

you have nothing to do with it. Therefore, John, leave this all-sufficient Law alone, to achieve everything for you, and for everybody else. So shall you be ever, ever, the pride and glory of the earth; so will we make patriotic speeches about you, and sing patriotic songs about you, out of number!' So, by degrees, it is our sincere conviction, John gets to be humbugged into believing that he is a first-rate citizen if he looks in at a shop-window while a man is being murdered, and if he quietly leaves the transaction entirely to Law, in the person of the policeman who is not there. So, when Law itself is down on the pavement in the person of the policeman, with Brute Force dancing jigs upon his body, John looks on with a faith in Law's coming uppermost somehow or other, and with a perfect conviction that it is Law's business, and not his.

Extreme the second:

Technicalities and forms of law, *in reason*, are essential to the preservation of the liberties and rights of all classes of men. No man has a greater or lesser interest in them than another, since any man may be, at any time, in the position of needing impartial justice. But, in its unreason, Westminster Hall is a nuisance; and, supposing Westminster Hall in its unreason conspicuously to back up this grievous error of John's, and conspicuously to supply him with a new distrust of the terrible consequences of his not leaving murderers with blood upon their hands to be taken solely by the Law, Westminster Hall would be a very great nuisance and a well-nigh insupportable nuisance. Supposing Westminster Hall to make this mischievous idiot of itself at a very critical time and under very famous circumstances, before the Parliament Street Murder was committed; why, then Westminster Hall might, in a pictorial representation of that terrible cruelty, be reasonably represented as holding John's hands while he looked in at the window, and as menacing John from interfering.

Will the reader who may not remember the facts, look back to what Westminster Hall said about the case of one Barthélémy, who, having had the misfortune to murder an old gentleman in Warren Street, Tottenham Court Road, was

escaping over a garden fence, when, being collared by a meddlesome individual labouring under the absurd idea that he ought to stop a Murderer as Law was not there to stop him, he became virtuously indignant, and shot that meddlesome person dead? In that case, which attracted great attention, Westminster Hall solemnly argued and contended before Lord Campbell that the meddlesome man shot dead, had no right to stop the Murderer, and that the Murderer had a right to shoot the meddlesome man shot dead, for stopping him! Before as upright and as sagacious a Judge as ever graced the Bench, this almost incredible absurdity could not prevail, and Westminster Hall was reduced to the last feeble resource of moaning at the clubs until the ill-used Murderer was hanged.

Turn from these two extremes to the window in Parliament Street; see the people looking in, coming up, listening, exchanging a word or two, and passing on; and say whether, at the close of the year eighteen hundred and fifty-six, we find for the first time Smoke without Fire.

STORES FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL

[March 7, 1857]

All Fools'-day drawing near, it is a seasonable occupation to calculate what we have in store for the occasion, and to take stock of the provision in reserve, to meet the great demand of the anniversary.

First (for the moment postponing the substantials of the annual feast, and beginning with the spirits), we are happy to report the existence in England, in its third volume, of a Spiritual Telegraph 'and British Harmonial Advocate.' Walled up in the flesh, as it is our personal and peculiar misfortune to be, we are not in a condition to report upon the derivation or meaning of the British adjective, Harmonial. Unknown to Dr. Johnson in the body, it has probably been revealed to him in the spirit, and by him been communicated

to some favoured 'Medium.' The Harmonial Advocate is published in one of the northern counties erewhile renowned for horses, and which may yet be destined to establish a celebrity for its acquaintance with another class of quadrupeds.

In the January Harmonial, we find a Bank for the First of April, on which we will present our readers with a few small drafts, which may enable them to form a proximate idea of the value of its Rest. Its following extract from 'the British Court Journal,' of this last blessed eighteen hundred and fifty-sixth Christmas-time, will show how far we have travelled in all those years.

'One of our greatest English poets being in communication with the medium, asked for the summons of Dante. The presence of the latter was immediately made manifest by the written answers returned to the questions of the inquirer, and Mr. B— then asked the medium to request the great Italian to make himself visible! Presently there arose, as if from the ground beneath the table, two long, thin, yellow hands, unmistakable as to their Italian origin, undeniable as to their having belonged to a student and a gentleman. While the assembly were yet gazing in breathless awe, and may be something of terror likewise, the hands floated away, or were rather borne, as it were, across the room, and rose to the marble console opposite, upon which stood a vase containing an orange tree in blossom. The hands slowly and softly, without noise, but visibly to all, plucked from the stem a sprig of orange flower with its leaves and buds, and returning to the table, paused above the head of Mrs. B—, the poet's wife, herself an exquisite and beautiful poet likewise, and, placing the sprig upon her raven hair, disappeared gradually from sight, seeming once more to sink to the floor, while the audience remained speechless and awe-struck, and but little inclined to renew the experiment, that same night, at all events. The sprig of orange blossom is religiously preserved by Mrs. B—, whose honour and truth are unimpeachable; while the witnesses gathered round the table at the time of the occurrence all testify to the apparition, as well as to the utter unconsciousness of the

medium, who neither spoke nor moved during the whole time the circumstance was taking place.'—

We happen to have had communicated to our humble bodily individuality by a letter of the alphabet, remarkably like B, some emphatic references to a similar story; and they were not merely associated with the production of two hands, but with the threatened production of one foot—the latter not a spiritual, but a corporeal foot, considered as a means of impelling the biped, Man, down a staircase.

We learn from the same pages that Mr. J. J. of Peckham, went into an appointed house at Sandgate-by-the-Sea, last autumn, at four of the clock in the afternoon, and unto him entered the Medium, evidently suffering from physical prostration, spiritual knockings immediately afterwards hailed the advent of J. J., and in answer to the question, Were the spirits pleased with Mr. J. J. of Peckham being there? 'the rappings, as if on the under-side of the table, were rapid and joyous, and as loud as if made with a hand-hammer'; being probably made, we would deferentially suggest, by the ghost of the celebrated 'Harmonial' blacksmith. In the evening a loo-table politely expressed its happiness in making the acquaintance of the visitor from Peckham, by suspending itself in the air 'clear of the floor, about eight inches.' On another occasion, a lady of London, attending her uncle during his last illness, was gratified by a spectacle such as has been hitherto hidden from the ardent desires of the best of mankind, and saw her uncle 'floating out from under the bedclothes,' accompanied by two angels with whom he floated out of window, 'and continued to float and rise till out of sight.' This lady is described as Mrs. G., and may, perhaps, have been Mrs. Gamp, in professional attendance on the late Mr. Harris. On another occasion, Mr. J. G. had the following little experience: 'One evening, after having seen a great many extraordinary lifts, by the table frequently springing from the floor to a great height, and in that manner keeping time to tunes, etc., *with an understanding that the performer was the Spirit of Burns the poet*, the company had nearly all retired, leaving only the medium, her father, and myself at the table, when finally the father fell asleep, and

the medium retired to a distance from the table, leaving me alone sitting at the table reading Burns's Poems, by the light of a candle placed on the middle of the table; I was just in the act of reading the song Wandering Willie, and was making a remark to the medium that it was an old favourite of mine, when I heard a movement, and the medium said, "the table is moving of its own accord." I instantly stopped reading, and having heard of tables moving without touch, I thought I might perhaps be gratified with a movement of that kind. I therefore said, "*If this is really the Spirit of Burns, will he be kind enough to gratify me by a movement of the table without any human touch?*" Almost immediately afterwards, it commenced cracking as if a heavy weight had been pressing upon it, and it then gave a sudden rush on the floor, perhaps to the distance of a foot, when it stopped.' On another occasion the same gentleman saw 'a very heavy oak-table, weighing some few stones, fly up *like a rocket*,' and heard a lady make the singular request to her husband's spirit, that he would, as a particular favour, 'throw' this heavy oak-table, weighing some few stones, 'over on her knee,' and 'upset it into her lap.' These extraordinary proofs of a love surviving beyond the grave, her husband affectionately accorded, but with what painful results to the lady's legs is not mentioned. On another occasion Mrs. Coan, Medium, was tested by 'the New York Philosophical Society of the Mechanics' Institution,' when a Spirit made the following startling disclosure 'Did you leave a wife? Yes.—Did you leave children? No answer.—Did you leave a child? Yes.—Was it a girl? No. —*Was it a boy? Yes.*'

Mr. Robert Owen, who, as was formerly announced in this journal, received a special message from the spiritual world informing him that he would certainly succeed in his object of re-modelling society, if he inserted an advertisement in the *Morning Post*, has made large provision for the First of April. It is at present stored in a warehouse called the *Millennial Gazette*, established for the purpose of proclaiming to mankind that: 'A CONGRESS of the advanced minds of the world, to consider the best immediate practic-

able mode of gradually superseding the false, ignorant, unjust, cruel, wicked, and most irrational system of society, opposed to the righteous laws of God and nature, and which hitherto has been the only system known to man,—by the true, enlightened, just, merciful, good, and rational system of society, in strict accordance with the all-wise laws of God and nature, will be opened at noon precisely, on the fourteenth of May next, in St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, London, the present metropolis of the world—when will be explained the outline of the change which is highly to benefit all of the human race through futurity, and to injure none, even while passing through its first or transition generation, preliminary to the attainment of its full change, which will be the commencement of the long-promised millennium.'

It is foreseen that the debates of this assemblage (to which Mr. Owen invites 'the Sovereign Powers of the civilised world to send their most talented representatives, possessing firm integrity of character'—who will no doubt attend in great numbers) will take time. It is therefore announced that the Congress 'will be continued day by day from ten A. M. to three P.M., until this great work of reformation for the lasting advantage of all of human kind shall be brought to a satisfactory termination.' We fear this may cause Mr. Hullah some little inconvenience; but, it is pleasant to consider, on the other hand, what an enormous amount of rent that respected gentleman will receive for the long occupation of his Hall. 'Superior spirits,' it appears, are taking great interest in the Congress, and among the mortals who will attend, we hope Mr. Samuel Clark, Medium, of 'Beaverton, Boone Co., Ill., U.S.' may be expected. This gentleman writes to the convener: 'DEAR SIR, I never heard your name nor the right foundation of the principles that you are advocating to the world until a few weeks ago I came into my house at noon and there lay your *Millennial Gazette*, but the cover not removed, and as I took it into my hand to open it a divine spiritual influence dropt over me, as if a mantle of light and harmony was cast over me by some invisible power. It vibrated through my entire system, and by that I knew I held something holy and true in my hand.

I opened and great was my delight there to find the principles plainly laid before me, which I had been trying to advocate in public for some time past, with spiritualism combined, having been a medium some ten months, speaking in public, *languages that I do not understand, and sometimes no person present understood not even one word.* I have seen spirits and had them touch me, have seen the most beautiful visions, and healed the sick by laying on of hand by the same invisible power.' Mr. Clark sends likewise this apostrophe from Beaverton, Boone Co., Ill., U.S.: 'But I should love to see and hear thee, oh thou noble champion of truth. One favour I ask. If you are taken to the purer spiritual life before me, then throw thy holy influence on me, to convince the sceptical, and to help me speak the truth, impress me with your ideas. This you can do on a medium, by and through the laws of unity which exist between individual spirits of pure harmony.'

There appears to be no doubt that important communications from this gentleman may be confidently expected (in the language of which nobody understands one word), on the First of April.

Dismissing, here, this branch of the preparations for the feast of unreason, we pass to a joke happily conceived for the First of April, though we doubt its success in making as complete a fool of the British Public as is desired. An old captain of the Welsh Fusileers has translated into French and published at Brussels, for the edification and something-else-ification of the French people, a paper originally written by Mr. Hayward for an English Review, and therein published in the English tongue. Mr. Hayward is correctly described in the Preface as 'Queen's Counsel, and distinguished man of letters'; and he is further described as having, for the purposes of the translation, corrected his work, and enlarged it with a variety of information drawn from the most authentic sources. Its object is to show that the English people had, in the beginning, the most exaggerated expectations of the war with Russia; that they were fully persuaded that everything would go on of itself (que tout marcherait tout seul), though we suppose they may be

allowed to have had some dim impression, at least, that a vast amount of their money would go off in helping it on; that nearly all the privations and sufferings of the English army 'may be accounted for without imputing any serious blame to any minister, civil or military officer, or chief of department, whether in London or whether in the Crimea'; and that 'nobody of good faith who is acquainted with the spirited reply of Lord Lucan (!), who has read the lucid address of Sir Richard Airey (!), or who has studied the extraordinary evidence of Colonel Tulloch before the Chelsea commission (!), will hesitate to pronounce a sentence of honourable acquittal.' The sufficient cause and reason of any little British failure (if any) that ill-conditioned journalists pretended to observe in the Crimea, and of any slight superfluous suffering and death (if any) that occurred among the British troops, is to be found in the alterations rendered necessary in the character of the army's operations, after those operations were arranged at Varna, and in the remissness of the French; the soldiers of which distracted nation (with the occasional exception of a Zouave or so) were never ready, were always behind time, were not to be relied upon, and were handled by their generals with timidity and incertitude. M. de Bazancourt having, with the not very generous concurrence of his master the Emperor, written a turbid, inflated, and partial account of the War in the Crimea (which, making every allowance for a Frenchman's not being specially predestined to write in the style of the Duke of Wellington, he has indisputably done), Mr. Hayward sets the matter right, and brings the French mind to a perfect understanding of the truth, by means of these lights and explanations (éclaircissements) on the subject.

It happens, however—perversely, with a view to the First of April—that Colonel Tulloch, who seems to have no relish for All Fools'-day, and no perception of the humour of the jokes appropriate to it, comes out arrayed in plain English attire, at about the same time as Mr. Hayward appears in his French suit, and offers *his* little lights and explanations on the same subject. Colonel Tulloch's 'éclaircissements' are contained in a Review of the Proceedings and Report of the

Chelsea Board: and they incontestably prove, beyond the power of disproof by man of woman born, every conceivable detail of murderous muddle and mismanagement, by English administrators of one kind or another in the Crimea, on every imaginable head on which it was possible to do wrong, from the article of coatees up to hospital medicines and down again to coffee. They prove these imbecilities, too, out of the lips of his own opponents, making their own statements in their own defence before a one-sided tribunal constantly wresting the case out of the truth, by stopping short when they see that damnatory pea in danger of rolling out from among the thimbles. Whether Colonel Tulloch shows the spirited replyer, Lord Lucan, to have called cavalry officers to prove that nothing more could have been done than was done towards the sheltering of the horses, whom he had himself, in writing, under his own hand, severely censured for 'doing nothing' towards that sheltering for five long winter weeks; whether he shows that in the Crimea the same noble and spirited replyer would not hear of sailcloth for the covering-in of horses, and that at Aldershot it is now extensively used for that very purpose; or whether he shows that the vast idea never presented itself to the collective wisdom of a whole brigade in want of barley, that it was possible, instead of sending horses all the way to Balaclava to fetch it, to send them half the way, and there let them meet the commissariat beasts, relieve them of their load, and turn back again; or whether he shows the English soldiers to have been perishing by thousands, abject scarecrows in rags that would not hold together, 'while their knapsacks were on the Black Sea, their squad-bags at Scutari, thousands of pairs of trousers missing, thousands of coatees unused, and tens of thousands of great-coats, blankets, and rugs, filling the Quarter-Master General's stores, or the harbour of Balaclava'; or whether he shows the Board to attribute the non-supply of those vital essentials, to the deficiency of transport to the front, whereas that very kind of transport was at that very time going on with shot and shell and the like to an enormous extent, and whereas Sir John Campbell and Sir Richard England both positively stated to the Board,

that they had never received any intimation whatever from the Quarter-Master General, that such things were to be got for the sending for, or were there at all; or whether he shows it to be alleged as a reason for not issuing coatees to the men, that they were too small, 'by reason of the great quantity of underclothing worn by them,' at a time when the identical men are to a dead certainty known to have had no under-clothing whatever; or whether he shows the Assistant Commissary General's accounts to pretend that within a certain time three hundred and fifty thousand pounds weight (in round numbers), of vegetables were issued to the starving troops, of which quantity two hundred and seventy-three thousand pounds weight (in round numbers), are afterwards admitted *to have been destroyed,* while the greater part of the rest was scrambled for in Balaclava harbour and never issued; or whether he shows that when the Chelsea Board compassionate the Commissary General for having no transports to get fresh meat in, while the soldiers were dying of diseases caused by salt meat, there were Sixteen available transports lying idle at their moorings in Balaclava harbour; or whether he shows the same Commissary when the men where dying for want of lime-juice, never to have reported to Lord Raglan that there was the small item of twenty thousand pounds weight of lime-juice stored there, in the Crimea, on the spot, ready for use; or whether he shows the Chelsea Board in their Report, after all the mischief is done and all the misery is irreparable, to be still, to the last, so like their own championed Incapables, as, in their printed report, to be found quoting evidence that was never given, and assigning explanations to witnesses who never offered them; in whatever he does from the first to the last page of his Review of a Board whose constitution and proceedings were an outrage on common sense, the lights of Colonel Tulloch make the lights of Mr. Hayward darkness, rout the whole host of spirited replyers with frightful loss and discomfiture, and show no toleration whatever of the First of April.

To us, who admire that institution, and love to contemplate the provision made and making for it, this is no service.

We regard Colonel Tulloch as rather a dull man, wanting the due zest and relish for a joke, and conscious of no compunction in knocking a choice one on the head. Yet we descry a kind of humour in him, too, when he quotes this letter from the late Duke of Wellington to General Fane.

'I wish I had it in my power to give you well-clothed troops, or to hang those who ought to have given them their clothing.

'Believe me, etc.,
'WELLINGTON.'

—which is really an 'éclaircissement' extremely satisfactory to our odd way of thinking, and perhaps the next spirited reply on record after Lord Lucan's.

Consenting, in the good humour with which this pithy document inspires us, to consider Colonel Tulloch reconciled to the First of April, we will pass to a cursory examination of some more of its stores.

A contribution to the general stock, of a rather remarkable nature, has been made by the reverend Ordinary of Newgate, in his report to the Lord Mayor and court of aldermen, as we find it quoted in the *Times* of Wednesday the eleventh of February. The reverend gentleman writes (in singular English):

'I have often thought, and still think, that the origin of garotte robberies took place from the exhibition of the way the Thugs in India strangle and plunder passengers, as exhibited in the British Museum. However valuable as illustrations of Indian manners such representations may be, I could heartily wish that these models were placed in some more obscure position, and cease to be that which I fear they have been, the means of giving to men addicted to crime and violence an idea how their evil purposes may be accomplished.'

Now, setting aside the fact notorious to all men—on the first of April—that the desperate characters of the metropolis are in the habit of fatiguing themselves with the study of the British Museum, and that the worst of the

Ticket-of-leave men may be invariably found there, between the hours of ten and four, annotating their catalogues with great diligence, we take leave to protest against this reverend gentleman's doctrine, as utterly nonsensical in itself, and surpassingly insulting to the people. Here indeed is our old enemy Sloggins, with the broken nose, the black eye, and the bulldog, at his old work in a rampant state! Because Sloggins abuses, nobody shall use. There is habitual drunkenness in the house of Sloggins, and therefore there shall not be temperate enjoyment in the house of Moderation; there is perversion of every gift of a gracious Creator on the part of this beast, and therefore the gifts shall be taken away from a million of well-conducted people. We declare that we believe the cruelty (however unintentional) of the reverend gentleman's proposition to be as gigantic as its injustice. It is a striking illustration of the purblind, one-sided, left-handed, monomaniacal vice of the time, which, deferring to the pests of society, would make England, for its toiling and much-enduring honest masses, one vast Penitentiary. Of what entertainment, of what knowledge, of what artificial relief that this earth can afford them, may the people out of Newgate not be deprived by a parity of reasoning? All traces of Mr. Layard's discoveries must be instantly put out of the way. They shew the Ordinary's precious charges how to bind people's hands behind their backs, and how to lop off people's heads. Peter's part in the New Testament must be sealed up, or we shall have a policeman's ear cut off. *Romeo and Juliet* must be interdicted, in remembrance of Mr. Palmer's having purchased poison, and lest Mr. Sloggins should think of administering a sleeping draught. The publication of *King Lear* must be stopped by the Attorney-General, or a fiendish way of plotting against his brother will inevitably be put into young Mr. Sloggins's head. Tolerate *Hamlet* again, on any stage, and you shall hear from the Ordinary of there being somebody 'in trouble,' on suspicion of having poured poison into the ear of a near relation. The *Merchant of Venice* must be got with all dispatch into the State Gazette, or, so sure as you are born, Mr. Sloggins will have a pound of flesh from

you as you go home one night. Prohibit *Paradise Lost* without a moment's loss of time, or Mr. Sloggins will get all the arguments of the Evil One into his head, and will misquote them against the Ordinary himself before he is a Sessions older. Burns must not be heard; Hogarth must not be seen. Sloggins never had a holiday that he did not misuse; therefore let no man have a holiday any more. Sloggins would raise a Devil out of any Art or Grace in life; therefore hamstring all the Arts and Graces, and lock the cripples up. Yet, even when you have done all this, and have cast the Thug figures into impenetrable obscurity, so ingenious is Mr. Sloggins, and such a knack of distorting the purest models has that exacting gentleman, that who shall ensure the Ordinary, after all, against Mr. Sloggins's declaring, one fine First of April, that 'he bin and got the idea o' garrotin',' from a certain lawful procession at eight o'clock in the morning, in which the Ordinary himself formed a conspicuous figure!

Among the commodities in store for All Fools'-day, we find a large quantity of expectations. It is expected to be known, then, by whose authority comfortable little arrangements are made for the absence of the Police when the worst characters in London come together to describe the Police as their natural and implacable enemies—which, it is to be hoped, they will long remain. It is expected to be known, then (and that through the agency of some Member of Parliament), whether the managing Police Commissioner takes the responsibility of this very dangerous proceeding, or whether the Home Secretary takes it; and whether the responsibility of either functionary is a sufficient justification of it. On the same occasion it is expected that Somebody (official) will rise in both houses of Parliament, with a plain speech to this effect: 'We hear, my lords and gentlemen, a great deal said about youthful profligacy and corruption, in search of which we are perpetually poking our heads into Singing Rooms and Acting Rooms, and where not, and worrying mankind grey with the shying and backing and jibbing of a variety of hobbies; but, at any rate, we may all know, through the evidence of our own ears, that one of

the most prolific sources of that profligacy and corruption is always rife and unchecked in our streets: where more abominable language is currently and openly used chiefly by young boys and young men than in all the rest of Europe. Now, my lords and gentlemen, we have the remedy for this, ready made, in the last Police Bill, where the use of bad language, in any public place, is made an offence punishable by fine or imprisonment. And, to begin plainly, at the beginning, without any prancing of hobbies in circles, we have just come to the conclusion that this law shall not be suffered to remain a Dead Letter, but shall, on special instruction, be enforced by the Police; and so, with God's help and yours, we will, at least, shut one of the stable-doors, standing wide open in our full view, before the steed is stolen.' [1] On the same occasion, the same Somebody (still speaking officially) is expected to announce, within the compass of half an hour by the clock, that he holds in his hand a Bill for the taking into custody by the strong arm, of every neglected or abandoned child of either sex, found in the streets of any town in this kingdom; for the training and education of that child, in honest knowledge and honest labour; for the heavy punishment of the parents if they can by any means be found; for making it compulsory on them to contribute to the costs and charges of the rearing of those children out of their earnings, no matter what; but, for their summary and final deprivation of all rights, as parents, over the young creatures they would have driven to perdition; and for the transfer of those rights to the State. It is expected that the Preamble of such Bill will set forth that the human heart can no longer bear the affecting spectacle of beautiful childhood made repulsive and shocking, which every great town presents; and that human faith cannot believe in the Divine endurance of such iniquity as the standing by and looking at it, without a terrible retribution.

[1] The writer has himself obtained a conviction by a police magistrate, under this Act, for this shameful and demoralising offence—which is as common and as public as the mud in the streets. He obtained it with difficulty, the charge not being within the experience of any one concerned; but, he insisted on the law, and it was clear (wonderful to relate!), and was enforced.

It is further expected that the subject will occasion half as much interest at Westminister, and draw half as full a Lower House, as a pitched battle of 'I say you did' and 'I say you didn't' between M. and N., or as the appearance arm-in-arm, instead of fist to fist, of A. and Z. This extravagant notion, as by far the greatest of all extravagances we have recorded, may aptly close the list of Stores for the Day of All Fools.

THE BEST AUTHORITY

[JUNE 20, 1857]

I WISH he was not so ubiquitous.

I wish he was not always having people to dine with him, into whom he crams all manner of confidences, and who come from his too hospitable board to harass my soul with special intelligence (which is never true), upon all the subjects that arise in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I wish to Heaven he would dine out!

Yet, that is a weak wish, because he does dine out. He makes a habit of dining out. He is always dining out. How could I be the confused, perplexed, benighted wretch I am, but for everybody I know, meeting him at dinner everywhere, and receiving information from him which they impart to me? I wish he would hold his tongue!

Yet, that is another weak wish, because when he does hold his tongue, I am none the better for it. His silence is used against me. If I mention to my friend, Pottington, any little scrap of fact of which in my very humble way I may have become possessed, Pottington says, that 's very odd, he hardly thinks it can be, he will tell me why; dining yesterday at Croxford's he happened to sit next to the Best Authority, and had a good deal of talk with him, and yet he never said a word to lead him to suppose—

This brings me to inquire how does it happen that everybody always sits next him? At a dinner of eighteen persons, I have known seventeen sit next him. Nay, at a public

dinner of one hundred and thirty, I have known one hundred and twenty-nine sit next him. How is it done? In his ardent desire to impart special intelligence to his fellow-men, does he shift his position constantly, and sit upon all the chairs in the social circle successively? If he does so, it is obvious that he has no moral right to represent to each individual member of the company that his communication is of an exclusive character, and that he is impelled to it by strong personal consideration and respect. Yet I find that he invariably makes some such representation. I augur from this, that he is a deceiver.

What is his calling in life, that it leaves him so much time upon his hands? He is always at all the clubs—must spend a respectable income in annual club subscriptions alone. He is always in all the streets, and is met in the market-places by all sorts and conditions of men. Who is his bootmaker? Who cuts his corns? He is always going up and down the pavements, and must have corns of a prodigious size.

I object to his being addicted to compliments and flattery. I boldly publish this accusation against him, because I have several respected friends who would scorn to compliment themselves, whom he is always complimenting. For example. He meets my dear Flounceby (whom I regard as a brother), at a mutual friend's—there again! He is mutual friends with everybody!—and I find that he prefaces his communications to Flounceby, with such expressions as these: 'Mr. Flounceby, I do not wish what I am about to mention, to go any further; it is a matter of some little delicacy which I should not consider myself justified in speaking of to general society; but, knowing your remarkable powers, your delicate discrimination, and great discretion,' etc. All of which, my dear Flounceby, in the modest truthfulness of his nature, feels constrained to repeat to me! This is the Best Authority's didactic style; but, I observe him also, by incidental strokes, artfully to convey complimentary touches of character into casual dialogue. As when he remarks, in reference to some handsome reticence on my friend's part, 'Ah Flounceby! Your usual reserve in committing others!' Or, 'Your expressive eye, my dear Mr. Flounceby, discloses what

your honourable tongue would desire to conceal!' And the like. All of which, Flounceby, in his severe determination to convey to me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, repeats, with evident pain to his modesty.

Is he a burglar, or of the swell mob? I do not accuse him of occupying either position (which would be libellous), but I ask for information. Because my mind is tormented by his perpetually getting into houses into which he would seem to have no lawful open way, and by his continually diving into people's pocket-books in an otherwise inexplicable manner. In respect of getting into the Queen's Palace, the Boy Jones was a fool to him. He knows everything that takes place there. On a late auspicious occasion when the nation was hourly expecting to be transported with joy for the ninth time, it is surprising what he knew on the question of Chloroform. Now, Dr. Locock is known to be the most trustworthy even of doctors; and Her Majesty's self-reliance and quiet force of character have passed into an axiom. I want to know, therefore, How, When, Where, and From Whom, did the Best Authority acquire all that chloroform information which he was, for months, prowling about all the clubs, going up and down all the streets, having all London to dine with him, and going out to dine with all London, for the express purpose of diffusing? I hope society does not demand that I should be slowly bothered to death by any man, without demanding this much satisfaction. How did he come by his intelligence, I ask? The Best Authority must have had an authority. Let it be produced.

I have mentioned the pocket-books in which he deciphers secret entries; many of them written, probably, in invisible ink, for they are non-existent even to the owner's eyes. How does he come by all the ambassador's letter-bags, and by all the note-books of all the judges? Who gave him all the little scraps of paper that the late Mr. Palmer wrote and handed about in the course of his protracted trial? He tells all sorts of people what was in them all; he must have seen them surely. Who made out for him the accounts of this journal? Who calculated for him the sum total of profit? And when will it be quite convenient to him to name

an early day for handing over to the Conductor the very large balance, with several ciphers at the end of it, which clearly must be owing the said Conductor, as he has never laid hands on it yet?

How did he get into the Russian lines? He was always there; just as he was always in the English camp, and always coming home to put Mr. Russell right, and going back again. It was he who found out that the Commissariat wouldn't give the *Times* rations of pork, and that the porkless *Times* would never afterwards leave the Commissariat alone. Had he known much of the Russian leaders before the war, that he began to talk of them so familiarly by their surnames as soon as the first gun was fired? Will any of us ever forget while memory holds her seat in these distracted globes, our aching heads, what we suffered from this man in connection with the Redan? Can the most Christian of us ever forgive the lies he told us about the Malakhoff? I might myself overlook even those injuries, but for his having put so many people up to making plans of that detested fortress, on tablecloths, with salt-spoons, forks, dessert-dishes, nut-crackers, and wine-glasses. Which frightful persecution, a thousand times inflicted on me, upon his authority—the best—I hereby swear never to condone! Never shall the Sapping and Mining knowledge, stamped in characters of lead upon this burning brow, remain with me but as a dreadful injury stimulating me to devote the residue of my life to vengeance on the Best Authority. If I could have his blood, I would! I avow it, in fell remembrance of the baying hounds of Boredom with which he hunted me in the days of the Russian war.

Will he, on this public challenge, stand forward foot to foot against me, his mortal enemy, and declare how he can justify his behaviour? Why am I, a free-born Briton, who never, never will—or rather who never, never would, if I could help it—why am I to truckle to this tyrant all the days of my life? Why is the Best Authority, Gesler-like, to set his hat upon a pole in the épergne of every dinner table, in the hall of every club-house, in the stones of every street, and, violating the Charter proclaimed by the Guardian

Angels who sang that strain, to demand me for his slave? What does he mean by his unreasonable requirement that I shall make over my five senses to him? Who is he that he is to absorb my entity into his non-entity? And are not these his appetites? I put it to Flounceby.

Flounceby is rather an obstinate character (Mrs. Flounceby says the most obstinate of men; but, that may be her impulsive way of expressing herself), and will argue with you on any point, for any length of time you like—or don't like. He is certain to beat you, too, by a neat method he has of representing you to have said something which you never did say, or so much as think of, and then indignantly contradicting it. No further back than within this month, Flounceby was holding forth at a great rate on the most argumentative question of all questions—which every question is with him, and therefore I simply mean any question—and had made out his case entirely to his own satisfaction, and was pounding his dinner-company of six with it, as if they were plastic metal, and he and the question were the steam-hammer; when an unknown man of faint and fashionable aspect (one of the six) slided out from under the hammer without any apparent effort, and flatly denied Flounceby's positions, one and all, 'on the best authority.' If he had contested them on any ground of faith, reason, probability, or analogy, Flounceby would have pinned him like a bull-dog; but, the mere mention of the Best Authority (it was a genteel question in its bearings) instantly laid Flounceby on his back. He turned pale, trembled, and gave in. It happened, however, as it always does at Flounceby's, that the next most argumentative question of questions came on immediately afterwards. Upon that point I, deriving courage from the faint and fashionable man, who by the way from the moment of his victory, retired, like Iago, and word spake never more—opposed myself to Flounceby. I had not been rolled and flattened under the steam-hammer two minutes, when Flounceby, throwing the machinery out of gear, gave me one final crush from the Best Authority, and left me for dead. Goaded to distraction by the anonymous oppressor, I wildly cried that I cared nothing for the Best

Authority. A shudder went round the table, and all present shrank from me, as if I had distinctly made the one greatest and most audacious denial of which humanity is capable.

Still goaded by this oppressor—always goaded by this oppressor—I ask, Who is he? Whence does he come when he goes out to dinner; where does he give those dinners at which so many people dine? Was he enrolled in the last census? Does he bear his part in the light burdens of the country? Is he assessed to the equitable income-tax? I call upon the Best Authority to stand forth.

On more than one occasion I have thought I had him. In that portion of Pall Mall, London, which is bounded on the east by the Senior United Service Club House, and on the west by the Carlton Club House—a miasmatic spot, in which I suppose more boredom to be babbled daily, than in any two thousand square miles on the surface of the earth——into that dismal region I had sometimes tracked the despot, and there lost him. One day, upon the steps of the Athenæum, of which eminent institution I have the honour to be a member, I found a fellow-member, Mr. Prowler, of the Royal Society of Arts, lying in wait, under the portico, to pour a drop of special information into the ear of every man and brother who approached the temple. Mr. Prowler is a grave and secret personage, always specially informed, who whispers his way through life; incessantly acting Midas to everybody else's Reed. He goes about, like a lukewarm draught of air, breathing intelligence into the ears of his fellow-men, and passing on. He had often previously brought me into trouble, and caused me to be covered with confusion and shame. On this occasion the subject-matter of this confidence was—if I may be allowed the expression—so much more than usually impossible that I took the liberty to intimate my sense of its irreconcilability with all laws human and divine, and to ask him from whom he had his information? He replied, from the Best Authority; at the same time implying, with a profound and portentous movement of his head, that that mysterious Being had just gone in. I thought the hour was come—rushed into the

hall—and found nobody there, but a weak old gentleman, to all appearance harmlessly idiotic, who was drying his pocket-handkerchief before the fire, and gazing over his shoulder at two graceful leathern institutions, in the form of broken French bedsteads without the pole, which embellish that chaste spot and invite to voluptuous repose.

On another occasion, I was so near having my hand at my enemy's throat and he so unaccountably eluded me, that a brief recital of the circumstances may aptly close this paper. The pursuit and escape occurred at the Reform Club, of which eminent Institution likewise, I have the honour to be a member. As I know the Best Authority to pervade that building constantly, my eye had frequently sought him, with a vague sense of the supernatural and an irresistible feeling of dread, in the galleries overhanging the hall where I had but too often heard him quoted. No trace of his form, however, had revealed itself to me. I had frequently been close upon him; I had heard of him as having 'just gone down to the House,' or 'just come up'; but, between us there had been a void. I should explain that in the palatial establishment of which I write, there is a dreadful little vault on the left of the Hall, where we hang up our hats and coats; the gloom and closeness of which vault, shade the imagination. I was crossing the Hall to dinner, in the height of the then Session of Parliament, when my distinguished friend, O'Boodleom (Irish Member), being disappointed of a man of title, whom he was waiting to stun with a piece of information which he had just telegraphed to Erin, did me the honour to discharge that weapon upon me. As I had every conceivable reason to know that it could not possibly be correct, I deferentially asked O'Boodleom from whom he had received it? 'Bedad, sir,' says he—and, knowing his sensitive bravery, I really felt grateful to him, for not saying, 'Blood, sir!'—'Bedad, sir,' says he, 'I had it, a while ago, from the Best Authority, and he's at this moment hanging up the entire of his coat and umberreller in the vault.' I dashed into the vault, and seized (as I fondly thought) the Best Authority, to cope with him at last in the death-struggle. It was only

my cousin Cackles, admitted on all hands to be the most amiable ass alive, who inoffensively asked me if I had heard the news?

The Best Authority was gone! How gone, whither gone, I am in no condition to say. I again, therefore, raise my voice, and call upon him to stand forward and declare himself.

CURIOUS MISPRINT IN THE 'EDINBURGH REVIEW'

[August 1, 1857]

The *Edinburgh Review*, in an article in its last number, on 'The License of Modern Novelists,' is angry with Mr. Dickens and other modern novelists, for not confining themselves to the mere amusement of their readers, and for testifying in their works that they seriously feel the interest of true Englishmen in the welfare and honour of their country. To them should be left the making of easy occasional books for idle young gentlemen and ladies to take up and lay down on sofas, drawing-room tables, and window-seats; to the *Edinburgh Review* should be reserved the settlement of all social and political questions, and the strangulation of all complainers. Mr. Thackeray may write upon Snobs, but there must be none in the superior government departments. There is no positive objection to Mr. Reade having to do, in a Platonic way, with a Scottish fishwoman or so; but he must by no means connect himself with Prison Discipline. That is the inalienable property of official personages; and, until Mr. Reade can show that he has so much a-year, paid quarterly, for understanding (or not understanding) the subject, it is none of his, and it is impossible that he can be allowed to deal with it.

The name of Mr. Dickens is at the head of this page, and the hand of Mr. Dickens writes this paper. He will shelter himself under no affectation of being any one else, in having a few words of earnest but temperate remonstrance with the

Edinburgh Review, before pointing out its curious misprint. Temperate, for the honour of Literature; temperate, because of the great services which the *Edinburgh Review* has rendered in its time to good literature, and good government; temperate, in remembrance of the loving affection of Jeffrey, the friendship of Sydney Smith, and the faithful sympathy of both.

The License of Modern Novelists is a taking title. But it suggests another,—the License of Modern Reviewers. Mr. Dickens's libel on the wonderfully exact and vigorous English government, which is always ready for any emergency, and which, as everybody knows, has never shown itself to be at all feeble at a pinch within the memory of men, is License in a novelist. Will the *Edinburgh Review* forgive Mr. Dickens for taking the liberty to point out what is License in a Reviewer?

'Even the catastrophe in *Little Dorritt* is evidently borrowed from the recent fall of houses in Tottenham Court Road, which happens to have appeared in the newspapers at a convenient period.'

Thus, the Reviewer. The Novelist begs to ask him whether there is no License in his writing those words and stating that assumption as a truth, when any man accustomed to the critical examination of a book cannot fail, attentively turning over the pages of *Little Dorrit*, to observe that that catastrophe is carefully prepared for from the very first presentation of the old house in the story; that when Rigaud, the man who is crushed by the fall of the house, first enters it (hundreds of pages before the end), he is beset by a mysterious fear and shuddering; that the rotten and crazy state of the house is laboriously kept before the reader, whenever the house is shown; that the way to the demolition of the man and the house together, is paved all through the book with a painful minuteness and reiterated care of preparation, the necessity of which (in order that the thread may be kept in the reader's mind through nearly two years), is one of the adverse incidents of that serial form of publication? It may be nothing to the question that Mr. Dickens now

publicly declares, on his word of honour, that that catastrophe was written, was engraved on steel, was printed, had passed through the hands of compositors, readers for the press, and pressmen, and was in type and in proof in the Printing House of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, before the accident in Tottenham Court Road occurred. But, it is much to the question that an honourable reviewer might have easily traced this out in the internal evidence of the book itself, before he stated, for a fact, what is utterly and entirely, in every particular and respect, untrue. More; if the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review* (unbending from the severe official duties of a blameless branch of the Circumlocution Office) had happened to condescend to cast his eye on the passage, and had referred even its mechanical probabilities and improbabilities to his publishers, those experienced gentlemen must have warned him that he was getting into danger; must have told him that on a comparison of dates, and with a reference to the number printed of *Little Dorrit*, with that very incident illustrated, and to the date of the publication of the completed book in a volume, they hardly perceived how Mr. Dickens *could* have waited, with such a desperate Micawberism, for a fall of houses in Tottenham Court Road, to get him out of his difficulties, and yet could have come up to time with the needful punctuality. Does the *Edinburgh Review* make no charges at random? Does it live in a blue and yellow glass house, and yet throw such big stones over the roof? Will the licensed Reviewer apologise to the licensed Novelist, for *his* little Circumlocution Office? Will he 'examine the justice' of his own 'general charges,' as well as Mr. Dickens's? Will he apply his own words to himself, and come to the conclusion that it really is, 'a little curious to consider what qualifications a man ought to possess, before he could with any kind of propriety hold this language'?

The Novelist now proceeds to the Reviewer's curious misprint. The Reviewer, in his laudation of the great official departments, and in his indignant denial of there being any trace of a Circumlocution Office to be detected among them all, begs to know, 'what does Mr. Dickens think of the whole

organisation of the Post-Office, and of the system of cheap Postage?' Taking St. Martins-le-grand in tow, the wrathful Circumlocution steamer, puffing at Mr. Dickens to crush him with all the weight of that first-rate vessel, demands, 'to take a single and well-known example, how does he account for the career of Mr. Rowland Hill? A gentleman in a private and not very conspicuous position, writes a pamphlet recommending what amounted to a revolution in a most important department of the Government. Did the Circumlocution Office neglect him, traduce him, break his heart, and ruin his fortune? They adopted his scheme, and gave him the leading share in carrying it out, and yet this is the government which Mr. Dickens declares to be a sworn foe to talent, and a systematic enemy to ingenuity.'

The curious misprint, here, is the name of Mr. Rowland Hill. Some other and perfectly different name must have been sent to the printer. Mr. Rowland Hill! ! Why, if Mr. Rowland Hill were not, in toughness, a man of a hundred thousand; if he had not had in the struggles of his career a steadfastness of purpose overriding all sensitiveness, and steadily staring grim despair out of countenance, the Circumlocution Office would have made a dead man of him long and long ago. Mr. Dickens, among his other darings, dares to state, that the Circumlocution Office most heartily hated Mr. Rowland Hill; that the Circumlocution Office most characteristically opposed him as long as opposition was in any way possible; that the Circumlocution Office would have been most devoutly glad if it could have harried Mr. Rowland Hill's soul out of his body, and consigned him and his troublesome penny project to the grave together.

Mr. Rowland Hill! ! Now, see the impossibility of Mr. Rowland Hill being the name which the *Edinburgh Review* sent to the printer. It may have relied on the forbearance of Mr. Dickens towards living gentlemen, for his being mute on a mighty job that was jobbed in that very Post-Office when Mr. Rowland Hill was *taboo* there, and it shall not rely upon his courtesy in vain: though there be breezes on the southern side of mid-Strand, London, in which the scent of it is yet strong on quarter-days. But, the *Edinburgh*

Review never can have put up Mr. Rowland Hill for the putting down of Mr. Dickens's idle fiction of a Circumlocution Office. The 'license' would have been too great, the absurdity would have been too transparent, the Circumlocution Office dictation and partisanship would have been much too manifest.

'The Circumlocution Office adopted his scheme, and gave him the leading share in carrying it out.' The words are clearly not applicable to Mr. Rowland Hill. Does the Reviewer remember the history of Mr. Rowland Hill's scheme? The Novelist does, and will state it here, exactly; in spite of its being one of the eternal decrees that the Reviewer, in virtue of his license, shall know everything, and that the Novelist, in virtue of *his* license, shall know nothing.

Mr. Rowland Hill published his pamphlet on the establishment of one uniform penny postage, in the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven. Mr. Wallace, member for Greenock, who had long been opposed to the then existing Post-Office system, moved for a Committee on the subject. Its appointment was opposed by the Government—or, let us say, the Circumlocution Office—but was afterwards conceded. Before that Committee, the Circumlocution Office and Mr. Rowland Hill were perpetually in conflict on questions of fact; and it invariably turned out that Mr. Rowland Hill was always right in his facts, and that the Circumlocution Office was always wrong. Even on so plain a point as the average number of letters at that very time passing through the Post-Office, Mr. Rowland Hill was right, and the Circumlocution Office was wrong.

Says the *Edinburgh Review*, in what it calls a 'general' way, 'The Circumlocution Office adopted his scheme.' Did it? Not just then, certainly; for, nothing whatever was done, arising out of the enquiries of that Committee. But, it happened that the Whig Government afterwards came to be beaten on the Jamaica question, by reason of the Radicals voting against them. Sir Robert Peel was commanded to form a Government, but failed, in consequence of the difficulties that arose (our readers will remember them) about the Ladies of the Bedchamber. The Ladies of the Bedcham-

ber brought the Whigs in again, and then the Radicals (being always for the destruction of everything) made it one of the conditions of their rendering their support to the new Whig Government that the penny-postage system should be adopted. This was two years after the appointment of the Committee: that is to say, in eighteen hundred and thirty-nine. The Circumlocution Office had, to that time, done nothing towards the penny postage, but oppose, delay, contradict, and show itself uniformly wrong.

'They adopted his scheme, and gave him the leading share in carrying it out.' Of course they gave him the leading share in carrying it out, then, at the time when they adopted it, and took the credit and popularity of it? Not so. In eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, Mr. Rowland Hill was appointed—not to the Post-Office, but to the Treasury. Was he appointed to the Treasury to carry out his own scheme? No. He was appoined 'to advise.' In other words, to instruct the ignorant Circumlocution Office how to do without him, if it by any means could. On the tenth of January, eighteen hundred and forty, the penny-postage system was adopted. Then, of course, the Circumlocution Office gave Mr. Rowland Hill 'the leading share in carrying it out'? Not exactly, but it gave him the leading share in carrying himself out: for, in eighteen hundred and forty-two, it summarily dismissed Mr. Rowland Hill altogether!

When the Circumlocution Office had come to that pass in its patriotic course, so much admired by the *Edinburgh Review*, of protecting and patronising Mr. Rowland Hill, whom any child who is not a Novelist can perceive to have been its peculiar *protégé*, the public mind (always perverse) became much excited on the subject. Sir Thomas Wilde moved for another Committee. Circumlocution Office interposed. Nothing was done. The public subscribed and presented to Mr. Rowland Hill, Sixteen Thousand Pounds. Circumlocution Office remained true to itself and its functions. Did nothing; would do nothing. It was not until eighteen hundred and forty-six, four years afterwards, that Mr. Rowland Hill was appointed to a place in the Post-Office. Was he appointed, even then, to the 'leading share in carrying out'

his scheme? He was permitted to creep into the Post-Office up the back stairs, through having a place created for him. This post of dignity and honour, this Circumlocution Office crown, was called 'Secretary to the Post-Master General'; there being already a Secretary to the Post-Office, of whom the Circumlocution Office had declared, as its reason for dismissing Mr. Rowland Hill, that his functions and Mr. Rowland Hill's could not be made to harmonise.

They did not harmonise. They were in perpetual discord. Penny postage is but one reform of a number of Post-Office reforms effected by Mr. Rowland Hill; and these, for eight years longer, were thwarted and opposed by the Circumlocution Office, tooth and nail. It was not until eighteen hundred and fifty-four, fourteen years after the appointment of Mr. Wallace's Committee, that Mr. Rowland Hill (having, as was openly stated at the time, threatened to resign and to give his reasons for doing so), was at last made sole Secretary at the Post-Office, and the inharmonious secretary (of whom no more shall be said) was otherwise disposed of. It is only since that date of eighteen hundred and fifty-four, that such reforms as the amalgamation of the general and district posts, the division of London into ten towns, the earlier delivery of letters all over the country, the book and parcels post, the increase of letter-receiving houses everywhere, and the management of the Post-Office with a greatly increased efficiency, have been brought about by Mr. Rowland Hill for the public benefit and the public convenience.

If the *Edinburgh Review* could seriously want to know 'How Mr. Dickens accounts for the career of Mr. Rowland Hill,' Mr. Dickens would account for it by his being a Birmingham man of such imperturbable steadiness and strength of purpose, that the Circumlocution Office, by its utmost endeavours, very freely tried, could not weaken his determination, sharpen his razor, or break his heart. By his being a man in whose behalf the public gallantry was roused, and the public spirit awakened. By his having a project, in its nature so plainly and directly tending to the immediate benefit of every man, woman, and child in the

State, that the Circumlocution Office could not blind them, though it could for a time cripple it. By his having thus, from the first to the last, made his way in spite of the Circumlocution Office, and dead against it as his natural enemy.

But, the name is evidently a curious misprint and an unfortunate mistake. The Novelist will await the Reviewer's correction of the press, and substitution of the right name.

Will the *Edinburgh Review* also take its next opportunity of manfully expressing its regret that in too distempered a zeal for the Circumlocution Office, it has been betrayed, as to that Tottenham Court Road assertion, into a hasty substitution of untruth for truth; the discredit of which, it might have saved itself, if it had been sufficiently cool and considerate to be simply just? It will, too possibly, have much to do by that time in championing its Circumlocution Office in new triumphs on the voyage out to India (God knows that the Novelist has his private as well as his public reasons for writing the foreboding with no triumphant heart!); but even party occupation, the reviewer's license, or the editorial plural, does not absolve a gentleman from a gentleman's duty, a gentleman's restraint, and a gentleman's generosity.

Mr. Dickens will willingly do his best to 'account for' any new case of Circumlocution Office protection that the *Review* may make a gauntlet of. He may be trusted to do so, he hopes, with a just respect for the *Review*, for himself, and for his calling; beyond the sound, healthy, legitimate uses and influences of which, he has no purpose to serve, and no ambition in life to gratify.

WELL-AUTHENTICATED RAPPINGS

[February 20, 1858]

The writer, who is about to record three spiritual experiences of his own in the present truthful article, deems it essential to state that, down to the time of his being favoured therewith, he had not been a believer in rappings, or tippings. His vulgar notions of the spiritual world, represented its

inhabitants as probably advanced, even beyond the intellectual supremacy of Peckham or New York; and it seemed to him, considering the large amount of ignorance, presumption, and folly with which this earth is blessed, so very unnecessary to call in immaterial Beings to gratify mankind with bad spelling and worse nonsense, that the presumption was strongly against those respected films taking the trouble to come here, for no better purpose than to make supererogatory idiots of themselves.

This was the writer's gross and fleshy state of mind at so late a period as the twenty-sixth of December last. On that memorable morning, at about two hours after daylight,—that is to say, at twenty minutes before ten by the writer's watch, which stood on a table at his bedside, and which can be seen at the publishing-office, and identified as a demi-chronometer made by Bautte of Geneva, and numbered 67,709—on that memorable morning, at about two hours after daylight, the writer, starting up in bed with his hand to his forehead, distinctly felt seventeen heavy throbs or beats in that region. They were accompanied by a feeling of pain in the locality, and by a general sensation not unlike that which is usually attendant on biliousness. Yielding to a sudden impulse, the writer asked:

'What is this?'

The answer immediately returned (in throbs or beats upon the forehead) was, 'Yesterday.'

The writer then demanded, being as yet but imperfectly awake:

'What was yesterday?'

Answer: 'Christmas Day.'

The writer, being now quite come to himself, inquired, 'Who is the Medium in this case?'

Answer: 'Clarkins.'

Question: 'Mrs. Clarkins, or Mr. Clarkins?'

Answer: 'Both.'

Question: 'By Mr., do you mean Old Clarkins, or Young Clarkins?'

Answer: 'Both.'

Now, the writer had dined with his friend Clarkins (who

can be appealed to, at the State-Paper Office) on the previous day, and spirits had actually been discussed at that dinner, under various aspects. It was in the writer's remembrance, also, that both Clarkins Senior and Clarkins Junior had been very active in such discussion, and had rather pressed it on the company. Mrs. Clarkins too had joined in it with animation, and had observed, in a joyous if not an exuberant tone, that it was 'only once a year.'

Convinced by these tokens that the rapping was of spiritual origin, the writer proceeded as follows:

'Who are you?'

The rapping on the forehead was resumed, but in a most incoherent manner. It was for some time impossible to make sense of it. After a pause, the writer (holding his head) repeated the inquiry in a solemn voice, accompanied with a groan:

'Who ARE you?'

Incoherent rappings were still the response.

The writer then asked, solemnly as before, and with another groan:

'What is your name?'

The reply was conveyed in a sound exactly resembling a loud hiccough. It afterwards appeared that this spiritual voice was distinctly heard by Alexander Pumpion, the writer's footboy (seventh son of Widow Pumpion, mangler), in an adjoining chamber.

Question: 'Your name cannot be Hiccough? Hiccough is not a proper name?'

No answer being returned, the writer said: 'I solemnly charge you, by our joint knowledge of Clarkins the Medium —of Clarkins Senior, Clarkins Junior, and Clarkins Mrs.— to reveal your name!'

The reply rapped out with extreme unwillingness, was, 'Sloe-Juice, Logwood, Blackberry.'

This appeared to the writer sufficiently like a parody on Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-Seed, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, to justify the retort:

'*That* is not your name?'

The rapping spirit admitted, 'No.'

'Then what do they generally call you?'

A pause.

'I ask you, what do they generally call you?'

The spirit, evidently under coercion, responded, in a most solemn manner, 'Port!'

This awful communication caused the writer to lie prostrate, on the verge of insensibility, for a quarter of an hour: during which the rappings were continued with violence, and a host of spiritual appearances passed before his eyes, of a black hue, and greatly resembling tadpoles endowed with the power of occasionally spinning themselves out into musical notes as they swam down into space. After contemplating a vast Legion of these appearances, the writer demanded of the rapping spirit:

'How am I to present you to myself? What, upon the whole, is most like you?'

The terrific reply was, 'Blacking.'

As soon as the writer could command his emotion, which was not very great, he inquired:

'Had I better take something?'

Answer: 'Yes.'

Question: 'Can I write for something?'

Answer: 'Yes.'

A pencil and a slip of paper which were on the table at the bed-side immediately bounded into the writer's hand, and he found himself forced to write (in a curiously unsteady character and all downhill, whereas his own writing is remarkably plain and straight) the following spiritual note.

'Mr. C. D. S. Pooney presents his compliments to Messrs. Bell and Company, Pharmaceutical Chemists, Oxford Street, opposite to Portland Street, and begs them to have the goodness to send him by Bearer a five-grain genuine blue pill and a genuine black draught of corresponding power.'

But, before entrusting this document to Alexander Pumpion (who unfortunately lost it on his return, if he did not even lay himself open to the suspicion of having wilfully inserted it into one of the holes of a perambulating chestnut-roaster, to see how it would flare). the writer resolved to test

the rapping spirit with one conclusive question. He therefore asked, in a slow and impressive voice:

'Will these remedies make my stomach ache?'

It is impossible to describe the prophetic confidence of the reply, 'YES.' The assurance was fully borne out by the result, as the writer will long remember; and after this experience it were needless to observe that he could no longer doubt.

The next communication of a deeply interesting character with which the writer was favoured, occurred on one of the leading lines of railway. The circumstances under which the revelation was made to him—on the second day of January in the present year—were these: He had recovered from the effects of the previous remarkable visitation, and had again been partaking of the compliments of the season. The preceding day had been passed in hilarity. He was on his way to a celebrated town, a well-known commercial emporium where he had business to transact, and had lunched in a somewhat greater hurry than is usual on railways, in consequence of the train being behind time. His lunch had been very reluctantly administered to him by a young lady behind a counter. She had been much occupied at the time with the arrangement of her hair and dress, and her expressive countenance had denoted disdain. It will be seen that this young lady proved to be a powerful Medium.

The writer had returned to the first-class carriage in which he chanced to be travelling alone, the train had resumed its motion, he had fallen into a doze, and the unimpeachable watch already mentioned recorded forty-five minutes to have elapsed since his interview with the Medium, when he was aroused by a very singular musical instrument. This instrument, he found to his admiration not unmixed with alarm, was performing in his inside. Its tones were of a low and rippling character, difficult to describe; but, if such a comparison may be admitted, resembling a melodious heartburn. Be this as it may, they suggested that humble sensation to the writer.

Concurrently with his becoming aware of the phenomenon in question, the writer perceived that his attention was being

solicited by a hurried succession of angry raps in the stomach, and a pressure on the chest. A sceptic no more, he immediately communed with the spirit. The dialogue was as follows:

Question: 'Do I know your name?'

Answer: '*I* should think so!'

Question: 'Does it begin with a P?'

Answer (second time): '*I* should think so!'

Question: 'Have you two names, and does each begin with a P?'

Answer (third time): '*I* should think so!'

Question: 'I charge you to lay aside this levity, and inform me what you are called.'

The spirit, after reflecting for a few seconds, spelt out P. O. R. K. The musical instrument then performed a short and fragmentary strain. The spirit then recommenced, and spelt out the word 'P. I. E.'

Now, this precise article of pastry, this particular viand or comestible, actually had formed—let the scoffer know—the staple of the writer's lunch, and actually had been handed to him by the young lady whom he now knew to be a powerful Medium! Highly gratified by the conviction thus forced upon his mind that the knowledge with which he conversed was not of this world, the writer pursued the dialogue.

Question: 'They call you Pork Pie?'

Answer: 'Yes.'

Question (which the writer timidly put, after struggling with some natural reluctance): 'Are you, in fact, Pork Pie?'

Answer: 'Yes.'

It were vain to attempt a description of the mental comfort and relief which the writer derived from this important answer. He proceeded:

Question: 'Let us understand each other. A part of you is Pork, and a part of you is Pie?'

Answer: 'Exactly so.'

Question: 'What is your Pie-part made of?'

Answer: 'Lard.' Then came a sorrowful strain from the musical instrument. Then the word 'Dripping.'

Question: 'How am I to present you to my mind? What are you most like?'

Answer (very quickly): 'Lead.'

A sense of despondency overcame the writer at this point. When he had in some measure conquered it, he resumed:

Question: 'Your other nature is a Porky nature. What has that nature been chiefly sustained upon?'

Answer (in a sprightly manner): 'Pork, to be sure!'

Question: 'Not so. Pork is not fed upon Pork?'

Answer: 'Isn't it, though!'

A strange internal feeling, resembling a flight of pigeons, seized upon the writer. He then became illuminated in a surprising manner, and said:

'Do I understand you to hint that the human race, incautiously attacking the indigestible fortresses called by your name, and not having time to storm them, owing to the great solidity of their almost impregnable walls, are in the habit of leaving much of their contents in the hands of the Mediums, who with such pig nourish the pigs of the future pies?'

Answer: 'That 's it!'

Question: 'Then to paraphrase the words of our immortal bard—'

Answer (interrupting):

> 'The same pork in its time, makes many pies,
> Its least being seven pasties.'

The writer's emotion was profound. But, again desirous still further to try the Spirit, and to ascertain whether, in the poetic phraseology of the advanced seers of the United States, it hailed from one of the inner and more elevated circles, he tested its knowledge with the following

Question: 'In the wild harmony of the musical instrument within me, of which I am again conscious, what other substances are there airs of, besides those you have mentioned?'

Answer: 'Cape. Gamboge. Camomile. Treacle. Spirits of wine. Distilled Potatoes.'

Question: 'Nothing else?'

Answer: 'Nothing worth mentioning.'

Let the scorner tremble and do homage; let the feeble sceptic blush! The writer at his lunch had demanded of the powerful Medium, a glass of Sherry, and likewise a small glass of Brandy. Who can doubt that the articles of commerce indicated by the Spirit were supplied to him from that source under those two names?

One other instance may suffice to prove that experiences of the foregoing nature are no longer to be questioned, and that it ought to be made capital to attempt to explain them away. It is an exquisite case of Tipping.

The writer's Destiny had appointed him to entertain a hopeless affection for Miss L. B., of Bungay, in the county of Suffolk. Miss L. B. had not, at the period of the occurrence of the Tipping, openly rejected the writer's offer of his hand and heart; but it has since seemed probable that she had been withheld from doing so, by filial fear of her father, Mr. B., who was favourable to the writer's pretensions. Now, mark the Tipping. A young man, obnoxious to all well-constituted minds (since married to Miss L. B.), was visiting at the house. Young B. was also home from school. The writer was present. The family party were assembled about a round table. It was the spiritual time of twilight in the month of July. Objects could not be discerned with any degree of distinctness. Suddenly, Mr. B., whose senses had been lulled to repose, infused terror into all our breasts, by uttering a passionate roar or ejaculation. His words (his education was neglected in his youth) were exactly these: 'Damme, here 's somebody a shoving of a letter into my hand, under my own mahogany!' Consternation seized the assembled group. Mrs. B. augmented the prevalent dismay by declaring that somebody had been softly treading on her toes, at intervals, for half an hour. Greater consternation seized the assembled group. Mr. B. called for lights. Now, mark the Tipping. Young B. cried (I quote his expressions accurately), 'It 's the spirits, father! They 've been at it with me this last fortnight.' Mr. B. demanded with irascibility, 'What do you mean, sir? What have they been at?' Young B. replied, 'Wanting to make a regular Post-office of me, father. They 're always handing impalpable letters to

me, father. A letter must have come creeping round to you by mistake. I must be a Medium, father. O here 's a go!' cried young B. 'If I ain't a jolly Medium!' The boy now became violently convulsed, sputtering exceedingly, and jerking out his legs and arms in a manner calculated to cause me (and which did cause me) serious inconvenience; for, I was supporting his respected mother within range of his boots, and he conducted himself like a telegraph before the invention of the electric one. All this time Mr. B. was looking about under the table for the letter, while the obnoxious young man, since married to Miss L. B., protected that young lady in an obnoxious manner. 'O here 's a go!' Young B. continued to cry without intermission, 'If I an't a jolly Medium, father! Here 's a go! There 'll be a Tipping presently, father. Look out for the table!' Now mark the Tipping. The table tipped so violently as to strike Mr. B. a good half-dozen times on his bald head while he was looking under it; which caused Mr. B. to come out with great agility, and rub it with much tenderness (I refer to his head), and to imprecate it with much violence (I refer to the table). I observed that the tipping of the table was uniformly in the direction of the magnetic current; that is to say, from south to north, or from young B. to Mr. B. I should have made some further observations on this deeply interesting point, but that the table suddenly revolved, and tipped over on myself, bearing me to the ground with a force increased by the momentum imparted to it by young B., who came over with it in a state of mental exaltation, and could not be displaced for some time. In the interval, I was aware of being crushed by his weight and the table's, and also of his constantly calling out to his sister and the obnoxious young man, that he foresaw there would be another Tipping presently.

None such, however, took place. He recovered after taking a short walk with them in the dark, and no worse effects of the very beautiful experience with which we had been favoured, were perceptible in him during the rest of the evening, than a slight tendency to hysterical laughter, and a noticeable attraction (I might almost term it fascination) of his left hand, in the direction of his heart or waistcoat-pocket.

Was this, or was it not a case of Tipping? Will the sceptic and the scoffer reply?

AN IDEA OF MINE

[March 13, 1858]

Emerging, the other day, into the open street from an exhibition of pictures at the West End of London, I was much impressed by the contrast between the polite bearing of the Fine Arts, and the rudeness of real life. Inside the gallery, all the people in the pictures had pointedly referred to me in every cock of their highly feathered hats, in every wrinkle of their highly slashed doublets, in every stride and straddle of their highly muscular legs. Outside, I did not observe that I exercised any influence on the crowd who were pursuing their business or their pleasure; or that those insensible persons at all altered the expression of their countenances for my sake. Inside, nothing could be done without me. Were a pair of eyes in question, they must smirk at me; were a pair of spurs in question, they must glint at me; were a pair of boots in question, they must stretch themselves out on forms and benches to captivate me. Whereas, it appeared to me, that the eyes and the spurs and the boots that were outside, all had more or less of their own to do, and did it; thereby reducing me to the station of quite an unimportant personage. I had occasion to make the same remark in reference to the Passions. Nothing could exceed the good-breeding with which, inside the gallery, they had entreated me not to disturb myself on their account, and had begged me to observe that they were what the children call, 'only in fun.' Outside, on the other hand, they were quite obstreperous, and no more cared to preserve a good understanding with me than if I had been one of the sparrows in the gutter. A similar barbarous tendency to reality, to change and movement, and to the knowledge of the Present as a something of interest sprung out of the Past and melting into the Future, was to be noted on every external object: insomuch that the passing

from the inside of the gallery to the outside was like the transition from Madame Tussaud's waxwork, or a tawdry fancy ball in the Sleeping Beauty's palace during the hundred years of enchantment, to a windy mountain or the rolling sea. I understood now, what I had never understood before, why there were two sentries at the exhibition-door. These are not to be regarded as mere privates in the Foot Guards, but as allegorical personages, stationed there with gun and bayonet to keep out Purpose, and to mount guard over the lassitude of the Fine Arts, laid up in the lavender of other ages.

I was so charmed by these discoveries, and particularly the last, that I stepped into my club (the Associated Bores), with the idea of writing an essay, to be entitled The Praise of Painting. But, as I am of a discriminatory turn, even in my admiration, I meditated in its stead a little project of reform, which I proceed to submit to the Royal Academy of Arts—and of whose co-operation I have no doubt—and to the public.

Devoted as I am to the pictures which it is the pride and privilege of the present age to produce in this land of the free and refuge of the slave, I cannot disguise from myself the fact that I know all the Models. I cannot shut my eyes to the gloomy truth, that my fellow-countrymen and country-women are but too well acquainted by sight with every member of that limited profession which sits to painters at so much an hour. I cannot be deaf to the whisper of my conscience that we have had enough of them. I am unable to silence the still small voice which tells me that I am tired to death of that young man with the large chest, and that I would thankfully accept a less symmetrical young man with a smaller chest, or even with a chest in which the stethoscope might detect a weakness. Immaculate as that other young man's legs are, I am sick of his legs. A novelty, even though it were bandy, would be a sweet and soothing relief to me.

My feelings are, I say, the feelings of thousands who suffer with me under the oppression of this nightmare of Models, and I therefore reckon with certainty on the general support of my project for curing the evil. My project is as follows:

1. That the young man with the large chest be promptly taken into custody, and confined in the Tower.

2. That the young man with the immaculate legs be promptly taken into custody, and confined in Greenwich Hospital; and that his legs be there immediately amputated (under chloroform), and decently buried within the precincts of the building.

3. That the young woman with the long eyelashes be sent to the Magdalen until further orders.

4. That every other Model be immediately seized, veiled, and placed in solitary confinement.

5. That the fancy-dress establishment of the Messrs. Nathan in Titchbourne Street, Haymarket, be razed to the ground, and the stock-in-trade seized; and further, that all slashed dresses of the period of Charles the Second, all buff jerkins of the Commonwealth, and all large boots of whatsoever description, found in such stock, be publicly burnt, as old and incorrigible offenders.

6. That the premises of the Messrs. Pratt in Bond Street, as being in the occupation of the leaders of the Still-life Model Department, be rigidly searched, and that all the old curiosity shops in Wardour Street and elsewhere be likewise rigidly searched, and that all offensively notorious property found therein be brought away. That is to say: all steel-caps and armour of whatsoever description, all large spurs and spur-leathers, all bossy tankards, all knobby drinking glasses, all ancient bottles and jugs, all high-backed chairs, all twisted-legged tables, all carpets, covers, and hangings, all remarkable swords and daggers, all strangely bound old books, and all spinning wheels. (The last-named to be broken on the spot.)

It may be objected by the scrupulous, that the loss of property thus caused would fall heavily on individuals, and would be a greater punishment than could be justified, even by the immense provocation the public has received. My answer is, that my project is based on principles of justice, and that I therefore propose to compensate these persons by paying the fair purchase-price of all the articles seized.

For this purpose (and for another to be presently men-

tioned), I propose that the government be empowered to raise by the issue of exchequer bills, a sum not exceeding three millions sterling. Inasmuch as it would be necessary to purchase of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, goldsmiths and jewellers of New Bond Street, and likewise of Mr. Hancock, goldsmith and jeweller of the same place, various highly-exasperating tall cups and covers wrought in precious metals, which daily find their way into pictures, to the persecution, terror, and exhaustion of the public, my calculation is, that two millions of the three would be sunk in the payments indispensable to the public relief.

The remaining million to be devoted to the two remaining objects now to be described.

Firstly, the construction of a large building (if no edifice sufficiently inconvenient and hideous to serve a national purpose be already in existence), in which the seized property shall be deposited in strict seclusion for ever. As the public, after its long and terrible experience of the contents of this dismal storehouse, will naturally shun it, and as all good parents may confidently be expected to teach their children in awestricken whispers to avoid it, it would be superfluous to take precautions against the intrusion of any casual visitors. But, it will be necessary (so touching is the constancy and so enthralling the affection with which painters cling to Models), to make it capital for any professor of the art of painting to be found in the Institution on any pretence whatever; and to render it incumbent on the judges of the land, receiving proof of such offence according to the usual laws of evidence, to sentence the offender to death, without hope of mercy.

The east and west sides of this building to be fitted up, each with its own sleeping rooms, domestic offices, dining-hall, and chapel. The east side to be called The Side of the Male Models; the west side to be called The Side of the Female Models. Every preparation being completed for the reception of these unhappy persons, hither would be brought: from the Tower, the young man with the large chest; from Greenwich Hospital, the young man without the immaculate legs; from the Magdalen, the young woman with the long

eyelashes. Hither too, would be brought, all in close custody and heavily veiled, the whole offending family of live Models. Hither, a procession of hearses would convey them in the dead of night; the first hearse containing the aggravating patriarch with the white beard, and the pious grandmother with the veinous hands; the last, containing the innocent but misguided child who has long been accustomed to sit on a cruelly knotty bench, and blow bubbles from a pipe. From this place of seclusion and expiation, they should never more be permitted to come forth. And adapting an idea from the eloquent pamphlet of Mr. Commissioner Phillips on capital punishment, I would have a gorgeous flag perpetually waving from the apex of the roof, on which should be inscribed, in mediæval characters, THE GRAVE OF THE MODELS.

But, still respecting the eternal principles of justice, I would not confiscate the money-earning opportunities of the socially deceased. This brings me to the last object to which the residue of the capital of three millions should be appropriated. Assuming, say the young man with the large chest, to have been able to earn by that chest two shillings an hour (I take that to be high, but his chest is very large), for six hours a day during six months of the year, that young man's gains, in round numbers, would amount to ninety pounds per annum. I would pay that young man that income, and, though civilly dead, he should retain the power of disposing of his property by will. Neither would I amputate the legs of that other young man, without allowing him, besides, a pension for their loss in the public service. The rights of the young woman with the eyelashes would be similarly respected. No Model would suffer, except in liberty, by the incalculable addition to the stock of general comfort and happiness. Over and above these great advantages, I would concede to the Models the right of encasing themselves in all the armour, wearing all the fancy dresses, lolling in all the high-backed chairs, putting on the boots of all periods and striding them under, over, or upon, all the twisted-legged tables, and pretending to drink out of all the knobby glasses and bossy tankards, in the collection. As they have seldom done anything else, and, happily for themselves, have seldom been

used to do this to any purpose but the display of themselves and the property, I conceive that they would hardly discern a difference between their being under the proposed restraint and being still at large.

This is my project. Whether the withdrawal of the Models would reduce our men of genius, who paint pictures, to the shameful necessity of wresting their great art to the telling of stories and conveying of ideas, is a question upon which I do not feel called to enter. To close with quite another head of remark, I will observe that I may be told that the Act of Parliament necessary for carrying out my purpose, is a sweeping one, and might be opposed. I have considered that, too, and have discovered the remedy. It is (which can be easily done), but to get some continental sovereign to demand it, on a threat of invasion, fire, sword, and extermination; and a spirited Minister will do his utmost to pass it with the greatest alacrity.

PLEASE TO LEAVE YOUR UMBRELLA

[May 1, 1858]

I made a visit the other day to the Palace at Hampton Court. I may have had my little reason for being in the best of humours with the Palace at Hampton Court; but that little reason is neither here (ah! I wish it were here!) nor there.

In the readiest of moods for complying with any civil request, I was met, in the entrance-hall of the public apartments at Hampton Court, by the most obliging of policemen, who requested me to leave my umbrella in his custody at the foot of the stairs. 'Most willingly,' said I, 'for my umbrella is very wet.' So the policeman hung it on a rack, to drip on the stone floor with the sound of an irregular clock, and gave me a card of authority to reclaim it when I should come out again. Then, I went prosperously through the long suites of deserted rooms, now looking at the pictures, and now leaning over the broad old window-seats and looking down into the rainy old gardens, with their formal gravel walks,

clipped trees, and trim turf banks—gardens with court-suits on. There was only one other visitor (in very melancholy boots) at Hampton Court that blessed day: who soon went his long grave way, alternately dark in the piers and light in the windows, and was seen no more.

'I wonder,' said I, in the manner of the Sentimental Journeyer, 'I wonder, Yorick, whether, with this little reason in my bosom, I should ever want to get out of these same interminable suites of rooms, and return to noise and bustle! It seems to me that I could stay here very well until the grisly phantom on the pale horse came at a gallop up the staircase, seeking me. My little reason should make of these queer dingy closet-rooms, these little corner chimney-pieces tier above tier, this old blue china of squat shapes, these dreary old state bedsteads with attenuated posts, nay, dear Yorick,' said I, stretching forth my hand towards a stagnant pool of blacking in a frame, 'should make, even of these very works of art, an encompassing universe of beauty and happiness. The fountain in the staid red and white courtyard without (for we had turned that angle of the building), would never fall too monotonously on my ear, the four chilled sparrows now fluttering on the brink of its basin would never chirp a wish for change of weather, no bargeman on the rain-speckled river; no wayfarer rain-belated under the leafless trees in the park, would ever come into my fancy as examining in despair those swollen clouds, and vainly peering for a ray of sunshine. I and my little reason, Yorick, would keep house here, all our lives, in perfect contentment; and when we died, our ghosts should make of this dull Palace the first building ever haunted happily!'

I had got thus far in my adaptation of the *Sentimental Journey* when I was recalled to my senses by the visible presence of the Blacking which I just now mentioned. 'Good Heaven!' I cried, with a start; 'now I think of it, what a number of articles that policeman below-stairs required me to leave with him!'

'Only an umbrella. He said no more than, Please to leave your umbrella.'

'Faith, Yorick,' I returned, 'he insisted on my putting so

much valuable property into my umbrella, and leaving it all at the foot of the stairs before I entered on the contemplation of many of these pictures, that I tremble to think of the extent to which I have been despoiled. That policeman demanded of me, for the time being, all the best bumps in my head. Form, colour, size, proportion, distance, individuality, the true perception of every object on the face of the earth or the face of the Heavens, he insisted on my leaving at the foot of the stairs, before I could confide in the catalogue. And now I find the moon to be really made of green cheese; the sun to be a yellow wafer or a little round blister; the deep wild sea to be a shallow series of slate-coloured festoons turned upside down; the human face Divine to be a smear; the whole material and immaterial universe to be sticky with treacle and polished up with blacking. Conceive what I must be, through all the rest of my life, if the policeman should make off with my umbrella and never restore it!'

Filled with the terrors of this idea, I retraced my steps to the top of the stairs, and looked over the hand-rail for my precious property. It was still keeping time on the stone pavement like an irregular clock, and the policeman (evidently possessed by no dishonest spirit) was reading a newspaper. Calmed and composed, I resumed my musing way through the many rooms.

Please to leave your umbrella. Of all the Powers that get your umbrella from you, Taste is the most encroaching and insatiate. Please to put into your umbrella, to be deposited in the hall until you come out again, all your powers of comparison, all your experience, all your individual opinions. Please to accept with this ticket for your umbrella the individual opinions of some other personage whose name is Somebody, or Nobody, or Anybody, and to swallow the same without a word of demur. Be so good as to leave your eyes with your umbrellas, gentlemen, and to deliver up your private judgment with your walking-sticks. Apply this ointment, compounded by the learned Dervish, and you shall see no end of camels going with the greatest ease through needles' eyes. Leave your umbrellafull of property which is not by any means to be poked at this collection, with the police, and you

shall acknowledge, whether you will or no, this hideous porcelain-ware to be beautiful, these wearisomely stiff and unimaginative forms to be graceful, these coarse daubs to be masterpieces. Leave your umbrella and take up your gentility. Taste proclaims to you what is the genteel thing; receive it and be genteel! Think no more of your umbrellas—be they the care of the Police of Scotland Yard! Think no more for yourselves—be you the care of the Police of Taste!

I protest that the very Tax-gatherer does not demand so much of me as the Powers who demand my umbrella. The Tax-gatherer will not allow men to wear hair-powder unmolested; but the Umbrella-gatherer will not allow me to wear my head. The Tax-gatherer takes toll of my spade; but the Umbrella-gatherer will not permit me to call my spade, a spade. Longinus, Aristotle, Doctor Waagen, and the Musical Glasses, Parliamentary Commissions, the Lord-Knows-Who, Marlborough House, and the Brompton Boilers, have declared my spade to be a mop-stick. And I must please to give up my umbrella, and believe in the mop-stick.

Again. The moral distinctions, and the many remembrances, and balances of This and That, which I am required by other authorities to put into my so-often demanded umbrella and to leave in the lobby, are as numerous as the Barnacle family. It was but a sessions or two ago, that I went to the gallery of the Old Bailey, to hear a trial. Was my umbrella all that I was called upon to leave behind me, previous to taking my seat? Certainly not. I was requested to put so many things into it that it became, though of itself a neat umbrella, more bulgy than Mrs. Gamp's. I found it insisted upon, that I should cram into this unfortunate article all the weighty comparisons I had ever made in my life between the guilt of laying hands upon a pound of scrag of mutton, and upon hundreds of thousands of pounds of sterling money. I found it insisted upon, that I should leave with my umbrella before I went into Court, any suspicions I had about me (and I happened to have a good many), that distortion and perversion of the truth, plainly for the purpose of so much gain, and for the enhancement of a professional reputation, were to be observed there, outside the dock and

beyond the prisoner. I found myself required to take a ticket, conventionally used in that place, in exchange for my natural perception of many painfully ludicrous things that should have become obsolete long ago. Not that I complain of this particular demand at the door; for otherwise how could I have borne the fearful absurdity of the Judge being unable to discharge the last awful duty of his office without putting on a strange little comical hat, only used for the dismissal of a blood-stained soul into eternity? Or how could I have withheld myself from bursting out into a fit of laughter, which would have been contempt of court, when the same exalted functionary and two virtuous Counsel (I never in my life had the pleasure of hearing two gentlemen talk so much virtue) were grimly pleasant on the dressing-up in woollen wigs of certain Negro Singers whose place of entertainment had been innocently the scene of a manslaughter. While the exalted functionary himself, and the two virtuous counsel themselves, were at that very moment dressed up in woolly wigs, to the full as false and ridiculous as any theatrical wigs in the world, only they were not of the negro colour!

But, when I went to the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons, I had a greater load to leave with my umbrella than Christian had to lay down in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The difference between Black and White, which is really a very large one and enough to burst any Umbrella, was the first thing I had to force into mine. And it was well for me that this was insisted on by the Police, or how could I have escaped the Serjeant-at-Arms, when the very same Member who on the last occasion of my going to the very same place I had with my own ears heard announce with the profoundest emotion that he came down to that house expressly to lay his hand upon his heart and declare that Black was White and there was no such thing as Black, now announced with the profoundest emotion that he came down to that house expressly to lay his hand upon his heart and declare that White was Black and there was no such thing as White? If you have such an article about you (said the Umbrella-taker to me in effect) as the distinction between very ill-constructed common places, and sound patriotic facts, you are requested

to leave it at the door here.—By all means, said I.—You have there a Noun of Multitude or signifying many, called The Country; please to put that too, in your Umbrella.—Willingly, said I.—Your belief that public opinion is not the lobby of this place and the bores of the clubs, will be much in your way, and everybody else's hereabouts; please to leave that likewise.—You are welcome to it, said I.—But I am bound to admit that, thus denuded, I passed quite a pleasant evening; which I am certain I could not have done, if I had been allowed to take my Umbrella and its cumbrous contents in with me.

Please to leave your Umbrella. I have gone into churches where I have been required to leave my Umbrella in a sham mediæval porch, with hundreds of eventful years of History squeezed in among its ribs. I have gone into public assemblages of great pretensions—even into assemblages gathered together under the most sacred of names—and my Umbrella, filled to the handle with my sense of Christian fairness and moderation, has been taken from me at the door. All through life, according to my personal experience, I must please to leave my Umbrella, or I can't go in.

I had reached this point and was about to apostrophise Yorick once more, when a civil voice requested me, in obliging tones, to 'claim my Umbrella.' I might have done that, without a ticket, as there was no other on the rack in the hall at Hampton Court Palace, whither I had now worked my way round by another course, without knowing it. However, I gave back my ticket, and got back my Umbrella, and then I and my little reason went dreaming away under its shelter through the fast-falling rain, which had a sound in it that day like the rustle of the coming summer.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

[January 1, 1859]

When I was a little animal revolting to the sense of sight (for I date from the period when small boys had a dreadful high-shouldered sleeved strait-waistcoat put upon them by their keepers, over which their dreadful little trousers were buttoned tight, so that they roamed about disconsolate, with their hands in their pockets, like dreadful little pairs of tongs that were vainly looking for the rest of the fire-irons); when I was this object of just contempt and horror to all well-constituted minds, and when, according to the best of my remembrance and self-examination in the past, even my small shirt was an airy superstition which had no sleeves to it and stopped short at my chest; when I was this exceedingly uncomfortable and disreputable father of my present self, I remember to have been taken, upon a New Year's Day, to the Bazaar in Soho Square, London, to have a present brought for me. A distinct impression yet lingers in my soul that a grim and unsympathetic old personage of the female gender, flavoured with musty dry lavender, dressed in black crape, and wearing a pocket in which something clinked at my ear as we went along, conducted me on this occasion to the World of Toys. I remember to have been incidentally escorted a little way down some conveniently retired street diverging from Oxford Street, for the purpose of being shaken; and nothing has ever slaked the burning thirst for vengeance awakened in me by this female's manner of insisting upon wiping my nose herself (I had a cold and a pocket-handkerchief), on the screw principle. For many years I was unable to excogitate the reason why she should have undertaken to make me a present. In the exercise of a matured judgment, I have now no doubt that she had done something bad in her youth, and that she took me out as an act of expiation.

Nearly lifted off my legs by this adamantine woman's grasp of my glove (another fearful invention of those dark ages—a muffler, and fastened at the wrist like a handcuff),

I was haled through the Bazaar. My tender imagination (or conscience) represented certain small apartments in corners, resembling wooden cages, wherein I have since seen reason to suppose that ladies' collars and the like are tried on, as being, either dark places of confinement for refractory youth, or dens in which the lions were kept who fattened on boys who said they didn't care. Suffering tremendous terrors from the vicinity of these avenging mysteries, I was put before an expanse of toys, apparently about a hundred and twenty acres in extent, and was asked what I would have to the value of half-a-crown? Having first selected every object at half-a-guinea, and then staked all the aspirations of my nature on every object at five shillings, I hit, as a last resource, upon a Harlequin's Wand—painted particoloured, like Harlequin himself.

Although of a highly hopeful and imaginative temperament, I had no fond belief that the possession of this talisman would enable me to change Mrs. Pipchin at my side into anything agreeable. When I tried the effect of the wand upon her, behind her bonnet, it was rather as a desperate experiment founded on the conviction that she could change into nothing worse, than with any latent hope that she would change into something better. Howbeit, I clung to the delusion that when I got home I should do something magical with this wand; and I did not resign all hope of it until I had, by many trials, proved the wand's total incapacity. It had no effect on the staring obstinacy of a rocking-horse; it produced no live Clown out of the hot beefsteak-pie at dinner; it could not even influence the minds of my honoured parents to the extent of suggesting the decency and propriety of their giving me an invitation to sit up to supper.

The failure of this wand is my first very memorable association with a New Year's Day. Other wands have failed me since, but the Day itself has become their substitute, and is always potent. It is the best Harlequin's Wand I have ever had. It has wrought strange transformations—no more of them—its power in reproducing the Past is admirable. Nothing ever goes wrong with that trick. I throw up and catch my little wand of New Year's Day, beat the dust of

years from the ground at my feet with it, twinkle it a little, and Time reverses his hour-glass, and flies back, much faster than he ever flew forward.

New Year's Day. What Party can that have been, and what New Year's Day can that have been, which first rooted the phrase, 'A New Year's Day Party,' in my mind? So far back do my recollections of childhood extend, that I have a vivid remembrance of the sensation of being carried downstairs in a woman's arms, and holding tight to her, in the terror of seeing the steep perspective below. Hence, I may have been carried into this Party, for anything I know; but, somehow or other, I most certainly got there, and was in a doorway looking on; and in that look a New Year's Party revealed itself to me, as a very long row of ladies and gentlemen sitting against a wall, all drinking at once out of little glass cups with handles, like custard-cups. What can this Party have been! I am afraid it must have been a dull one, but I *know* it came off. Where can this Party have been! I have not the faintest notion where, but I am absolutely certain it was somewhere. Why the company should all have been drinking at once, and especially why they should all have been drinking out of custard-cups, are points of fact over which the Waters of Oblivion have long rolled. I doubt if they can have been drinking the Old Year out and the New One in, because they were not at supper and had no table before them. There was no speech-making, no quick movement and change of action, no demonstration of any kind. They were all sitting in a long row against the wall—very like my first idea of the good people in Heaven, as I derived it from a wretched picture in a Prayer-book—and they had all got their heads a little thrown back, and were all drinking at once. It is possible enough that I, the baby, may have been caught up out of bed to have a peep at the company, and that the company may happen to have been thus occupied for the flash and space of a moment only. But, it has always seemed to me as if I looked at them for a long time—hours—during which they did nothing else; and to this present time, a casual mention in my hearing, of a Party on a New Year's Day, always revives that picture.

On what other early New Year's Day can I possibly have been an innocent accomplice in the secreting—in a coal cellar too—of a man with a wooden leg! There was no man with a wooden leg, in the circle of my acknowledged and lawful relations and friends. Yet, I clearly remember that we stealthily conducted the man with the wooden leg—whom we knew intimately—into the coal cellar, and that, in getting him over the coals to hide him behind some partition there was beyond, his wooden leg bored itself in among the small coals, and his hat flew off, and he fell backward and lay prone: a spectacle of helplessness. I clearly remember that his struggles to get up among the small coals, and to obtain any purchase on himself in those slippery and shifting circumstances, were a work of exceeding difficulty, involving delay and noise that occasioned us excessive terror. I have not the least idea who 'we' were, except that I had a little sister for another innocent accomplice, and that there must have been a servant girl for principal: neither do I know whether the man with the wooden leg robbed the house, before or afterwards, or otherwise nefariously distinguished himself. Nor, how a cat came to be connected with the occasion, and had a fit, and ran over the top of a door. But, I know that some awful reason compelled us to hush it all up, and that we 'never told.' For many years, I had this association with a New Year's Day entirely to myself, until at last, the anniversary being come round again, I said to the little sister, as she and I sat by chance among our children, 'Do you remember the New Year's Day of the man with the wooden leg?' Whereupon, a thick black curtain which had overhung him from her infancy, went up, and she saw just this much of the man, and not a jot more. (A day or so before her death, that little sister told me that, in the night, the smell of the fallen leaves in the woods where we had habitually walked as very young children, had come upon her with such strength of reality that she had moved her weak head to look for strewn leaves on the floor at her bedside.)

New Year's Day. It was on New Year's Day that I fought a duel. Furious with love and jealousy, I 'went out' with another gentleman of honour, to assert my passion for

the loveliest and falsest of her sex. I estimate the age of that young lady to have been about nine—my own age, about ten. I knew the Queen of my soul, as 'the youngest Miss Clickitt but one.' I had offered marriage, and my proposals had been very favourably received, though not definitively closed with. At which juncture, my enemy—Paynter, by name—arose out of some abyss or cavern, and came between us. The appearance of the Fiend Paynter, in the Clickitt Paradise, was altogether so mysterious and sudden, that I don't know where he came from; I only know that I found him, on the surface of this earth, one afternoon late in the month of December, playing at hot boiled beans and butter with the youngest Miss Clickitt but one. His conduct on that occasion was such, that I sent a friend to Paynter. After endeavouring with levity to evade the question, by pulling the friend's cap off and throwing it into a cabbage-garden, Paynter referred my messenger to his cousin—a goggle-eyed Being worthy of himself. Preliminaries were arranged, and by my own express stipulation the meeting was appointed for New Year's Day, in order that one of us might quit this state of existence on a day of mark. I passed a considerable portion of the last evening of the old year in arranging my affairs. I addressed a pathetic letter, and a goldfinch, to the youngest Miss Clickitt but one (to be delivered into her own hands by my friend, in case I should fall), and I wrote another letter for my mother, and made a disposition of my property: which consisted of books, some coloured engravings of Bamfylde Moore Carew, Mrs. Shipton, and others, in a florid style of art, and a rather choice collection of marbles. While engaged in these last duties, I suffered the keenest anguish, and wept abundantly. The combat was to begin with fists, but was to end anyhow. Dark presentiments overshadowed my mind, because I had heard, on reliable authority, that Paynter (whose father was paymaster of some regiment stationed in the seaport where the conflict impended), had a dirk and meant the worst. I had no other arms, myself, than a blank cartridge, of which ammunition we used to get driblets from the soldiers when they practised, by following them up with tobacco, and bribing them with

pipes-full screwed in old copies, to pretend to load and not to do it. This cartridge my friend and second had specially recommended me, on the combat's assuming a mortal appearance, to explode on the fell Paynter: which I, with some indefinite view of blowing that gentleman up, had undertaken to do, though the engineering details of the operation were not at all adjusted. We met in a sequestered trench, among the fortifications. Paynter had access to some old military stores, and appeared on the ground in the regulation-cap of a full-grown Private of the Second Royal Veteran Battalion. —I see the boy now, coming from among the stinging-nettles in an angle of the trench, and making my blood run cold by his terrible appearance. Preliminaries were arranged, and we were to begin the struggle—this again was my express stipulation—on the word being given, 'The youngest Miss Clickitt but one!' At this crisis, a difference of opinion arose between the seconds, touching the exact construction of that article in the code of honour which prohibits 'hitting below the waistcoat'; and I rather think it arose from *my* second's having manœuvred the whole of *my* waistcoat into the neighbourhood of my chin. However it arose, expressions were used which Paynter, who I found had a very delicate sense of honour, could not permit to pass. He immediately dropped his guard, and appealed to me whether it was not our duty most reluctantly to forego our own gratification until the two gentlemen in attendance on us had established their honour? I warmly assented; I did more; I immediately took my friend aside, and lent him the cartridge. But, so unworthy of our confidence were those seconds that they declined, in spite alike of our encouragements and our indignant remonstrances, to engage. This made it plain both to Paynter and myself, that we had but one painful course to take; which was, to leave them ('with loathing,' Paynter said, and I highly approved), and go away arm in arm. He gave me to understand as we went along that he too was a victim of the perfidy of the youngest Miss Clickitt but one, and I became exceedingly fond of him before we parted.

And here is another New Year's Day coming back under

the influence of the Wand which is better than Harlequin's! What New Year's Day is this? This is the New Year's Day of the annual gathering of later times at Boles's. Mr. Boles lives in a high, bleak, Down-country, where the wind never leaves off whistling all the year round, unless it takes to roaring. Mr. Boles has chimney-corners in his house, as big as other people's rooms; Mr. Boles's larder is as the larder of an amiable giant, and Mr. Boles's kitchen corresponds thereto. In Mr. Boles's Boudoirs sits Miss Boles: a blessed creature: a Divinity. In Mr. Boles's bed-chambers, is a ghost. In Mr. Boles's house, in short, is everything desirable—and under Mr. Boles's house is Mr. Boles's cellar. So many are the New Year's Days I have passed at Mr. Boles's, that I have won my way, like an enlisted Son of the vanished French Republic one and indivisible, through a regular series of promotions: beginning with the non-commissioned bedrooms, passing through the subaltern bedrooms, ascending in the scale until, on the New Year's Day now obedient to the Wand, I inhabit the Field-Marshal bedroom. But, where is Mr. Boles, now I have risen so high in the service? Alack! I go out, now-a-days, into the windy snow-drift, or the windy frost, or windy rain, or windy sunshine—of a certainty into the windy weather, let it be what else it may—to look at Mr. Boles's tomb in the little churchyard: where, while the avenue of elms is gustily tossed and troubled, like Life, the one dark yew-tree in the shadow of the bell-tower is solemnly at rest, like Death. And Miss Boles? She, too, is departed, though only into the world of matrons, not of shadows; and she is my hostess now; and she is a blessed creature (in the byegone sense of making the ground she walks on, worshipful), no more; and I have outlived my passion for her, and I perceive her appetite to be healthy, and her nose to be red. What of that? Are the seasons to stop for me? There are Boleses coming on, though under the different name into which the blessed creature gone for ever, (if she ever really came) sunk her own. In the old Boles boudoirs, there are still blessed creatures and divinities—to somebody, though not to me. If I suspect that the present non-commissioned officers and subalterns don't love as I did when I held those ranks,

are not half as unselfishly faithful as I was, not half as tenderly devoted as I was, not half as passionately miserable as I was, what then? It may be so; it may not be so; but the world is, on the whole, round, and it is ever turning. If my old type has disappeared for the moment, it will come up again in its right place, when its right time brings it upward. Moreover, what am I, even as I know myself, that I should bemoan the disappearance, real or fancied, of the like of Me? Because I am *not* virtuous, shall there be no cakes but of my kneading, no ale but of my brewing? Far from me be the thought! When it comes near me, and stays by me, I may know of a surety that New Year's Days are finally closing in around me, and that, in a scheme where nothing created stops, I cannot too soon cease to be an insignificant anomaly. Therefore, O New Year's Days of the old Boles time, and of all my old time, may you be ever welcome! Therefore, non-commissioned officers, subalterns, lieutenants, all, of the Boles spare bedrooms, I, from the Field-Marshal chamber stretch out my poor hand, entreating cordiality of union among all degrees, and cheerfully declaring my readiness to join as well as I can, in the last new figures of the Dance of Life, rather than growl and grumble, with no partner, down the Dance of Death.

And here is another New Year's Day responsive to the Wand of the season before I have dismissed the last. An Italian New Year's Day, this, and the bright Mediterranean, with a stretch of violet and purple shore, formed the first leaf in the book of the New Year that I turned at daybreak this morning. On the steep hill-sides between me and the sea, diversified by many a patch of cypress-trees and tangled vines, is a wild medley of roof upon roof, church upon church, terrace upon terrace, wall upon wall, tower upon tower. Questioning myself whether I am not descended, without having thought of it before, in a direct line from the good Haroun Alraschid, I tread the tesselated pavement of the garden-terrace, watch the gold-fish in the marble fountains, loiter in the pleasant grove of orange-trees, and become a moving pillar of fragrance by unromantically pocketing a green lemon, now and then, with an eye to Punch

to-night in the English manner. It is not the New Year's Day of a dream, but of broad awake fact, that finds me housed in a palace, with a highly popular ghost and twenty-five spare bedrooms: over the stone and marble floors of which deserted halls, the highly popular ghost (unquiet spirit of a Porter, one would think), drags all the heavy furniture at dead of night. Down in the town, in the street of Happy Charles, at the shop of the Swiss confectioner, there is at this moment, and is all day, an eager group examining the great Twelve-cake—or, as my good friend and servant who speaks all languages and knows none, renders it to the natives, *pane dolce numero dodici*—sweet bread number twelve—which has come as a present all the way from Signor Gunter's della Piazza Berkeley, Londra, Inghilterra, and which got cracked in coming, and is in the street of Happy Charles to be mended, and the like of which has never been seen. It comes back at sunset (in order that the man who brings it on his head may get clear off before the ghost is due), and is set out as a show in the great hall. In the great hall, made as light as all our lights can make it—which is rather dark, it must be confessed—we assemble at night, to 'keep it up,' in the English manner; meaning by 'we,' the handful of English dwelling in that city, and the half handful of English who have married there into other nations, and the rare old Italian Cavaliere, who improvises, writes poetry, plays harps, composes music, paints pictures, and is always inaugurating somebody's bust in his little garden. Brown is the rare old Cavaliere's face, but green his young enthusiastic heart; and whatever we do upon this mad New Year's Night, the Cavaliere gaily bears his part in, and believes to be essentially an English custom, which all the English observe. When we enact grotesque charades, or disperse in the wildest exaggeration of an obsolete country-dance through the five-and-twenty empty rooms, the Cavaliere, ever foremost, believes in his soul that all provincial respectability and metropolitan variety, all Canterbury Precinct, Whitfield Tabernacle, Saint James's Parish, Clapham, and Whitechapel, are religiously doing the same thing; and he cries, 'Dear England, merry England,

the young and the joyous, home of the Fancy, free as the air, playful as the child!' So enchanted is the dear Cavaliere (at about three in the morning, and after lemons), that he folds my hand flat, inside his white waistcoat, folds his own two over it, and walks me up and down the Hall, meekly prisoner, while he improvises an enormous poem on the sports of England; which poem, I think, throughout, I am going to begin to understand presently, but of which I do not comprehend one lonely word. Nor, does even this severe intellectual exercise use up the Cavaliere, for, after going home and playing the harp I don't know how many hours, he flies out of bed, seizes pen, ink and paper—the mechanical appliances of the whole circle of the Arts are always at his bedside, ready against inspiration in the night—and writes quite a Work on the same subject: as the blotted, piebald manuscript he sends to me before I am up next day, affectingly testifies. Said manuscript is inscribed to myself, most illustrious Signor, kissing my hands, and is munificently placed at the disposal of any English publisher whom it may please to undertake a translation.

And here is another New Year's Day invoked by the Wand of the time, and this New Year's Day is a French one, and a bitter, bitter cold one. All Paris is out of doors. Along the line of the Boulevards runs a double row of stalls, like the stalls at an English fair; and surely those are hard to please, in all small wares and all small gambling, who cannot be pleased here. Paris is out of doors in its newest and brightest clothes. Paris is making presents to the Universe —which is well known to be Paris. Paris will eat more bonbons this day, than in the whole bon-bon eating year. Paris will dine out this day, more than ever. In homage to the day, the peculiar glory of the always-glorious plate-glass windows of the Restorers in the Palais Royal, where rare summer-vegetables from Algiers contend with wonderful great pears from the richest soils of France, and with little plump birds of exquisite plumage, direct from the skies. In homage to the day, the glittering brilliancy of the sweet-shops, teeming with beautiful arrangement of colours, and with beautiful tact and taste in trifles. In homage to the

day, the new Review—Dramas at the Theatre of Varieties, and the Theatre of Vaudevilles, and the Theatre of the Palais Royal. In homage to the day, the new Drama in seven acts, and incalculable pictures, at the Ambiguously Comic Theatre, the Theatre of the Gate of Saint Martin, and the Theatre of Gaiety: at which last establishment particularly, a brooding Englishman can, by intensity of interest, get himself made wretched for a fortnight. In homage to the day, the extra-announcing of these Theatres, and fifty more, and the queues of blouses already, at three o'clock in the afternoon, penned up in the cold wind on the cold stone pavement outside them. Spite of wind and frost, the Elysian Fields and the Wood of Boulogne are filled with equipages, equestrians, and pedestrians: while the strange, rackety, rickety, up-all-night looking world of eating-house, tombstone maker, ball-room, cemetery, and wine-shop, outside the Barriers, is as thickly-peopled as the Paris streets themselves; with one universal tendency observable in both hemispheres, to sit down upon any public seat at a risk of being frozen to death, and to go round and round on a hobby-horse in any roundabout, to the music of a barrel organ, as a severe act of duty. And now, this New Year's Day tones down into night, and the brilliantly lighted city shines out like the gardens of the Wonderful Lamp, and the penned blouses flutter into the Theatres in orderly line, and the confidential men, not unaccustomed to lean on umbrellas as they survey mankind of an afternoon, who have tickets to sell cheap, are very busy among them, and the women money-takers shut up in strong iron-cages are busy too, and the three men all of a row behind a breast-work who take the checks are busy too, and the women box-openers with their footstools begin to be busy too, but as yet not very, and the curtain goes up for the curtain-rising piece, and the gloomy young gentleman with the tight black head and the new black moustache is as much in love as ever with the young lady whose eyebrows are very arched and whose voice is very thin, and the gloomy young gentleman's experienced friend (generally chewing something, by the bye, and I wonder what), who leans his back against the

chimney-piece and reads him lessons of life, is just as cool as he always was, and an amazing circumstance to me is, that they are always doing this thing and no other thing, and that I don't find them to have any place in the great event of the evening, and that I want to know whether they go home when they have done it, or what becomes of them. Meanwhile, gushes of cookery rise with the night air from the Restorer's kitchens; and the guests at the Café of Paris, and the Café of the Three Provincial Brothers, and the Café Vefour, and the Café Verey, and the Gilded House, and others of first class, are reflected in wildernesses of looking-glass, and sit on red velvet and order dinner out of red velvet books; while the citizens at the Café Champeaux near the Bourse, and others of second class, sit on rush-bottomed chairs, and have their dinner-library bound in plain leather, though they dine well too; while both kinds of company have plenty of children with them (which is pleasant to me, though I think they begin life biliously), and both unite in eating everything that is set before them. But, now it is eight o'clock upon this New Year's evening. The new Dramas being about to begin, bells ring violently in the Theatre lobbies and rooms, and cigars, coffee cups, and small glasses are hastily abandoned, and I find myself assisting at one of the Review-pieces: where I notice that the English gentleman's stomach isn't very like, because it doesn't fit him, and wherein I doubt the accurate nationality of the English lady's walking on her toes with an upward jerk behind. The Review is derived from various times and sources, and when I have seen David the Palmist in his droll scene with Mahomet and Abd-el-Kader, and have heard the best joke and best song that Eve (a charming young lady, but liable, I should fear, to take cold) has in her part (which occurs in her scene with the Sieur Framboisie), I think I will step out to the Theatre of Gaiety, and see what they are about there. I am so fortunate as to arrive in the nick of time to find the very estimable man just eloped with the wife of the much less estimable man whom Destiny has made a bore, and to find her honest father just arriving from the country by one door, encountering the father of the very estimable man just

arriving from the country by another door, and to hear them launch cross-curses—her father at him: his father at her—which so deeply affects a martial gentleman of tall stature and dark complexion, in the next stall to mine, that, taking his handkerchief from his hat to dry his eyes, he pulls out with it several very large lumps of sugar which he abstracted when he took his coffee, and showers them over my legs—exceedingly to my confusion, but not at all to his. The drop-curtain being, to appearance, down for a long time, I think I will step on a little further—say to the Theatre of the Scavengers—and see what they are doing there. At the Theatre of the Scavengers, I find Pierrot on a voyage. I know he is aboard ship, because I can see nothing but sky; and I infer that the crew are aloft from the circumstance of two rope-ladders crossing the stage and meeting at top; about midway on each of which hangs, contemplating the public, an immovable young lady in male attire, with highly unseamanlike pink legs. This spectacle reminds me of another New Year's Day at home in England, where I saw the brave William, lover of Black-Eyed Susan, tried by a Court Martial composed entirely of ladies, wearing perceptible combs in their heads: with the exception of the presiding Admiral, who was so far gone in liquor that I trembled to think what could possibly be done respecting the catastrophe, if he should take it in his head to record the verdict 'Not guilty.' On this present New Year's Day, I find Pierrot suffering, in various ways, so very much from sea-sickness, that I soon leave the congregated Scavengers in possession of him; but not before I have gathered from the bill that in the case even of his drama, as of every other French piece, it takes at least two men to write it. So, I pass this New Year's evening, which is a French one, looking about me until midnight: when, going into a Boulevard café on my way home, I find the elderly men who are always playing dominoes there, or always looking on at one another playing dominoes there, hard at it still, not in the least moved by the stir and novelty of the day, not in the least minding the New Year.

CHIPS

[July 6, 1850]

There is a saying that a good workman is known by his chips. Such a prodigious accumulation of chips takes place in our Manufactory, that we infer we must have some first-rate workmen about us.

There is also a figure of speech, concerning a chip of the old block. The chips with which *our* old block (aged fifteen weeks) is overwhelmed every week, would make some five-and-twenty blocks of similar dimensions.

There is a popular simile—an awkward one in this connexion—founded on the dryness of a chip. This has almost deterred us from our intention of bundling a few chips together now and then. But, reflection on the natural lightness of the article has reassured us; and we here present a few to our readers,—and shall continue to do so from time to time.

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF LOCOMOTIVES

[September 21, 1850]

It is a remarkable truth, and, well applied, it might be profitable to us, in helping us to make fair allowance for the differences between the temperaments of different men—that every Locomotive Engine running on a Railway, has a distinct individuality and character of its own.

It is perfectly well known to experienced practical engineers, that if a dozen different Locomotive Engines were made, at the same time, of the same power, for the same purpose, of like materials, in the same Factory—each of those Locomotive Engines would come out with its own peculiar whims and ways, only ascertainable by experience. One engine will take a great meal of coke and water at once; another will not hear of such a thing, but will insist on being coaxed by spades-full and buckets-full. One is disposed to

start off, when required, at the top of his speed; another must have a little time to warm at his work, and to get well into it. These peculiarities are so accurately mastered by skilful drivers, that only particular men can persuade particular engines to do their best. It would seem as if some of these 'excellent monsters' declared, on being brought out of the stable, 'If it 's Smith who is to drive me, I won't go. If it 's my friend Stokes, I am agreeable to anything!'

All Locomotive Engines are low-spirited in damp and foggy weather. They have a great satisfaction in their work when the air is crisp and frosty. At such a time they are very cheerful and brisk; but they strongly object to haze and Scotch mists. These are points of character on which they are all united. It is in their peculiarities and varieties of character that they are most remarkable.

The Railway Company who should consign all their Locomotives to one uniform standard of treatment, without any allowance for varying shades of character and opinion, would soon fall as much behind-hand in the world as those greater Governments are, and ever will be, who pursue the same course with the finer piece of work called Man.

HOMŒOPATHY

[November 15, 1851]

We have never been subjects of the Homœopathic mode of treatment, nor have we ever been concerned in making others so. But as we desire to state the Homœopathic Doctrine fairly, like all other doctrines to which we make any reference, and as it has been suggested to us that we may have scarcely done so in a passing allusion to it at page 592 of the last volume of this journal, we will here reprint the following extract from a work in explanation of Homœopathic principles, by Dr. Epps.

'It is not maintained that a millionth part of a grain or a drop (to take a given, though a large quantity, in homœo-

pathic administration,) will produce any visible action on the man in health; nor is it maintained that a millionth part of a grain or of a drop will act on the man in disease: but it is maintained that the millionth part of a grain or of a drop will act on the man in disease, if between the diseased state of the man and the medicine, infinitesimally administered, there is a homœopathic relationship. In other words, the homœopathists do not vaguely say that medicines in infinitesimal dozes cure diseases; but they do say that medicines given for the cure of diseases to which they are homœopathic, do cure these diseases when administered in infinitesimal quantities; to repeat, the homœopathist, in maintaining the efficacy of medicines in infinitesimal quantities, regards three requirements as necessary:—First, the development of virtues in medicines by the process of preparation; second, the increased receptivity to impression produced by disease; and third, the selection of the right remedy.'

THE FINE ARTS IN AUSTRALIA

[March 13, 1852]

There is a picture now lodged at the Amateur Gallery, 121 Pall Mall, which, apart from its own merits, is rendered interesting by being the first large picture ever painted, or (by many people) ever seen, in Australia.

It is an illustration of the Scripture, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' The painter is Mr. Marshall Claxton. It was produced under the following circumstances.

In the summer of the year 1850, a munificent lady residing in London, and distinguished everywhere for her gentle generosity and goodness, commissioned Mr. Claxton to paint this picture for the interior decoration of an Infant School. Mr. Claxton was then on the eve of emigrating to Sydney. If he might only consider the subject on the voyage, he said, and paint it in the land of his adoption, what a pride he would have in showing it to his new countrymen, and what a testimony it would be to them that he was not slighted

in Old England! The commission was freely entrusted to him to be so dealt with; and away he sailed, light of heart and strong of purpose.

How he studied it, and sketched it, month after month, during the long voyage; and how he found it a companion in whom there was always something new to be discovered, and of whom he never tired; needs not to be told. But when he came to Sydney, he could find no house suited to his requirements, with a room large enough to paint the picture in. So, he asked the Committee of the Sydney College for the loan of that building; and, it being handsomely conceded, went to work there.

It may be questioned whether any Australian models had ever sat before, to painting man. At all events, models or not models, the general population of Sydney became so excited about this picture, and were so eager to see it in every stage of its progress, that seven thousand persons, first and last, dropped in to look at it. And such an object was as new to many of them, as the travelling elephant was to the young men on the banks of the Mississippi, when he made a pilgrimage 'a while ago,' with his caravan, to those far-off regions.

Thus, the Picture was imagined, painted, and sent home. Thus, it is, at the present writing, lodged in Pall Mall—the dawn perhaps of the longest day for the fine arts, as for all the arts of life, that ever rose upon the world. As the bright eyes of the children in the Infant School will often, in these times, rest upon it with the awe and wonder of its having come so far over the deep sea; so, perhaps, Mr. Macaulay's traveller, standing, in a distant age, upon the ruins of an old cathedral once called St. Paul's, in the midst of a desert once called London, will look about him with similar emotions for any broken stones that may possibly be traces of the School, said in the Australian nursery-legend to have contained the first important picture painted in that ancient country.

THE GHOST OF THE COCK LANE GHOST WRONG AGAIN

[January 15, 1853]

The exhibitor of the spirit-rapping at the small charge of one guinea per head, or five guineas for a party of ten; the Mr. Stone who 'begs leave to inform the nobility and gentry, that he has just returned from the United States, accompanied by Mrs. M. B. Hayden, for the purpose of Demonstrating the wonderful Phenomena known in that country as Spiritual Manifestations, and which have created the most intense excitement among all classes of society,'—as described at page 217 of our present volume [1]—has been exhibiting Electro-Biology in London to certain dismal little audiences; and has attempted to enliven the very dreary performances by pressing the name of Mr. Charles Dickens into his service, and delivering himself of accounts of a personal interview held by himself and his Medium with that gentleman at the house in Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, where all classes of society are intensely excited every day at from eleven to two, and from four to six.

As a further warning to the gullible who may be disposed to put their trust in this exhibitor's 'facts,' we may inform them that he, and his Medium, with their troops of spirits and their electro-biological penetration to boot, are as wide of the truth in this as in everything else. Mr. Dickens was never at the intensely exciting house and never beheld any of its intensely exciting inhabitants. Two trustworthy gentlemen attached to this Journal tested the spirit rappers at his request, and found them to be the egregious absurdity described.

READY WIT

[February 4, 1854]

As an instance of a correspondent who thoroughly understands a joke, and possesses a quick wit and a happy compre-

[1] Refers to *Household Words*. See a previous article entitled *The Spirit Business*.

hension, we cannot resist the temptation that is upon us to print the following genuine letter:—

'Sir,—I happened this afternoon to take up the last number of your *Household Words*, whilst waiting to see my doctor, at whose house I had called. It has often struck me, when reading your writings, that the tendency of your mind is to hold up to derision those of the higher classes. I refer you for the present to the Ignoble Nobleman as written by you and published this month. Now we find recorded in Scripture the world described as hateful and hating one another, and I would call your attention to the third chapter of Paul's Epistle to Titus; read the first six verses, and see what believers in—the son of the living—are called upon to do, and then judge yourself, that ye be not judged. I would invoke you into a kinder spirit, and be ye a doer of the word and not a hearer only.

'I am, Sir,
'Your very obedt.,
'A Commoner.'

SUPPOSING!

[April 20, 1850]

Supposing, we were to change the Property and Income Tax a little and make it somewhat heavier on realised property, and somewhat lighter on mere income, fixed and uncertain, I wonder whether we should be committing any violent injustice!

Supposing, we were to be more Christian and less mystical, agreeing more about the spirit and fighting less about the letter, I wonder whether we should present a very irreligious and indecent spectacle to the mass of mankind!

Supposing, the Honourable Member for White troubled his head a little less about the Honourable Member for Black, and *vice versâ*, and that both applied themselves a little more in earnest to the real business of the honourable

people and the honourable country, I wonder whether it would be unparliamentary!

Supposing, that, when there was a surplus in the Public Treasury, we laid aside our own particular whims, and all agreed that there were four elements necessary to the existence of our fellow-creatures, to wit, earth, air, fire, and water, and that these were the first grand necessaries to be uncooped and untaxed, I wonder whether it would be unreasonable!

Supposing, we had at this day a Baron Jenner, or a Viscount Watt, or an Earl Stephenson, or a Marquess of Brunel, or a dormant Shakespeare peerage, or a Hogarth baronetcy, I wonder whether it would be cruelly disgraceful to our old nobility!

Supposing, we were all of us to come off our pedestals and mix a little more with those below us, with no fear but that genius, rank, and wealth, would always sufficiently assert their own superiority, I wonder whether we should lower ourselves beyond retrieval!

Supposing, we were to have less botheration and more real education, I wonder whether we should have less or more compulsory colonisation, and Cape of Good Hope very natural indignation!

Supposing, we were materially to simplify the laws, and to abrogate the absurd fiction that everybody is supposed to be acquainted with them, when we know very well that such acquaintance is the study of a life in which some fifty men may have been proficient perhaps in five times fifty years, I wonder whether laws would be respected less?

Supposing, we maintained too many of such fictions altogether, and found their stabling come exceedingly expensive!

Supposing, we looked about us, and seeing a cattle-market originally established in an open place, standing in the midst of a great city because of the unforeseen growth of that great city all about it, and hearing it asserted that the market was still adapted to the requirements and conveniences of the great city, made up our minds to say that this was stark-mad nonsense and we wouldn't bear it, I wonder whether we should be revolutionary!

Supposing, we were to harbour a small suspicion that

there was too much doing in the diplomatic line of business, and that the world would get on better with that shop shut up three days a-week, I wonder whether it would be a huge impiety!

Supposing, Governments were to consider public questions less with reference to their own time, and more with reference to all time, I wonder how we should get on then!

Supposing, the wisdom of our ancestors should turn out to be a mere phrase, and that if there were any sense in it, it should follow that we ought to be believers in the worship of the Druids at this hour, I wonder whether any people would have talked mere moonshine all their lives!

Supposing, we were clearly to perceive that we cannot keep some men out of their share in the administration of affairs, and were to say to them, 'Come, brothers, let us take counsel together, and see how we can best manage this; and don't expect too much from what you get; and let us all in our degree put our shoulders to the wheel, and strive; and let us all improve ourselves and all abandon something of our extreme opinions for the general harmony,' I wonder whether we should want so many special constables on any future tenth of April, or should talk so much about it any more!

I wonder whether people who are quite easy about anything, usually *do* talk quite so much about it!

Mr. Lane, the traveller, tells us of a superstition the Egyptians have, that the mischievous Genii are driven away by iron, of which they have an instinctive dread. Supposing, this should foreshadow the disappearance of the evil spirits and ignorances besetting this earth, before the iron steam-engines and roads, I wonder whether we could expedite their flight at all by iron energy!

Supposing, we were just to try two or three of these experiments!

[August 10, 1850]

Supposing a Royal Duke were to die. Which is not a great stretch of supposition,

> For golden lads and lasses must,
> Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust:

Supposing he had been a good old Duke with a thoroughly kind heart, and generous nature, always influenced by a sincere desire to do right, and always doing it, like a man and a gentleman, to the best of his ability:

And supposing, this Royal Duke left a son, against whom there was no imputation or reproach, but of whom all men were disposed to think well, and had no right or reason to think otherwise:

And supposing, this Royal Duke, though possessed of a very handsome income in his life-time, had not made provision for this son; and a rather accommodating Government (in such matters) were to make provision for him, at the expense of the public, on a scale wholly unsuited to the nature of the public burdens, past, present, and prospective, and bearing no proportion to any kind of public reward, for any sort of public service:

I wonder whether the country could then, with any justice, complain, that the Royal Duke had not himself provided for his son, instead of leaving his son a charge upon the people!

I should think the question would depend upon this:—Whether the country had ever given the good Duke to understand, that it, in the least degree, expected him to provide for his son. If it never did anything of the sort, but always conveyed to him, in every possible way, the rapturous assurance that there was a certain amount of troublesome Hotel business to be done, which nobody but a Royal Duke could by any possibility do, or the business would lose its grace and flavour, then, I should say, the good Duke aforesaid might reasonably suppose that he made sufficient provision for his son, in leaving him the Hotel business; and that the country would be a very unreasonable country, if it made any complaint.

Supposing the country *did* complain, though, after all. I wonder what it would still say, in Committee, Sub Committee, Charitable Association, and List of Stewards, if any ungenteel person were to propose ignoble chairmen!

Because I should like the country to be consistent.

[JUNE 7, 1851]

SUPPOSING a stipendiary magistrate, honourably distinguished for his careful, sensible, and upright decisions, were to have brought before him, a Socialist or Chartist, proved to have wilfully, and without any palliative circumstance whatsoever, assaulted the police in the execution of their duty:

And supposing that stipendiary magistrate committed that Socialist or Chartist to prison for the offence, steadfastly refusing to adopt the alternative unjustly and partially allowed him by the law, of permitting the offender to purchase immunity by the payment of a fine:

And supposing one of the great unpaid county magistrates were to take upon himself virtually to abrogate the rules observed, in all other cases, in that prison, by introducing, say fourteen visitors, to that Socialist or Chartist during his one week's imprisonment:

I wonder whether Sir George Grey, or any other Home Secretary for the time being, would then consider it his duty to take a very decided course of objection to the proceedings of that county magistrate.

And supposing that the prisoner, instead of being a Socialist or Chartist, were a gentleman of good family, and that County Magistrate did exactly this same thing, I wonder what Sir George Grey or any other Home Secretary for the time being, would do then.

Because, supposing he did nothing, I should strongly doubt his doing right.

[SEPTEMBER 6, 1851]

SUPPOSING that among the news in a Weekly Newspaper—say, the *Examiner* for Saturday the twenty-third of August in the present year—there were stated in succession two cases, presenting a monstrous contrast.

Supposing that the first of these cases were the case of an indigent woman, the wife of a labouring man, who died in

a most deplorable and abject condition, neglected and unassisted by the parish authorities:

Supposing that the second of these cases were the case of an infamous woman, drunken and profligate, a convicted felon, a returned transport, an habitual inmate of Houses of Correction, destitute of the lowest attributes of decency, a Pet Prisoner in the Model Prison, where the interesting creature was presented with a large gratuity for her excellent conduct:

I wonder whether it would occur to any governing power in the country, that there might be something wrong here!

Because I make bold to say, that such a shocking instance of Pet Prisoning and Pet Poor Law administering has profounder depths of mischief in it than Red Tape can fathom.

[February 10, 1855]

Supposing that a gentleman named Mr. Sidney Herbert were to get up in the House of Commons, to make the best case he could of a system of mismanagement that had filled all England with grief and shame:

And supposing that this gentleman were to expatiate to the House of Commons on the natural helplessness of our English soldiers, consequent on their boots being made by one man, their clothes by another, their houses by another, and so forth—blending a sentimental political economy with Red Tape, in a very singular manner:

I wonder, in such case, whether it would be out of order to suggest the homely fact that indeed it is not the custom to enlist the English Soldier in his cradle; that there really are instances of his having been something else before becoming a soldier, and that perhaps there is not a Regiment in the service but includes within its ranks, a number of men more or less expert in every handicraft-trade under the Sun.

MISCELLANIES

FROM

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

1859–1869

ADDRESS WHICH APPEARED SHORTLY PREVIOUS TO THE COMPLETION OF THE TWENTIETH VOLUME (1868) OF INTIMATING A NEW SERIES OF 'ALL THE YEAR ROUND'

I BEG to announce to the readers of this Journal, that on the completion of the Twentieth Volume on the Twenty-eighth of November, in the present year, I shall commence an entirely New Series of *All the Year Round*. The change is not only due to the convenience of the public (with which a set of such books, extending beyond twenty large volumes, would be quite incompatible), but is also resolved upon for the purpose of effecting some desirable improvements in respect of type, paper, and size of page, which could not otherwise be made. To the Literature of the New Series it would not become me to refer, beyond glancing at the pages of this Journal, and of its predecessor, through a score of years; inasmuch as my regular fellow-labourers and I will be at our old posts, in company with those younger comrades, whom I have had the pleasure of enrolling from time to time, and whose number it is always one of my pleasantest editorial duties to enlarge.

As it is better that every kind of work honestly undertaken and discharged, should speak for itself than be spoken for, I will only remark further on one intended omission in the New Series. The Extra Christmas Number has now been so extensively, and regularly, and often imitated, that it is in very great danger of becoming tiresome. I have therefore resolved (though I cannot add, willingly) to abolish it, at the highest tide of its success.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE POOR MAN AND HIS BEER [1]

[April 30, 1859]

My friend Philosewers and I, contemplating a farm-labourer the other day, who was drinking his mug of beer on a settle at a roadside ale-house door, we fell to humming the fag-end of an old ditty, of which the poor man and his beer, and the sin of parting them, form the doleful burden. Philosewers then mentioned to me that a friend of his in an agricultural county—say a Hertfordshire friend—had, for two years last past, endeavoured to reconcile the poor man and his beer to public morality, by making it a point of honour between himself and the poor man that the latter should use his beer and not abuse it. Interested in an effort of so unobtrusive and unspeechifying a nature, 'O Philosewers,' said I, after the manner of the dreary sages in Eastern apologues, 'Show me, I pray, the man who deems that temperance can be attained without a medal, an oration, a banner, and a denunciation of half the world, and who has at once the head and heart to set about it!'

Philosewers expressing, in reply, his willingness to gratify the dreary sage, an appointment was made for the purpose. And on the day fixed, I, the Dreary one, accompanied by Philosewers, went down Nor'-West per railway, in search of temperate temperance. It was a thunderous day; and the clouds were so immoderately watery, and so very much disposed to sour all the beer in Hertfordshire, that they seemed to have taken the pledge.

But, the sun burst forth gaily in the afternoon, and gilded the old gables, and old mullioned windows, and old weather-cock and old clock-face, of the quaint old house which is the dwelling of the man we sought. How shall I describe him? As one of the most famous practical chemists of the age? That designation will do as well as another—better, perhaps, than most others. And his name? Friar Bacon.

[1] See poem 'The Blacksmith.'

'Though, take notice, Philosewers,' said I, behind my hand, 'that the first Friar Bacon had not that handsome lady-wife beside him. Wherein, O Philosewers, he was a chemist, wretched and forlorn, compared with his successor. Young Romeo bade the holy father Lawrence hang up philosophy, unless philosophy could make a Juliet. Chemistry would infallibly be hanged if its life were staked on making anything half so pleasant as this Juliet.' The gentle Philosewers smiled assent.

The foregoing whisper from myself, the Dreary one, tickled the ear of Philosewers, as we walked on the trim garden terrace before dinner, among the early leaves and blossoms; two peacocks, apparently in very tight new boots, occasionally crossing the gravel at a distance. The sun, shining through the old house-windows, now and then flashed out some brilliant piece of colour from bright hangings within, or upon the old oak panelling; similarly, Friar Bacon, as we paced to and fro, revealed little glimpses of his good work.

'It is not much,' said he. 'It is no wonderful thing. There used to be a great deal of drunkenness here, and I wanted to make it better if I could. The people are very ignorant, and have been much neglected, and I wanted to make *that* better, if I could. My utmost object was, to help them to a little self-government and a little homely pleasure. I only show the way to better things, and advise them. I never act for them; I never interfere; above all, I never patronise.'

I had said to Philosewers as we came along Nor'-West that patronage was one of the curses of England; I appeared to rise in the estimation of Philosewers when thus confirmed.

'And so,' said Friar Bacon, 'I established my Allotment-club, and my pig-clubs, and those little Concerts by the ladies of my own family, of which we have the last of the season this evening. They are a great success, for the people here are amazingly fond of music. But there is the early dinner-bell, and I have no need to talk of my endeavours when you will soon see them in their working dress.'

Dinner done, behold the Friar, Philosewers, and myself the Dreary one, walking, at six o'clock, across the fields, to the 'Club-house.'

As we swung open the last field-gate and entered the Allotment-grounds, many members were already on their way to the Club, which stands in the midst of the allotments. Who could help thinking of the wonderful contrast between these club-men and the club-men of St. James's Street, or Pall Mall, in London! Look at yonder prematurely old man, doubled up with work, and leaning on a rude stick more crooked than himself, slowly trudging to the club-house, in a shapeless hat like an Italian harlequin's, or an old brown-paper bag, leathern leggings, and dull green smock-frock, looking as though duck-weed had accumulated on it—the result of its stagnant life—or as if it were a vegetable production, originally meant to blow into something better, but stopped somehow. Compare him with Old Cousin Feenix, ambling along St. James's Street, got up in the style of a couple of generations ago, and with a head of hair, a complexion, and a set of teeth, profoundly impossible to be believed in by the widest stretch of human credulity. Can they both be men and brothers? Verily they are. And although Cousin Feenix has lived so fast that he will die at Baden-Baden, and although this club-man in the frock has lived, ever since he came to man's estate, on nine shillings a week, and is sure to die in the Union if he die in bed, yet he brought as much into the world as Cousin Feenix, and will take as much out—more, for more of him is real.

A pretty, simple building, the club-house, with a rustic colonnade outside, under which the members can sit on wet evenings, looking at the patches of ground they cultivate for themselves; within, a well-ventilated room, large and lofty, cheerful pavement of coloured tiles, a bar for serving out the beer, good supply of forms and chairs, and a brave big chimney-corner, where the fire burns cheerfully. Adjoining this room, another:

'Built for a reading-room,' said Friar Bacon; 'but not much used—yet.'

The dreary sage, looking in through the window, perceiving a fixed reading-desk within, and inquiring its use:

'I have Service there,' said Friar Bacon. 'They never went anywhere to hear prayers, and of course it would be hopeless

to help them to be happier and better, if they had no religious feeling at all.'

'The whole place is very pretty.' Thus the sage.

'I am glad you think so. I built it for the holders of the Allotment-grounds, and gave it them: only requiring them to manage it by a committee of their own appointing, and never to get drunk there. They never have got drunk there.'

'Yet they have their beer freely?'

'O yes. As much as they choose to buy. The club gets its beer direct from the brewer, by the barrel. So they get it good; at once much cheaper, and much better, than at the public-house. The members take it in turns to be steward, and serve out the beer: if a man should decline to serve when his turn came, he would pay a fine of twopence. The steward lasts, as long as the barrel lasts. When there is a new barrel, there is a new steward.'

'What a noble fire is roaring up that chimney!'

'Yes, a capital fire. Every member pays a halfpenny a week.'

'Every member must be the holder of an Allotment-garden?'

'Yes; for which he pays five shillings a year. The Allotments you see about us, occupy some sixteen or eighteen acres, and each garden is as large as experience shows one man to be able to manage. You see how admirably they are tilled, and how much they get off them. They are always working in them in their spare hours; and when a man wants a mug of beer, instead of going off to the village and the public-house, he puts down his spade or his hoe, comes to the club-house and gets it, and goes back to his work. When he has done work, he likes to have his beer at the club, still, and to sit and look at his little crops as they thrive.'

'They seem to manage the club very well.

'Perfectly well. Here are their own rules. They made them. I never interfere with them, except to advise them when they ask me.'

RULES AND REGULATIONS

MADE BY THE COMMITTEE,

From the 21st September, 1857.

One half-penny per week to be paid to the club by each member.

1.—Each member to draw the beer in order, according to the number of his allotment; on failing, a forfeit of twopence to be paid to the club.

2.—The member that draws the beer to pay for the same, and bring his ticket up receipted when the subscriptions are paid; on failing to do so, a penalty of sixpence to be forfeited and paid to the club.

3.—Subscriptions and forfeits to be paid at the club-room on the last Saturday night of each month.

4.—The subscriptions and forfeits to be cleared up every quarter; if not, a penalty of sixpence to be paid to the club.

5.—The member that draws the beer to be at the club-room by six o'clock every evening, and stay till ten; but in the event of no member being there, he may leave at nine; on failing so to attend, a penalty of sixpence to be paid to the club.

6.—Any member giving beer to a stranger in this club-room, excepting to his wife or family, shall be liable to the penalty of one shilling.

7.—Any member lifting his hand to strike another in this club-room shall be liable to the penalty of sixpence.

8.—Any member swearing in this club-room shall be liable to a penalty of twopence each time.

9.—Any member selling beer shall be expelled from the club.

10.—Any member wishing to give up his allotment, may apply to the committee, and they shall value the crop and the condition of the ground. The amount of the valuation shall be paid by the succeeding tenant, who shall be allowed to enter on any

part of the allotment which is uncropped at the time of notice of the leaving tenant.

11.—Any member not keeping his allotment-garden clear from seed-weeds, or otherwise injuring his neighbours, may be turned out of his garden by the votes of two-thirds of the committee, one month's notice being given to him.

12.—Any member carelessly breaking a mug, is to pay the cost of replacing the same.

I was soliciting the attention of Philosewers to some old old bonnets hanging in the Allotment-gardens to frighten the birds, and the fashion of which I should think would terrify a French bird to death at any distance, when Philosewers solicited my attention to the scrapers at the club-house door. The amount of the soil of England which every member brought there on his feet, was indeed surprising; and even I, who am professedly a salad-eater, could have grown a salad for my dinner, in the earth on any member's frock or hat.

'Now,' said Friar Bacon, looking at his watch, 'for the Pig-clubs!'

The dreary Sage entreated explanation.

'Why, a pig is so very valuable to a poor labouring man, and it is so very difficult for him at this time of the year to get money enough to buy one, that I lend him a pound for the purpose. But, I do it in this way. I leave such of the club members as choose it and desire it, to form themselves into parties of five. To every man in each company of five, I lend a pound, to buy a pig. But, each man of the five becomes bound for every other man, as to the repayment of his money. Consequently, they look after one another, and pick out their partners with care; selecting men in whom they have confidence.'

'They repay the money, I suppose, when the pig is fattened, killed, and sold?'

'Yes. Then they repay the money. And they do repay it. I had one man, last year, who was a little tardy (he was in the habit of going to the public-house); but even he did pay. It is an immense advantage to one of these poor fel-

lows to have a pig. The pig consumes the refuse from the man's cottage and Allotment-garden, and the pig's refuse enriches the man's garden besides. The pig is the poor man's friend. Come into the club-house again.'

The poor man's friend. Yes. I have often wondered who really was the poor man's friend among a great number of competitors, and I now clearly perceive him to be the pig. *He* never makes any flourishes about the poor man. *He* never gammons the poor man—except to his manifest advantage in the article of bacon. *He* never comes down to this house, or goes down to his constituents. He openly declares to the poor man, 'I want my sty because I am a Pig. I desire to have as much to eat as you can by any means stuff me with, because I am a Pig. *He* never gives the poor man a sovereign for bringing up a family. *He* never grunts the poor man's name in vain. And when he dies in the odour of Porkity, he cuts up, a highly useful creature and a blessing to the poor man, from the ring in his snout to the curl in his tail. Which of the poor man's other friends can say as much? Where is the M. P. who means Mere Pork?

The dreary Sage had glided into these reflections, when he found himself sitting by the club-house fire, surrounded by green smock-frocks and shapeless hats: with Friar Bacon lively, busy, and expert, at a little table near him.

'Now, then come. The first five!' said Friar Bacon. 'Where are you?'

'Order!' cried a merry-faced little man, who had brought his young daughter with him to see life, and who always modestly hid his face in his beer-mug after he had thus assisted the business.

'John Nightingale, William Thrush, Joseph Blackbird, Cecil Robin, and Thomas Linnet!' cried Friar Bacon.

'Here, sir!' and 'Here, sir!' And Linnet, Robin, Blackbird, Thrush, and Nightingale, stood confessed.

We, the undersigned, declare, in effect, by this written paper, that each of us is responsible for the repayment of this pig-money by each of the other. 'Sure you understand, Nightingale?'

'Ees, sur.'

'Can you write your name, Nightingale?'

'Na, sur.'

Nightingale's eye upon his name, as Friar Bacon wrote it, was a sight to consider in after years. Rather incredulous was Nightingale, with a hand at the corner of his mouth, and his head on one side, as to those drawings really meaning him. Doubtful was Nightingale whether any virtue had gone out of him in that committal to paper. Meditative was Nightingale as to what would come of young Nightingale's growing up to the acquisition of that art. Suspended was the interest of Nightingale, when his name was done—as if he thought the letters were only sown, to come up presently in some other form. Prodigious, and wrong-handed was the cross made by Nightingale on much encouragement—the strokes directed from him instead of towards him; and most patient and sweet-humoured was the smile of Nightingale as he stepped back into a general laugh.

'Or—der!' cried the little man. Immediately disappearing into his mug

'Ralph Mangel, Roger Wurzel, Edward Vetches, Matthew Carrot, and Charles Taters!' said Friar Bacon.

'All here, sir'

'You understand it, Mangel?'

'Iss, sir, I unnerstaans it.'

'Can you write your name, Mangel?'

'Iss, sir.'

Breathless interest. A dense background of smock-frocks accumulated behind Mangel, and many eyes in it looked doubtfully at Friar Bacon, as who should say, 'Can he really though?' Mangel put down his hat, retired a little to get a good look at the paper, wetted his right hand thoroughly by drawing it slowly across his mouth, approached the paper with great determination, flattened it, sat down at it, and got well to his work. Circuitous and sea-serpent-like, were the movements of the tongue of Mangel while he formed the letters; elevated were the eyebrows of Mangel and sidelong the eyes, as, with his left whisker reposing on his left arm, they followed his performance; many were the misgivings of Mangel, and slow was his retrospective meditation touching the

junction of the letter p with h; something too active was the big forefinger of Mangel in its propensity to rub out without proved cause. At last, long and deep was the breath drawn by Mangel when he laid down the pen; long and deep the wondering breath drawn by the background—as if they had watched his walking across the rapids of Niagara, on stilts, and now cried, 'He has done it!'

But, Mangel was an honest man, if ever honest man lived. 'T'owt to be a hell, sir,' said he, contemplating his work, 'and I ha' made a t on 't.'

The over-fraught bosoms of the background found relief in a roar of laughter.

'Or—DER!' cried the little man. 'CHEER!' And after that second word, came forth from his mug no more.

Several other clubs signed, and received their money. Very few could write their names; all who could not, pleaded that they could not, more or less sorrowfully, and always with a shake of the head, and in a lower voice than their natural speaking voice. Crosses could be made standing; signatures must be sat down to. There was no exception to this rule. Meantime, the various club-members smoked, drank their beer, and talked together quite unrestrained. They all wore their hats, except when they went up to Friar Bacon's table. The merry-faced little man offered his beer, with a natural good-fellowship, both to the Dreary one and Philosewers. Both partook of it with thanks.

'Seven o'clock!' said Friar Bacon. 'And now we had better get across to the concert, men, for the music will be beginning.'

The concert was in Friar Bacon's laboratory; a large building near at hand, in an open field. The bettermost people of the village and neighbourhood were in a gallery on one side, and, in a gallery opposite the orchestra. The whole space below was filled with the labouring people and their families, to the number of five or six hundred. We had been obliged to turn away two hundred to-night, Friar Bacon said, for want of room—and that, not counting the boys, of whom we had taken in only a few picked ones, by reason of the

boys, as a class, being given to too fervent a custom of applauding with their boot-heels.

The performers were the ladies of Friar Bacon's family, and two gentlemen; one of them, who presided, a Doctor of Music. A piano was the only instrument. Among the vocal pieces, we had a negro melody (rapturously encored), the Indian Drum, and the Village Blacksmith; neither did we want for fashionable Italian, having *Ah! non giunge*, and *Mi manca la voce*. Our success was splendid; our good-humoured, unaffected, and modest bearing, a pattern. As to the audience, they were far more polite and far more pleased than at the Opera; they were faultless. Thus for barely an hour the concert lasted, with thousands of great bottles looking on from the walls, containing the results of Friar Bacon's Million and one experiments in agricultural chemistry; and containing too, no doubt, a variety of materials with which the Friar could have blown us all through the roof at five minutes' notice.

God save the Queen being done, the good Friar stepped forward and said a few words, more particularly concerning two points; firstly, that Saturday half-holiday, which it would be kind in farmers to grant; secondly, the additional Allotment-grounds we were going to establish, in consequence of the happy success of the system, but which we could not guarantee should entitle the holders to be members of the club, because the present members must consider and settle that question for themselves: a bargain between man and man being always a bargain, and we having made over the club to them as the original Allotment-men. This was loudly applauded, and so, with contented and affectionate cheering, it was all over.

As Philosewers, and I the Dreary, posted back to London, looking up at the moon and discussing it as a world preparing for the habitation of responsible creatures, we expatiated on the honour due to men in this world of ours who try to prepare it for a higher course, and to leave the race who live and die upon it better than they found them.

FIVE NEW POINTS OF CRIMINAL LAW

[September 24, 1859]

The existing Criminal Law has been found in trials for Murder, to be so exceedingly hasty, unfair, and oppressive—in a word, to be so very objectionable to the amiable persons accused of that thoughtless act—that it is, we understand, the intention of the Government to bring in a Bill for its amendment. We have been favoured with an outline of its probable provisions.

It will be grounded on the profound principle that the real offender is the Murdered Person; but for whose obstinate persistency in being murdered, the interesting fellow-creature to be tried could not have got into trouble.

It leading enactments may be expected to resolve themselves under the following heads:

1. There shall be no Judge. Strong representations have been made by highly popular culprits that the presence of this obtrusive character is prejudicial to their best interests. The Court will be composed of a political gentleman, sitting in a secluded room commanding a view of St. James's Park, who has already more to do than any human creature can, by any stretch of the human imagination, be supposed capable of doing.

2. The Jury to consist of Five Thousand Five Hundred and Fifty-five Volunteers.

3. The Jury to be strictly prohibited from seeing either the accused or the witnesses. They are not to be sworn. They are on no account to hear the evidence. They are to receive it, or such representations of it, as may happen to fall in their way; and they will constantly write letters about it to all the Papers.

4. Supposing the trial to be a trial for Murder by poisoning, and supposing the hypothetical case, or the evidence, for the prosecution to charge the administration of two poisons, say Arsenic and Antimony; and supposing the taint of Arsenic in the body to be possible but not probable, and

the presence of Antimony in the body, to be an absolute certainty; it will then become the duty of the Jury to confine their attention solely to the Arsenic, and entirely to dismiss the Antimony from their minds.

5. The symptoms preceding the death of the real offender (or Murdered Person) being described in evidence by medical practitioners who saw them, other medical practitioners who never saw them shall be required to state whether they are inconsistent with certain known diseases—*but, they shall never be asked whether they are not exactly consistent with the administration of Poison.* To illustrate this enactment in the proposed Bill by a case:—A raging mad dog is seen to run into the house where Z lives alone, foaming at the mouth. Z and the mad dog are for some time left together in that house under proved circumstances, irresistibly leading to the conclusion that Z has been bitten by the dog. Z is afterwards found lying on his bed in a state of hydrophobia, and with the marks of the dog's teeth. Now, the symptoms of that disease being identical with those of another disease called Tetanus, which might supervene on Z's running a rusty nail into a certain part of his foot, medical practitioners who never saw Z, shall bear testimony to that abstract fact, and it shall then be incumbent on the Registrar-General to certify that Z died of a rusty nail.

It is hoped that these alterations in the present mode of procedure will not only be quite satisfactory to the accused person (which is the first great consideration), but will also tend, in a tolerable degree, to the welfare and safety of Society. For it is not sought in this moderate and prudent measure to be wholly denied that it is an inconvenience to Society to be poisoned overmuch.

LEIGH HUNT. A REMONSTRANCE

[December 24, 1859]

'The sense of beauty and gentleness, of moral beauty and faithful gentleness, grew upon him as the clear evening closed in. When he went to visit his relative at Putney, he still carried with him his work, and the books he more immediately wanted. Although his bodily powers had been giving way, his most conspicuous qualities, his memory for books, and his affection remained; and when his hair was white, when his ample chest had grown slender, when the very proportion of his height had visibly lessened, his step was still ready, and his dark eyes brightened at every happy expression, and at every thought of kindness. His death was simply exhaustion: he broke off his work to lie down and repose. So gentle was the final approach, that he scarcely recognised it till the very last, and then it came without terrors. His physical suffering had not been severe; at the latest hour he said that his only uneasiness was failing breath. And that failing breath was used to express his sense of the inexhaustible kindness he had received from the family who had been so unexpectedly made his nurses,—to draw from one of his sons, by minute, eager, and searching questions, all that he could learn about the latest vicissitudes and growing hopes of Italy,—to ask the friends and children around him for news of those whom he loved,—and to send love and messages to the absent who loved him.'

Thus, with a manly simplicity and filial affection, writes the eldest son of Leigh Hunt in recording his father's death. These are the closing words of a new edition of *The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt*, published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, of Cornhill, revised by that son, and enriched with an introductory chapter of remarkable beauty and tenderness. The son's first presentation of his father to the reader, 'rather tall, straight as an arrow, looking slenderer than he really was; his hair black and shining, and slightly inclined to wave; his head high, his forehead straight and white, his eyes

black and sparkling, his general complexion dark; in his whole carriage and manner an extraordinary degree of life,' completes the picture. It is the picture of the flourishing and fading away of man that is born of a woman and hath but a short time to live.

In his presentation of his father's moral nature and intellectual qualities, Mr. Hunt is no less faithful and no less touching. Those who knew Leigh Hunt, will see the bright face and hear the musical voice again, when he is recalled to them in this passage: 'Even at seasons of the greatest depression in his fortunes, he always attracted many visitors, but still not so much for any repute that attended him as for his personal qualities. Few men were more attractive, in society,' whether in a large company or over the fireside. His manners were peculiarly animated; his conversation, varied, ranging over a great field of subjects, was moved and called forth by the response of his companion, be that companion philosopher or student, sage or boy, man or woman; and he was equally ready for the most lively topics or for the gravest reflections—his expression easily adapting itself to the tone of his companion's mind. With much freedom of manners, he combined a spontaneous courtesy that never failed, and a considerateness derived from a ceaseless kindness of heart that invariably fascinated even strangers.' Or in this: 'His animation, his sympathy with what was gay and pleasurable; his avowed doctrine of cultivating cheerfulness, were manifest on the surface, and could be appreciated by those who knew him in society, most probably even exaggerated as salient traits, on which he himself insisted *with a sort of gay and ostentatious wilfulness.*'

The last words describe one of the most captivating peculiarities of a most original and engaging man, better than any other words could. The reader is besought to observe them, for a reason that shall presently be given. Lastly: 'The anxiety to recognise the right of others, the tendency to "refine," which was noted by an early school companion, and the propensity to elaborate every thought, made him, along with the direct argument by which he sustained his own conviction, recognise and almost admit all that might be said

on the opposite side.' For these reasons, and for others suggested with equal felicity, and with equal fidelity, the son writes of the father, 'It is most desirable that his qualities should be known as they were; for such deficiencies as he had are the honest explanation of his mistakes; while, as the reader may see from his writings and his conduct, they are not, as the faults of which he was accused would be, incompatible with the noblest faculties both of head and heart. To know Leigh Hunt as he was, was to hold him in reverence and love.

These quotations are made here, with a special object. It is not, that the personal testimony of one who knew Leigh Hunt well, may be borne to their truthfulness. It is not, that it may be recorded in these pages, as in his son's introductory chapter, that his life was of the most amiable and domestic kind, that his wants were few, that his way of life was frugal, that he was a man of small expenses, no ostentations, a diligent labourer, and a secluded man of letters. It is not, that the inconsiderate and forgetful may be reminded of his wrongs and sufferings in the days of the Regency, and of the national disgrace of his imprisonment. It is not, that their forbearance may be entreated for his grave, in right of his graceful fancy or his political labours and endurances, though—

> Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
> New men, that in the flying of a wheel
> Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
> Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well.

It is, that a duty may be done in the most direct way possible. An act of plain, clear duty.

Four or five years ago, the writer of these lines was much pained by accidentally encountering a printed statement, 'that Mr. Leigh Hunt was the original of Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House*.' The writer of these lines, is the author of that book. The statement came from America. It is no disrespect to that country, in which the writer has, perhaps, as many friends and as true an interest as any man that lives, good-humouredly to state the fact, that he has, now and then, been the subject of paragraphs in Transatlantic newspapers, more surprisingly destitute of all foundation in truth than

the wildest delusion of the wildest lunatics. For reasons born of this exerience, he let the thing go by.

But, since Mr. Leigh Hunt's death, the statement has been revived in England. The delicacy and generosity envinced in its revival, are for the rather late consideration of its revivers. The fact is this:

Exactly those graces and charms of manner which are remembered in the words we have quoted, were remembered by the author of the work of fiction, when he drew the character in question. Above all other things, that 'sort of gay and ostentatious wilfulness' in the humouring of a subject, which had many a time delighted him, and impressed him as being unspeakably whimsical and attractive, was the airy quality he wanted for the man he invented. Partly for this reason, and partly (he has since often grieved to think) for the pleasure it afforded him to find that delightful manner reproducing itself under his hand, he yielded to the temptation of too often making the character *speak* like his old friend. He no more thought, God forgive him! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature, than he has himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello, on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture. Even as to the mere occasional manner, he meant to be so cautious and conscientious, that he privately referred the proof sheets of the first number of that book to two intimate literary friends of Leigh Hunt (both still living), and altered the whole of that part of the text on their discovering too strong a resemblance to his 'way.'

He cannot see the son lay this wreath on the father's tomb, and leave him to the possibility of ever thinking that the present words might have righted the father's memory and were left unwritten. He cannot know that his own son may have to explain his father when folly or malice can wound his heart no more, and leave this task undone.

THE TATTLESNIVEL BLEATER

[December 31, 1859]

The pen is taken in hand on the present occasion, by a private individual (not wholly unaccustomed to literary composition), for the exposure of a conspiracy of a most frightful nature; a conspiracy which, like the deadly Upas-tree of Java, on which the individual produced a poem in his earlier youth (not wholly devoid of length), which was so flatteringly received (in circles not wholly unaccustomed to form critical opinions), that he was recommended to publish it, and would certainly have carried out the suggestion, but for private considerations (not wholly unconnected with expense).

The individual who undertakes the exposure of the gigantic conspiracy now to be laid bare in all its hideous deformity, is an inhabitant of the town of Tattlesnivel—a lowly inhabitant, it may be, but one who, as an Englishman and a man, will ne'er abase his eye before the gaudy and the mocking throng.

Tattlesnivel stoops to demand no championship from her sons. On an occasion in History, our bluff British monarch, our Eighth Royal Harry, almost went there. And long ere the periodical in which this exposure will appear, had sprung into being, Tattlesnivel had unfurled that standard which yet waves upon her battlements. The standard alluded to, is The Tattlesnivel Bleater, containing the latest intelligence, and state of markets, down to the hour of going to press, and presenting a favourable local medium for advertisers, on a graduated scale of charges, considerably diminishing in proportion to the guaranteed number of insertions.

It were bootless to expatiate on the host of talent engaged in formidable phalanx to do fealty to the Bleater. Suffice it to select, for present purposes, one of the most gifted and (but for the wide and deep ramifications of an un-English conspiracy), most rising, of the men who are bold Albion's pride. It were needless, after this preamble, to point the

finger more directly at the LONDON CORRESPONDENT OF THE TATTLESNIVEL BLEATER.

On the weekly letters of that Correspondent, on the flexibility of their English, on the boldness of their grammar, on the originality of their quotations (never to be found as they are printed, in any book existing), on the priority of their information, on their intimate acquaintance with the secret thoughts and unexecuted intentions of men, it would ill become the humble Tattlesnivellian who traces these words, to dwell. They are graven in the memory; they are on the Bleater's file. Let them be referred to.

But, from the infamous, the dark, the subtle conspiracy which spreads its baleful roots throughout the land, and of which the Bleater's London Correspondent is the one sole subject, it is the purpose of the lowly Tattlesnivellian who undertakes this revelation, to tear the veil. Nor will he shrink from his self-imposed labour, Herculean though it be.

The conspiracy begins in the very Palace of the Sovereign Lady of our Ocean Isle. Leal and loyal as it is the proud vaunt of the Bleater's readers, one and all, to be, the inhabitant who pens this exposure does not personally impeach, either her Majesty the queen, or the illustrious Prince Consort. But, some silken-clad smoothers, some purple parasites, some fawners in frippery, some greedy and begartered ones in gorgeous garments, he does impeach—ay, and wrathfully! Is it asked on what grounds? They shall be stated.

The Bleater's London Correspondent, in the prosecution of his important inquiries, goes down to Windsor, sends in his card, has a confidential interview with her Majesty and the illustrious Prince Consort. For a time, the restraints of Royalty are thrown aside in the cheerful conversation of the Bleater's London Correspondent, in his fund of information, in his flow of anecdote, in the atmosphere of his genius; her Majesty brightens, the illustrious Prince Consort thaws, the cares of State and the conflicts of Party are forgotten, lunch is proposed. Over that unassuming and domestic table, her Majesty communicates to the Bleater's London Correspondent that it is her intention to send his Royal High-

ness the Prince of Wales to inspect the top of the Great Pyramid—thinking it likely to improve his acquaintance with the views of the people. Her Majesty further communicates that she has made up her royal mind (and that the Prince Consort has made up his illustrious mind) to the bestowal of the vacant Garter, let us say on Mr. Roebuck. The younger Royal children having been introduced at the request of the Bleater's London Correspondent, and having been by him closely observed to present the usual external indications of good health, the happy knot is severed, with a sigh the Royal bow is once more strung to its full tension, the Bleater's London Correspondent returns to London, writes his letter, and tells the Tattlesnivel Bleater what he knows. All Tattlesnivel reads it, and knows that he knows it. But, *does* his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales ultimately go to the top of the Great Pyramid? *Does* Mr. Roebuck ultimately get the Garter? No. Are the younger Royal children even ultimately found to be well? On the contrary, they have—and on that very day had—the measles. Why is this? *Because the conspiratiors against the Bleater's London Correspondent have stepped in with their dark machinations.* Because her Majesty and the Prince Consort are artfully induced to change their minds, from north to south, from east to west, immediately after it is known to the conspirators that they have put themselves in communication with the Bleater's London Correspondent. It is now indignantly demanded, by whom they are so tampered with? It is now indignantly demanded, who took the responsibility of concealing the indisposition of those Royal children from their Royal and Illustrious parents, and of bringing them down from their beds, disguised, expressly to confound the London Correspondent of the Tattlesnivel Bleater? Who are those persons, it is again asked? Let not rank and favour protect them. Let the traitors be exhibited in the face of day!

Lord John Russell is in this conspiracy. Tell us not that his Lordship is a man of too much spirit and honour. Denunciation is hurled against him. The proof? The proof is here.

The Time is panting for an answer to the question, Will Lord John Russell consent to take office under Lord Palmerston? Good. The London Correspondent of the Tattlesnivel Bleater is in the act of writing his weekly letter, finds himself rather at a loss to settle this question finally, leaves off, puts his hat on, goes down to the lobby of the House of Commons, sends in for Lord John Russell, and has him out. He draws his arm through his Lordship's, takes him aside, and says, 'John, will you ever accept office under Palmerston?' His Lordship replies, 'I will not.' The Bleater's London Correspondent retorts, with the caution such a man is bound to use, 'John, think again; say nothing to me rashly; is there any temper here?' His Lordship replies, calmly, 'None whatever.' After giving him time for reflection, the Bleater's London Correspondent says, 'Once more, John, let me put a question to you. Will you ever accept office under Palmerston?' His Lordship answers (note the exact expressions), 'Nothing shall induce me, ever to accept a seat in a Cabinet of which Palmerston is the Chief.' They part, the London Correspondent of the Tattlesnivel Bleater finishes his letter, and—always being withheld by motives of delicacy, from plainly divulging his means of getting accurate information on every subject, at first hand—puts in it, this passage: 'Lord John Russell is spoken of, by blunderers, for Foreign Affairs; but I have the best reasons for assuring your readers, that' (giving prominence to the exact expressions, it will be observed) '"NOTHING WILL EVER INDUCE HIM, TO ACCEPT A SEAT IN A CABINET OF WHICH PALMERSTON IS THE CHIEF."' On this you may implicitly rely.' What happens? On the very day of the publication of that number of the Bleater—the malignity of the conspirators being even manifested in the selection of the day—Lord John Russell takes the Foreign Office! Comment were superfluous.

The people of Tattlesnivel will be told, have been told, that Lord John Russell is a man of his word. He may be, on some occasions; but, when overshadowed by this dark and enormous growth of conspiracy, Tattlesnivel knows him to be otherwise. 'I happen to be certain, deriving my in-

formation from a source which cannot be doubted to be authentic,' wrote the London Correspondent of the Bleater, within the last year, 'that Lord John Russell bitterly regrets having made that explicit speech of last Monday.' These are not roundabout phrases; these are plain words. What does Lord John Russell (apparently by accident), within eight-and-forty hours after their diffusion over the civilised globe? Rises in his place in Parliament, and unblushingly declares that if the occasion could arise five hundred times, for his making that very speech, he would make it five hundred times! Is there no conspiracy here? And is this combination against one who would be always right if he were not proved always wrong, to be endured in a country that boasts of its freedom and its fairness?

But, the Tattlesnivellian who now raises his voice against intolerable oppression, may be told that, after all, this is a political conspiracy. He may be told, forsooth, that Mr. Disraeli's being in it, that Lord Derby's being in it, that Mr. Bright's being in it, that every Home, Foreign, and Colonial Secretary's being in it, that every ministry's and every opposition's being in it, are but proofs that men will do in politics what they would do in nothing else. Is this the plea? If so, the rejoinder is, that the mighty conspiracy includes the whole circle of Artists of all kinds, and comprehends all degrees of men, down to the worst criminal and the hangman who ends his career. For, all these are intimately known to the London Correspondent of the Tattlesnivel Bleater, and all these deceive him.

Sir, put it to the proof. There is the Bleater on the file —documentary evidence. Weeks, months, before the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, the Bleater's London Correspondent knows the subjects of all the leading pictures, knows what the painters first meant to do, knows what they afterwards substituted for what they first meant to do, knows what they ought to do and won't do, knows what they ought not to do and will do, knows to a letter from whom they have commissions, knows to a shilling how much they are to be paid. Now, no sooner is each studio clear of the remarkable man to whom each studio-occupant has revealed himself as he

does not reveal himself to his nearest and dearest bosom friend, than conspiracy and fraud begin. Alfred the Great becomes the Fairy Queen; Moses viewing the Promised Land, turns out to be Moses going to the Fair; Portrait of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, is transformed, as if by irreverent enchantment of the dissenting interest, into A Favourite Terrier, or Cattle Grazing; and the most extraordinary work of art in the list described by the Bleater, is coolly sponged out altogether, and asserted never to have had existence at all, even in the most shadowy thoughts of its executant! This is vile enough, but this is not all. Picture-buyers then come forth from their secret positions, and creep into their places in the assassin-multitude of conspirators. Mr. Baring, after expressly telling the Bleater's London Correspondent that he had bought No. 39 for one thousand guineas, gives it up to somebody unknown for a couple of hundred pounds; The Marquis of Lansdowne pretends to have no knowledge whatever of the commissions to which the London Correspondent of the Bleater swore him, but allows a Railway Contractor to cut him out for half the money. Similar examples might be multiplied. Shame, shame, on these men! Is this England?

Sir, look again at Literature. The Bleater's London Correspondent is not merely acquainted with all the eminent writers, but is in possession of the secrets of their souls. He is versed in their hidden meanings and references, sees their manuscripts before publication, and knows the subjects and titles of their books when they are not begun. How dare those writers turn upon the eminent man and depart from every intention they have confided to him? How do they justify themselves in entirely altering their manuscripts, changing their titles, and abandoning their subjects? Will they deny, in the face of Tattlesnivel, that they do so? If they have such hardihood, let the file of the Bleater strike them dumb. By their fruits they shall be known. Let their works be compared with the anticipatory letters of the Bleater's London Correspondent, and their falsehood and deceit will become manifest as the sun; it will be seen that they do nothing which they stand pledged to the Bleater's

London Correspondent to do; it will be seen that they are among the blackest parties in this black and base conspiracy. This will become apparent, sir, not only as to their public proceedings but as to their private affairs. The outraged Tattlesnivellian who now drags this infamous combination into the face of day, charges those literary persons with making away with their property, imposing on the Income Tax Commissioners, keeping false books, and entering into sham contracts. He accuses them on the unimpeachable faith of the London Correspondent of the Tattlesnivel Bleater. With whose evidence they will find it impossible to reconcile their own account of any transaction of their lives.

The national character is degenerating under the influence of the ramifications of this tremendous conspiracy. Forgery is committed, constantly. A person of note—any sort of person of note—dies. The Bleater's London Correspondent knows what his circumstances are, what his savings are (if any), who his creditors are, all about his children and relations, and (in general, before his body is cold) describes his will. Is that will ever proved? Never! Some other will is substituted; the real instrument, destroyed. And this (as has been before observed), is England!

Who are the workmen and artificers, enrolled upon the books of this treacherous league? From what funds are they paid, and with what ceremonies are they sworn to secrecy? Are there none such? Observe what follows. A little time ago the Bleater's London Correspondent had this passage: 'Boddleboy is pianoforte playing at St. Januarius's Gallery, with pretty tolerable success! He clears three hundred pounds per night. Not bad this!' The builder of St. Januarius's Gallery (plunged to the throat in the conspiracy) met with this piece of news, and observed, with characteristic coarseness, 'that the Bleater's London Correspondent was a Blind Ass.' Being pressed by a man of spirit to give his reasons for this extraordinary statement, he declared that the Gallery, crammed to suffocation, would not hold two hundred pounds, and that its expenses were, probably, at least half what it

did hold. The man of spirit (himself a Tattlesnivellian) had the Gallery measured within a week from that hour, and it would *not* hold two hundred pounds! Now, can the poorest capacity doubt that it had been altered in the meantime?

And so the conspiracy extends, through every grade of society, down to the condemned criminal in prison, the hangman, and the Ordinary. Every famous murderer within the last ten years has desecrated his last moments by falsifying his confidences imparted specially to the London Correspondent of the Tattlesnivel Bleater; on every such occasion, Mr. Calcraft has followed the degrading example; and the reverend Ordinary, forgetful of his cloth, and mindful only (it would seem, alas!) of the conspiracy, has committed himself to some account or other of the criminal's demeanour and conversation, which has been diametrically opposed to the exclusive information of the London Correspondent of the Bleater. And this (as has been before observed) is Merry England!

A man of true genius, however, is not easily defeated. The Bleater's London Correspondent, probably beginning to suspect the existence of a plot against him, has recently fallen on a new style, which, as being very difficult to countermine, may necessitate the organisation of a new conspiracy. One of his masterly letters, lately, disclosed the adoption of this style—which was remarked with profound sensation throughout Tattlesnivel—in the following passage: 'Mentioning literary small talk, I may tell you that some new and extraordinary rumours are afloat concerning the conversations I have previously mentioned, alleged to have taken place in the first floor front (situated over the street door), of Mr. X. Ameter (the poet so well known to your readers), in which, X. Ameter's great uncle, his second son, his butcher, and a corpulent gentleman with one eye universally respected at Kensington, are said not to have been on the most friendly footing; I forbear, however, to pursue the subject further, this week, my informant not being able to supply me with exact particulars.'

But, enough, sir. The inhabitant of Tattlesnivel who has

taken in hand to expose this odious association of unprincipled men against a shining (local) character, turns from it with disgust and contempt. Let him in few words strip the remaining flimsy covering from the nude object of the conspirators, and his loathsome task is ended.

Sir, that object, he contends, is evidently twofold. First, to exhibit the London Correspondent of the Tattlesnivel Bleater in the light of a mischievous Blockhead who, by hiring himself out to tell what he cannot possibly know, is as great a public nuisance as a Blockhead in a corner can be. Second, to suggest to the men of Tattlesnivel that it does not improve their town to have so much Dry Rubbish shot there.

Now, sir, on both these points Tattlesnivel demands in accents of Thunder, Where is the Attorney General? Why doesn't the *Times* take it up? (Is the latter in the conspiracy? It never adopts his views, or quotes him, and incessantly contradicts him.) Tattlesnivel, sir, remembering that our forefathers contended with the Norman at Hastings, and bled at a variety of other places that will readily occur to you, demands that its birthright shall not be bartered away for a mess of pottage. Have a care, sir, have a care! Or Tattlesnivel (its idle Rifles piled in its scouted streets) may be seen ere long, advancing with its Bleater to the foot of the Throne, and demanding redress for this conspiracy, from the orbed and sceptred hands of Majesty itself!

THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY

[March 1, 1862]

A song of the hour, now in course of being sung and whistled in every street, the other day reminded the writer of these words—as he chanced to pass a fag-end of the song for the twentieth time in a short London walk—that twenty years ago, a little book on the United States, entitled *American Notes*, was published by 'a Young Man from the Country,' who had just seen and left it.

This Young Man from the Country fell into a deal of trouble, by reason of having taken the liberty to believe that he perceived in America downward popular tendencies for which his young enthusiasm had been anything but prepared. It was in vain for the Young Man to offer in extenuation of his belief that no stranger could have set foot on those shores with a feeling of livelier interest in the country, and stronger faith in it, than he. Those were the days when the Tories had made their Ashburton Treaty, and when Whigs and Radicals must have no theory disturbed. All three parties waylaid and mauled the Young Man from the Country, and showed that he knew nothing about the country.

As the Young Man from the Country had observed in the Preface to his little book, that he 'could bide his time,' he took all this in silent part for eight years. Publishing then, a cheap edition of his book, he made no stronger protest than the following:

'My readers have opportunities of judging for themselves whether the influences and tendencies which I distrusted in America, have any existence but in my imagination. They can examine for themselves whether there has been anything in the public career of that country during these past eight years, or whether there is anything in its present position, at home or abroad, which suggests that those influences and tendencies really do exist. As they find the fact, they will judge me. If they discern any evidences of wrong-doing, in any direction that I have indicated, they will acknowledge that I had reason in what I wrote. If they discern no such thing, they will consider me altogether mistaken. I have nothing to defend, or to explain away. The truth is the truth; and neither childish absurdities, nor unscupulous contradictions, can make it otherwise. The earth would still move round the sun, though the whole Catholic Church said No.'

Twelve more years having since passed away, it may, now at last, be simply just towards the Young Man from the

Country, to compare what he originally wrote, with recent events and their plain motive powers. Treating of the House of Representatives at Washington, he wrote thus:

'Did I recognise in this assembly, a body of men, who, applying themselves in a new world to correct some of the falsehoods and vices of the old, purified the avenues to Public Life, paved the dirty ways to Place and Power, debated and made laws for the Common Good, and had no party but their Country?

'I saw in them, the wheels that move the meanest perversion of virtuous Political Machinery that the worst tools ever wrought. Despicable trickery at elections; under-handed tamperings with public officers; cowardly attacks upon opponents, with scurrilous newspapers for shields, and hired pens for daggers; shameful trucklings to mercenary knaves, whose claim to be considered, is, that every day and week they sow new crops of ruin with their venal types, which are the dragon's teeth of yore, in everything but sharpness; aidings and abettings of every bad inclination in the popular mind, and artful suppressions of all its good influences: such things as these, and in a word, Dishonest Faction in its most depraved and most unblushing form, stared out from every corner of the crowded hall.

'Did I see among them, the intelligence and refinement: the true, honest, patriotic heart of America? Here and there, were drops of its blood and life, but they scarcely coloured the stream of desperate adventurers which sets that way for profit and for pay. It is the game of these men, and of their profligate organs, to make the strife of politics so fierce and brutal, and so destructive of all self-respect in worthy men, that sensitive and delicate-minded persons shall be kept aloof, and they, and such as they, be left to battle out their selfish views unchecked. And thus this lowest of all scrambling fights goes on, and they who in other countries would, from their intelligence and station, most aspire to make the laws, do here recoil the farthest from that degradation.

'That there are, among the representatives of the people

in both Houses, and among all parties, some men of high character and great abilities, I need not say. The foremost among those politicians who are known in Europe, have been already described, and I see no reason to depart from the rule I have laid down for my guidance, of abstaining from all mention of individuals. It will be sufficient to add, that to the most favourable accounts that have been written of them, I fully and most heartily subscribe; and that personal intercourse and free communication have bred within me, not the result predicted in the very doubtful proverb, but increased admiration and respect.'

Towards the end of his book, the Young Man from the Country thus expressed himself concerning its people:

'They are, by nature, frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem but to enhance their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm; and it is the possession of these latter qualities in a most remarkable degree, which renders an educated American one of the most endearing and most generous of friends. I never was so won upon, as by this class; never yielded up my full confidence and esteem so readily and pleasurably, as to them; never can make again, in half a year, so many friends for whom I seem to entertain the regard of half a life.

'These qualities are natural, I implicitly believe, to the whole people. That they are, however, sadly sapped and blighted in their growth among the mass; and that there are influences at work which endanger them still more, and give but little present promise of their healthy restoration; is a truth that ought to be told.

'It is an essential part of every national character to pique itself mightily upon its faults, and to deduce tokens of its virtue or its wisdom from their very exaggeration. One great blemish in the popular mind of America, and the prolific parent of an innumerable brood of evils, is Universal Distrust. Yet the American citizen plumes himself upon this spirit, even when he is sufficiently dispassionate to perceive the ruin it works; and will often adduce it, in spite of

his own reason, as an instance of the great sagacity and acuteness of the people, and their superior shrewdness and independence.

'"You carry," says the stranger, "this jealousy and distrust into every transaction of public life. By repelling worthy men from your legislative assemblies, it has bred up a class of candidates for the suffrage, who, in their every act, disgrace your Institutions and your people's choice. It has rendered you so fickle, and so given to change, that your inconstancy has passed into a proverb; for you no sooner set up an idol firmly, than you are sure to pull it down and dash it into fragments: and this, because directly you reward a benefactor, or a public servant, you distrust him, merely because he *is* rewarded; and immediately apply yourselves to find out, either that you have been too bountiful in your acknowledgments, or he remiss in his deserts. Any man who attains a high place among you, from the President downwards, may date his downfall from that moment; for any printed lie that any notorious villain pens, although it militate directly against the character and conduct of a life, appeals at once to your distrust, and is believed. You will strain at a gnat in the way of trustfulness and confidence, however fairly won and well deserved; but you will swallow a whole caravan of camels, if they be laden with unworthy doubts and mean suspicions. Is this well, think you, or likely to elevate the character of the governors or the governed, among you?"

'The answer is invariably the same: "There's freedom of opinion here, you know. Every man thinks for himself, and we are not to be easily overreached. That's how our people come to be suspicious."

'Another prominent feature is the love of "smart" dealing: which gilds over many a swindle and gross breach of trust; many a defalcation, public and private; and enables many a knave to hold his head up with the best, who well deserves a halter: though it has not been without its retributive operation, for this smartness has done more in a few years to impair the public credit, and to cripple the public resources, than dull honesty, however rash, could have effected in a

century. The merits of a broken speculation, or a bankruptcy, or of a successful scoundrel, are not gauged by its or his observance of the golden rule, "Do as you would be done by," but are considered with reference to their smartness. I recollect, on both occasions of our passing that ill-fated *Cairo* on the Mississippi, remarking on the bad effects such gross deceits must have when they exploded, in generating a want of confidence abroad, and discouraging foreign investment: but I was given to understand that this was a very smart scheme by which a deal of money had been made: and that its smartest feature was, that they forgot these things abroad, in a very short time, and speculated again, as freely as ever. The following dialogue I have held a hundred times: "Is it not a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So-and-so should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means, and notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?" "Yes, sir." "A convicted liar?" "Yes, sir." "He has been kicked, and cuffed, and caned?" "Yes, sir." "And he is utterly dishonourable, debased, and profligate?" "Yes, sir." "In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?" "Well, sir, he is a smart man."

'But the foul growth of America has a more tangled root than this; and it strikes its fibres, deep in its licentious Press.

'Schools may be erected, East, West, North, and South; pupils be taught, and masters reared, by scores upon scores of thousands; colleges may thrive, churches may be crammed, temperance may be diffused, and advancing knowledge in all other forms walk through the land with giant strides; but while the newspaper press of America is in, or near, its present abject state, high moral improvement in that country is hopeless. Year by year, it must and will go back; year by year, the tone of public opinion must sink lower down; year by year, the Congress and the Senate must become of less account before all decent men; and year by year, the memory of the Great Fathers of the Revolution must be outraged more and more, in the bad life of their degenerate child.

'Among the herd of journals which are published in the States, there are some, the reader scarcely need be told, of character and credit. From personal intercourse with accomplished gentlemen connected with publications of this class, I have derived both pleasure and profit. But the name of these is Few, and of the others Legion; and the influence of the good, is powerless to counteract the moral poison of the bad.

'Among the gentry of America; among the well-informed and moderate; in the learned professions; at the bar and on the bench; there is, as there can be, but one opinion, in reference to the vicious character of these infamous journals. It is sometimes contended—I will not say strangely, for it is natural to seek excuses for such a disgrace—that their influence is not so great as a visitor would suppose. I must be pardoned for saying that there is no warrant for this plea, and that every fact and circumstance tends directly to the opposite conclusion.

'When any man, of any grade of desert in intellect or character, can climb to any public distinction, no matter what, in America, without first grovelling down upon the earth, and bending the knee before this monster of depravity; when any private excellence is safe from its attacks; when any social confidence is left unbroken by it, or any tie of social decency and honour is held in the least regard; when any man in that Free Country has freedom of opinion, and presumes to think for himself, and speak for himself, without humble reference to a censorship which, for its rampant ignorance and base dishonesty, he utterly loaths and despises in his heart; when those who most acutely feel its infamy and the reproach it casts upon the nation, and who most denounce it to each other, dare to set their heels upon, and crush it openly, in the sight of all men: then, I will believe that its influence is lessening, and men are returning to their manly senses. But while that Press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the state, from a president to a postman; while, with ribald slander for its only stock in trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class, who must find their reading in a newspaper,

or they will not read at all; so long must its odium be upon the country's head, and so long must the evil it works, be plainly visible in the Republic.'

The foregoing was written in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two. It rests with the reader to decide whether it has received any confirmation, or assumed any colour of truth, in or about the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

AN ENLIGHTENED CLERGYMAN

[March 8, 1862]

At various places in Suffolk (as elsewhere) penny readings take place 'for the instruction and amusement of the lower classes.' There is a little town in Suffolk called Eye, where the subject of one of these readings was a tale (by Mr. Wilkie Collins) from the last Christmas Number of this Journal, entitled 'Picking Up Waifs at Sea.' It appears that the Eye gentility was shocked by the introduction of this rude piece among the taste and musical glasses of that important town, on which the eyes of Europe are notoriously always fixed. In particular, the feelings of the vicar's family were outraged; and a Local Organ (say, the Tattlesnivel Bleater) consequently doomed the said piece to everlasting oblivion, as being of an 'injurious tendency!'

When this fearful fact came to the knowledge of the unhappy writer of the doomed tale in question, he covered his face with his robe, previous to dying decently under the sharp steel of the ecclesiastical gentility of the terrible town of Eye. But the discovery that he was not alone in his gloomy glory, revived him, and he still lives.

For, at Stowmarket, in the aforesaid county of Suffolk, at another of those penny readings, it was announced that a certain juvenile sketch, culled from a volume of sketches (by Boz) and entitled 'The Bloomsbury Christening,' would be read. Hereupon, the clergyman of that place took heart

and pen, and addressed the following terrific epistle to a gentleman bearing the very appropriate name of Gudgeon:

STOWMARKET VICARAGE, *Feb. 25*, 1861.

SIR,—My attention has been directed to a piece called 'The Bloomsbury Christening' which you propose to read this evening. Without presuming to claim any interference in the arrangement of the readings, I would suggest to you whether you have on this occasion sufficiently considered the character of the composition you have selected. I quite appreciate the laudable motive of the promoters of the readings to raise the moral tone amongst the working class of the town and to direct this taste in a familiar and pleasant manner. 'The Bloomsbury Christening' cannot possibly do this. It trifles with a sacred ordinance, and the language and style, instead of improving the taste, has a direct tendency to lower it.

I appeal to your right feeling whether it is desirable to give publicity to that which must shock several of your audience, and create smile amongst others, to be indulged in only by violating the conscientious scruples of their neighbours.

The ordinance which is here exposed to ridicule is one which is much misunderstood and neglected amongst many families belonging to the Church of England, and the mode in which it is treated in this chapter cannot fail to appear as giving a sanction to, or at least excusing, such neglect.

Although you are pledged to the public to give this subject, yet I cannot but believe that they would fully justify your substitution of it for another did they know the circumstances. An abridgment would only lessen the evil in a degree, as it is not only the style of the writing but the subject itself which is objectionable.

Excuse me for troubling you, but I felt that, in common with yourself, I have a grave responsibility in the matter, and I am most truly yours,

T. S. COLES.

To Mr. J. Gudgeon.

It is really necessary to explain that this is not a bad joke. It is simply a bad fact.

RATHER A STRONG DOSE

[March 21, 1863]

'Doctor John Campbell, the minister of the Tabernacle Chapel, Finsbury, and editor of the *British Banner*, etc., with that massive vigour which distinguishes his style,' did, we are informed by Mr. Howitt, 'deliver a verdict in the *Banner*, for November, 1852,' of great importance and favour to the Table-rapping cause. We are not informed whether the Public, sitting in judgment on the question, reserved any point in this great verdict for subsequent consideration; but the verdict would seem to have been regarded by a perverse generation as not quite final, inasmuch as Mr. Howitt finds it necessary to re-open the case, a round ten years afterwards, in nine hundred and sixty-two stiff octavo pages, published by Messrs. Longman and Company.

Mr. Howitt is in such a bristling temper on the Supernatural subject, that we will not take the great liberty of arguing any point with him. But—with the view of assisting him to make converts—we will inform our readers, on his conclusive authority, what they are required to believe; premising what may rather astonish them in connexion with their views of a certain historical trifle, called The Reformation, that their present state of unbelief is all the fault of Protestantism, and that 'it is high time, therefore, to protest against Protestantism.'

They will please to believe, by way of an easy beginning, all the stories of good and evil demons, ghosts, prophecies, communication with spirits, and practice of magic, that ever obtained, or are said to have ever obtained, in the North, in the South, in the East, in the West, from the earliest and darkest ages, as to which we have any hazy intelligence, real or supposititious, down to the yet unfinished displacement of the red men in North America. They will please to believe that nothing in this wise was changed by the fulfilment of Our Saviour's mission upon earth; and further, that what Saint Paul did, can be done again, and has been done again.

As this is not much to begin with, they will throw in at this point rejection of Faraday and Brewster, and 'poor Paley,' and implicit acceptance of those shining lights, the Reverend Charles Beecher, and the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher ('one of the most vigorous and eloquent preachers of America'), and the Reverend Adin Ballou.

Having thus cleared the way for a healthy exercise of faith, our advancing readers will next proceed especially to believe in the old story of the Drummer of Tedworth, in the inspiration of George Fox, in 'the spiritualism, prophecies, and prevision' of Huntington the coal-porter (him who prayed for the leather breeches which miraculously fitted him), and even in the Cock Lane Ghost. They will please wind up, before fetching their breath, with believing that there is a close analogy between rejection of any such plain and proved facts as those contained in the whole foregoing catalogue, and the opposition encountered by the inventors of railways, lighting by gas, microscopes and telescopes, and vaccination. This stinging consideration they will always carry rankling in their remorseful hearts as they advance.

As touching the Cock Lane Ghost, our conscience-stricken readers will please particularly to reproach themselves for having ever supposed that important spiritual manifestation to have been a gross imposture which was thoroughly detected. They will please to believe that Dr. Johnson believed in it, and that, in Mr. Howitt's words, he 'appears to have had excellent reasons for his belief.' With a view to this end, the faithful will be so good as to obliterate from their Boswells the following passage: 'Many of my readers, I am convinced, are to this hour under an impression that Johnson was thus foolishly deceived. It will therefore surprise them a good deal when they are informed upon undoubted authority that Johnson was one of those by whom the imposture was detected. The story had become so popular, that he thought it should be investigated, and in this research he was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, the great detector of impostures'—and therefore tremendously obnoxious to Mr. Howitt—'who informs me that after the gentlemen who went and examined into the

evidence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrote in their presence an account of it, which was published in the newspapers and *Gentleman's Magazine*, and undeceived the world.' But as there will still remain another highly inconvenient passage in the Boswells of the true believers, they must likewise be at the trouble of cancelling the following also, referring to a later time: 'He (Johnson) expressed great indignation at the imposture of the Cock Lane Ghost, and related with much satisfaction how he had assisted in detecting the cheat, and had published an account of it in the newspapers.'

They will next believe (if they be, in the words of Captain Bobadil, 'so generously minded') in the transatlantic trance-speakers 'who professed to speak from direct inspiration,' Mrs. Cora Hatch, Mrs. Henderson, and Miss Emma Hardinge; and they will believe in those eminent ladies having 'spoken on Sundays to five hundred thousand hearers'—small audiences, by the way, compared with the intelligent concourse recently assembled in the city of New York, to do honor to the Nuptials of General the Honourable T. Barnum Thumb. At about this stage of their spiritual education, they may take the opportuniy of believing in 'letters from a distinguished gentleman of New York, in which the frequent appearance of the gentleman's deceased wife and of Dr. Franklin, to him and other well-known friends, are unquestionably unequalled in the annals of the marvellous.' Why these modest appearances should seem at all out of the common way to Mr. Howitt (who would be in a state of flaming indignation if we thought them so), we could not imagine, until we found on reading further, 'it is solemnly stated that the witnesses have not only seen but touched these spirits, and handled the clothes and hair of Franklin.' Without presuming to go Mr. Howitt's length of considering this by any means a marvellous experience, we yet venture to confess that it has awakened in our mind many interesting speculations touching the present whereabout in space, of the spirits of Mr. Howitt's own departed boots and hats.

The next articles of belief are Belief in the moderate figures of 'thirty thousand media in the United States in 1853'; and in two million five hundred thousand spiritualists in the same

country of composed minds, in 1855, 'professing to have arrived at their convictions of spiritual communication from personal experience'; and in 'an average rate of increase of three hundred thousand per annum,' still in the same country of calm philosophers. Belief in spiritual knockings, in all manner of American places, and, among others, in the house of 'a Doctor Phelps at Stratford, Connecticut, a man of the highest character for intelligence,' says Mr. Howitt, and to whom we willingly concede the possession of far higher intelligence than was displayed by his spiritual knocker, in 'frequently cutting to pieces the clothes of one of his boys,' and in breaking 'seventy-one panes of glass'—unless, indeed, the knocker, when in the body, was connected with the tailoring and glazing interests. Belief in immaterial performers playing (in the dark though: they are obstinate about its being in the dark) on material instruments of wood, catgut, brass, tin, and parchment. Your belief is further requested in 'the Kentucky Jerks.' The spiritual achievements thus euphoniously denominated 'appear,' says Mr. Howitt, 'to have been of a very disorderly kind.' It appears that a certain Mr. Doke, a Presbyterian clergyman, 'was first seized by the jerks,' and the jerks laid hold of Mr. Doke in that unclerical way and with that scant respect for his cloth, that they 'twitched him about in a most extraordinary manner, often when in the pulpit, and caused him to shout aloud, and run out of the pulpit into the woods, screaming like a madman. When the fit was over, he returned calmly to his pulpit and finished the service.' The congregation having waited, we presume, and edified themselves with the distant bellowings of Doke in the woods, until he came back again, a little warm and hoarse, but otherwise in fine condition. 'People were often seized at hotels, and at table would, on lifting a glass to drink, jerk the liquor to the ceiling; ladies would at the breakfast-table suddenly be compelled to throw aloft their coffee, and frequently break the cup and saucer.' A certain venturesome clergyman vowed that he would preach down the Jerks, 'but he was seized in the midst of his attempt, and made so ridiculous that he withdrew himself from further notice'—an example much to be commended. That same favoured land of

America has been particularly favoured in the development of 'innumerable mediums,' and Mr. Howitt orders you to believe in Daniel Dunglas Home, Andrew Davis Jackson, and Thomas L. Harris, as 'the three most remarkable, or most familiar, on this side of the Atlantic.' Concerning Mr. Home, the articles of belief (besides removal of furniture) are, That through him raps have been given and communications made from deceased friends. That 'his hand has been seized by spirit influence, and rapid communications written out, of a surprising character to those to whom they were addressed.' That at his bidding, 'spirit hands have appeared which have been seen, felt, and recognised frequently, by persons present, as those of deceased friends.' That he has been frequently lifted up and carried, floating 'as it were' through a room, near the ceiling. That in America, 'all these phenomena have displayed themselves in greater force than here'—which we have not the slightest doubt of. That he is 'the planter of spiritualism all over Europe.' That 'by circumstances that no man could have devised, he became the guest of the Emperor of the French, of the King of Holland, of the Czar of Russia, and of many lesser princes.' That he returned from 'this unpremeditated missionary tour,' 'endowed with competence'; but not before, 'at the Tuileries, on one occasion when the emperor, empress, a distinguished lady, and himself only were sitting at table, a hand appeared, took up a pen, and wrote, in a strong and well-known character, the word Napoleon. The hand was then successively presented to the several personages of the party to kiss.' The stout believer, having disposed of Mr. Home, and rested a little, will then proceed to believe in Andrew Davis Jackson, or Andrew Jackson Davis (Mr. Howitt, having no Medium at hand to settle this difference and reveal the right name of the seer, calls him by both names), who merely 'beheld all the essential natures of things, saw the interior of men and animals, as perfectly as their exterior; and described them in language so correct, that the most able technologists could not surpass him. He pointed out the proper remedies for all the complaints, and the shops where they were to be obtained';—in the latter respect appearing to hail from an advertising circle, as we conceive.

It was also in this gentleman's limited department to 'see the metals in the earth,' and to have 'the most distant regions and their various productions present before him.' Having despatched this tough case, the believer will pass on to Thomas L. Harris, and will swallow *him* easily, together with 'whole epics' of his composition; a certain work 'of scarcely less than Miltonic grandeur, called The Lyric of the Golden Age'—a lyric pretty nigh as long as one of Mr. Howitt's volumes—dictated by Mr. (not Mrs.) Harris to the publisher in ninety-four hours; and several extempore sermons, possessing the remarkably lucid property of being 'full, unforced, out-gushing, unstinted, and absorbing.' The candidate for examination in pure belief, will then pass on to the spirit-photography department; this, again, will be found in so-favoured America, under the superintendence of Medium Mumler, a photographer of Boston: who was 'astonished' (though, on Mr. Howitt's showing, he surely ought not to have been) 'on taking a photograph of himself, to find also by his side the figure of a young girl, which he immediately recognised as that of a deceased relative. The circumstance made a great excitement. Numbers of persons rushed to his rooms, and many have found deceased friends photographed with themselves.' (Perhaps Mr. Mumler, too, may become 'endowed with competence' in time. Who knows?) Finally, the true believers in the gospel according to Howitt, have, besides, but to pin their faith on 'ladies who see spirits habitually,' on ladies who *know* they have a tendency to soar in the air on sufficient provocation, and on a few other gnats to be taken after their camels, and they shall be pronounced by Mr. Howitt not of 'the stereotyped class of minds,' and not partakers of 'the astonishing ignorance of the press,' and shall receive a first-class certificate of merit.

But before they pass through this portal into the Temple of Serene Wisdom, we, halting blind and helpless on the steps, beg to suggest to them what they must at once and for ever disbelieve. They must disbelieve that in the dark times, when very few were versed in what are now the mere recreations of Science, and when those few formed a priesthood-class apart, any marvels were wrought by the aid of concave

mirrors and a knowledge of the properties of certain odours and gases, although the self-same marvels could be reproduced before their eyes at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, London, any day in the year. They must by no means believe that Conjuring and Ventriloquism are old trades. They must disbelieve all Philosophical Transactions containing the records of painful and careful inquiry into now familiar disorders of the senses of seeing and hearing, and into the wonders of somnambulism, epilepsy, hysteria, miasmatic influence, vegetable poisons derived by whole communities from corrupted air, diseased imitation, and moral infection. They must disbelieve all such awkward leading cases as the case of the Woodstock Commissioners and their man, and the case of the identity of the Stockwell Ghost, with the maid-servant. They must disbelieve the vanishing of champion haunted houses (except, indeed, out of Mr. Howitt's book), represented to have been closed and ruined for years, before one day's inquiry by four gentlemen associated with this Journal, and one hour's reference to the Local Rate-books. They must disbelieve all possibility of a human creature on the last verge of the dark bridge from Life to Death, being mysteriously able, in occasional cases, so to influence the mind of one very near and dear, as vividly to impress that mind with some disturbed sense of the solemn change impending. They must disbelieve the possibility of the lawful existence of a class of intellects which, humbly conscious of the illimitable power of GOD and of their own weakness and ignorance, never deny that He can cause the souls of the dead to revisit the earth, or that He may have caused the souls of the dead to revisit the earth, or that He can cause any awful or wondrous thing to be; but to deny the likelihood of apparitions or spirits coming here upon the stupidest of bootless errands, and producing credentials tantamount to a solicitation of our vote and interest and next proxy, to get them into the Asylum for Idiots. They must disbelieve the right of Christian people who do *not* protest against Protestantism, but who hold it to be a barrier against the darkest superstitions that can enslave the soul, to guard with jealousy all approaches tending down to Cock Lane Ghosts and such-like infamous swindles, widely

degrading when widely believed in; and they must disbelieve that such people have the right to know, and that it is their duty to know, wonder-workers by their fruits, and to test miracle-mongers by the tests of probability, analogy, and common sense. They must disbelieve all rational explanations of thoroughly proved experiences (only) which appear supernatural, derived from the average experience and study of the visible world. They must disbelieve the speciality of the Master and the Disciples, and that it is a monstrosity to test the wonders of the show-folk by the same touchstone. Lastly, they must disbelieve that one of the best accredited chapters in the history of mankind is the chapter that records the astonishing deceits continually practised, with no object or purpose but the distorted pleasure of deceiving.

We have summed up a few—not nearly all—of the articles of belief and disbelief to which Mr. Howitt most arrogantly demands an implicit adherence. To uphold these, he uses a book as a Clown in a Pantomime does, and knocks everybody on the head with it who comes in his way. Moreover, he is an angrier personage than the Clown, and does not experimentally try the effect of his red-hot poker on your shins, but straightway runs you through the body and soul with it. He is always raging to tell you that if you are not Howitt, you are Atheist and Anti-Christ. He is the sans-culotte of the Spiritual Revolution, and will not hear of your accepting this point and rejecting that;—down your throat with them all, one and indivisible, at the point of the pike; No Liberty, Totality, Fraternity, or Death!

Without presuming to question that 'it is high time to protest against Protestantism' on such very substantial grounds as Mr. Howitt sets forth, we do presume to think that it is high time to protest against Mr. Howitt's spiritualism, as being a little in excess of the peculiar merit of Thomas L. Harris's sermons, and somewhat *too* 'full, out-gushing, unstinted, and absorbing.'

THE MARTYR MEDIUM

[April 4, 1863]

'After the valets, the master!' is Mr. Fechter's rallying cry in the picturesque romantic drama which attracts all London to the Lyceum Theatre. After the worshippers and puffers of Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home, the spirit medium, comes Mr. Daniel Dunglas Home himself, in one volume. And we must, for the honour of Literature, plainly express our great surprise and regret that he comes arm-in-arm with such good company as Messrs. Longman and Company.

We have already summed up Mr. Home's demands on the public capacity of swallowing, as sounded through the war-denouncing trumpet of Mr. Howitt, and it is not our intention to revive the strain as performed by Mr. Home on his own melodious instrument. We notice, by the way, that in that part of the Fantasia where the hand of the first Napoleon is supposed to be reproduced, recognised, and kissed, at the Tuileries, Mr. Home subdues the florid effects one might have expected after Mr. Howitt's execution, and brays in an extremely general manner. And yet we observe Mr. Home to be in other things very reliant on Mr. Howitt, of whom he entertains as gratifying an opinion as Mr. Howitt entertains of him: dwelling on his 'deep researches into this subject,' and of his 'great work now ready for the press,' and of his 'eloquent and forcible' advocacy, and eke of his 'elaborate and almost exhaustive work,' which Mr. Home trusts will be 'extensively read.' But, indeed, it would seem to be the most reliable characteristic of the Dear Spirits, though very capricious in other particulars, that they always form their circles into what may be described, in worldly terms, as A Mutual Admiration and Complimentation Company (Limited).

Mr. Home's book is entitled *Incidents in My Life.* We will extract a dozen sample passages from it, as variations on and phrases of harmony in, the general strain for the Trumpet, which we have promised not to repeat.

1. MR. HOME IS SUPERNATURALLY NURSED

'I cannot remember when first I became subject to the curious phenomena which have now for so long attended me, but my aunt and others have told me that when I was a baby my cradle was frequently rocked, as if some kind guardian was attending me in my slumbers.'

2. DISRESPECTFUL CONDUCT OF MR. HOME'S AUNT NEVERTHELESS

'In her uncontrollable anger she seized a chair and threw it at me.'

3. PUNISHMENT OF MR. HOME'S AUNT

'Upon one occasion as the table was being thus moved about of itself, my aunt brought the family Bible, and placing it on the table, said, "There, that will soon drive the devils away"; but to her astonishment the table only moved in a more lively manner, as if pleased to bear such a burden.' (We believe this is constantly observed in pulpits and church reading desks, which are invariably lively.) 'Seeing this she was greatly incensed, and determined to stop it, she angrily placed her whole weight on the table, and was actually lifted up with it bodily from the floor.'

4. TRIUMPHANT EFFECT OF THIS DISCIPLINE ON MR. HOME'S AUNT

'And she felt it a duty that I should leave her house, and which I did.'

5. MR. HOME'S MISSION

It was communicated to him by the spirit of his mother, in the following terms: 'Daniel, fear not, my child, God is with you, and who shall be against you? Seek to do good: be truthful and truth-loving, and you will prosper, my child. Yours is a glorious mission—you will convince the infidel, cure the sick, and console the weeping.' It is a coincidence that another eminent man, with several missions, heard a voice

from the Heavens blessing him, when he also was a youth, and saying, 'You will be rewarded, my son, in time.' This Medium was the celebrated Baron Munchausen, who relates the experience in the opening of the second chapter of the incidents of *his* life.

6. MODEST SUCCESS OF MR. HOME'S MISSION

'Certainly these phenomena, whether from God or from the devil, have in ten years caused more converts to the great truths of immortality and angel communion, with all that flows from these great facts, than all the sects in Christendom have made during the same period.'

7. WHAT THE FIRST COMPOSERS SAY OF THE SPIRIT-MUSIC, TO MR. HOME

'As to the music, it has been my good fortune to be on intimate terms with some of the first composers of the day, and more than one of them have said of such as they have heard, that it is such music as only angels could make, and no man could write it.'

These 'first composers' are not more particularly named. We shall therefore be happy to receive and file at the office of this Journal, the testimonials in the foregoing terms of Dr. Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Balfe, Mr. Macfarren, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Vincent Wallace, Signor Costa, M. Auber, M. Gounod, Signor Rossini, and Signor Verdi. We shall also feel obliged to Mr. Alfred Mellon, who is no doubt constantly studying this wonderful music, under the Medium's auspices, if he will note on paper, from memory, say a single sheet of the same. Signor Giulio Regondi will then perform it, as correctly as a mere mortal can, on the Accordion, at the next ensuing concert of the Philharmonic Society; on which occasion the before-mentioned testimonials will be conspicuously displayed in the front of the orchestra.

8. MR. HOME'S MIRACULOUS INFANT

'On the 26th April, old style, or 8th May, according to our style, at seven in the evening, and as the snow was fast

falling, our little boy was born at the town house, situate on the Gagarines Quay, in St. Petersburg, where we were still staying. A few hours after his birth, his mother, the nurse, and I heard for several hours the warbling of a bird as if singing over him. Also that night, and for two or three nights afterwards, a bright starlike light, which was clearly visible from the partial darkness of the room, in which there was only a night-lamp burning, appeared several times directly over its head, where it remained for some moments, and then slowly moved in the direction of the door, where it disappeared. This was also seen by each of us at the same time. The light was more condensed than those which have been so often seen in my presence upon previous and subsequent occasions. It was brighter and more distinctly globular. I do not believe that it came through my mediumship, but rather through that of the child, who has manifested on several occasions the presence of the gift. I do not like to allude to such a matter, but as there are more strange things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of, even in my philosophy, I do not feel myself at liberty to omit stating, that during the latter part of my wife's pregnancy, we thought it better that she should not join in Séances, because it was found that whenever the rappings occurred in the room, a simultaneous movement of the child was distinctly felt, perfectly in unison with the sounds. When there were three sounds, three movements were felt, and so on, and when five sounds were heard, which is generally the call for the alphabet, she felt the five internal movements, and she would frequently, when we were mistaken in the latter, correct us from what the child indicated.'

We should ask pardon of our readers for sullying our paper with this nauseous matter, if without it they could adequately understand what Mr. Home's book is.

9. CAGLIOSTRO'S SPIRIT CALLS ON MR. HOME

Prudently avoiding the disagreeable question of his giving himself, both in this state of existence and in his spiritual circle, a name to which he never had any pretensions whatever, and likewise prudently suppressing any reference to his amia-

ble weaknesses as a swindler and an infamous trafficker in his own wife, the guileless Mr. Balsamo delivered, in a 'distinct voice,' this distinct celestial utterance—unquestionably punctuated in a supernatural manner: 'My power was that of a mesmerist, but all-misunderstood by those about me, my biographers have even done me injustice, but I care not for the untruths of earth.'

10. ORACULAR STATE OF MR. HOME

'After various manifestations, Mr. Home went into the trance, and addressing a person present, said, "You ask what good are such trivial manifestations, such as rapping, table-moving, etc.? God is a better judge than we are what is fitted for humanity, immense results may spring from trivial things. The steam from a kettle is a small thing, but look at the locomotive! The electric spark from the back of a cat is a small thing, but see the wonders of electricity! The raps are small things, but their results will lead you to the Spirit-World, and to eternity! Why should great results spring from such small causes? Christ was born in a manger, he was not born a King. When you tell me why he was born in a manger, I will tell you why these manifestations, so trivial, so undignified as they appear to you, have been appointed to convince the world of the truth of spiritualism." '

Wonderful! Clearly direct Inspiration!—And yet, perhaps, hardly worth the trouble of going 'into the trance' for, either. Amazing as the revelation is, we seem to have heard something like it from more than one personage who was wide awake. A quack doctor, in an open barouche (attended by a barrel-organ and two footmen in brass helmets), delivered just such another address within our hearing, outside a gate of Paris, not two months ago.

11. THE TESTIMONY OF MR. HOME'S BOOTS

'The lady of the house turned to me and said abruptly, "Why, you are sitting in the air"; and on looking, we found that the chair remained in its place, but that I was elevated two or three inches above it, and my feet not touching the

floor. This may show how utterly unconscious I am at times to the sensation of levitation. As is usual, when I had not got above the level of the heads of those about me, and when they change their position much—as they frequently do in looking wistfully at such a phenomenon—I came down again, but not till I had remained so raised about half a minute from the time of its being first seen. I was now impressed to leave the table, and was soon carried to the lofty ceiling. The Count de B—— left his place at the table, and coming under where I was, said, "Now, young Home, come and let me touch your feet." I told him I had no volition in the matter, but perhaps the spirits would kindly allow me to come down to him. They did so, by floating me down to him, and my feet were soon in his outstretched hands. He seized my boots, and now I was again elevated, he holding tightly, and pulling at my feet, till the boots I wore, which had elastic sides, came off and remained in his hands.'

12. THE UNCOMBATIVE NATURE OF MR. HOME

As there is a maudlin complaint in this book, about men of Science being hard upon 'the "Orphan" Home,' and as the 'gentle and uncombative nature' of this Medium in a martyred point of view is pathetically commented on by the anonymous literary friend who supplies him with an introduction and appendix—rather at odds with Mr. Howitt, who is so mightily triumphant about the same Martyr's reception by crowned heads, and about the competence he has become endowed with—we cull from Mr. Home's book one or two little illustrative flowers. Sir David Brewster (a pestilent unbeliever) 'has come before the public in few matters which have brought more shame upon him than his conduct and assertions on this occasion, in which he manifested not only a disregard for truth, but also a disloyalty to scientific observation, and to the use of his own eyesight and natural faculties.' The same unhappy Sir David Brewster's 'character may be the better known, not only for his untruthful dealing with this subject, but also in his own domain of science in which the same unfaithfulness to truth will be seen to be the characteristic of

his mind.' Again, he 'is really not a man over whom victory is any honour.' Again, 'not only he, but Professor Faraday have had time and ample leisure to regret that they should have so foolishly pledged themselves,' etc. A Faraday a fool in the sight of a Home! That unjust judge and whited wall, Lord Brougham, has his share of this Martyr Medium's uncombativeness. 'In order that he might not be compelled to deny Sir David's statements, he found it necessary that he should be silent, and I have some reason to complain that his Lordship preferred sacrificing me to his desire not to immolate his friend.' M. Arago also came off with very doubtful honours from a wrestle with the uncombative Martyr; who is perfectly clear (and so are we, let us add) that scientific men are not the men for his purpose. Of course, he is the butt of 'utter and acknowledged ignorance,' and of 'the most gross and foolish statements,' and of 'the unjust and dishonest,' and of 'the press-gang,' and of crowds of other alien and combative adjectives, participles, and substantives.

Nothing is without its use, and even this odious book may do some service. Not because it coolly claims for the writer and his disciples such powers as were wielded by the Saviour and the Apostles; not because it sees no difference between twelve table rappers in these days, and twelve fishermen' in those; not because it appeals for precedents to statements extracted from the most ignorant and wretched of mankind, by cruel torture, and constantly withdrawn when the torture was withdrawn; not because it sets forth such a strange confusion of ideas as is presented by one of the faithful when, writing of a certain sprig of geranium handed by an invisible hand, he adds in ecstasies, '*which we have planted and it is growing, so that it is no delusion, no fairy money turned into dross or leaves*'—as if it followed that the conjuror's half-crowns really did become invisible and in that state fly, because he afterwards cuts them out of a real orange; or as if the conjuror's pigeon, being after the discharge of his gun, a real live pigeon fluttering on the target, must therefore conclusively be a pigeon, fired, whole, living and unshattered, out of the gun!—not because of the exposure of any of these weaknesses, or a thousand such, are these moving incidents in

the life of the Martyr Medium, and similar productions, likely to prove useful, but because of their uniform abuse of those who go to test the reality of these alleged phenomena, and who came away incredulous. There is an old homely proverb concerning pitch and its adhesive character, which we hope this significant circumstance may impress on many minds. The writer of these lines has lately heard overmuch touching young men of promise in the imaginative arts, 'towards whom' Martyr Mediums assisting at evening parties feel themselves 'drawn.' It may be a hint to such young men to stick to their own drawing, as being of a much better kind, and to leave Martyr Mediums alone in their glory.

As there is a good deal in these books about 'lying spirits,' we will conclude by putting a hypothetical case. Supposing that a Medium (Martyr or otherwise) were established for a time in the house of an English gentleman abroad; say, somewhere in Italy. Supposing that the more marvellous the Medium became, the more suspicious of him the lady of the house became. Supposing that the lady, her distrust once aroused, were particularly struck by the Medium's exhibiting a persistent desire to commit her, somehow or other, to the disclosure of the manner of the death, to him unknown, of a certain person. Supposing that she at length resolved to test the Medium on this head, and, therefore, on a certain evening mentioned a wholly supposititious manner of death (which was not the real manner of death, nor anything at all like it) within the range of his listening ears. And supposing that a spirit presently afterwards rapped out its presence, claiming to be the spirit of that deceased person, and claiming to have departed this life in that supposititious way. Would *that* be a lying spirit? Or would it be a something else, tainting all that Medium's statements and suppressions, even if they were not in themselves of a manifestly outrageous character?

THE LATE MR. STANFIELD

[June 1, 1867]

Every Artist, be he writer, painter, musician, or actor, must bear his private sorrows as he best can, and must separate them from the exercise of his public pursuit. But it sometimes happens, in compensation, that his private loss of a dear friend represents a loss on the part of the whole community. Then he may, without obtrusion of his individuality, step forth to lay his little wreath upon that dear friend's grave.

On Saturday, the eighteenth of this present month, Clarkson Stanfield died. On the afternoon of that day, England lost the great marine painter of whom she will be boastful ages hence; the National Historian of her speciality, the Sea; the man famous in all countries for his marvellous rendering of the waves that break upon her shores, of her ships and seamen, of her coasts and skies, of her storms and sunshine, of the many marvels of the deep. He who holds the oceans in the hollow of His hand had given, associated with them, wonderful gifts into his keeping; he had used them well through threescore and fourteen years; and, on the afternoon of that spring day, relinquished them for ever.

It is superfluous to record that the painter of 'The Battle of Trafalgar,' of the '*Victory* being towed into Gibraltar with the body of Nelson on Board,' of 'The Morning after the Wreck,' of 'The Abandoned,' of fifty more such works, died in his seventy-fourth year, 'Mr.' Stanfield.—He was an Englishman.

Those grand pictures will proclaim his powers while paint and canvas last. But the writer of these words had been his friend for thirty years; and when, a short week or two before his death, he laid that once so skilful hand upon the writer's breast and told him they would meet again, 'but not here,' the thoughts of the latter turned, for the time, so little to his noble genius, and so much to his noble nature!

He was the soul of frankness, generosity, and simplicity.

The most genial, the most affectionate, the most loving, and the most lovable of men. Success had never for an instant spoiled him. His interest in the Theatre as an Institution—the best picturesqueness of which may be said to be wholly due to him—was faithful to the last. His belief in a Play, his delight in one, the ease with which it moved him to tears or to laughter, were most remarkable evidences of the heart he must have put into his old theatrical work, and of the thorough purpose and sincerity with which it must have been done. The writer was very intimately associated with him in some amateur plays; and day after day, and night after night, there were the same unquenchable freshness, enthusiasm, and impressibility in him, though broken in health, even then.

No Artist can ever have stood by his art with a quieter dignity than he always did. Nothing would have induced him to lay it at the feet of any human creature. To fawn, or to toady, or to do undeserved homage to any one, was an absolute impossibility with him. And yet his character was so nicely balanced that he was the last man in the world to be suspected of self-assertion, and his modesty was one of his most special qualities.

He was a charitable, religious, gentle, truly good man. A genuine man, incapable of pretence or of concealment. He had been a sailor once; and all the best characteristics that are popularly attributed to sailors, being his, and being in him refined by the influenes of his Art, formed a whole not likely to be often seen. There is no smile that the writer can recall, like his; no manner so naturally confiding and so cheerfully engaging. When the writer saw him for the last time on earth, the smile and the manner shone out once through the weakness, still: the bright unchanging Soul within the altered face and form.

No man was ever held in higher respect by his friends, and yet his intimate friends invariably addressed him and spoke of him by a pet name. It may need, perhaps, the writer's memory and associations to find in this a touching expression of his winning character, his playful smile, and pleasant ways. 'You know Mrs. Inchbald's story, Nature and Art?' wrote

Thomas Hood, once, in a letter: 'What a fine Edition of Nature and Art is Stanfield!'

Gone! And many and many a dear old day gone with him! But their memories remain. And his memory will not soon fade out, for he has set his mark upon the restless waters, and his fame will long be sounded in the roar of the sea.

A SLIGHT QUESTION OF FACT

[February 13, 1869]

It is never well for the public interest that the originator of any social reform should be soon forgotten. Further, it is neither wholesome nor right (being neither generous nor just) that the merit of his work should be gradually transferred elsewhere.

Some few weeks ago, our contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in certain strictures on our Theatres which we are very far indeed from challenging, remarked on the first effectual discouragement of an outrage upon decency which the lobbies and upper-boxes of even our best Theatres habitually paraded within the last twenty or thirty years. From those remarks it might appear as though no such Manager of Covent Garden or Drury Lane as Mr. Macready had ever existed.

It is a fact beyond all possibility of question, that Mr. Macready, on assuming the management of Covent Garden Theatre in 1837, did instantly set himself, regardless of precedent and custom down to that hour obtaining, rigidly to suppress this shameful thing, and did rigidly suppress and crush it during his whole management of that theatre, and during his whole subsequent management of Drury Lane. That he did so, as certainly without favour as without fear; that he did so, against his own immediate interests; that he did so, against vexations and oppositions which might have cooled the ardour of a less earnest man, or a less devoted artist; can be better known to no one than the writer of the present words, whose name stands at the head of these pages.

LANDOR'S LIFE

[July 24, 1869]

Prefixed to the second volume of Mr. Forster's admirable biography of Walter Savage Landor,[1] is an engraving from a portrait of that remarkable man when seventy-seven years of age, by Boxall. The writer of these lines can testify that the original picture is a singularly good likeness, the result of close and subtle observation on the part of the painter; but, for this very reason, the engraving gives a most inadequate idea of the merit of the picture and the character of the man.

From the engraving, the arms and hands are omitted. In the picture, they are, as they were in nature, indispensable to a correct reading of the vigorous face. The arms were very peculiar. They were rather short, and were curiously restrained and checked in their action at the elbows; in the action of the hands, even when separately clenched, there was the same kind of pause, and a noticeable tendency to relaxation on the part of the thumb. Let the face be never so intense or fierce, there was a commentary of gentleness in the hands, essential to be taken along with it. Like Hamlet, Landor would speak daggers but use none. In the expression of his hands, though angrily closed, there was always gentleness and tenderness; just as when they were open, and the handsome old gentleman would wave them with a little courtly flourish that sat well upon him, as he recalled some classic compliment that he had rendered to some reigning Beauty, there was a chivalrous grace about them such as pervades his softer verses. Thus, the fictitious Mr. Boythorn (to whom we may refer without impropriety in this connexion, as Mr. Forster does) declaims 'with unimaginable energy' the while his bird is 'perched upon his thumb,' and he 'softly smooths its feathers with his forefinger.'

From the spirit of Mr. Forster's Biography these charac-

[1] *Walter Savage Landor:* a Biography, by John Forster, 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

teristic hands are never omitted, and hence (apart from its literary merits) its great value. As the same masterly writer's *Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith* is a generous and yet conscientious picture of a period, so this is a not less generous and yet conscientious picture of one life; of a life, with all its aspirations, achievements, and disappointments; all its capabilities, opportunities, and irretrievable mistakes. It is essentially a sad book, and herein lies proof of its truth and worth. The life of almost any man possessing great gifts, would be a sad book to himself; and this book enables us not only to see its subject, but to be its subject, if we will.

Mr. Forster is of opinion that 'Landor's fame very surely awaits him.' This point admitted or doubted, the value of the book remains the same. It needs not to know his works (otherwise than through his biographer's exposition), it needs not to have known himself, to find a deep interest in these pages. More or less of their warning is in every conscience; and some admiration of a fine genius, and of a great, wild, generous nature, incapable of mean self-extenuation or dissimulation—if unhappily incapable of self-repression too—should be in every breast. 'There may be still living many persons,' Walter Landor's brother, Robert, writes to Mr. Forster of this book, 'who would contradict any narrative of yours in which the best qualities were remembered, the worst forgotten.' Mr. Forster's comment is: 'I had not waited for this appeal to resolve, that, if this memoir were written at all, it should contain, as far as might lie within my power, a fair statement of the truth.' And this eloquent passage of truth immediately follows: 'Few of his infirmities are without something kindly or generous about them; and we are not long in discovering there is nothing so wildly incredible that he will not himself in perfect good faith believe. When he published his first book of poems on quitting Oxford, the profits were to be reserved for a distressed clergyman. When he published his Latin poems, the poor of Leipzig were to have the sum they realised. When his comedy was ready to be acted, a Spaniard who had sheltered him at

Castro was to be made richer by it. When he competed for the prize of the Academy of Stockholm, it was to go to the poor of Sweden. If nobody got anything from any one of these enterprises, the fault at all events was not his. With his extraordinary power of forgetting disappointments, he was prepared at each successive failure to start afresh, as if each had been a triumph. I shall have to delineate this peculiarity as strongly in the last half as in the first half of his life, and it was certainly an amiable one. He was ready at all times to set aside, out of his own possessions, something for somebody who might please him for the time; and when frailties of temper and tongue are noted, this other eccentricity should not be omitted. He desired eagerly the love as well as the good opinion of those whom for the time he esteemed, and no one was more affectionate while under such influences. It is not a small virtue to feel such genuine pleasure, as he always did in giving and receiving pleasure. His generosity, too, was bestowed chiefly on those who could make small acknowledgment in thanks and no return in kind.'

Some of his earlier contemporaries may have thought him a vain man. Most assuredly he was not, in the common acceptation of the term. A vain man has little or no admiration to bestow upon competitors. Landor had an inexhaustible fund. He thought well of his writings, or he would not have preserved them. He said and wrote that he thought well of them, because that was his mind about them, and he said and wrote his mind. He was one of the few men of whom you might always know the whole: of whom you might always know the worst, as well as the best. He had no reservations or duplicities. 'No, by Heaven!' he would say ('with unimaginable energy'), if any good adjective were coupled with him which he did not deserve: 'I am nothing of the kind. I wish I were; but I don't deserve the attribute, and I never did, and I never shall!' His intense consciousness of himself never led to his poorly excusing himself, and seldom to his violently asserting himself. When he told some little story of his bygone social experiences, in Florence, or where not, as he was fond of

doing, it took the innocent form of making all the interlocutors, Landors. It was observable, too, that they always called him 'Mr. Landor'—rather ceremoniously and submissively. There was a certain 'Caro Pádre Abáte Marina'—invariably so addressed in these anecdotes—who figured through a great many of them, and who always expressed himself in this deferential tone.

Mr. Forster writes of Landor's character thus:

'A man must be judged, at first, by what he says and does. But with him such extravagance as I have referred to was little more than the habitual indulgence (on such themes) of passionate feelings and language, indecent indeed but utterly purposeless; the mere explosion of wrath provoked by tyranny or cruelty; the irregularities of an overheated steam-engine too weak for its own vapour. It is very certain that no one could detest oppression more truly than Landor did in all seasons and times; and if no one expressed that scorn, that abhorrence of tyranny and fraud, more hastily or more intemperately, all his fire and fury signified really little else than ill-temper too easily provoked. Not to justify or excuse such language, but to explain it, this consideration is urged. If not uniformly placable, Landor was always compassionate. He was tender-hearted rather than bloody-minded at all times, and upon only the most partial acquaintance with his writings could other opinion be formed. A completer knowledge of them would satisfy any one that he had as little real disposition to kill a king as to kill a mouse. In fact there is not a more marked peculiarity in his genius than the union with its strength of a most uncommon gentleness, and in the personal ways of the man this was equally manifest.'—Vol. i. p. 496.

Of his works, thus:

'Though his mind was cast in the antique mould, it had opened itself to every kind of impression through a long and varied life; he has written with equal excellence in both

poetry and prose, which can hardly be said of any of his contemporaries; and perhaps the single epithet by which his books would be best described is that reserved exclusively for books not characterised only by genius, but also by special individuality. They are unique. Having possessed them, we should miss them. Their place would be supplied by no others. They have that about them, moreover, which renders it almost certain that they will frequently be resorted to in future time. There are none in the language more quotable. Even where impulsiveness and want of patience have left them most fragmentary, this rich compensation is offered to the reader. There is hardly a conceivable subject, in life or literature, which they do not illustrate by striking aphorisms, by concise and profound observations, by wisdom ever applicable to the needs of men, and by wit as available for their enjoyment. Nor, above all, will there anywhere be found a more pervading passion for liberty, a fiercer hatred of the base, a wider sympathy with the wronged and the oppressed, or help more ready at all times for those who fight at odds and disadvantage against the powerful and the fortunate, than in the writings of Walter Savage Landor.'—*Last page of second volume.*

The impression was strong upon the present writer's mind, as on Mr. Forster's, during years of close friendship with the subject of this biography, that his animosities were chiefly referable to the singular inability in him to dissociate other people's ways of thinking from his own. He had, to the last, a ludicrous grievance (both Mr. Forster and the writer have often amused themselves with it), against a good-natured nobleman, doubtless perfectly unconscious of having ever given him offence. The offence was, that on the occasion of some dinner party in another nobleman's house, many years before, this innocent lord (then a commoner) had passed in to dinner, through some door, before him, as he himself was about to pass in through that same door with a lady on his arm. Now, Landor was a gentleman of most scrupulous politeness, and in his carriage of himself towards ladies there was a certain mixture of stateliness and defer-

ence, belonging to quite another time, and, as Mr. Pepys would observe, 'mighty pretty to see.' If he could by any effort imagine himself committing such a high crime and misdemeanour as that in question, he could only imagine himself as doing it of a set purpose, under the sting of some vast injury, to inflict a great affront. A deliberately designed affront on the part of another man, it therefore remained to the end of his days. The manner in which, as time went on, he permeated the unfortunate lord's ancestry with this offence, was whimsically characteristic of Landor. The writer remembers very well, when only the individual himself was held responsible in the story for the breach of good breeding; but in another ten years or so, it began to appear that his father had always been remarkable for ill manners; and in yet another ten years or so, his grandfather developed into quite a prodigy of coarse behaviour.

Mr. Boythorn—if he may again be quoted—said of his adversary, Sir Leicester Dedlock: 'That fellow is, *and his father was, and his grandfather was*, the most stiff-necked, arrogant, imbecile, pig-headed numskull, ever, by some inexplicable mistake of Nature, born in any station of life but a walking-stick's!'

The strength of some of Mr. Landor's most captivating kind qualities was traceable to the same source. Knowing how keenly he himself would feel the being at any small social disadvantage, or the being unconsciously placed in any ridiculous light, he was wonderfully considerate of shy people, or of such as might be below the level of his usual conversation, or otherwise out of their element. The writer once observed him in the keenest distress of mind in behalf of a modest young stranger who came into a drawing-room with a glove on his head. An expressive commentary on this sympathetic condition, and on the delicacy with which he advanced to the young stranger's rescue, was afterwards furnished by himself at a friendly dinner at Gore House, when it was the most delightful of houses. His dress—say, his cravat or shirt-collar—had become slightly disarranged on a hot evening, and Count D'Orsay laughingly called his attention to the circumstance as we rose from table. Landor be-

came flushed, and greatly agitated: 'My dear Count D'Orsay, I thank you! My dear Count D'Orsay, I thank you from my soul for pointing out to me the abominable condition to which I am reduced! If I had entered the Drawing-room, and presented myself before Lady Blessington in so absurd a light, I would have instantly gone home, put a pistol to my head, and blown my brains out!'

Mr. Forster tells a similar story of his keeping a company waiting dinner, through losing his way; and of his seeing no remedy for that breach of politeness but cutting his throat, or drowning himself, unless a countryman whom he met could direct him by a short road to the house where the party were assembled. Surely these are expressive notes on the gravity and reality of his explosive inclinations to kill kings!

His manner towards boys was charming, and the earnestness of his wish to be on equal terms with them and to win their confidence was quite touching. Few, reading Mr. Forster's book, can fail to see in this, his pensive remembrance of that 'studious wilful boy at once shy and impetuous,' who had not many intimacies at Rugby, but who was 'generally popular and respected, and used his influence often to save the younger boys from undue harshness or violence.' The impulsive yearnings of his passionate heart towards his own boy, on their meeting at Bath, after years of separation, likewise burn through this phase of his character.

But a more spiritual, softened, and unselfish aspect of it, was to be derived from his respectful belief in happiness which he himself had missed. His marriage had not been a felicitous one—it may be fairly assumed for either side—but no trace of bitterness or distrust concerning other marriages was in his mind. He was never more serene than in the midst of a domestic circle, and was invariably remarkable for a perfectly benignant interest in young couples and young lovers. That, in his ever-fresh fancy, he conceived in this association innumerable histories of himself involving far more unlikely events that never happened than Isaac D'Israeli ever imagined, is hardly to be doubted; but as to

this part of his real history he was mute, or revealed his nobleness in an impulse to be generously just. We verge on delicate ground, but a slight remembrance rises in the writer which can grate nowhere. Mr. Forster relates how a certain friend, being in Florence, sent him home a leaf from the garden of his old house at Fiesole. That friend had first asked him what he should send him home, and he had stipulated for this gift—found by Mr. Forster among his papers after his death. The friend, on coming back to England, related to Landor that he had been much embarrassed, on going in search of the leaf, by his driver's suddenly stopping his horses in a narrow lane, and presenting him (the friend) to 'La Signora Landora.' The lady was walking alone on a bright Italian-winter-day; and the man, having been told to drive to the Villa Landora, inferred that he must be conveying a guest or visitor. 'I pulled off my hat,' said the friend, 'apologised for the coachman's mistake, and drove on. The lady was walking with a rapid and firm step, had bright eyes, a fine fresh colour, and looked animated and agreeable.' Landor checked off each clause of the description, with a stately nod of more than ready assent, and replied, with all his tremendous energy concentrated into the sentence: 'And the Lord forbid that I should do otherwise than declare that she always WAS agreeable—to every one but *me*!'

Mr. Forster step by step builds up the evidence on which he writes this life and states this character. In like manner, he gives the evidence for his high estimation of Landor's works, and—it may be added—for their recompense against some neglect, in finding so sympathetic, acute, and devoted a champion. Nothing in the book is more remarkable than his examination of each of Landor's successive pieces of writing, his delicate discernment of their beauties, and his strong desire to impart his own perceptions in this wise to the great audience that is yet to come. It rarely befalls an author to have such a commentator: to become the subject of so much artistic skill and knowledge, combined with such infinite and loving pains. Alike as a piece of Biography, and as a commentary upon the beauties of a great writer,

the book is a massive book; as the man and the writer were massive too. Sometimes, when the balance held by Mr. Forster has seemed for a moment to turn a little heavily against the infirmities of temperament of a grand old friend, we have felt something of a shock; but we have not once been able to gainsay the justice of the scales. This feeling, too, has only fluttered out of the detail, here or there, and has vanished before the whole. We fully agree with Mr. Forster that 'Judgment has been passed'—as it should be—'with an equal desire to be only just on all the qualities of his temperament which affected necessarily not his own life only. But, now that the story is told, no one will have difficulty in striking the balance between its good and ill; and what was really imperishable in Landor's genius will not be treasured less, or less understood, for the more perfect knowledge of his character.'

Mr. Forster's second volume gives a facsimile of Landor's writing at seventy-five. It may be interesting to those who are curious in caligraphy, to know that its resemblance to the recent handwriting of that great genius, M. Victor Hugo, is singularly strong.

In a military burial-ground in India, the name of Walter Landor is associated with the present writer's, over the grave of a young officer. No name could stand there, more inseparably associated in the writer's mind with the dignity of generosity: with a noble scorn of all littleness, all cruelty, oppression, fraud, and false pretence.

PLAYS

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN

A COMIC BURLETTA

IN TWO ACTS

[1836]

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS

At St. James's Theatre, September 29, 1836.

Mr. Owen Overton (*Mayor of a small town on the road to Gretna, and useful at the St. James's Arms*)	Mr. Hollingsworth.
John Johnson (*detained at the St. James's Arms*)	Mr. Sidney.
The Strange Gentleman (*just arrived at the St. James's Arms*)	Mr. Harley.
Charles Tomkins (*incognito at the St. James's Arms*)	Mr. Forester.
Tom Sparks (*a one-eyed 'Boots' at the St. James's Arms*)	Mr. Gardner.
John, Tom, Will (*Waiters at the St. James's Arms*)	Mr. Williamson, Mr. May, Mr. Coulson.
Julia Dobbs (*looking for a husband at St. James's Arms*)	Madame Sala.
Fanny Wilson (*with an appointment at the St. James's Arms*)	Miss Smith.
Mary Wilson (*her sister, awkwardly situated at the St. James's Arms*)	Miss Julia Smith.
Mrs. Noakes (*the Landlady at the St. James's Arms*)	Mrs. W. Penson.
Chambermaid (*at the St. James's Arms*)	Miss Stuart.

Miss Smith and Miss Julia Smith will sing the duet of 'I know a Bank,' in 'The Strange Gentleman.'

COSTUME

Mr. Owen Overton.—*Black smalls, and high black boots. A blue body coat, rather long in the waist, with yellow buttons, buttoned close up to the chin. A white stock; ditto gloves. A broad-brimmed low-crowned white hat.*

Strange Gentleman.—*A light blue plaid French-cut trousers and vest. A brown cloth frock coat, with full skirts, scarcely covering the hips. A light blue kerchief, and eccentric low-crowned broad-brimmed white hat. Boots.*

JOHN JOHNSON.—*White fashionable trousers, boots, light vest, frock coat, black hat, gloves, etc.*

CHARLES TOMKINS.—*Shepherd's plaid French-cut trousers; boots; mohair fashionable frock coat, buttoned up; black hat, gloves, etc.*

TOM SPARKS.—*Leather smalls; striped stockings, and lace-up half boots, red vest, and a Holland stable jacket; coloured kerchief, and red wig.*

THE WAITERS.—*All in black trousers, black stockings and shoes, white vests, striped jackets, and white kerchiefs.*

MARY WILSON.—*Fashionable walking dress, white silk stockings; shoes and gloves.*

FANNY WILSON.—*Precisely the same as Mary.*

JULIA DOBBS.—*A handsome white travelling dress, cashmere shawl, white silk stockings; shoes and gloves. A bonnet to correspond.*

MRS. NOAKES.—*A chintz gown, rather of a dark pattern, French apron, and handsome cap.*

SCENE.—A SMALL TOWN, ON THE ROAD TO GRETNA.

TIME.—PART OF A DAY AND NIGHT.

Time in acting.—One hour and twenty minutes.

THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Room at the St. James's Arms; Door in Centre, with a Bolt on it. A Table with Cover, and two Chairs,* R. H.

Enter MRS. NOAKES, C. DOOR.

MRS. NOAKES. Bless us, what a coachful! Four inside—twelve out; and the guard blowing the key-bugle in the fore-boot, for fear the informers should see that they have got one over the number. Post-chaise and a gig besides.—We shall be filled to the very attics. Now, look alive, there—bustle about.

Enter FIRST WAITER, *running*, C. DOOR.

Now, John.

FIRST WAITER (*coming down* L. H.). Single lady, inside the stage, wants a private room, ma'am.

MRS. NOAKES (R. H.). Much luggage?

FIRST WAITER. Four trunks, two bonnet-boxes, six brown-paper parcels, and a basket.

MRS. NOAKES. Give her a private room, directly. No. 1, on the first floor.

FIRST WAITER. Yes, ma'am. [*Exit* FIRST WAITER, *running*, C. DOOR.

Enter SECOND WAITER, *running*, C. DOOR.

Now, Tom.

SECOND WAITER (*coming down* R. H.). Two young ladies and one gentleman, in a post-chaise, want a private sitting-room d'rectly, ma'am.

MRS. NOAKES. Brother and sisters, Tom?

SECOND WAITER. Ladies are something alike, ma'am. Gentleman like neither of 'em.

MRS. NOAKES. Husband and wife and wife's sister, perhaps. Eh, Tom?

SECOND WAITER. Can't be husband and wife, ma'am, because I saw the gentleman kiss one of the ladies.

MRS. NOAKES. Kissing one of the ladies! Put them in the small sitting-room behind the bar, Tom, that I may have an eye on them through the little window, and see that nothing improper goes forward.

SECOND WAITER. Yes, ma'am. (*Going.*)

MRS. NOAKES. And Tom! (*Crossing to* L. H.)

SECOND WAITER (*coming down* R. H.). Yes, ma'am.

MRS. NOAKES. Tell Cook to put together all the bones and pieces that were left on the plates at the great dinner yesterday, and make some nice soup to feed the stage-coach passengers with.

SECOND WAITER. Very well, ma'am. [*Exit* SECOND WAITER, C. DOOR.

Enter THIRD WAITER, *running*, C. DOOR.

Now, Will.

THIRD WAITER (*coming down* L. H.). A strange gentleman in a gig, ma'am, wants a private sitting-room.

MRS. NOAKES. Much luggage, Will?

THIRD WAITER. One portmanteau, and a great-coat.

MRS. NOAKES. Oh! nonsense!—Tell him to go into the commercial room.

THIRD WAITER. I told him so, ma'am, but the Strange Gentleman says he *will* have a private apartment, and that it 's as much as his life is worth, to sit in a public room.

MRS. NOAKES. As much as his life is worth?

THIRD WAITER. Yes, ma'am.—Gentleman says he doesn't care if it's a dark closet; but a private room of some kind he must and will have.

MRS. NOAKES. Very odd.—Did you ever see him before, Will?

THIRD WAITER. No, ma'am; he's quite a stranger here.—

He's a wonderful man to talk, ma'am—keeps on like a steam engine. Here he is, ma'am.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*without*). Now don't tell me, because that's all gammon and nonsense; and gammoned I never was, and never will be, by any waiter that ever drew the breath of life, or a cork.—And just have the goodness to leave my portmanteau alone, because I can carry it very well myself; and show me a private room without further delay; for a private room I must and will have.—Damme, do you think I'm going to be murdered!—

Enter the three Waiters, C. DOOR—*they form down* L. H., *the* STRANGE GENTLEMAN *following, carrying his portmanteau and great-coat.*

There—this room will do capitally well. Quite the thing,—just the fit.—How are you, ma'am? I suppose you are the landlady of this place? Just order those very attentive young fellows out, will you, and I'll order dinner.

MRS. NOAKES (*to Waiters*). You may leave the room.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Hear that?—You may leave the room. Make yourselves scarce. Evaporate—disappear—come.

[*Exeunt Waiters,* C. DOOR.

That's right. And now, madam, while we're talking over this important matter of dinner, I'll just secure us effectually against further intrusion. (*Bolts the door.*)

MRS. NOAKES. Lor, sir! Bolting the door, and *me* in the room!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Don't be afraid—I won't hurt you. I have no designs against you, my dear ma'am: but *I must be private.* (*Sits on the portmanteau,* R. H.)

MRS. NOAKES. Well, sir—I have no objection to break through our rules for once; but it is not our way, when we're full, to give private rooms to solitary gentlemen, who come in a gig, and bring only one portmanteau. You 're quite a stranger *here,* sir. If I 'm not mistaken, it's your first appearance in this house.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. You 're right, ma'am. It *is* my first, my very first—but not my last, I can tell you.

MRS. NOAKES. No?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. No (*looking round him*). I like the look of this place. Snug and comfortable—neat and lively. You 'll very often find me at the St. James's Arms, I can tell you, ma'am.

MRS. NOAKES (*aside*). A civil gentleman. Are you a stranger in this town, sir?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Stranger! Bless you, no. I have been here for many years past, in the season.

MRS. NOAKES. Indeed!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Oh, yes. Put up at the Royal Hotel regularly for a long time; but I was obliged to leave it at last.

MRS. NOAKES. I have heard a good many complaints of it.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. O! terrible! such a noisy house.

MRS. NOAKES. Ah!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Shocking! Din, din, din—Drum, drum, drum, all night. Nothing but noise, glare, and nonsense. I bore it a long time for old acquaintance sake; but what do you think they did at last, ma'am?

MRS. NOAKES. I can't guess.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Turned the fine Old Assembly Room into a stable, and took to keeping horses. I tried that too, but I found I couldn't stand it; so I came away, ma'am, and—and—here I am. (*Rises.*)

MRS. NOAKES. And I 'll be bound to say, sir, that you will have no cause to complain of the exchange.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. I 'm sure not, ma'am; I know it—I feel it, already.

MRS. NOAKES. About dinner, sir; what would you like to take?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Let me see; will you be good enough to suggest something, ma'am?

MRS. NOAKES. Why, a broiled fowl and mushrooms is a very nice dish.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. You are right, ma'am; a broiled fowl and mushrooms form a very delightful and harmless amusement, either for one or two persons. Broiled fowl and mushrooms let it be, ma'am.

MRS. NOAKES. In about an hour, I suppose, sir?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. For the second time, ma'am, you have anticipated my feelings.

MRS. NOAKES. You 'll want a bed to-night, I suppose, sir; perhaps you 'd like to see it? Step this way, sir, and— (*going* L. H.).

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. No, no, never mind. (*Aside.*) This is a plot to get me out of the room. She 's bribed by somebody who wants to identify me. I must be careful; I am exposed to nothing but artifice and stratagem. Never mind, ma'am, never mind.

MRS. NOAKES. If you 'll give me your portmanteau, sir, the Boots will carry it into the next room for you.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*aside.*) Here 's diabolical ingenuity; she thinks it 's got the name upon it. (*To her.*) I 'm very much obliged to the Boots for his disinterested attention, ma'am, but with your kind permission this portmanteau will remain just exactly where it is; consequently, ma'am, (*with great warmth,*) if the aforesaid Boots wishes to succeed in removing this portmanteau, he must previously remove *me*, ma'am, *me;* and it will take a *pair* of very stout Boots to do that, ma'am, I promise you.

MRS. NOAKES. Dear me, sir, you needn't fear for your portmanteau in this house; I dare say nobody wants it.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. I hope not, ma'am, because in that case nobody will be disappointed. (*Aside.*) How she fixes her old eyes on me!

MRS. NOAKES (*aside*). I never saw such an extraordinary person in all my life. What can he be? (*Looks at him very hard.*)

[*Exit* MRS. NOAKES, C. DOOR.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. She 's gone at last! Now let me commune with my own dreadful thoughts, and reflect on the best means of escaping from my horrible position. (*Takes a letter from his pocket.*) Here 's an illegal death-warrant; a pressing invitation to be slaughtered; a polite request just to step out and be killed, thrust into my hand by some disguised assassin in a dirty black calico jacket, the very instant I got out of the gig at the door. I know

the hand; there 's a ferocious recklessness in the cross to this 'T,' and a baleful malignity in the dot of that 'I,' which warns me that it comes from my desperate rival. (*Opens it, and reads.*) 'Mr. Horatio Tinkles'—that 's him—'presents his compliments to his enemy'—that 's me—'and requests the pleasure of his company to-morrow morning, under the clump of trees, on Corpse Common,'—Corpse Common!—'to which any of the town's people will direct him, and where he hopes to have the satisfaction of giving him his gruel.'—Giving him his gruel! Ironical cut-throat!—'His punctuality will be esteemed a personal favour, as it will save Mr. Tinkles the trouble and inconvenience of calling with a horsewhip in his pocket. Mr. Tinkles has ordered breakfast at the Royal for *one*. It is paid for. The individual who returns alive can eat it. Pistols—half-past five—precisely.'—Bloodthirsty miscreant! *The* individual who returns alive! I have seen him hit the painted man at the shooting-gallery regularly every time in his centre shirt plait, except when he varied the entertainments, by lodging the ball playfully in his left eye. Breakfast! I shall want nothing beyond the gruel. What 's to be done? Escape! I can't escape; concealment 's of no use, he knows I am here. He has dodged me all the way from London, and will dodge me all the way to the residence of Miss Emily Brown, whom my respected, but swine-headed parents have picked out for my future wife. A pretty figure I should cut before the old people, whom I have never beheld more than once in my life, and Miss Emily Brown, whom I have never seen at all, if I went down there, pursued by this Salamander, who, I suppose, is her accepted lover! What is to be done? I can't go back again; father would be furious. What can be done? nothing! (*Sinks into a chair.*) I must undergo this fiery ordeal, and submit to be packed up, and carried back to my weeping parents, like an unfortunate buck, with a flat piece of lead in my head, and a brief epitaph on my breast, 'Killed on Wednesday morning.' No, I won't (*starting up, and walking about*). I

won't submit to it; I 'll accept the challenge, but first I 'll write an anonymous letter to the local authorities, giving them information of this intended duel, and desiring them to place me under immediate restraint. That 's feasible; on further consideration, it 's capital. My character will be saved—I shall be bound over—he 'll be bound over—I shall resume my journey—reach the house—marry the girl—pocket the fortune, and laugh at him. No time to be lost; it shall be done forthwith. (*Goes to table and writes.*) There; the challenge accepted, with a bold defiance, that 'll look very brave when it comes to be printed. Now for the other. (*Writes.*) 'To the Mayor—Sir—A strange Gentleman at the St. James's Arms, whose name is unknown to the writer of this communication, is bent upon committing a rash and sanguinary act, at an early hour tomorrow morning. As you value human life, secure the amiable youth, without delay. Think, I implore you, sir, think what would be the feelings of those to whom he is nearest and dearest, if any mischance befall the interesting young man. Do not neglect this solemn warning; the number of his room is seventeen.' There—(*folding it up*). Now if I can find any one who will deliver it secretly.—

TOM SPARKS, *with a pair of boots in his hand, peeps in at the* C. D.

TOM. Are these here your'n?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. No.

TOM. Oh! (*going back*).

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Hallo! stop, are you the Boots?

TOM (*still at the door*). I 'm the head o' that branch o' the establishment. There 's another man under me, as brushes the dirt off, and puts the blacking on. The fancy work 's my department; I do the polishing, nothing else.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. You are the upper Boots, then?

TOM. Yes, I 'm the reg'lar; t' other one 's only the deputy; top boots and half boots, I calls us.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. You 're a sharp fellow.

TOM. Ah! I 'd better cut then (*going*).

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Don't hurry, Boots—don't hurry; I want you. (*Rises, and comes forward*, R. H.)

TOM (*coming forward*, L. H.). Well!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Can—can—you be secret, Boots?

TOM. That depends entirely on accompanying circumstances; —see the point?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. I think I comprehend your meaning, Boots. You insinuate that you could be secret (*putting his hand in his pocket*) if you had—five shillings for instance—isn't that it, Boots?

TOM. That 's the line o' argument I should take up; but that an't exactly my meaning.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. No!

TOM. No. A secret 's a thing as is always a rising to one's lips. It requires an astonishing weight to keep one on 'em down.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Ah!

TOM. Yes; I don't think I could keep one snug—reg'lar snug, you know—

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Yes, regularly snug, of course.

TOM. —If it had a less weight a-top on it, than ten shillins.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. You don't think three half-crowns would do it?

TOM. It might, I won't say it wouldn't, but I couldn't warrant it.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. You could the other!

TOM. Yes.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Then there it is. (*Gives him four half-crowns.*) You see these letters?

TOM. Yes, I can manage that without my spectacles.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Well; that 's to be left at the Royal Hotel. This, *this*, is an anonymous one; and I want it to be delivered at the Mayor's house, without his knowing from whom it came, or seeing who delivered it.

TOM (*taking the letters*). I say—you 're a rum 'un, you are.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Think so! Ha, ha! so are you.

TOM. Ay, but you 're a rummer one than me.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. No, no, that 's your modesty.

TOM. No it an't. I say, how vell you did them last hay-stacks. How do you contrive that ere now, if it 's a fair question. Is it done with a pipe, or do you use them Lucifer boxes?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Pipe—Lucifer boxes—hay-stacks! Why, what do you mean?

TOM (*looking cautiously round*). I know your name, old 'un.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. You know my name! (*Aside.*) Now how the devil has he got hold of that, I wonder!

TOM. Yes, I know it. It begins with a 'S.'

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Begins with an S!

TOM. And ends with a 'G,' (*winking*). We 've all heard talk of *Swing* down here.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Heard talk of Swing! Here 's a situation! Damme, d 'ye think I 'm a walking carbois of vitriol, and burn everything I touch?—Will you go upon the errand you 're paid for?

TOM. Oh, I 'm going—I 'm going. It 's nothing to me, you know; I don't care. I 'll only just give these boots to the deputy, to take them to whoever they belong to, and then I 'll pitch this here letter in at the Mayor's office-window, in no time.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Will you be off?

TOM. Oh, I 'm going, I 'm going. Close, you knows, close! [*Exit* TOM, C. DOOR.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. In five minutes more the letter will be delivered; in another half hour, if the Mayor does his duty, I shall be in custody, and secure from the vengeance of this infuriated monster. I wonder whether they 'll take me away? Egad! I may as well be provided with a clean shirt and a nightcap in case. Let 's see, she said the next room was my bedroom, and as I have accepted the challenge, I may venture so far now. (*Shouldering the portmanteau.*) What a capital notion it is; there 'll be all the correspondence in large letters, in the county paper, and my name figuring away in roman capitals, with a long story, how I was such a desperate dragon, and so bent upon fighting, that it took four constables to carry me to the Mayor, and one boy to carry my hat. It 's a capital

plan—must be done—the only way I have of escaping unpursued from this place, unless I could put myself in the General Post, and direct myself to a friend in town. And then it 's a chance whether they 'd take me in, being so much over weight. [*Exit* STRANGE GENTLEMAN, *with portmanteau*, L. H.

MRS. NOAKES, *peeping in* C. DOOR, *then entering.*

MRS. NOAKES. This is the room, ladies, but the gentleman has stepped out somewhere, he won't be long, I dare say. Pray come in, Miss.

Enter MARY *and* FANNY WILSON, C. DOOR.

MARY (C.). This is the Strange Gentleman's apartment, is it?

MRS. NOAKES (R.). Yes, Miss; shall I see if I can find him, ladies, and tell him you are here?

MARY. No; we should prefer waiting till he returns, if you please.

MRS. NOAKES. Very well, ma'am. He 'll be back directly, I dare say; for it 's very near his dinner time.

[*Exit* MRS. NOAKES, C. DOOR.

MARY. Come, Fanny, dear; don't give way to these feelings of depression. Take pattern by me—I feel the absurdity of our situation acutely; but you see that I keep up, nevertheless.

FANNY. It is easy for you to do so. *Your* situation is neither so embarrassing, nor so painful a one as mine.

MARY. Well, my dear, it *may* not be, certainly; but the circumstances which render it less so are, I own, somewhat incomprehensible to me. My harebrained, mad-cap swain, John Johnson, implores me to leave my guardian's house, and accompany him on an expedition to Gretna Green. I with immense reluctance, and after considerable pressing—

FANNY. Yield a very willing consent.

MARY. Well, we won't quarrel about terms; at all events I *do* consent. He bears me off, and when we get exactly halfway, discovers that his money is all gone, and that we must stop at this Inn, until he can procure a remittance from

London, by post. I think, my dear, you 'll own that *this* is rather an embarrassing position.

FANNY. Compare it with mine. Taking advantage of your flight, I send express to *my* admirer, Charles Tomkins, to say that I have accompanied you; first, because I should have been miserable if left behind with a peevish old man alone; secondly, because I thought it proper that your sister should accompany you—

MARY. And, thirdly, because you knew that he would immediately comply with this indirect assent to his entreaties of three months' duration, and follow you without delay, on the same errand. Eh, my dear?

FANNY. It by no means follows that such was my intention, or that I knew he would pursue such a course, but supposing he *has* done so; supposing this Strange Gentleman should be himself—

MARY. *Supposing!*—Why, you know it is. You told him not to disclose his name, on any account; and the *Strange Gentleman* is not a very common travelling name, I should imagine; besides the hasty note, in which he said he should join you here.

FANNY. Well, granted that it is he. In what a situation am I placed. You tell me, for the first time, that *my* violent intended must on no account be beheld by *your* violent intended, just now, because of some old quarrel between them, of long standing, which has never been adjusted to this day. What an appearance this will have! How am I to explain it, or relate your present situation? I should sink into the earth with shame and confusion.

MARY. Leave it to me. It arises from my heedlessness. I will take it all upon myself and see him alone. But tell me, my dear—as you got up this love affair with so much secrecy and expedition during the four months you spent at Aunt Martha's, I have never yet seen Mr. Tompkins, you know. Is he so very handsome?

FANNY. See him, and judge for yourself.

MARY. Well, I will; and you may retire, till I have paved the way for your appearance. But just assist me first, dear, in

making a little noise to attract his attention, if he really be in the next room, or I may wait here all day.

DUET—*At end of which exit* FANNY, C. DOOR. MARY *retires up* R. H.

Enter STRANGE GENTLEMAN, L. H.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. There; now with a clean shirt in one pocket and a night-cap in the other, I 'm ready to be carried magnanimously to my dungeon in the cause of love.

MARY (*aside*). He says, he 's ready to be carried magnanimously to a dungeon in the cause of love. I thought it was Mr. Tomkins! Hem! (*Coming down* L. H.)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*seeing her*). Hallo! Who 's this! Not a disguised peace officer in petticoats. Beg your pardon, ma'am. (*Advancing towards her.*) What—did—you—

MARY. Oh, Sir; I feel the delicacy of my situation.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*aside*). Feels the delicacy of her situation; Lord bless us, what 's the matter! Permit me to offer you a seat, ma'am, if you 're in a delicate situation. (*He places chairs; they sit.*)

MARY. You are very good, Sir. You are surprised to see me here, Sir?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. No, no, at least not very; rather, perhaps—rather. (*Aside.*) Never was more astonished in all my life!

MARY (*aside*). His politeness, and the extraordinary tale I have to tell him, overpower me. I must summon up courage. Hem!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Hem!

MARY. Sir!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Ma'am!

MARY. You have arrived at this house in pursuit of a young lady, if I mistake not?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. You are quite right, ma'am. (*Aside.*) Mysterious female!

MARY. If you *are* the gentleman I 'm in search of, you wrote

a hasty note a short time since, stating that you would be found here this afternoon.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*drawing back his chair*). I—I—wrote a note, ma'am!

MARY. You need keep nothing secret from me, Sir. I know all.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*aside*). That villain, Boots, has betrayed me! Know all, ma'am?

MARY. Everything.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*aside*). It must be so. She 's a constable's wife.

MARY. You *are* the writer of that letter, Sir? I think I am not mistaken.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. You are not, ma'am; I confess I did write it. What was I to do, ma'am? Consider the situation in which I was placed.

MARY. In your situation, you had, as it appears to me, only one course to pursue.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. You mean the course I adopted?

MARY. Undoubtedly.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. I am very happy to hear you say so, though of course I should like it to be kept a secret.

MARY. Oh, of course.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*drawing his chair close to her, and speaking very softly*). Will you allow me to ask you, whether the constables are downstairs?

MARY (*surprised*). The constables!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Because if I am to be apprehended, I should like to have it over. I am quite ready, if it must be done.

MARY. No legal interference has been attempted. There is nothing to prevent your continuing your journey to-night.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. But will not the other party follow?

MARY (*looking down*). The other party, I am compelled to inform you, is detained here by—by want of funds.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*starting up*). Detained here by want of funds! Hurrah! Hurrah! I have caged him at last. I 'm revenged for all his blustering and bullying. This is

a glorious triumph, ha, ha, ha! I have nailed him—nailed him to the spot!

MARY (*rising indignantly*). This exulting over a fallen foe, Sir, is mean and pitiful. In my presence, too, it is an additional insult.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Insult! I wouldn't insult you for the world, after the joyful intelligence you have brought me —I could hug you in my arms!—One kiss, my little constable's deputy. (*Seizing her.*)

MARY (*struggling with him*). Help! help!

Enter JOHN JOHNSON, C. DOOR.

JOHN. What the devil do I see! (*Seizes* STRANGE GENTLEMAN *by the collar.*)

MARY (L. H.). John, and Mr. Tomkins, met together! They 'll kill each other.—Here, help! help!

[*Exit* MARY, *running*, C. DOOR.

JOHN (*shaking him*). What do you mean by that, scoundrel?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Come, none of your nonsense—there 's no harm done.

JOHN. No harm done.—How dare you offer to salute that lady?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. What did you send her here for?

JOHN. *I* send her here!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Yes, *you;* you gave her instructions, I suppose. (*Aside.*) Her husband, the constable, evidently.

JOHN. That lady, Sir, is attached to me.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Well, I know she is; and a very useful little person she must be, to be attached to anybody,—it 's a pity she can't be legally sworn in.

JOHN. *Legally* sworn in! Sir, that is an insolent reflection upon the temporary embarrassment which prevents our taking the marriage vows. How dare you to insinuate—

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Pooh! pooh!—don't talk about daring to insinuate; it doesn't become a man in your station of life—

JOHN. My station of life!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. But as you have managed this matter

very quietly, and say you 're in temporary embarrasment—here—here 's five shillings for you. (*Offers it.*)

JOHN. Five shillings! (*Raises his cane.*)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*flourishing a chair*). Keep off, sir!

Enter MARY, TOM SPARKS, *and two Waiters.*

MARY. Separate them, or there 'll be murder! (TOM *clasps* STRANGE GENTLEMAN *round the waist—the Waiters seize* JOHN JOHNSON).

TOM. Come, none o' that 'ere, Mr. S. We don't let private rooms for such games as these.—If you want to try it on wery partickler, we don't mind making a ring for you in the yard, but you mustn't do it here.

JOHN. Let me get at him. Let me go; waiters—Mary, don't hold me. I insist on your letting me go.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Hold him fast.—Call yourself a *peace* officer, you prize-fighter!

JOHN (*struggling*). Let me go, I say!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Hold him fast! Hold him fast!

[TOM *takes* STRANGE GENTLEMAN *off*, R. H. *Waiters take* JOHN *off*, L. H., MARY *following.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Inn.*

Enter JULIA DOBBS *and* OVERTON, L. H.

JULIA. You seem surprised, Overton.

OVERTON. Surprised, Miss Dobbs! Well I may be, when, after seeing nothing of you for three years and more, you come down here without any previous notice, for the express purpose of running away—positively running away, with a young man. I am astonished, Miss Dobbs!

JULIA. You would have had better reason to be astonished if I had come down here with any notion of positively running away with an old one, Overton.

OVERTON. Old or young, it would matter little to me, if you had not conceived the preposterous idea of entangling me—*me*, an attorney, and mayor of the town, in so ridiculous a scheme.—Miss Dobbs, I can't do it.—I really cannot consent to mix myself up with such an affair.

JULIA. Very well, Overton, very well. You recollect that in the lifetime of that poor old dear, Mr. Woolley, who—

OVERTON. —Who would have married you, if he hadn't died; and who, as it was, left you his property, free from all incumbrances, the incumbrance of himself, as a husband, not being among the least.

JULIA. Well, you may recollect, that in the poor old dear's lifetime, sundry advances of money were made to you, at my persuasion, which still remain unpaid. Oblige me by forwarding them to my agent in the course of the week, and I free you from any interference in this little matter. (*Crosses to* L. H. *and is going.*)

OVERTON. Stay, Miss Dobbs, stay. As you say, we *are* old acquaintances, and there certainly *were* some small sums of money, which—which—

JULIA. Which certainly *are* still outstanding.

OVERTON. Just so, just so; and which, perhaps, you would be likely to forget, if you had a husband—eh, Miss Dobbs, eh?

JULIA. I have little doubt that I should. If I gained one through your assistance, indeed—I can safely say I should forget all about them.

OVERTON. My dear Miss Dobbs, we perfectly understand each other.—Pray proceed.

JULIA. Well—dear Lord Peter—

OVERTON. That 's the young man you 're going to run away with, I presume?

JULIA. That 's the young *nobleman* who 's going to run away with me, Mr. Overton.

OVERTON. Yes, just so.—I beg your pardon—pray go on.

JULIA. Dear Lord Peter is young and wild, and the fact is, his friends do not consider him very sagacious or strong-minded. To prevent their interference, our marriage is to be a secret one. In fact, he is stopping now at a friend's hunting seat in the neighbourhood; he is to join me here; and we are to be married at Gretna.

OVERTON. Just so.—A matter, as it seems to me, which you can conclude without my interference.

JULIA. Wait an instant. To avoid suspicion, and prevent our

being recognised and followed, I settled with him that you should give out in this house that he was a lunatic, and that I—his aunt—was going to convey him in a chaise, to-night, to a private asylum at Berwick. I have ordered the chaise at half-past one in the morning. You can see him, and make our final arrangements. It will avert all suspicion, if I have no communication with him, till we start. You can say to the people of the house that the sight of me makes him furious.

OVERTON. Where shall I find him?—Is he here?

JULIA. You know best.

OVERTON. I!

JULIA. I desired him, immediately on his arrival, to write you some mysterious nonsense, acquainting you with the number of his room.

OVERTON (*producing a letter*). Dear me, he has arrived, Miss Dobbs.

JULIA. No!

OVERTON. Yes—see here—a most mysterious and extraordinary composition, which was thrown in at my office window this morning, and which I could make neither head nor tail of. Is that his handwriting? (*Giving her the letter.*)

JULIA (*taking letter*). I never saw it more than once, but I know he writes very large and straggling.—(*Looks at letter.*) Ha, ha, ha! This is capital, isn't it?

OVERTON. Excellent!—Ha, ha, ha!—So mysterious!

JULIA. Ha, ha, ha!—So very good—'Rash act.'

OVERTON. Yes. Ha, ha!

JULIA. 'Interesting young man.'

OVERTON. Yes.—Very good.

JULIA. 'Amiable youth!'

OVERTON. Capital!

JULIA. 'Solemn warning!'

OVERTON. Yes.—That 's best of all. (*They both laugh.*)

JULIA. Number seventeen, he says. See him at once, that 's a good creature. (*Returning the letter.*)

OVERTON (*taking letter*). I will. (*He crosses to* L. H. *and rings a bell.*)

Enter WAITER, L. H.

Who is there in number seventeen, waiter?

WAITER. Number seventeen, sir?—Oh!—the strange gentleman, sir.

OVERTON. Show me the room. [*Exit* WAITER, L. H. (*Looking at* JULIA, *and pointing to the letter.*) 'The Strange Gentleman.'—Ha, ha, ha! Very good—very good indeed.—Excellent notion! (*They both laugh.*)

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.—*Same as the first.—A small table, with wine, dessert, and lights on it,* R. H. *of* C. DOOR; *two chairs.*

STRANGE GENTLEMAN *discovered seated at table.*

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. 'The other party is detained here, by want of funds.' Ha, ha, ha! I can finish my wine at my leisure, order my gig when I please, and drive on to Brown's in perfect security. I 'll drink the other party's good health, and long may he be detained here. (*Fills a glass.*) Ha, ha, ha! The other party; and long may he —(*A knock at* C. DOOR.) Hallo! I hope *this* isn't the other party. Talk of the—(*A knock at* C. DOOR.) Well—(*setting down his glass*)—this is the most extraordinary private room that was ever invented. I am continually disturbed by unaccountable knockings. (*A gentle tap at* C. DOOR.) There 's another; that was a gentle rap—a persuasive tap—like a friend's fore-finger on one's coat-sleeve. It *can't* be Tinkles with the gruel.—Come in.

OVERTON *peeping in at* C. DOOR.

OVERTON. Are you alone, my Lord?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*amazed*). Eh!

OVERTON. Are you alone, my Lord?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. My Lord!

OVERTON (*stepping in, and closing the door*). You are right, sir, we cannot be too cautious, for we do not know who may be within hearing. You are very right, sir.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*rising from table, and coming forward,* R. H.). It strikes me, sir, that you are very wrong.

OVERTON. Very good, very good; I like this caution; it shows me you are wide awake.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Wide awake!—damme, I begin to think I am fast asleep, and have been for the last two hours.

OVERTON (*whispering*). I—am—the mayor.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*in the same tone*). Oh!

OVERTON. This is your letter? (*Shows it;* STRANGE GENTLEMAN *nods assent solemnly.*) It will be necessary for you to leave here to-night, at half-past one o'clock, in a postchaise and four; and the higher you bribe the postboys to drive at their utmost speed, the better.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. You don't say so?

OVERTON. I do indeed. You are not safe from pursuit here.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Bless my soul, can such dreadful things happen in a civilised community, Mr. Mayor?

OVERTON. It certainly does at first sight appear rather a hard case that people cannot marry whom they please, without being hunted down in this way.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. To be sure. To be hunted down, and killed, as if one was game, you know.

OVERTON. Certainly; and you *an't* game, you know.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Of course not. But can't you prevent it? can't you save me by the interposition of your power?

OVERTON. My power can do nothing in such a case.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Can't it, though?

OVERTON. Nothing whatever.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. I never heard of such dreadful revenge, never! Mr. Mayor, I am a victim, I am the unhappy victim of parental obstinacy.

OVERTON. Oh, no; don't say that. You may escape yet.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*grasping his hand*). Do you think I may? Do you think I may, Mr. Mayor?

OVERTON. Certainly! certainly! I have little doubt of it, if you manage properly.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. I thought I *was* managing properly.

I understood the other party was detained here, by want of funds.

OVERTON. Want of funds!—There 's no want of funds in that quarter, I can tell you.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. An't there, though?

OVERTON. Bless you, no. Three thousand a year!—But who told you there was a want of funds?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Why, she did.

OVERTON. *She!* you *have* seen her then? She told me you had not.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Nonsense; don't believe her. She was in this very room half an hour ago.

OVERTON. Then I must have misunderstood her, and you must have misunderstood her too.—But to return to business. Don't you think it would keep up appearances if I had you put under some restraint.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. I think it would. I am very much obliged to you. (*Aside.*) This regard for my character in an utter stranger, and in a Mayor too, is quite affecting.

OVERTON. I 'll send somebody up, to mount guard over you.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Thank 'ee, my dear friend, thank 'ee.

OVERTON. And if you make a little resistance, when we take you upstairs to your bedroom, or away in the chaise, it will be keeping up the character, you know.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. To be sure.—So it will.—I 'll do it.

OVERTON. Very well, then. I shall see your Lordship again by and by.—For the present, my Lord, good evening. (*Going.*)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Lord!—Lordship!—Mr. Mayor!

OVERTON. Eh?—Oh!—I see. (*Comes forward.*) Practising the lunatic, my Lord. Ah, very good—very vacant look indeed.—Admirable, my Lord, admirable!—I say, my Lord —(*pointing to letter*)—'*Amiable youth!*'—'Interesting young man."—'Strange Gentleman.'—Eh? Ha, ha, ha! Knowing trick indeed, my Lord, very!'

[*Exit* OVERTON, C. D.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. That mayor is either in the very last stage of mystified intoxication, or in the most hopeless state

of incurable insanity.—I have no doubt of it. A little touched here (*tapping his forehead*). Never mind, he is sufficiently sane to understand my business at all events. (*Goes to table and takes a glass.*) Poor fellow!—I 'll drink his health, and speedy recovery. (*A knock at* C. DOOR.) It is a most extraordinary thing, now, that every time I propose a toast to myself, some confounded fellow raps at that door, as if he were receiving it with the utmost enthusiasm. Private room!—I might as well be sitting behind the little shutter of a Two-penny Post Office, where all the letters put in were to be post-paid. (*A knock at* C. DOOR.) Perhaps it 's the guard! I shall feel a great deal safer if it is. Come in. (*He has brought a chair forward, and sits* L. H.)

Enter TOM SPARKS, C. DOOR, *very slowly, with an enormous stick. He closes the door, and, after looking at the* STRANGE GENTLEMAN *very steadily, brings a chair down* L. H., *and sits opposite him.*

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Are you sent by the mayor of this place, to mount guard over me?

TOM. Yes, yes.—It 's all right.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*aside*). It 's all right—I 'm safe. (*To* TOM, *with affected indignation.*) Now mind, I have been insulted by receiving this challenge, and I want to fight the man who gave it me. I protest against being kept here. I denounce this treatment as an outrage.

TOM. Ay, ay. Anything you please—poor creature; don't put yourself in a passion. It 'll only make you worse. (*Whistles.*)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. This is most extraordinary behaviour. I don't understand it.—What d' ye mean by behaving in this manner? (*Rising.*)

TOM (*aside*). He 's getting wiolent. I must frighten him with a steady look.—I say, young fellow, do you see this here eye? (*Staring at him, and pointing at his own eye.*)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*aside*). Do I see his eye!—What can he mean by glaring upon me, with that large round optic!

—Ha! a terrible light flashes upon me.—He thought I was 'Swing' this morning. It was an insane delusion.—That eye is an insane eye.—He 's a madman!

TOM. Madman! Damme, I think he is a madman with a vengeance.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. He acknowledges it. He is sensible of his misfortune!—Go away—leave the room instantly, and tell them to send somebody else.—Go away!

TOM. Oh, you unhappy lunatic!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. What a dreadful situation!—I shall be attacked, strangled, smothered, and mangled, by a madman! Where 's the bell?

TOM (*advancing and brandishing his stick*). Leave that 'ere bell alone—leave that 'ere bell alone—and come here!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Certainly, Mr. Boots, certainly.—He 's going to strangle me. (*Going towards table.*) Let me pour you out a glass of wine, Mr. Boots—pray do! (*Aside.*) If he said 'Yes,' I 'd throw the decanter at his temple.

TOM. None o' your nonsense.—Sit down there. (*Forces him into a chair,* L. H.) I 'll sit here. (*Opposite him,* R. H.) Look me full in the face, and I won't hurt you. Move hand, foot, or eye, and you 'll never want to move either of 'em again.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. I 'm paralysed with terror.

TOM. Ha! (*raising his stick in a threatening attitude.*)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. I 'm dumb, Mr. Boots—dumb, sir.

They sit gazing intently on each other; TOM *with the stick raised, as the Act Drop slowly descends.*

END OF ACT FIRST

FIRST ACT FIFTY MINUTES.

ACT II

Scene I.—*The same as* Scene III, Act I.

Tom Sparks *discovered in the same attitude watching the* Strange Gentleman, *who has fallen asleep with his head over the back of his Chair.*

Tom. He 's asleep; poor unhappy wretch! How very mad he looks with his mouth wide open and his eyes shut! (Strange Gentleman *snores.*) Ah! there 's a wacant snore; no meaning in it at all. I cou'd ha' told he was out of his senses from the very tone of it. (*He snores again.*) That 's a wery insane snore. I should say he was melancholy mad from the sound of it.

Enter, through c. door, Overton, Mrs. Noakes, *a Chambermaid, and two Waiters;* Mrs. Noakes *with a warming-pan, the Maid with a light.* Strange Gentleman *starts up, greatly exhausted.*

Tom (*starting up in* c.). Hallo!—Hallo! keep quiet, young fellow. Keep quiet!

Strange Gentleman (l. h.). Out of the way, you savage maniac. Mr. Mayor (*crossing to him,* r. h.), the person you sent to keep guard over me is a madman, sir. What do you mean by shutting me up with a madman?—what do you mean, sir, I ask?

Overton, r. h. c. (*aside to* Strange Gentleman). Bravo! bravo! very good indeed—excellent!

Strange Gentleman. Excellent, sir!—It 's horrible!—The bare recollection of what I have endured, makes me shudder, down to my very toe-nails.

Mrs. Noakes (r. h.). Poor dear!—Mad people always think other people mad.

Strange Gentleman. Poor dear! Ma'am! What the devil do you mean by 'Poor dear?' How dare you have a madman here, ma'am, to assault and terrify the visitors to your establishment?

Mrs. Noakes. Ah! terrify indeed! I 'll never have another,

to please anybody, you may depend upon that, Mr. Overton. (*To* STRANGE GENTLEMAN.) There, there.—Don't exert yourself, there 's a dear.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (C.). Exert myself!—Damme! it 's a mercy I have any life left to exert myself with. It 's a special miracle, ma'am, that my existence has not long ago fallen a sacrifice to that sanguinary monster in the leather smalls.

OVERTON, R. C. (*aside to* STRANGE GENTLEMAN). I never saw any passion more real in my life. Keep it up, it 's an admirable joke.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Joke!—joke!—Peril a precious life, and call it a joke,—you, a man with a sleek head and a broad-brimmed hat, who ought to know better, calling it a joke.—Are you mad too, sir,—are you mad? (*Confronting* OVERTON.)

TOM, L. H. (*very loud*). Keep your hands off. Would you murder the wery mayor, himself, you mis-rable being?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Mr. Mayor, I call upon you to issue your warrant for the instant confinement of that one-eyed Orson in some place of security.

OVERTON (*aside, advancing a little*). He reminds me that he had better be removed to his bedroom. He is right.—Waiters, carry the gentleman upstairs.—Boots, you will continue to watch him in his bedroom.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. *He* continue!—What, am I to be boxed up again with this infuriated animal, and killed off, when he has done playing with me?—I won't go—I won't go—help there, help! (*The Waiters cross from* R. H. *to behind him.*)

Enter JOHN JOHNSON *hastily*, C. DOOR.

JOHN (*coming forward* L. H.). What on earth is the meaning of this dreadful outcry, which disturbs the whole house?

MRS. NOAKES. Don't be alarmed, sir, I beg.—They 're only going to carry an unfortunate gentleman, as is out of his senses, to his bedroom.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN, C. (*to* JOHN). Constable—constable—do your duty—apprehend these persons—every one of

them. Do you hear, officer, do you hear?—(*The Waiters seize him by the arms.*)—Here—here—you see this. You 've seen the assault committed. Take them into custody—off with them.

MRS. NOAKES. Poor creature!—He thinks you are a constable, sir.

JOHN. Unfortunate man! It is the second time to-day that he has been the victim of this strange delusion.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*breaking from Waiters and going to* JOHN. L. H. Unfortunate man!—What, do *you* think I am mad?

JOHN. Poor fellow! His hopeless condition is pitiable indeed. (*Goes up.*)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*returning to* C.). They 're all mad!—Every one of 'em!

MRS. NOAKES. Come now, come to bed—there 's a dear young man, do.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Who are you, you shameless old ghost, standing there before company, with a large warming-pan, and asking me to come to bed?—Are *you* mad?

MRS. NOAKES. Oh! he 's getting shocking now. Take him away.—Take him away.

OVERTON. Ah, you had better remove him to his bedroom at once. (*The Waiters take him up by the feet and shoulders.*)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Mind, if I survive this, I 'll bring an action of false imprisonment against every one of you. Mark my words—especially against that villainous old mayor.—Mind, I 'll do it! (*They bear him off, struggling and talking—the others crowding round, and assisting.*)

OVERTON (*following*). How well he does it!

[*Exeunt* L. H. 1*st* E.

Enter a Waiter, showing in CHARLES TOMKINS *in a travelling coat,* C. DOOR.

WAITER (L. H.). This room is disengaged now, sir. There *was* a gentleman in it, but he has just left it.

CHARLES. Very well, this will do. I may want a bed here to-night, perhaps, waiter.

WAITER. Yes, sir.—Shall I take your card to the bar, sir?

CHARLES. My card!—No, never mind.

WAITER. No name, sir?

CHARLES. No—it doesn't matter.

WAITER (*aside, as going out*). *Another* Strange Gentleman! [*Exit Waiter*, C. DOOR.

CHARLES. Ah!—(*Takes off coat.*)—The sun and dust on this long ride have been almost suffocating. I wonder whether Fanny has arrived? If she has—the sooner we start forward on our journey further North the better. Let me see; she would be accompanied by her sister, she said in her note—and they would both be on the look-out for me. Then the best thing I can do is to ask no questions, for the present at all events, and to be on the look-out for them. (*Looking towards* C. DOOR.) Why here she comes, walking slowly down the long passage, straight towards this room—she can't have seen me yet.—Poor girl, how melancholy she looks! I 'll keep in the background for an instant, and give her a joyful surprise. (*He goes up* R. H.)

Enter FANNY, C. DOOR.

FANNY (L. H.). Was ever unhappy girl placed in so dreadful a situation!—Friendless, and almost alone, in a strange place—my dear, dear Charles a victim to an attack of mental derangement, and I unable to avow my interest in him, or express my anxious sympathy and solicitude for his sufferings! I cannot bear this dreadful torture of agonising suspense. I must and will see him, let the cost be what it may. (*She is going* L. H.)

CHARLES (*coming forward* R. H.). Hist! Fanny!

FANNY (*starting and repressing a scream*). Ch—Charles—here in this room!

CHARLES. Bodily present, my dear, in this very room. My darling Fanny, let me strain you to my bosom. (*Advancing.*)

FANNY (*shrinking back*). N—n—no, dearest Charles, no, not now.—(*Aside.*)—How flushed he is!

CHARLES. No!—Fanny, this cold reception is a very different one to what I looked forward to meeting with, from you.

FANNY (*advancing, and offering the tip of her finger*). N—n—no—not cold, Charles; not cold. I do not mean it to be so, indeed.—How is your head, now, dear?

CHARLES. How is my head! After days and weeks of suspense and anxiety, when half our dangerous journey is gained, and I meet you here, to bear you whither you can be made mine for life, you greet me with the tip of your longest finger, and inquire after my head,—Fanny, what can you mean?

FANNY. You—you have startled me rather, Charles.—I thought you had gone to bed.

CHARLES. Gone to bed!—Why I have but this moment arrived.

FANNY (*aside*). Poor, poor Charles!

CHARLES. Miss Wilson, what am I to—

FANNY. No, no; pray, pray, do not suffer yourself to be excited—

CHARLES. Suffer myself to be excited!—Can I possibly avoid it? can I do aught but wonder at this extraordinary and sudden change in your whole demeanour?—Excited! But five minutes since, I arrived here, brimful of the hope and expectation which had buoyed up my spirits during my long journey. I find you cold, reserved, and embarrassed —everything but what I expected to find you—and then you tell me not to be excited.

FANNY (*aside*). He is wandering again. The fever is evidently upon him.

CHARLES. This altered manner and ill-disguised confusion all convince me of what you would fain conceal. Miss Wilson, you repent of your former determination, and love another!

FANNY. Poor fellow!

CHARLES. Poor fellow!—What, am I pitied?

FANNY. Oh, Charles, do not give way to this. Consider how much depends upon your being composed.

CHARLES. I see how much depends upon my being composed, ma'am—well, very well.—A husband depends upon it, ma'am. Your new lover is in this house, and if he overhears my reproaches he will become suspicious of the woman

who has jilted *another*, and may jilt *him*. That 's it, madam—a great deal depends, as you say, upon my being composed.—A great deal, ma'am.

FANNY. Alas! these are indeed the ravings of frenzy.

CHARLES. Upon my word, ma'am, you must form a very modest estimate of your own power, if you imagine that disappointment has impaired my senses. Ha, ha, ha!—I am delighted. I am delighted to have escaped you, ma'am. I am glad, ma'am—damn'd glad! (*Kicks a chair over.*)

FANNY (*aside*). I must call for assistance. He grows more incoherent and furious every instant.

CHARLES. I leave you, ma'am.—I am unwilling to interrupt the tender *tête-à-tête* with the other gentleman, to which you are, no doubt, anxiously looking forward.—To you I have no more to say. To *him* I must beg to offer a few rather unexpected congratulations on his approaching marriage. [*Exit* CHARLES *hastily*, C. DOOR.

FANNY. Alas! it is but too true. His senses have entirely left him. [*Exit* L. H.

SCENE SECOND AND LAST.—*A Gallery in the Inn, leading to the Bedrooms. Four Doors in the Flat, and one at each of the upper Entrances, numbered from 20 to 25, beginning at the* R. H. *A pair of boots at the door of 23.*

Enter Chambermaid with two lights; and CHARLES TOMKINS, R. H. 1*st* E.

MAID. This is your room, sir, No. 21. (*Opening the door.*)

CHARLES. Very well. Call me at seven in the morning.

MAID. Yes, sir. (*Gives him a light, and*

[*Exit Chambermaid*, R. H. 1*st* E.

CHARLES. And at nine, if I can previously obtain a few words of explanation with this unknown rival, I will just return to the place from whence I came, in the same coach that brought me down here. I wonder who he is and where he sleeps. (*Looking round.*) I have a lurking suspicion of those boots. (*Pointing to No. 23.*) They are an ill-looking, underhanded sort of pair, and an undefinable

instinct tells me that they have clothed the feet of the rascal I am in search of. Besides myself, the owner of those ugly articles is the only person who has yet come up to bed. I will keep my eyes open for half an hour or so; and my ears too.

[*Exit* CHARLES *into No.* 21.

Enter R. H. 1*st* E. MRS. NOAKES *with two lights, followed by* MARY *and* FANNY.

MRS. NOAKES. Take care of the last step, ladies. This way, ma'am, if you please. No. 20 is your room, ladies: nice large double-bedded room, with coals and a rushlight.

FANNY, R. H. (*aside to* MARY). I must ask which is his room. I cannot rest unless I know he has at length sunk into the slumber he so much needs. (*Crosses to* MRS. NOAKES, *who is* L. H.) Which is the room in which the Strange Gentleman sleeps?

MRS. NOAKES. *No.* 23, ma'am. There 's his boots outside the door. Don't be frightened of him, ladies. He 's very quiet now, and our Boots is a watching him.

FANNY. Oh, no—we are not afraid of him. (*Aside.*) Poor Charles!

MRS. NOAKES (*going to door No.* 20, *which is 3rd* E. R. H.). This way, if you please; you 'll find everything very comfortable, and there 's a bell-rope at the head of the bed, if you want anything in the morning. Good night, ladies.

As MARY *and* FANNY *pass* MRS. NOAKES, FANNY *takes a light.*

[*Exeunt* FANNY *and* MARY *into No.* 20.

MRS. NOAKES (*tapping at No.* 23). Tom—Tom—

Enter Tom *from No.* 23.

TOM (*coming forward,* L. H.). Is that you, missis?

MRS. NOAKES (R. H.). Yes.—How 's the Strange Gentleman, Tom?

TOM. He was very boisterous half an hour ago, but I punched his head a little, and now he 's uncommon comfortable. He 's fallen asleep, but his snores is still wery incoherent.

MRS. NOAKES. Mind you take care of him, Tom. They 'll take him away in half an hour's time. It 's very nearly one o'clock now.

TOM. I 'll pay ev'ry possible attention to him. If he offers to call out, I shall whop him again. [*Exit* TOM *into No.* 23.

MRS. NOAKES (*looking off* R. H.). This way, ma'am, if you please. Up these stairs.

Enter JULIA DOBBS *with a light,* R. H. 1*st* E.

JULIA. Which did you say was the room in which I could arrange my dress for travelling?

MRS. NOAKES. No. 22, ma'am; the next room to your nephew's. Poor dear—he 's fallen asleep, ma'am, and I dare say you 'll be able to take him away very quietly by and by.

JULIA (*aside*). Not so quietly as you imagine, if he plays his part half as well as Overton reports he does. (*To* MRS. NOAKES.) Thank you.—For the present, good night. [*Exit* JULIA *into No.* 22.

MRS. NOAKES. Wish you good night, ma'am. There.—Now I think I may go downstairs again, and see if Mr. Overton wants any more negus. Why who 's this? (*Looking off* R. H.) Oh, I forgot—No. 24 an't a-bed yet.—It's him.

Enter JOHN JOHNSON *with a light,* R. H. 1*st* E.

MRS. NOAKES. No. 24, sir, if you please.

JOHN. Yes, yes, I know. The same room I slept in last night. (*Crossing* L. H.)

MRS. NOAKES. Yes, sir.—Wish you good night, sir. [*Exit* MRS. NOAKES, R. H. 1*st* E.

JOHN. Good night, ma'am. The same room I slept in last night, indeed, and the same room I may sleep in to-morrow night, and the next night, and the night after that, and just as many more nights as I can get credit here, unless this remittance arrives. I could raise the money to prosecute my journey without difficulty were I on the spot; but my confounded thoughtless liberality to the post-boys has left me absolutely penniless. Well, we shall see what to-morrow brings forth. (*He goes into No.* 24, *but im-*

mediately returns and places his boots outside his room door, leaving it ajar.) [*Exit* JOHN *into No.* 24.

CHARLES *peeping from No.* 21, *and putting out his boots.*

CHARLES. There 's another pair of boots. Now I wonder which of these two fellows is the man. I can't help thinking it 's No. 23.—Hallo! (*He goes in and closes his door.*)

The door of No. 20 *opens;* FANNY *comes out with a light in a night shade. No.* 23 *opens. She retires into No.* 20.

Enter TOM SPARKS, *with a stable lantern from No.* 23.

TOM (*closing the door gently*). Fast asleep still. I may as vell go my rounds, and glean for the deputy. (*Pulls out a piece of chalk from his pocket, and takes up boots from No.* 23.) Twenty-three. It 's difficult to tell what a fellow is ven he han't got his senses, but I think this here twenty-three 's a timorous faint-hearted genus. (*Examines the boots.*) You want new soleing, No. 23. (*Goes to No.* 24, *takes up boots and looks at them.*) Hallo! here 's a *bust:* and there 's been a piece put on in the corner. —I must let my missis know. The bill 's always doubtful ven there 's any mending. (*Goes to No.* 21, *takes up boots.*) French calf Vellingtons.—All's right here. These here French calves always comes it strong—light vines, and all that 'ere. (*Looking round.*) Werry happy to see there an't no high-lows—they never drinks nothing but gin-and-vater. Them and the cloth boots is the vurst customers an inn has.—The cloth boots is always obstemious, only drinks sherry vine and vater, and never eats no suppers. (*He chalks the No. of the room on each pair of boots as he takes them up.*) Lucky for you, my French calves, that you an't done with the patent polish, or you 'd ha' been witrioled in no time. I don't like to put oil o' witriol on a well-made pair of boots; ben ven they 're rubbed vith that 'ere polish, it must be done, or the profession 's ruined.

[*Exit* TOM *with boots,* R. H. 1*st* E.

Enter FANNY *from No. 20, with light as before.*

FANNY. I tremble at the idea of going into his room, but surely at a moment like this, when he is left to be attended by rude and uninterested strangers, the strict rules of propriety which regulate our ordinary proceedings may be dispensed with. I will but satisfy myself that he sleeps, and has those comforts which his melancholy situation demands, and return immediately. (*Goes to No. 23, and knocks.*)

CHARLES TOMKINS *peeping from No. 21.*

CHARLES. I 'll swear I heard a knock.—A woman! Fanny Wilson—and at that door at this hour of the night!

FANNY *comes forward.*

Why what an ass I must have been ever to have loved that girl.—It *is* No. 23, though.—I 'll throttle him presently. The next room-door open—I 'll watch there. (*He crosses to No. 24, and goes in.*)

FANNY *returns to No. 23, and knocks—the door opens and the* STRANGE GENTLEMAN *appears, night-cap on his head and a light in his hand.*—FANNY *screams and runs back into No. 20.*

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*coming forward*). Well, of all the wonderful and extraordinary houses that ever did exist, this particular tenement is the most extraordinary. I 've got rid of the madman at last—and it 's almost time for that vile old mayor to remove me. But where?—I 'm lost, bewildered, confused, and actually begin to think I am mad. Half these things I 've seen to-day must be visions of fancy—they never could have really happened. No, no, I 'm clearly mad!—I 've not the least doubt of it now. I 've caught it from that horrid Boots. He has inoculated the whole establishment. We 're all mad together.—(*Looking off* R. H.) Lights coming upstairs!—Some more lunatics.

[*Exit* STRANGE GENTLEMAN *in No. 23.*

Enter R. H. 1*st* E. OVERTON *with a cloak*, MRS. NOAKES, TOM SPARKS *with lantern, and three Waiters with lights. The Waiters range up* R. H. *side.* TOM *is in* R. H. *corner and* MRS. NOAKES *next to him.*

OVERTON. Remain there till I call for your assistance. (*Goes up to No. 23 and knocks.*)

Enter STRANGE GENTLEMAN *from No. 23.*

Now, the chaise is ready.—Muffle yourself up in this cloak. (*Puts it on the* STRANGE GENTLEMAN.—*They come forward.*)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (L. H.). Yes.

OVERTON (C.). Make a little noise when we take you away, you know.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Yes—yes.—I say, what a queer room this is of mine. Somebody has been tapping at the wall for the last half hour, like a whole forest of woodpeckers.

OVERTON. Don't you know who that was?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. No.

OVERTON. The other party.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*alarmed*). The other party!

OVERTON. To be sure.—The other party is going with you.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Going with me!—In the same chaise!

OVERTON. Of course.—Hush! (*Goes to No. 22. Knocks.*)

Enter JULIA DOBBS *from No. 22, wrapped up in a large cloak.*

Look here! (*Bringing her forward.* JULIA *is next to* MRS. NOAKES.)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*starting into* L. H. CORNER). I won't go—I won't go. This is a plot—a conspiracy. I won't go, I tell you. I shall be assassinated.—I shall be murdered!

FANNY *and* MARY *appear at No.* 20, JOHNSON *and* TOMKINS *at* 24.

JOHN (*at the door*). I told you he was mad.

CHARLES (*at the door*). I see—I see—poor fellow!

JULIA (*crossing to* STRANGE GENTLEMAN *and taking his arm*). Come, dear, come.

MRS. NOAKES. Yes, do go, there 's a good soul. Go with your affectionate aunt.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*breaking from her*). My affectionate aunt!

JULIA *returns to her former position.*

TOM. He don't deserve no affection. I niver see such an unfectionate fellow to his relations.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (L. H.). Take that wretch away, and smother him between two feather beds. Take him away, and make a sandwich of him directly.

JULIA (*to* OVERTON, *who is in* C.). What voice was that?—It was not Lord Peter's. (*Throwing off her cloak.*)

OVERTON. Nonsense—nonsense.—Look at him. (*Pulls clock off* STRANGE GENTLEMAN.)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*turning round*). A woman!

JULIA. A stranger!

OVERTON. A stranger! What, an't he your husband that is to—your mad nephew, I mean?

JULIA. No!

ALL. No!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. No!—no, I 'll be damned if I am. I an't anybody's nephew.—My aunt 's dead, and I never had an uncle.

MRS. NOAKES. And an't he mad, ma'am?

JULIA. No.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Oh, I 'm *not* mad.—I was mistaken just now.

OVERTON. And isn't he going away with you?

JULIA. No.

MARY (*coming forward* R. H., *next to* MRS. NOAKES). And isn't his name Tomkins?

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*very loud.*) No.

(*All these questions and answers should be very rapid.* JOHNSON *and* TOMKINS *advance to the ladies, and they all retire up.*)

MRS. NOAKES. What *is* his name? (*Producing a letter.*) It an't Mr. Walker Trott, is it? (*She advances a little towards him.*)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Something so remarkably like it, ma'am, that, with your permission, I 'll open that epistle. (*Taking letter.*)

All go up, but JULIA *and* STRANGE GENTLEMAN.

(*Opening letter.*) Tinkle's hand. (*Reads.*) 'The challenge was a *ruse.* By this time I shall have been united at Gretna Green to the charming Emily Brown.'—Then, through a horror of duels, I have lost a wife!

JULIA (R. H. *with her handkerchief to her eyes*). And through Lord Peter's negligence, I have lost a husband!

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Eh! (*Regards her a moment, then beckons* OVERTON, *who comes forward,* L. H.) I say, didn't you say something about three thousand a year this morning?

OVERTON. I did.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. You alluded to that party? (*Nodding towards* JULIA.)

OVERTON. I did.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Hem! (*Puts* OVERTON *back.*) Permit me, ma'am (*going to her*), to sympathise most respectfully with your deep distress.

JULIA. Oh, sir! your kindness penetrates to my very heart.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*aside*). Penetrates to her heart!—It 's taking the right direction.—If I understand your sorrowing murmur, ma'am, you contemplated taking a destined husband away with you, in the chaise at the door?

JULIA. Oh! sir,—spare my feelings—I did.—The horses were ordered and paid for; and everything was ready. (*Weeps.*)

STRANGE GENTLEMAN (*aside*). She weeps.——Expensive thing, posting, ma'am.

JULIA. Very, sir.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Eighteen-pence a mile, ma'am, not including the boys.

JULIA. Yes, sir.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. *You 've* lost a husband, ma'am—*I* have lost a wife.—Marriages are made above—I 'm quite certain ours is booked.—Pity to have all this expense for nothing—let 's go together.

JULIA (*drying her eyes*). The suddenness of this proposal, sir—

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Requires a sudden answer, ma'am.—You don't say no—you mean yes. Permit me to—(*kisses her*).—All right! Old one (*to* OVERTON, *who comes down* L. H.), I 've done it.—Mrs. Noakes (*she comes down* R. H.), don't countermand the chaise.—We 're off directly.

CHARLES (*who with* FANNY *comes down* L. H. C.). So are we.

JOHN (*who with* MARY *comes down* R. H. C.). So are we, thanks to a negotiated loan, and an explanation as hasty as the quarrel that gave rise to it.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. Three post-chaises and four, on to Gretna, directly. [*Exeunt Waiters,* R. H. 1*st* E. I say—we 'll stop here as we come back?

JOHN *and* CHARLES. Certainly.

STRANGE GENTLEMAN. But before I go, as I fear I have given a great deal of trouble here to-night—permit me to inquire whether you will view my mistakes and perils with an indulgent eye, and consent to receive '*The Strange Gentleman*' again to-morrow.

JOHN. JULIA. STRANGE GENTLEMAN.
MARY. FANNY.
MRS. NOAKES. CHARLES.
TOM. OVERTON.
R. H. L. H.

CURTAIN.

THE END

SECOND ACT THIRTY MINUTES.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES

A COMIC OPERA

IN TWO ACTS

(Music by John Hullah)

[1836]

DEDICATION

To J. P. HARLEY, ESQ.

My dear Sir,

My dramatic bantlings are no sooner born, than you father them. You have made my 'Strange Gentleman' exclusively your own; you have adopted Martin Stokes with equal readiness; and you still profess your willingness to do the same kind office for all future scions of the same stock.

I dedicate to you the first play I ever published; and you made for me the first play I ever produced:—the balance is in your favour, and I am afraid it will remain so.

That you may long contribute to the amusement of the public, and long be spared to shed a lustre, by the honour and integrity of your private life, on the profession which for many years you have done so much to uphold, is the sincere and earnest wish of, my dear Sir,

Yours most faithfully,

CHARLES DICKENS.

December 15th, 1836.

PREFACE

'EITHER the Honourable Gentleman is in the right, or he is not,' is a phrase in very common use within the walls of Parliament. This drama may have a plot, or it may not; and the songs may be poetry, or they may not; and the whole affair, from beginning to end, may be great nonsense, or it may not, just as the honourable gentleman or lady who reads it may happen to think. So, retaining his own private and particular opinion upon the subject (an opinion which he formed upwards of a year ago, when he wrote the piece), the Author leaves every such gentleman or lady, to form his or hers, as he or she may think proper, without saying one word to influence or conciliate them.

All he wishes to say is this;—That he hopes MR. BRAHAM, and all the performers who assisted in the representation of this opera, will accept his warmest thanks for the interest they evinced in it, from its very first rehearsal, and for their zealous efforts in his behalf—efforts which have crowned it with a degree of success far exceeding his most sanguine anticipations; and of which no form of words could speak his acknowledgment.

It is needless to add that the *libretto* of an opera must be, to a certain extent, a mere vehicle for the music; and that it is scarcely fair or reasonable to judge it by those strict rules of criticism which would be justly applicable to a five-act tragedy, or a finished comedy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

At St. James's Theatre, December 6, 1836

Squire Norton	Mr. Braham.
The Hon. Sparkins Flam (*his friend*) .	Mr. Forester.
Old Benson (*a small farmer*) . .	Mr. Strickland.
Mr. Martin Stokes (*a very small farmer with a very large circle of particular friends*)	Mr. Harley.
George Edmunds (*betrothed to Lucy*) .	Mr. Bennett.
Young Benson	Mr. J. Parry.
John Maddox (*attached to Rose*) . .	Mr. Gardner.
Lucy Benson	Miss Rainforth.
Rose (*her cousin*)	Miss J. Smith.

Time occupied in Representation.—Two hours and a half.

PERIOD.—THE AUTUMN OF 1729.

SCENE.—AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

The Passages marked with inverted commas were omitted in the representation.

THE VILLAGE COQUETTES

ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Rick-yard, with a cart laden with corn-sheaves.* JOHN MADDOX, *and labourers, unloading it. Implements of husbandry, etc., lie scattered about. A gate on one side.* JOHN MADDOX *is in the cart, and dismounts at the conclusion of the Chorus.*

Round.

Hail to the merry Autumn days, when yellow cornfields shine,
Far brighter than the costly cup that holds the monarch's wine!
Hail to the merry harvest time, the gayest of the year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing, and good cheer!

'Tis pleasant on a fine Spring morn to see the buds expand,
'Tis pleasant in the Summer time to view the teeming land;
'Tis pleasant on a Winter's night to crouch around the blaze,—
But what are joys like these, my boys, to Autumn's merry days!

Then hail to merry Autumn days, when yellow corn-fields shine,
Far brighter than the costly cup that holds the monarch's wine!
And hail to merry harvest time, the gayest of the year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing, and good cheer!

JOHN. Well done, my lads; a good day's work, and a warm one. Here, Tom (*to Villager*), run into the house, and

ask Miss Rose to send out some beer for the men, and a jug for Master Maddox; and d'ye hear, Tom, tell Miss Rose it 's a fine evening, and that if she 'll step out herself, it 'll do her good, and do me good into the bargain. (*Exit Villager.*) That 's right, my lads, stow these sheaves away, before the sun goes down. Let 's begin fresh in the morning, without any leavings of to-day. By this time to-morrow the last load will have been carried, and then for our Harvest-Home!

VILLAGERS. Hurrah! Hurrah!

(*First four lines of Round repeated.*)

Enter MARTIN STOKES.

MARTIN. Very good! very good, indeed!—always sing while you work—capital custom! I always do when I work, and I never work at all when I can help it;—another capital custom. John, old fellow, how are you?—give us your hand,—hearty squeeze,—good shake,—capital custom number three. Fine dry weather for the harvest, John. Talking of that, I 'm dry too: you always give away plenty of beer, here;—capital custom number four. Trouble you for the loan of that can, John.

JOHN (*taking it from the cart*). Here 's the can, but as to there being anything good in it it 's as dry as the weather, and as empty as you. Hoo! hoo! (*laughing boisterously, is suddenly checked by a look from* MARTIN).

MARTIN. Hallo, John, hallo! I have often told you before, Mr. Maddox, that I don't consider you in a situation of life which entitles you to make jokes, far less to laugh at 'em. If you must make a joke, do it solemnly, and respectfully. If *I* laugh, that 's quite enough, and it must be far more gratifying to your feelings than any contortions of that enormous mouth of yours.

JOHN. Well, perhaps, as you say, I ought n't to make jokes till I arrive, like you, at the dignity of a small piece of ground and a cottage; but I must laugh at a joke, sometimes.

MARTIN. Must, must you!—Rather presuming fellow, this Maddox. (*Aside.*)

JOHN. Why, when you make one of them rum jokes of yours,—'cod, I must laugh then!

MARTIN. Oh! ah! you may laugh then, John; always laugh at my jokes,—capital custom number five; no harm in that, because you can't help it, you know.—Knowing fellow, though. (*Aside*).

JOHN. Remember that joke about the old cow, as you made five years ago?—'cod, that was a joke! Hoo! hoo! hoo!—I never shall forget that joke. I never see a cow, to this day, without laughing.

MARTIN. Ha! ha! ha! very good, very good!—Devilish clever fellow this! (*Aside.*) Well, Jack, you behave yourself well, all the evening, and perhaps I may make that joke again before the day 's out.

JOHN. Thank 'ee, that 's very kind.

MARTIN. Don't mention it, don't mention it; but I say, John, I called to speak to you about more important matters.—Something wrong here, an't there? (*Mysteriously.*)

JOHN. Wrong! you 're always fancying something wrong.

MARTIN. Fancying,—come, I like that. I say, why don't you keep your harvest-home at home, to-morrow night? Why are we all to go up to the Squire's, as if we couldn't be merry in Benson's barn? And why is the Squire always coming down here, looking after some people, and cutting out other people?—an't that wrong? Where 's George Edmunds—old Benson 's so fond of, and that Lucy *was* fond of too, once upon a time,—eh? An't that wrong? Where 's your sweetheart, Rose?—An't her walkings, and gigglings, and whisperings, and simperings, with the Squire's friend, Mr. Sparkins Flam, the talk of the whole place? Nothing wrong there,—eh? (MADDOX *goes up.*) Had him there; I knew there was something wrong. I 'll keep a sharp eye upon these doings, for I don't like these new-fangled customs. It was all very well in the old time, to see the Squire's father come riding among the people on his bay cob, nodding to the common folks, shaking hands with me, and all that sort of thing; but when you change the old country-gentleman into a dashing fop from London, and the steady old steward into Mr. Sparkins Flam,

the case is very different. We shall see,—but if I might tell Miss Lucy Benson a bit of my mind, I should say, 'Stick to an independent young fellow, like George Edmunds, and depend upon it you will be happier than you would with all the show and glitter of a squire's lady.' And I should say to Rose, very solemn, 'Rose—'

ROSE *enters unperceived, with beer.*

'Rose—'

ROSE (*starting*). Lord bless us! What a hollow voice!—Why, it 's Mr. Stokes!—What on earth is the matter with him?

MARTIN (*not seeing her*). Rose,—if you would be happy and contented, if you would escape destruction, shield yourself from dangerous peril, and save yourself from horrid ruin!—

ROSE. What dreadful words!—

MARTIN. You will at once, and without delay, bestow your hand on John Maddox; or if you would aspire to a higher rank in life, and a loftier station in society, you will cultivate the affections of Mr. Stokes,—Mr. Martin Stokes,—a young gentleman of great mental attractions, and very considerable personal charms; leaving the false and fatal Flam to the ignominious fate which—

ROSE. Why, Mr. Stokes.—

MARTIN. Ignominious fate which—

ROSE. Dear, he must be in a fit! Mr. Stokes!

MARTIN. Eh?—Ah! Miss Rose,—It 's you, is it?

ROSE. Me! Yes, and here have I been waiting all this time, while you were talking nonsense to yourself. Here, I have brought you some beer.

MARTIN. Oh! Miss Rose, if you go on in this way, you 'll bring us to our bier, instead of bringing our beer to us. (*Looking round.*) You may laugh, if you want to, very much, John.

JOHN. Hoo! hoo! hoo!

ROSE. Be quiet, oaf! And pray, sir (to MARTIN), to what may your most humorous observation refer?

MARTIN. Why, my dear Miss Rose, you know my way,—always friendly,—always thinking of the welfare of those I like best, and very seldom receiving any gratitude in return.

ROSE. I know you very seldom deserve any.

MARTIN. Ah! that 's exactly my meaning; that 's the way, you see. The moment I begin to throw out a hint to one of my dear friends, out comes some unkind and rude remark. But I bear it all for their sakes. I won't allow you to raise my ill nature,—you shan't stop me. I was going to say, don't you think—now *don't* you think—that you—don't be angry—make rather—don't colour up,—*rather* too free with Mr. Sparkins Flam?

ROSE. *I* make free with Mr. Sparkins Flam! Why you odious, insolent creature!

MARTIN. Ah, of course—always the way—I told you so—I knew you 'd say that.

ROSE. And you, John, you mean-spirited scarecrow; will you stand there, and see me insulted by an officious, impertinent—

MARTIN. Go on, go on! (*A gun fired.*) Hallo! (*Looking off.*) Here they are, the Squire and Mr. Sparkins Flam.

ROSE (*hastily adjusting her dress*). My goodness! Mr. Spar—run, John, run, there 's a dear!

JOHN (*not moving*). Very dear, I dare say.

ROSE. Run, and tell my uncle and Lucy, that Mr. Spar—I mean that the Squire 's coming.

JOHN. I wouldn't ha' gone anyhow; but nobody need go now, for here they are. Now, I 'm extinguished for the rest of the day.

Enter through the gate SQUIRE NORTON *and* MR. SPARKINS FLAM, *dressed for sporting, with guns, etc., and two Gamekeepers. On the other side, Old* BENSON *and* LUCY. MARTIN, *during the whole scene, thrusts himself in the* SQUIRE'S *way, to be taken notice of.*

SQUIRE (*to Gamekeeper, and putting down his gun*). Take

the birds into the house. Benson, we have had a good day's sport, but a tiring one; and as the load is heavy for my fellows, you 'll let our game remain where it is. I could not offer it to a better friend.

BENSON. Your honour 's very good, but—

SQUIRE. Nay, you make a merit of receiving the smallest favour.

BENSON. Not a merit of receiving, nor a boast of refusing it; but a man in humble station should be cautious how he receives favours from those above him, which he never asks, and can never return. I have had too many such favours forced upon me by your honour, lately, and would rather not increase the number.

SQUIRE. But such a trifle—

BENSON. A trifle from an equal, but a condescension from a superior. Let your men carry your birds up to the Hall, sir, or, if they are tired, mine shall do it for them, and welcome. (*Retires up.*)

FLAM (*aside*). Swine and independence! Leather breeches and liberty!

SQUIRE. At least I may be permitted to leave a few brace, as a present to the ladies. Lucy, I hope, will not object. (*Crosses to her.*)

LUCY. I feel much flattered by your honour's politeness—and—and—and—

ROSE. My cousin means to say, sir, that we 're very much obliged to your honour and Mr. Flam for your politeness, and that we are very willing to accept of anything, your honour.

FLAM (*aside*). Condescending little savage!

SQUIRE. You have spoken very well, both for yourself and your cousin. Flam, this is Rose—the pretty little Rose, you know.

FLAM. Know! can I ever forget the charming Rose—the beautiful—the—the—(*aside*) the Cabbage Rose!

SQUIRE (*aside*). Keep that girl engaged, while I talk to the other one.

ROSE. Oh, Mr. Flam!

FLAM. Oh, Miss Rose! (*He salutes her.*)

BENSON. Your honour will not object to taste our ale, after your day's sport. The afternoon is fresh and cool, and 'twill be pleasant here in the air. Here, Ben, Thomas, bring mugs here—quick—quick—and a seat for his honour. [*Exeunt* BENSON, MADDOX, *etc.*

SQUIRE. It will be delightful—won't it, Flam?

FLAM. Inexpressibly charming! (*Aside.*) An amateur tea-garden. (*He retires a little up with* ROSE—*she coquetting.*)

SQUIRE (*to* LUCY). And in such society, how much the pleasure will be enhanced!

LUCY. Your honour knows I ought not to listen to you—George Edmunds would—

SQUIRE. Edmunds! a rustic!—you cannot love that Edmunds, Lucy. Forget him—remember your own worth.

LUCY. I wish I could, sir. My heart will tell me though, weak and silly as I am, that I cannot better show the consciousness of my own worth, than by remaining true to my first and early love. Your honour rouses my foolish pride; but real true love is not to be forgotten easily.

Song.—LUCY.

Love is not a feeling to pass away,
Like the balmy breath of a summer day;
It is not—it cannot be—laid aside;
It is not a thing to forget or hide.
It clings to the heart, ah, woe is me!
As the ivy clings to the old oak tree.

Love is not a passion of earthly mould,
As a thirst for honour, or fame, or gold:
For when all these wishes have died away,
The deep strong love of a brighter day,
Though nourish'd in secret, consumes the more,
As the slow rust eats to the iron's core.

Re-enter OLD BENSON, JOHN MADDOX, *and Villagers, with jugs, seats, etc.;* SQUIRE NORTON *seats himself next* LUCY, *and* ROSE *contrives to sit next* MR. SPARKINS

FLAM, *which* MARTIN *and* MADDOX *in vain endeavour to prevent.*

SQUIRE. Flam, you know these honest people? all tenants of my own.

FLAM. Oh, yes, I know 'em—pleasant fellows!—This—this is—what 's his name?

BENSON. Martin, sir,—Martin Stokes.

MARTIN (*starting forward*). A—a—*Mr.* Stokes, at your service, sir,—how do you do, sir? (*shaking* FLAM *by the hand, while speaking*). I hope you are quite well, sir; I am delighted to see you looking so well, sir. I hope your majestic father, and your fashionable mother, are in the enjoyment of good health, sir. I should have spoken to you before, sir, only you have been so very much engaged, that I couldn't succeed in catching your honourable eye; —very happy to see you, sir.

FLAM. Ah. Pleasant fellow, this Martin!—agreeable manners,—no reserve about him.

MARTIN. Sir, you do me a great deal of honour. Mr. Norton, sir, I have the honour of drinking your remarkably good health,—I admire you, sir.

SQUIRE (*laughing*). Sir, I feel highly gratified, I 'm sure.

MARTIN (*aside*). He 's gratified!—I flatter myself I have produced a slight impression here. (*Drinks.*)

FLAM (*turns round, sees* MADDOX). Ah, Ox!

JOHN. *Ox!* Who do you call Ox? Maddox is my name.

FLAM. Oh, mad Ox! true; I forget the lunacy:—your health, mad Ox.

SQUIRE (*rising and coming forward*). Come, Flam, another glass. Here, friends, is success to our Harvest-Home!

MARTIN. Hear, hear! a most appropriate toast, most eloquently given,—a charming sentiment, delightfully expressed. Gentlemen (*to Villagers*), allow me to have the pleasure of proposing Mr. Norton, if you please. Take your time from me. (*He gives the time, and they all cheer.*) Mr. Norton, sir, I beg to call upon you for a song.

Song.—Squire Norton.

That very wise old head, old Æsop, said,
The bow should be sometimes loose;
Keep it tight for ever, the string you sever:—
Let 's turn his old moral to use.
The world forget, and let us yet,
The glass our spirits buoying,
Revel to-night in those moments bright
Which make life worth enjoying.
The cares of the day, old moralists say,
Are quite enough to perplex one;
Then drive to-day's sorrow away till to-morrow,
And then put it off till the next one.
Chorus.—The cares of the day, etc.

Some plodding old crones, the heartless drones!
Appeal to my cool reflection,
And ask me whether such nights can ever
Charm sober recollection.
Yes, yes! I cry, I 'll grieve and die,
When those I love forsake me;
But while friends so dear surround me here,
Let Care, if he can, o'ertake me.
Chorus.—The cares of the day, etc.

(*During the Chorus,* Squire Norton *and* Flam *resume their guns, and go up the stage, followed by the various characters. The Chorus concludes as the Scene closes.*)

Scene II.—*An open spot near the village, with stile and pathway leading to the church, which is seen in the distance.*

George Edmunds *enters, with a stick in his hand.*

Edmunds. How thickly the fallen leaves lie scattered at the feet of that old row of elm-trees! When I first met Lucy on this spot, it was a fine spring day, and those same leaves were trembling in the sunshine, as green and bright as if

their beauty would last for ever. What a contrast they present now, and how true an emblem of my own lost happiness!

Song.—GEORGE EDMUNDS.

Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, lie strewn around me here;
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad, how cold, how drear!
How like the hopes of childhood's day,
Thick clustering on the bough!
How like those hopes is their decay,—
How faded are they now!
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, lie strewn around me here;
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad, how cold, how drear!

Wither'd leaves, wither'd leaves, that fly before the gale;
Wither'd leaves, wither'd leaves, ye tell a mournful tale,
Of love once true, and friends once kind,
And happy moments fled:
Dispersed by every breath of wind,
Forgotten, changed, or dead!
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, lie strewn around me here;
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad, how cold, how drear!

An hour past the old time, and still no Lucy! 'Tis useless lingering here: I 'll wait no longer. A female crossing the meadow!—'Tis Rose, the bearer of a letter or a message perhaps.

Enter ROSE. (*She avoids him.*)

No! Then I will see Lucy at once, without a moment's delay. (*Going.*)

ROSE. No, no, you can't. (*Aside.*) There 'll certainly be bloodshed! I am quite certain Mr. Flam will kill him. He offered me, with the most insinuating speeches, to cut John's throat at a moment's notice: and when the Squire complimented him on being a good shot, he said he should like to 'bag' the whole male population of the village. (*To him.*) You can't see her.

EDMUNDS. Not see her, and she at home! Were you instructed to say this, Rose?

ROSE. I say it, because I know you can't see her. She is not well; and—and—

EDMUNDS. And Mr. Norton is there, you would say.

ROSE. Mr. Norton!

EDMUNDS. Yes, Mr. Norton. Was he not there last evening? Was he not there the evening before? Is he not there at this moment?

Enter JOHN MADDOX.

JOHN. There at this moment?—of course he is.

ROSE. (*aside*). John here!

JOHN. Of course he is; of course he was there last night; and of course he was there the evening before. He 's always there, and so is his bosom friend and confidential demon, Mr. Sparkins Flam. Oh! George, we 're injured men, both of us.

EDMUNDS. Heartless girl! (*Retires up.*)

JOHN (*to* ROSE). Faithless person.

ROSE. Don't call me a person.

JOHN. You *are* a person, perjured, treacherous, and deceiving! Oh! George, if you had seen what I have seen to-day. Soft whisperings and loving smiles, gentle looks and encouraging sighs,—such looks and sighs as used once upon a time to be bestowed on us, George! If you had seen the Squire making up to Lucy, and Rose making up to Flam:—but I am very glad you did not see it, George, very. It would have broken your heart, as it has broken mine! Oh, Rose! could you break my heart?

ROSE. I could break your head with the greatest pleasure, you mischief-making booby; and if you don't make haste to wherever you 're going, somebody that I know of will certainly do so, very quickly.

JOHN. Will he, will he?—your friend, Mr. Flam, I suppose! Let him—that 's all; let him! (*Retires up.*)

ROSE. Oh! I 'll let him: you needn't be afraid of my interfering. Dear, dear, I wish Mr. Flam would come, for I will

own, notwithstanding what graver people may say, that I enjoy a little flirtation as much as any one.

Song.—ROSE.

Some folks who have grown old and sour,
Say love does nothing but annoy.
The fact is, they have had their hour,
So envy what they can't enjoy.
I like the glance—I like the sigh—
That does of ardent passion tell!
If some folks were as young as I,
I 'm sure they 'd like it quite as well.
Old maiden aunts so hate the men,
So well know how wives are harried,
It makes them sad—not jealous—when
They see their poor dear nieces married.
All men are fair and false, they know,
And with deep sighs they assail 'em,
It 's so long since they tried men, though,
I rather think their memories fail 'em.

—Here comes Mr. Flam. You 'd better go, John. I know you 'll be murdered.

JOHN. Here I shall stop; let him touch me, and he shall feel the weight of my indignation.

Enter FLAM.

FLAM. Ah, my charmer! Punctual to my time, you see, my sweet little Damask Rose!

JOHN (*coming down*). A great deal more like a monthly one, —constantly changing, and gone the moment you wear it.

ROSE. Impertinent creature!

FLAM. Who is this poetical cauliflower?

JOHN. Don't pretend not to know me. You know who I am, well enough.

FLAM. As I live, it 's the Ox!—retire, Ox, to your pasture, and don't rudely disturb the cooing of the doves. Go and graze, Ox!

JOHN. Suppose I choose to remain here, what then?

FLAM. Why then you must be driven off, mad Ox. (*To* ROSE.) Who is that other grasshopper?

ROSE. Hush, hush! for Heaven's sake don't let him hear you! It 's young Edmunds.

FLAM. Young Edmunds? And who the devil is young Edmunds? For beyond the natural inference that young Edmunds is the son of old Edmunds, curse me if the fame of young Edmunds has ever reached my ears.

ROSE (*in a low tone*). It 's Lucy's former lover, whom she has given up for the squire.

FLAM. The rejected cultivator?

ROSE. The same.

FLAM. Ah! I guessed as much from his earthly appearance. But, my darling Rose, I must speak with you,—I must— (*putting his arm round her waist, sees* JOHN). Good-bye, Ox!

JOHN. Good-bye!

FLAM. Pleasant walk to you, Ox!

JOHN. (*not moving*). Thank 'ee;—same to you!

FLAM. That other clodpole must not stay here either.

ROSE. Yes, yes! he neither sees nor hears us. Pray let him remain.

FLAM (*to* JOHN). You understand, Ox, that it is my wish that you forthwith retire and graze,—or in other words, that you at once, and without delay, betake yourself to the farm, or the devil, or any other place where you are in your element, and won't be in the way.

JOHN. Oh yes, I understand that.

FLAM. Very well; then the sooner you create a scarcity of such animals in this market, the better. Now, my dear Rose (*puts his arm round her waist again*). Are you gone, Ox?

JOHN. No.

FLAM. Are you going?

JOHN. By no means.

FLAM. This insolence is not to be borne.

ROSE. Oh, pray don't hurt him,—pray don't. Go away, you stupid creature, if you don't want to be ruined.

JOHN. That 's just the very advice I would give you, Rose; do *you* go away, if you don't want to be ruined. As for me, this is a public place, and here I 'll remain just as long as I think proper.

FLAM (*quitting* ROSE, *and advancing towards him*). You will?

JOHN. I will.

ROSE. Oh, dear, dear! I knew he 'd be murdered all along. I was quite certain of it.

JOHN. Don't frown and scowl at me,—it won't do,—it only makes me smile; and when you talk of insolence and put my blood up, I tell you at once, that I am not to be bullied.

FLAM. Bullied?

JOHN. Ay, bullied was the word,—bullied by a coward, if you like that better.

FLAM. Coward! (*Seizes his gun by the barrel, and aims a blow at him, with the butt-end;* EDMUNDS *rushes forward, and strikes it up with his stick.*)

EDMUNDS. Hold your hand, sir,—hold your hand, or I 'll fell you to the ground. Maddox, leave this place directly: take the opposite path, and I 'll follow you. (*Exit* MADDOX.) As for you, sir, who by the way of vindicating yourself from the charge of cowardice, raise your gun against an unarmed man, tell your protector, the Squire, from me, that he and his companions might content themselves with turning the heads of our farmers' daughters, and endeavouring to corrupt their hearts, without wantonly insulting the men they have most injured. Let this be a lesson to you, sir,—although you were armed, you would have had the worst of a scuffle, and you may not have the benefit of a third person's interference at so critical a moment, another time;—remember this warning, sir, and benefit by it. [*Exit.*

FLAM (*aside*). If Norton does not take a dear revenge for this insult, I have lost my influence with him. Bully! coward! They shall rue it.

ROSE (*with her apron to her eyes*). Oh, Mr. Flam! I can't bear to think that you should have suffered all this, on my account.

FLAM (*aside*). On her account!—a little vanity! (*To her.*) Suffered! Why, my dear, it was the drollest and most humorous affair that ever happened. Here stand I,—the Honourable Sparkins Flam,—on this second day of September, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine; and positively and solemnly declare that all the coffee-houses, play-houses, faro-tables, brag-tables, assemblies, drums and routs of a whole season put together, could not furnish such a splendid piece of exquisite drollery. The idea is admirable. My affecting to quarrel with a ploughman, and submitting to be lectured by another caterpillar, whom I suffer to burst into a butterfly importance!

ROSE. Then you were not really quarrelling?

FLAM. Bless you, no! I was only acting.

ROSE. Lor'! how well you do act, to be sure.

FLAM. Come, let us retire into the house, or after this joke we shall be the gaze of all the animated potatoes that are planted in this hole of a village. Why do you hesitate, Damask?

ROSE. Why, I have just been thinking that if you go to all these coffee-houses, and play-houses, and fairs, and brags, and keep playing drums, and routing people about, you 'll forget me, when you go back to London.

FLAM (*aside*). More than probable. (*To her.*) Never fear; you will be generally known as Rose the lovely, and I shall be universally denominated Flam the constant.

Duet.—ROSE *and* SPARKINS FLAM.

FLAM. 'Tis true I 'm caress'd by the witty,
The envy of all the fine beaux,
The pet of the court and the city,
But still I 'm the lover of Rose.

ROSE. Country sweethearts, oh, how I despise!
And oh! how delighted I am
To think that I shine in the eyes
Of the elegant—sweet—Mr. Flam.

FLAM. Allow me (*offers to kiss her*).
ROSE. Pray don't be so bold, sir. (*Kisses her.*)
FLAM. What sweets on that honey'd lip hang!
ROSE. Your presumption, I know, I should scold, sir,
But I really *can't* scold Mr. Flam.

BOTH. Then let us be happy together,
Content with the world as it goes,
An unchangeable couple for ever,
Mr. Flam and his beautiful Rose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Farmer's Kitchen. A table and chairs.*

Enter OLD BENSON *and* MARTIN.

BENSON. Well, Stokes. Now you have the opportunity you have desired, and we are alone, I am ready to listen to the information which you wished to communicate to my private ear.
MARTIN. Exactly;—you said information, I think?
BENSON. *You* said information, or I have forgotten.
MARTIN. Just so, exactly; I said information. I *did* say information, why should I deny it?
BENSON. I see no necessity for your doing so, certainly. Pray go on.
MARTIN. Why, you see, my dear Mr. Benson, the fact is—won't you be seated? Pray sit down (*brings forward two chairs;—they sit*). There, now,—let me see,—where was I?
BENSON. You were going to begin, I think.
MARTIN. Oh,—ah!—so I was;—I hadn't begun, had I?
BENSON. No, no! Pray begin again, if you had.
MARTIN. Well, then, what I have got to say is not so much information, as a kind of advice, or suggestion, or hint, or something of that kind; and it relates to—eh?—(*looking very mysterious*).
BENSON. What?
MARTIN. Yes (*nodding*). Don't you think there 's something wrong there?

BENSON. Where?

MARTIN. In that quarter.

BENSON. In what quarter? Speak more plainly, sir.

MARTIN. You know what a friendly feeling I entertain to your family. You know what a very particular friend of mine you are. You know how anxious I always am to prevent anything going wrong.

BENSON. Well! (*abruptly*).

MARTIN. Yes, I see you 're very sensible of it, but I 'll take it for granted: you needn't bounce and fizz about, in that way, because it makes one nervous. Don't you think, now, *don't* you think, that ill-natured people may say;—don't be angry, you know, because if I wasn't a very particular friend of the family, I wouldn't mention the subject on any account;—don't you think that ill-natured people may say there 's something wrong in the frequency of the Squire's visits here?

BENSON (*starting up furiously*). What!

MARTIN (*aside*). Here he goes again!

BENSON. Who dares suspect my child?

MARTIN. Ah, to be sure, that 's exactly what I say. Who dares? Damme, I should like to see 'em!

BENSON. Is it you?

MARTIN. I! Bless you, no, not for the world! I!—Come, that 's a good one. I only say what other people say, you know; that 's all.

BENSON. And what are these tales, that idle busy fools prate of with delight, among themselves, caring not whose ears they reach, so long as they are kept from the old man, whose blindness—the blindness of a fond and doting father—is subject for their rude and brutal jeering. What are they?

MARTIN. Dear me, Mr. Benson, you keep me in a state of perpetual excitement.

BENSON. Tell me, without equivocation, what do they say?

MARTIN. Why, they say they think it—not exactly wrong, perhaps; don't fly out, now—but among those remarkable coincidences which do occur sometimes, that whenever you go out of your house, the Squire and his friend should

come into it; that Miss Lucy and Miss Rose, in the long walks they take every day, should be met and walked home with by the same gentlemen; that long after you have gone to bed at night, the Squire and Mr. Sparkins Flam should still be seen hovering about the lane and meadow; and that one of the lattice windows should be always open, at that hour.

BENSON. This is all?

MARTIN. Ye—yes,—yes, that 's all.

BENSON. Nothing beside?

MARTIN. Eh?

BENSON. Nothing beside?

MARTIN. Why, there *is* something else, but I know you 'll begin to bounce about again, if I tell it you.

BENSON. No, no! let me hear it all.

MARTIN. Why, then, they do say that the Squire has been heard to boast that he had practised on Lucy's mind—that when he bid her, she would leave her father and her home, and follow him over the world.

BENSON. They lie! Her breast is pure and innocent! Her soul is free from guilt; her mind from blemish. They lie! I 'll not believe it. Are they mad? Do they think that I stand tamely by, and look upon my child's disgrace? Heaven! do they know of what a father's heart is made?

MARTIN. My dear Mr. Benson, if you—

BENSON. This coarse and brutal boast shall be disowned. (*Going;* MARTIN *stops him.*)

MARTIN. My dear Mr. Benson, you know it may not have been made after all,—my dear sir,—

BENSON (*struggling*). Unhand me, Martin! Made or not made, it has gone abroad, fixing an infamous notoriety on me and mine. I 'll hear its truth or falsehood from himself. (*Breaks from him and exit.*)

MARTIN (*solus*). There 'll be something decidedly wrong here presently. Hallo! here 's another very particular friend in a fume.

Enter YOUNG BENSON *hastily.*

MARTIN. Ah! my dear fellow, how—

YOUNG BENSON. Where is Lucy?

MARTIN. I don't know, unless she has walked out with the Squire.

YOUNG BENSON. The Squire!

MARTIN. To be sure; she very often walks out with the Squire. Very pleasant recreation walking out with the Squire;—capital custom, an't it?

YOUNG BENSON. Where 's my father?

MARTIN. Why, upon my word, I am unable to satisfy your curiosity in that particular either. All I know of him is that he whisked out of this room in a rather boisterous and turbulent manner for an individual at his time of life, some few seconds before you whisked in. But what 's the matter?—you seem excited. Nothing wrong, is there?

YOUNG BENSON (*aside*). This treatment of Edmunds, and Lucy's altered behaviour to him, confirm my worst fears. Where is Mr. Norton?

MARTIN (*calling off*). Ah! to be sure,—where is Mr. Norton?

Enter SQUIRE.

SQUIRE. Mr. Norton is here. Who wishes to see him?

MARTIN. To be sure, sir. Mr. Norton is here: who wishes to see him?

YOUNG BENSON. I do.

MARTIN. I don't. Old fellow, good-bye! Mr. Norton, good evening! (*Aside.*) There 'll be something wrong here, in a minute. [*Exit.*

SQUIRE. Well, young man?

YOUNG BENSON. If you contemplate treachery here, Mr. Norton, look to yourself. My father is an old man; the chief prop of his declining years is his child,—my sister. For your actions here, sir, you shall render a dear account to me.

SQUIRE. To *you*, peasant!

YOUNG BENSON. To me, sir. One other scene like that enacted by your creature, at your command, to-night, may

terminate more seriously to him. For your behaviour here you are responsible to me.

SQUIRE. Indeed! Anything more, sir?

YOUNG BENSON. Simply this:—after injuring the old man beyond reparation, and embittering the last moments of his life, you may possibly attempt to shield yourself under the paltry excuse, that, as a gentleman, you cannot descend to take the consequences from my hand. You *shall* take them from me, sir, if I strike you to the earth first.

[*Exit.*

SQUIRE. Fiery and valorous, indeed! As the suspicions of the family are aroused, no time is to be lost: the girl must be carried off to-night, if possible. With Flam's assistance and management, she may be speedily removed from within the reach of these rustic sparks. In my cooler moments, the reflection of the misery I may inflict upon the old man makes my conduct appear base and dishonourable, even to myself. Pshaw! hundreds have done the same thing before me, who have been lauded and blazoned forth as men of honour. Honour in such cases,—an idle tale!—a by-word! Honour! There is much to be gleaned from old tales; and the legend of the child and the old man speaks but too truly.

Song.—SQUIRE NORTON.

The child and the old man sat alone
In the quiet peaceful shade
Of the old green boughs, that had richly grown
In the deep thick forest glade.
It was a soft and pleasant sound,
That rustling of the oak;
And the gentle breeze play'd lightly round,
As thus the fair boy spoke:—

'Dear father, what can honour be,
Of which I hear men rave?
Field, cell and cloister, land and sea,
The tempest and the grave:—

It lives in all, 'tis sought in each,
'Tis never heard or seen:
Now tell me, father, I beseech,
What can this honour mean?'

'It is a name,—a name, my child,—
It lived in other days,
When men were rude, their passions wild,
Their sport, thick battle-frays.
When in armour bright, the warrior bold,
Knelt to his lady's eyes:
Beneath the abbey-pavement old
That warrior's dust now lies.

'The iron hearts of that old day
Have moulder'd in the grave;
And chivalry has pass'd away,
With knights so true and brave;
The honour, which to them was life,
Throbs in no bosom now;
It only gilds the gambler's strife,
Or decks the worthless vow.'[1]

Enter LUCY.

SQUIRE. Lucy, dear Lucy.

LUCY. Let me entreat you not to stay here, sir! you will be exposed to nothing but insult and attack. Edmunds and my brother have both returned, irritated at something that has passed with my cousin Rose:—for my sake,—for my sake, Mr. Norton, spare me the pain of witnessing what will ensue, if they find you here. You little know what I have borne already.

SQUIRE. For your sake, Lucy, I would do much; but why should I leave you to encounter the passion and ill-will, from which you would have me fly?

[1] In John Hullah's music to this song, the last two lines are printed as follows:—

'The name adorns the gambler's strife,
Or gilds the worthless vow.'—ED.

LUCY. Oh, I can bear it, sir; I deserve it but too well.

SQUIRE. Deserve it!—you do yourself an injustice, Lucy. No; rather let me remove you from a house where you will suffer nothing but persecution, and confer upon you a title which the proudest lady in the land might wear. Here —here, on my knees (*he bends on his knee, and seizes her hand*).

Enter FLAM.

'SQUIRE (*rising*). Flam here!

'FLAM (*aside*). Upon my word!—I thought we had been get-'ting on pretty well in the open air, but they 're beating us 'hollow here, under cover.

'SQUIRE. Lucy, but one word, and I understand your de-'cision.

'LUCY. I—I cannot subdue the feelings of uneasiness and dis-'trust which the great difference between your honour's 'rank and mine awakens in my mind.

'SQUIRE. Difference! Hundreds of such cases happen every 'day!

'LUCY. Indeed!

'SQUIRE. Oh, 'tis a matter of general notoriety,—isn't it, 'Flam?

'FLAM. No doubt of it. (*Aside.*) Don't exactly know yet 'what they are talking about, though.

'SQUIRE. A relation of my own, a man of exalted rank, 'courted a girl far his inferior in station but only beneath 'him in that respect. In all others she was on a footing 'of equality with himself, if not far above him.

'LUCY. And were they married?

'FLAM (*aside*). Rather an important circumstance in the case. 'I *do* remember that.

'SQUIRE. They were,—after a time, when the resentment of 'his friends, occasioned by his forming such an attachment, 'had subsided, and he was able to acknowledge her, with-'out involving the ruin of both.

'LUCY. They were married privately at first, then?

'FLAM (*aside*). I must put in a word here. Oh, yes, it was

'all comfortably arranged to everybody's satisfaction,—'wasn't it, Norton?

'SQUIRE. Certainly. And a happy couple they were, weren't 'they, Flam?

'FLAM. Happiest of the happy. As happy as (*aside*)—a 'separation could make them.

'SQUIRE. Hundreds of great people have formed similar at-'tachments,—haven't they, Flam?

'FLAM. Undoubtedly. There was the Right Honourable 'Augustus Frederick Charles Thomson Camharado, and the 'German Baron Hyfenstyfenlooberhausen, and they were 'both married—(*aside*) to somebody else, first. Not to 'mention Damask and I, who are models of constancy. By 'the bye, I have lost sight of her, and I am interrupting 'you. (*Aside to* SQUIRE, *as he goes out.*) I came to tell 'you that she is ripe for an elopement, if you urge her 'strongly. Edmunds has been reproaching her to my 'knowledge. She 'll consent while her passion lasts.

['*Exit.*'

SQUIRE. Lucy, I wait your answer. One word from you, and a few hours will place you far beyond the reach of those who would fetter your choice and control your inclinations. You hesitate. Come, decide. The Squire's lady, or the wife of Edmunds!

Duet.—LUCY *and* SQUIRE NORTON.

SQUIRE. In rich and lofty station shine,
Before his jealous eyes:
In golden splendour, lady mine,
This peasant youth despise.

LUCY (*apart: the* SQUIRE *regarding her attentively*).

Oh! it would be revenge indeed
With scorn his glance to meet.
I, I, his humble pleading heed!
I 'd spurn him from my feet.

SQUIRE. With love and rage her bosom 's torn,
And rash the choice will be;
LUCY. With love and rage my bosom 's torn,
And rash the choice will be.

SQUIRE. From hence she quickly must be borne,
Her home, her home, she 'll flee.
LUCY. Oh! long shall I have cause to mourn
My home, my home, for thee!

Enter OLD BENSON.

BENSON. What do I see! The Squire and Lucy.

SQUIRE. Listen. A chaise and four fleet horses, under the direction of a trusty friend of mine, will be in waiting on the high road, at the corner of the Elm-Tree avenue, to-night, at ten o'clock. They shall bear you whither we can be safe, and in secret, by the first light of morning.

LUCY. His cruel harshness;—it would be revenge, indeed. But my father—my poor old father!

SQUIRE. Your father is prejudiced in Edmund's favour; and so long as he thinks there is any chance of your being his, he will oppose your holding communication with me. Situated as you are now, you only stand in the way of his wealth and advancement. Once 'fly with me, and in four-'and-twenty hours you will be his pride, his boast, his sup-'port.

OLD BENSON *coming forward.*

BENSON. It is a lie, a base lie!—(LUCY *shrieks and throws herself at his feet.*) My pride! my boast! She would be my disgrace, my shame: an outcast from her father's roof, and from the world. Support!—support *me* with the gold coined in her infamy and guilt! Heaven help me! Have I cherished her for this!

LUCY (*clinging to him*). Father!—dear, dear father!

SQUIRE. Hear me speak, Benson. Be calm.

BENSON. Calm!—Do you know that from infancy I have almost worshipped her, fancying that I saw in her young mind the virtues of a mother, to whom the anguish of this

one hour would have been worse than death! Calm!—do you know that I have a heart and soul within me; or do you believe that because I am of lower station, I am a being of a different order from yourself, and that Nature has denied me thought and feeling! Calm! Man, do you know that I am this girl's father?

SQUIRE. Benson, if you will not hear me, at least do not, by hastily exposing this matter, deprive me of the inclination of making you some reparation.

BENSON. Reparation! You need be thankful, sir, for the grasp she has upon my arm. Money! If she were dying for want, and the smallest coin from you could restore her to life and health, sooner than she should take it from your hand, I would cast her from a sick bed to perish on the road-side.

SQUIRE. Benson, a word.

BENSON. Do not, I caution you; do not talk to me, sir. I am an old man, but I do not know what passion may make me do.

SQUIRE. These are high words, Benson. A farmer!

BENSON. Yes, sir; a farmer, one of the men on whom you, and such as you, depend for the money they squander in profligacy and idleness. A farmer, sir! I care not for your long pedigree of ancestors,—my forefathers made them all. Here, neighbours, friends! (ROSE, MADDOX, STOKES, *Villagers, etc., crowd on the stage.*) Hear this, hear this! your landlord, a high-born gentleman, entering the houses of your humble farmers, and tempting their daughters to destruction!

Enter YOUNG BENSON *and* GEORGE EDMUNDS.

YOUNG BENSON. What 's that I hear? (*rushing towards the* SQUIRE, STOKES *interposes*).

MARTIN. Hallo, hallo! Take hold of the other one, John. (MADDOX *and he remove them to opposite sides of the stage.*) Hold him tight, John, hold him tight. Stand still, there 's a good fellow. Keep back, Squire. Knew there 'd be something wrong,—ready to come in at the nick of time,—capital custom.

FLAM *enters and stands next the* SQUIRE.

SQUIRE. Exposed, baited! Benson, are you mad? Within the last few hours my friend here has been attacked and insulted on the very land you hold, by a person in your employ and young Edmunds there. I, too, have been threatened and insulted in the presence of my tenantry and workmen. Take care you do not drive me to extremities. Remember—the lease of this farm for seventy years, which your father took of mine, expires to-morrow; and that I have the power to refuse its renewal. Again I ask you, are you mad?

BENSON. Quit my house, villain!

SQUIRE. Villain! quit *my* house, then. This farm is mine: and you and yours shall depart from under its roof, before the sun has set to-morrow. (BENSON *sinks into a chair in centre, and covers his face with his hands.*)

Sestet and Chorus.

LUCY—ROSE—EDMUNDS—SQUIRE NORTON—FLAM—YOUNG BENSON—*and Chorus.*

YOUNG BENSON. Turn him from the farm! From his home will you cast
The old man who has till'd it for years?
Every tree, every flower, is link'd with the past,
And a friend of his childhood appears.
Turn *him* from the farm! O'er its grassy hill-side,
A gay boy he once loved to range;
His boyhood has fled, and its dear friends are dead,
But these meadows have never known change.

EDMUNDS. Oppressor, hear me.
LUCY. On my knees I implore
SQUIRE. I command it, and you will obey.
ROSE. Rise, dear Lucy, rise; you shall not kneel before
The tyrant who drives us away.
SQUIRE. Your sorrows are useless, your prayers are in vain;
I command it and you will begone.
I 'll hear no more.

EDMUNDS. No, they shall not beg again,
Of a man whom I view with deep scorn.
FLAM. Do not yield.
YOUNG BENSON. }
SQUIRE. }
LUCY. } Leave the farm!
ROSE. }
EDMUNDS. Your power I despise.
SQUIRE. And your threats, boy, I disregard, too.
FLAM. Do not yield.
YOUNG BENSON. }
SQUIRE. }
LUCY. } Leave the farm!
ROSE. }
ROSE. If he leaves it, he dies.
EDMUNDS. This base act, proud man, you shall rue.
YOUNG BENSON. Turn him from the farm! From his home will you cast
The old man who has till'd it for years?
Every tree, every flower, is link'd with the past,
And a friend of his childhood appears!
SQUIRE. Yes, yes, leave the farm! From his home I will cast
The old man who has till'd it for years;
Though each tree and flower is link'd with the past,
And a friend of his childhood appears.

Chorus.

He has turn'd from his farm, from his home he has cast
The old man who has till'd it for years;
Though each tree and flower is link'd with the past,
And a friend of his childhood appears.

END OF THE FIRST ACT

ACT II

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Hall. A breakfast-table, with urn and tea-service. A Livery Servant arranging it.* FLAM, *in a morning gown and slippers, reclining on the sofa.*

FLAM. Is the Squire out of bed yet?

SERVANT. Yes, sir, he will be down directly.

FLAM. Any letters from London?

SERVANT. One for your honour, that the man brought over from the market-town, this morning.

FLAM. Give it me, blockhead! (*Servant gives it, and exit.*) Never like the look of a great official-folded letter, with a large seal, 'it 's always an unpleasant one. Talk of dis-'covering a man's character from his handwriting!—I 'll 'back myself against any odds to form a very close guess 'at the contents of a letter from the form into which it is 'folded. This, now, I should say, is a decidedly hostile 'fold.' Let us see—'King's Bench Walk—September 1st, 1729. Sir, I am instructed by my client, Mr. Edward Montague, to apply to you—(the old story—for the immediate payment, I suppose—what 's this?)—to apply to you for the instant restitution of the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, his son lost to you at play; and to acquaint you, that unless it is immediately forwarded to my office, as above, the circumstances of the transaction will be made known; and the unfair and fraudulent means by which you deprived the young man of his money, publicly advertised.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant, John Ellis.' The devil! 'who would believe now, that such a 'trifling circumstance as the mere insinuation of a small 'piece of gold into the corner of two dice would influence 'a man's destiny!' What 's to be done? If, by some dextrous stroke, I could manage to curry favour with Norton, and procure some handsome present in return for services rendered,—for, 'work and labour done and performed,' as my obedient servant, John Ellis, would say, I might

keep my head above water yet. I have it! He shall have a joyful surprise. I'll carry this girl off for him, and he shall know nothing of the enterprise until it is completed, or at least till she is fairly off. I have been well rewarded for similar services before, and may securely calculate on his gratitude in the present instance. He is here. (*Puts up the letter.*)

Enter SQUIRE NORTON.

SQUIRE (*seating himself at table*). Has any application for permission to remain on the farm been made from Benson, this morning, Flam?

FLAM. None.

SQUIRE. I am very sorry for it, although I admire the old man's independent spirit. I am very sorry for it. Wrong as I know I have been, I would rather that the first concession came from him.

FLAM. Concession!

SQUIRE. The more I reflect upon the occurrences of yesterday, Flam, the more I regret that, under the influence of momentary passion and excitement, I should have used so uncalled-for a threat against my father's oldest tenant. It is an act of baseness to which I look back with abhorrence.

FLAM (*aside*). What weathercock morality is this!

SQUIRE. It was unnecessary violence.

FLAM. Unnecessary! Oh, certainly; no doubt you could have attained your object without it, and can still. There is no occasion to punish the old man.

SQUIRE. Nor will I. He shall not leave the farm, if I myself implore, and beg him to remain.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. Two young women to speak with your honour.

Enter LUCY *and* ROSE.

SQUIRE. Lucy!

FLAM (*aside*). She must be carried off to-night, or she certainly will save me the trouble, and I shall lose the money.

LUCY. Your honour may be well surprised to see me here, after the events of yesterday. It has cost me no trifling struggle to take this step, but I hope my better feelings have at length prevailed, and conquered my pride and weakness. I wish to speak to your honour, with nobody by.

FLAM (*aside*). Nobody by! I rather suspect I 'm not particularly wanted here. (*To them.*) Pray allow us to retire for a few moments. Rose, my dear.

ROSE. Well!

FLAM. Come along.

LUCY. Rose will remain here, I brought her for that purpose.

FLAM. Bless me! that 's very odd. As you please, of course, but I really think you 'll find her very much in the way. (*Aside.*) Acting propriety! So much the better for my purpose; a little coyness will enhance the value of the prize.

[*Exit* FLAM.

LUCY. Mr. Norton, I come here to throw myself upon your honourable feelings, as a man and as a gentleman. Oh, sir! now that my eyes are opened to the misery into which I have plunged myself, by my own ingratitude and treachery, do not—do not add to it the reflection that I have driven my father in his old age from the house where he was born, and in which he hoped to have died.

SQUIRE. Be calm, Lucy; your father shall continue to hold the farm; the lease shall be renewed.

LUCY. I have more to say to your honour still, and what I have to add may even induce your honour to retract the promise you have just now made me.

SQUIRE. Lucy! what can you mean?

LUCY. Oh, sir! call me coquette, faithless, treacherous, deceitful, what you will; I deserve it all;—but believe me, I speak the truth when I make the humiliating avowal. A weak, despicable vanity induced me to listen with a ready ear to your honour's addresses, and to cast away the best and noblest heart that ever woman won.

SQUIRE. Lucy, 'twas but last night you told me that your love for Edmunds had vanished into air; that you hated and despised him.

Lucy. I know it, sir, too well. He laid bare my own guilt, and showed me the ruin which impended over me. He spoke the truth. Your honour more than confirmed him.

Squire (*after a pause*). Even the avowal you have just made, unexpected as it is, shall not disturb my resolution. Your father shall not leave the farm.

Quartet.

Lucy—Rose—Squire Norton, *and afterwards* Young Benson.

Squire. Hear me, when I swear that the farm is your own
Through all changes Fortune may make;
The base charge of falsehood I never have known;
This promise I never will break.

Rose *and* Lucy. Hear him, when he swears that the farm is our own
Through all changes Fortune may make;
The base charge of falsehood he never has known;
This promise he never will break.

Enter Young Benson.

Young Benson. My sister here! Lucy! begone, I command.

Squire. To your home I restore you again.

Young Benson. No boon I 'll accept from that treacherous hand
As the price of my sister's fair fame.

Squire. To your home!

Young Benson (*to* Lucy). Hence away!

Lucy. Brother dear, I obey.

Squire. I restore.

Young Benson. Hence away!

Young Benson, Rose, *and* Lucy. Let us leave.

Lucy. He swears it, dear brother.

Squire. I swear it.

Young Benson. Away!

Squire. I swear it.

Young Benson. You swear to deceive.

SQUIRE. Hear me, when I swear that the farm is your own
Through all changes Fortune may make.
LUCY *and* ROSE. Hear him when he swears that the farm is our own.
Through all changes Fortune may make.
YOUNG BENSON. Hear him swear, hear him swear, that the farm is our own
Through all changes Fortune may make.
SQUIRE. The base charge of falsehood I never have known,
This promise I never will break.
LUCY *and* ROSE. The base charge of falsehood he never has known,
This promise he never will break.
YOUNG BENSON. The base charge of falsehood he often has known
This promise he surely will break.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Re-enter FLAM, *in a walking-dress.*

FLAM. The coast is clear at last. What on earth the conversation can have been, at which Rose *was* wanted, and I was not, I confess my inability to comprehend; but away with speculation, and now to business.—(*Rings.*)

Enter Servant.

Pen and ink.
SERVANT. Yes, sir. [*Exit Servant.*
FLAM (*solus*). Nearly all the tenantry will be assembled here at the ball to-night; and if the father of this rustic Dulcinea is reinstated in his farm, he and his people will no doubt be among the number. It will be easy enough to entice the girl into the garden, through the window opening on the lawn; a chaise can be waiting in the quiet lane at the side, and some trusty fellow can slip a hasty note into Norton's hands informing him of the flight, and naming the place at which he can join us. (*Re-enter Servant with pen, ink, taper and two sheets of notepaper; he places them on the table and exit.*) I may as well reply to my friend Mr. John Ellis's obliging favour now, too, by

promising that the money shall be forwarded in the course of three days' post. (*Takes the letter from his pocket, and lays it on the table.*) Lie you there. First, for Norton's note.—'Dear Norton,—knowing your wishes—seized the girl—no blame attach to you. Join us as soon as people have dispersed in search of her in all directions but the right one,—fifteen miles off.' (*Folds it ready for an envelope and lays it by the side of the other letter.*) Now for John Ellis. Why, what does the rascal mean by bringing but two sheets of paper? No matter: that affair will keep cool till to-morrow, when I have less business on my hands, and more money in my pockets, I hope. (*Crumples the letter he has just written, hastily up, thrusts it into his pocket, and folds the wrong one in the envelope. As he is sealing it*

Enter MARTIN, *very cautiously.*

MARTIN (*peeping*). There he is, hatching some mysterious and diabolical plot. If I can only get to the bottom of these dreadful designs, I shall immortalise myself. What a lucky dog I am, to be such a successful gleaner of news, and such a confidential person into the bargain, as to be the first to hear that he wanted some trustworthy person. All comes of talking to everybody I meet, and drawing out everything they hear. Capital custom! He don't see me. Hem! (*Coughs very loud, and when* FLAM *looks round, nods familiarly.*) How are you again?

FLAM. How am I again! Who the devil are you?—and what do you want here?

MARTIN. Hush!

FLAM. Eh?

MARTIN. Hush! I 'm the man.

FLAM. *The* man!

MARTIN. Yes, the man that you asked the ostler at the George to recommend you; the trustworthy man that knows all the by-roads well, and can keep a secret; the man that you wanted to lend you a hand in a job that—

FLAM. Hush, hush!

MARTIN. Oh! you 're beginning to hush now, are you?

FLAM. Haven't I seen your face before?

MARTIN. To be sure you have. You recollect admiring my manners at Benson's yesterday. You must remember Mr. Martin Stokes. You *can't* have forgotten him—not possible!

FLAM (*aside*). A friend of Benson!—a dangerous rencontre. Another moment, and our conversation might have taken an awkward turn. (*To him.*) So you are Stokes, eh? Benson's friend Stokes?

MARTIN. To be sure. Ha, ha! I knew you couldn't have forgotten me. Pleasant Stokes they call me, clever Stokes sometimes;—but that 's flattery.

FLAM. No, surely.

MARTIN. Yes, 'pon my life! it is. Can't bear flattery,—don't like it at all.

FLAM. Well, Mr. Stokes—

MARTIN (*aside*). Now for the secret.

FLAM. I am very sorry you have had the trouble of coming up here, Mr. Stokes, because I have changed my plan, and shall not require your valuable services. (*Goes up to the table.*)

MARTIN (*aside*). Something wrong here: try him again. You 're sure you don't want me?

FLAM. Quite.

MARTIN. That 's unlucky, because, as I have quarrelled with Benson—

FLAM. Quarrelled with Benson!

MARTIN. What! didn't you know that?

FLAM. Never heard of it. Now I think of it, Mr. Stokes, I *shall* want your assistance. Pray, sit down, Mr. Stokes.

MARTIN. With pleasure. (*They sit.*) I say, I *thought* you wanted me.

FLAM. Ah! you 're a sharp fellow.

MARTIN. You don't mean that?

FLAM. I do, indeed.

MARTIN (*aside*). You would, if you knew all.

FLAM (*aside*). Conceited hound!

MARTIN (*aside*). Poor devil!

FLAM. Mr. Stokes, I needn't impress upon a gentleman of

your intelligence, the necessity of secrecy in this matter.

MARTIN. Of course not: see all—say nothing. Capital custom:—(*aside*) not mine though. Go on.

FLAM. You wouldn't mind playing Benson a trick,—just a harmless trick?

'MARTIN. Certainly not. Go on.

'FLAM. I'll trust you.

'MARTIN. So you may. Go on.'

FLAM. A chaise and four will be waiting to-night, at ten o'clock precisely, at the little gate that opens from the garden into the lane.

'MARTIN. No: will it though? Go on.'

FLAM. 'Don't interrupt me, Stokes.' Into that chaise you must assist me in forcing as quickly as possible and without noise—

'MARTIN. Yes. Go on.

'FLAM. Whom do you think?

'MARTIN. Don't know.'

FLAM. Can't you guess whom?

MARTIN. No.

FLAM. Try.

MARTIN. Eh! what!—Miss—

FLAM. Hush, hush! You understand me, I see. Not another word; not another syllable.

MARTIN. But do you really mean to run away with—

FLAM (*stopping his mouth*). You understand me;—that 's quite sufficient.

MARTIN (*aside*). He 's going to run away with Rose. Why, if I hadn't found this out, John Maddox,—one of my most particular friends,—would have gone stark, staring, raving mad with grief. (*To him.*) But what will become of Miss Lucy, when she has lost Rose?

FLAM. No matter. We cannot take them both, without the certainty of an immediate discovery. 'Meet me at the cor-'ner of the avenue, before the ball commences, and I will 'communicate any further instructions I may have to give 'you. Meanwhile' take this (*gives him money*) as an earnest of what you shall receive when the girl is secured. Remember, silence and secrecy.

MARTIN. Silence and secrecy, (*exit* FLAM)—confidence and two guineas. I am perfectly bewildered with this tremendous secret. What shall I do? Where shall I go?—To my particular friend, old Benson, or young Benson, or George Edmunds? or—no; I 'll go and paralyse my particular friend, John Maddox. Not a moment is to be lost. I am all in a flutter. Run away with Rose! I suppose he 'll run away with Lucy next. *I* shouldn't wonder. Run away with Rose! I never did— [*Exit hastily.*

SCENE II.—*An open spot in the Village.*

Enter SQUIRE NORTON.

SQUIRE. My mind is made up. This girl has opened her whole heart to me; and it would be worse than villainy to pursue her further. I will seek out Benson and Edmunds, and endeavour to repair the mischief my folly has occasioned. I have sought happiness in the dissipation of crowded cities, in vain. A country life offers health and cheerfulness; and a country life shall henceforth be mine, in all seasons.

Song.—SQUIRE NORTON.

There 's a charm in Spring, when everything
Is bursting from the ground;
When pleasant showers bring forth the flowers,
And all is life around.

In summer day, the fragrant hay
Most sweetly scents the breeze;
And all is still, save murmuring rill,
Or sound of humming bees.

Old Autumn come, with trusty gun
In quest of birds we roam:
Unerring aim, we mark the game,
And proudly bear it home.

A winter's night has its delight,
Well warm'd to bed we go;

A winter's day, we 're blithe and gay,
Snipe-shooting in the snow.

A country life without the strife
And noisy din of town,
Is all I need, I take no heed
Of splendour or renown.

And when I die, oh, let me lie
Where trees above me wave;
Let wild plants bloom, around my tomb,
My quiet country grave! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Rick-yard. Same as* ACT I. SCENE I.

EDMUNDS *and* MADDOX *meeting.*

JOHN. Ah, George! Why this is kind to come down to the old farm to-day, and take one peep at us, before we leave it for ever. I suppose it 's fancy, now, George, but to my thinking I never saw the hedges look so fresh, the fields so rich, or the old house so pretty and comfortable, as they do this morning. It 's fancy that, George,—an't it?

EDMUNDS. It 's a place you may well be fond of, and attached to, for it 's the prettiest spot in all the country round.

JOHN. Ah! you always enter into my feelings; and speaking of that, I want to ask your advice about Rose. I meant to come up to you to-day, on purpose. Do you think she is fond of me, George?

EDMUNDS (*smiling*). What do *you* think? She has not shown any desperate warmth of affection, of late, has she?

JOHN. No—no, she certainly has not, but she used to once, and the girl has got a good heart after all; and she came crying to me, this morning, in the little paddock, and somehow or other, my heart melted towards her; and—and—there 's something very pleasant about her manner,—isn't there, George?

EDMUNDS. No doubt of it, as other people besides ourselves would appear to think.

JOHN. You mean Mr. Flam? (EDMUNDS *nods assent.*) Ah!

it 's a bad business, altogether; but still there are some excuses to be made for a young country girl, who has never seen a town gentleman before, and can't be expected to know as well as you and I, George, what the real worth of one is. However that may be, Rose came into the little paddock this morning, as I was standing there, looking at the young colts, and thinking of all our misfortunes; and first of all she walked by me, and then she stopped at a little distance, and then she walked back, and stopped again; and I heard her sobbing as if her heart would burst: and then she came a little nearer, and at last she laid her hand upon my arm, and looked up in my face: and the tears started into my eyes, George, and I couldn't bear it any longer, for I thought of the many pleasant days we had been happy together, and it hurt me to think that she should ever have done anything to make her afraid of me, or me unkind to her.

EDMUNDS. You 're a good fellow, John, an excellent fellow. Take her; I believe her to have an excellent disposition, though it is a little disguised by girlish levity sometimes;—you may safely take her,—if she had far less good feeling than she actually possesses, she could never abuse your kind and affectionate nature.

JOHN. Is that your advice? Give me your hand, George (*they shake hands*), I will take her. You shall dance at our wedding, and I don't quite despair yet of dancing at yours, at the same time.

EDMUNDS. At mine! Where is the old man? I came here to offer him the little cottage in the village, which belongs to me. There is no tenant in it now: it has a pretty garden, of which I know he is fond, and it may serve his turn till he has had time to look about him.

JOHN. He is somewhere about the farm; walk with me across the yard, and perhaps we may meet him—this way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter YOUNG BENSON.

YOUNG BENSON. The worst portion of the poor old man's hard trial is past. I have lingered with him in every field

on the land, and wandered through every room in the old house. I can neither blame his grief, nor console him in his affliction, for the farm has been the happy scene of my birth and boyhood; and I feel, in looking on it, for the last time, as if I were leaving the dearest friends of my youth, for ever.

Song.—YOUNG BENSON.

My fair home is no longer mine;
From its roof-tree I 'm driven away,
Alas! who will tend the old vine,
Which I planted in infancy's day!
The garden, the beautiful flowers,
The oak with its branches on high,
Dear friends of my happiest hours,
Among ye, I long hoped to die.
The briar, the moss, and the bramble,
Along the green paths will run wild:
The paths where I once used to ramble,
An innocent, light-hearted child.

At the conclusion of the song enter to the symphony OLD BENSON, *with* LUCY *and* ROSE.

YOUNG BENSON (*advancing to meet him*). Come, father, come!

OLD BENSON. I am ready, boy. We have but to walk a few steps, and the pang of leaving is over. Come, Rose, bring on that unhappy girl; come!

As they are going, enter the SQUIRE, *who meets them.*

SQUIRE. I am in time.

BENSON (*to* YOUNG BENSON, *who is advancing*). Harry, stand back. Mr. Norton, if by this visit you intend to mock the misery you have inflicted here, it is a heartless insult that might have been spared.

SQUIRE. You do me an injustice, Benson. I come here,—not to insult your grief, but to entreat, implore you, to remain. The lease of this farm shall be renewed;—I beseech you to remain here.

BENSON. It is not the quitting even the home of my infancy, which most men love, that bows my spirit down to-day. Here, in this old house, for near two hundred years, my ancestors have lived and died, and left their names behind them free from spot or blemish. I am the first to cross its threshold with the brand of infamy upon me. Would to God I had been borne from its porch a senseless corpse many weary years ago, so that I had been spared this hard calamity! You have moved an old man's weakness, but not with your revenge, sir. You implore me to remain here. I spurn your offer. *Here!* A father yielding to the destroyer of his child's good name and honour! Say no more, sir. Let me pass.

Enter, behind, STOKES *and* EDMUNDS.

SQUIRE. Benson, you are guilty of the foulest injustice, not to me, but to your daughter. After her fearless confession to me this morning of her love for Edmunds, and her abhorrence of my professions, I honour her too much to injure her, or you.

LUCY. Dear father, it is true indeed. The noble behaviour of his honour to me, this morning, I can never forget, or be too grateful for.

BENSON. Thank God! thank God! I can look upon her once again. My child! my own child! (*he embraces her with great emotion.*) I have done your honour wrong, and I hope you 'll forgive me. (*They shake hands.*)

MARTIN (*running forward*). So have I! so have I! I have done his honour wrong, and I hope he 'll forgive me too. You don't leave the farm, then? Hurrah! (*A man carrying a pail, some harness, etc., crosses the stage.*) Hallo, young fellow! go back, go back! don't take another thing away, and bring back all you have carried off; they are going to stop in the farm. Hallo! you fellows! (*Calling off.*) Leave the barn alone, and put everything in its place. They are going to stop in the farm. [*Exit bawling.*

BENSON (*seeing* EDMUNDS). What! George here, and turning away from his old friend, too, without a look of congratulation or a shake of the hand, just at the time, when of all

act III]

others, he had the best right to expect it! For shame, George, for shame!

EDMUNDS. My errand here is rendered useless. By accident, and not intentionally, I partly overheard just now the nature of the avowal made by your daughter to Mr. Norton this morning.

BENSON. You believe it, George. You cannot doubt its truth.

EDMUNDS. I *do* believe it. But I have been hurt, slighted, set aside for another. My honest love has been despised; my affection has been remembered, only to be tried almost beyond endurance. Lucy, all this from *you* I freely forgive. Be what you have been once, and what you may so well become again. Be the high-souled woman; not the light and thoughtless trifler that disgraces the name. Let me see you this, and you are mine again. Let me see you what you have been of late, and I never can be yours!

BENSON. Lead her in, Rose. Come, dear, come! (*The* BENSONS *and* ROSE *lead her slowly away.*)

EDMUNDS. Mr. Norton, if this altered conduct be sincere, it deserves a much better return than my poor thanks can ever be to you. If it be feigned, to serve some purposes of your own, the consequences will be upon your head.

SQUIRE. And I shall be prepared to meet them.

Duet.—SQUIRE NORTON *and* EDMUNDS.

SQUIRE. Listen, though I do not fear you,
Listen to me, ere we part.

EDMUNDS. List to *you!* Yes, I will hear you.

SQUIRE. Yours alone is Lucy's heart,
I swear it, by that Heaven above me.

EDMUNDS. What! can I believe my ears!
Could I hope that she still loves me!

SQUIRE. Banish all these doubts and fears,
If a love were e'er worth gaining,

If love were ever fond and true,
No disguise or passion feigning,
Such is her young love for you.

Listen, though I do not fear you,
Listen to me ere we part.

EDMUNDS. List to you! yes, I will hear you,
Mine alone is her young heart.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*The avenue leading to the Hall, by moonlight. The house in the distance, gaily illuminated.*

Enter FLAM *and* MARTIN.

FLAM. You have got the letter I gave you for the Squire?

MARTIN. All right. Here it is.

FLAM. The moment you see me leave the room, slip it into the Squire's hand; you can easily do so, without being recognised, in the confusion of the dance, and then follow me. You perfectly understand your instructions?

MARTIN. Oh, yes,—I understand them well enough.

FLAM. There 's nothing more, then, that you want to know?

MARTIN. No, nothing,—oh, yes there is. I want to know whether—whether—

FLAM. Well, go on.

MARTIN. Whether you could conveniently manage to let me have another couple of guineas, before you go away in the chaise. Payment beforehand,—capital custom. And if you don't, perhaps I may not get them at all, you know: (*aside*) seeing that I don't intend to go at all, I think it 's very likely.

FLAM. You 're a remarkably pleasant fellow, Stokes, in general conversation,—very,—but when you descend into particularities, you become excessively prosy. On some points, —money-matters for instance,—you have a very grasping imagination, and seem disposed to dilate upon them at too great a length. You must cure yourself of this habit,—

you must indeed. Good-bye, Stokes; you shall have the two guineas doubled when the journey is completed. Remember,—ten o'clock. [*Exit* FLAM.

MARTIN. I shan't forget ten o'clock, depend upon it. Now to burst upon my particular friend, Mr. John Maddox, with the awful disclosure. He must pass this way on his road to the Hall. Here they come,—don't see him though. (*Groups of male and female Villagers in cloaks, etc., cross the stage on their way to the Hall.*)

MARTIN. How are you, Tom? How do, Will?

VILLAGERS. How do, Mas'r Stokes?

MARTIN (*shaking hands with them*). How do, Susan? Mind, Cary, you 're my first partner. Always kiss your first partner,—capital custom. (*Kisses her.*) Good-bye! See you up at the Hall.

VILLAGERS. Ay, ay, Mas'r Stokes. [*Exeunt Villagers.*

MARTIN. Not among them. (*More Villagers cross.*) Nor them. Here he comes:—Rose with him too,—innocent little victim, little thinking of the atrocious designs that are going on against her!

Enter MADDOX *and* ROSE, *arm-in-arm.*

JOHN. Ha, ha, ha! that was a good 'un,—wasn't it! Ah! Martin, I wish I 'd seen you a minute ago. I made such a joke! How you would ha' laughed!

MARTIN (*mysteriously beckoning* MADDOX *away from* ROSE, *and whispering*). I want to speak to you.

JOHN (*whispering*). What about?

ROSE. Lor'! don't stand whispering there, John. If you have anything to say, Mr. Stokes, say it before me.

JOHN (*taking her arm*). Ah! say it before her! Don't mind her, Martin; she 's to be my wife, you know, and we 're to be on the mutual-confidence principle; an't we,—Rose?

ROSE. To be sure. Why don't you speak, Mr. Stokes? I suppose it 's the old story,—something wrong.

MARTIN. Something wrong! I rather think there is; and you little know what it is, or you wouldn't look so merry. What I have got to say—don't be frightened, Miss Rose,—relates to—don't alarm yourself, Master Maddox.

JOHN. I an't alarming myself; you 're alarming me. Go on!

ROSE. Go on!—can't you?

MARTIN. Relates to Mr. Flam.

JOHN (*dropping* ROSE's *arm*). Mr. Flam!

MARTIN. Hush!—and Miss Rose.

ROSE. Me! Me and Mr. Flam!

MARTIN. Mr. Flam intends at ten o'clock, this very night,—don't be frightened, Miss,—by force, in secret, and in a chaise and four, too,—to carry off, against her will, and elope with, Miss Rose.

ROSE. Me! Oh! (*Screams, and falls into the arms of* MADDOX.)

JOHN. Rub her hands, Martin, she 's going off in a fit.

MARTIN. Never mind; she 'd better go off in a fit than a chaise.

ROSE (*recovering*). Oh, John! don't let me go.

JOHN. Let you go!—not if I set the whole Hall on fire.

ROSE. Hold me fast, John.

JOHN. I 'll hold you fast enough, depend upon it.

ROSE. Come on the other side of me, Mr. Stokes: take my arm; hold me tight, Mr. Stokes.

MARTIN. Don't be frightened, I 'll take care of you. (*Takes her arm.*)

ROSE. Oh! Mr. Stokes.

MARTIN. Oh, indeed! Nothing wrong,—eh?

ROSE. Oh! Mr. Stokes,—pray forgive my having doubted that there was—Oh! what a dreadful thing! What is to be done with me?

MARTIN. Upon my word, I don't know. I think we had better shut her up in some place under ground,—hadn't we, John?—or, stay,—suppose we borrow the keys of the family vault, and lock her up there, for an hour or two.

JOHN. Capital!

ROSE. Lor'! surely you may find out some more agreeable place than that, John.

MARTIN. I have it.—I 'm to carry her off.

BOTH. You!

MARTIN. Me,—don't be afraid of me:—all my management. You dance with her all the evening, and I 'll keep close to

you. If anybody tries to get her away, you knock him down,—and I 'll help you.

JOHN. That 's the plan;—come along.

ROSE. Oh, I am so frightened! Hold me fast, Mr. Stokes,—Don't let me go, John! [*Exeunt, talking.*

Enter LUCY.

LUCY. Light-hearted revellers! how I envy them! How painful is my situation,—obliged with a sad heart to attend a festivity, from which the only person I would care to meet will, I know, be absent. 'But I will not complain. He 'shall see that I can become worthy of him, once again. I 'have lingered here so long, watching the soft shades of 'evening as they closed around me, that I cannot bear the 'thought of exchanging this beautiful scene for the noise 'and glare of a crowded room.'

Song.—LUCY.

How beautiful at even-tide
To see the twilight shadows pale,
Steal o'er the landscape, far and wide,
O'er stream and meadow, mound and dale,
How soft is Nature's calm repose
When evening skies their cool dews weep:
The gentlest wind more gently blows,
As if to soothe her in her sleep!
The gay morn breaks,
Mists roll away,
All Nature awakes
To glorious day.
In my breast alone
Dark shadows remain;
The peace it has known
It can never regain.

SCENE THE LAST.—*A spacious ball-room, brilliantly illuminated. A window at the end, through which is seen a moonlit landscape. A large concourse of country people,*

discovered.—The SQUIRE,—FLAM,—*the* BENSONS,—LUCY, —ROSE,—MARTIN, *and* MADDOX.

SQUIRE. Welcome, friends, welcome all! Come, choose your partners, and begin the dance.

FLAM (*to Lucy*). Your hand, for the dance?

LUCY. Pray excuse me, sir; I am not well. My head is oppressed and giddy. I would rather sit by the window which looks into the garden, and feel the cool evening air. (*She goes up. He follows her.*)

JOHN (*aside*). Stand by me, Martin. He 's gone to order the chaise, perhaps.

ROSE. Oh! pray don't let me be taken away, Mr. Stokes.

MARTIN. Don't be frightened,—don't be frightened. Mr. Flam is gone. I 'll give the Squire the note in a minute.

SQUIRE. Now,—begin the dance.

A Country Dance.

(MARTIN *and* MADDOX, *in their endeavours to keep close to* ROSE, *occasion great confusion. As the* SQUIRE *is looking at some particular couple in the dance,* MARTIN *steals behind him, thrusts the letter in his hands, and resumes his place. The* SQUIRE *looks round as if to discover the person who has delivered it; but being unsuccessful, puts it up, and retires among the crowd of dancers. Suddenly a violent scream is heard, and the dance abruptly ceases. Great confusion.* MARTIN *and* MADDOX *hold* ROSE *firmly.*)

SQUIRE. What has happened? Whence did that scream proceed?

SEVERAL VOICES. From the garden!—from the garden!

EDMUNDS (*without*). Raise him, and bring him here. Lucy, —dear Lucy!

BENSON. Lucy! My child! (*Runs up the stage, and exit into garden.*)

MARTIN. *His* child! Damme! they can't get this one, so they 're going to run away with the other. Here 's some mistake here. Let me go, Rose. Come along, John. Make way there,—make way!

(*As they run towards the window,* EDMUNDS *appears at it,*

without a hat, and his dress disordered, with LUCY *in his arms. He delivers her to her father and* ROSE.)

ROSE. Lucy,—dear Lucy,—look up!

BENSON. Is she hurt, George?—is the poor child injured?

EDMUNDS. No, it is nothing but terror; she will be better instantly. See! she is recovering now. (LUCY *gradually recovers, as* FLAM, *his clothes torn, and face disfigured, is led in by* MADDOX *and* MARTIN.)

BENSON. Mr. Norton, this is an act of perjury and baseness, of which another instant would have witnessed the completion.

SQUIRE (*to* FLAM). Rascal! this is your deed.

FLAM (*aside to* NORTON). That 's right, Norton, keep it up.

SQUIRE. Do not address me with your odious familiarity, scoundrel!

FLAM. You don't really mean to give me up?

SQUIRE. I renounce you from this instant.

FLAM. You do?—then take the consequences.

SQUIRE. Benson,—Edmunds,—friends,—I declare to you most solemnly that I had neither hand nor part in this disgraceful outrage. It has been perpetrated without my knowledge, wholly by that scoundrel.

FLAM. 'Tis false; it was done with his consent. He has in his pocket, at this moment, a letter from me, acquainting him with my intention.

ALL. A letter!

SQUIRE. A letter *was* put into my hands five minutes since; but it acquainted me, not with this fellow's intention, but with his real dishonourable and disgraceful character, to which I had hitherto been a stranger. (*To* FLAM.) Do you know that handwriting, sir? (*Showing him the letter.*)

FLAM. Ellis's letter! (*searching his pockets, and producing the other*). I must,—ass that I was!—I did—enclose the wrong one.

SQUIRE. You will quit my house this instant; its roof shall not shelter you another night. Take that with you, sir, and begone. (*Throws him a purse.*)

FLAM (*taking it up*). Ah! I suppose you think this munificent, now—eh? I could have made twice as much of you in

London, Norton, I could indeed, to say nothing of my exhibiting myself for a whole week to these clods of earth, which would have been cheap, dirt-cheap, at double the money. Bye-bye, Norton! Farewell, grubs! [*Exit.*

SQUIRE. Edmunds, you have rescued your future wife from brutal violence; you will not leave her exposed to similar attempts in future?

EDMUNDS. Even if I would, I feel, now that I have preserved her, that I could not.

SQUIRE. Then take her, and with her the old farm, which from henceforth is your own. *You* will not turn the old man out, I suppose?

EDMUNDS (*shaking* BENSON *by the hand*). I don't think we are very likely to quarrel on that score; and most gratefully do we acknowledge your honour's kindness. Maddox!

JOHN. Hallo!

EDMUNDS. I shall not want that cottage and garden we were speaking of, this morning, now. Let me imitate a good example, and bestow it on *your* wife, as *her* marriage portion.

ROSE. Oh, delightful! Say certainly, John,—can't you?

JOHN. Thank 'ee, George, thank 'ee! I say, Martin, I have arrived at the dignity of a cottage and a piece of ground, at last.

MARTIN. Yes, you may henceforth consider yourself on a level with me.

SQUIRE. Resume the dance.

MARTIN. I beg your pardon. One word. (*Whispers the* SQUIRE.)

SQUIRE. I hope not. Recollect, you have been mistaken before, to-day. You had better inquire.

MARTIN. I will. (*To the audience.*) My very particular friend, if he will allow me to call him so,—

SQUIRE. Oh, certainly.

MARTIN. My very particular friend, Mr. Norton, wishes me to ask my other particular friends here, whether there 's—anything wrong? We are delighted to hear your approving opinion in the old way. You *can't* do better. It 's a capital custom.

Dance and Finale.—Chorus.

Join the dance, with step as light
As every heart should be to-night;
Music, shake the lofty dome,
In honour of our Harvest Home.

Join the dance, and banish care,
All are young, and gay, and fair;
Even age has youthful grown,
In honour of our Harvest Home.

Join the dance, bright faces beam,
Sweet lips smile, and dark eyes gleam;
All these charms have hither come,
In honour of our Harvest Home.

Join the dance, with step as light,
As every heart should be to-night;
Music, shake the lofty dome,
In honour of our Harvest Home.

Quintet.

LUCY—ROSE—EDMUNDS—*The* SQUIRE—YOUNG BENSON.

No light bound
Of stag or timid hare,
O'er the ground
Where startled herds repair,
Do we prize
So high, or hold so dear,
As the eyes
That light our pleasures here.

No cool breeze
That gently plays by night,
O'er calm seas,
Whose waters glisten bright;
No soft moan
That sighs across the lea,
Harvest Home,
Is half so sweet as thee!

Chorus.

Hail to the merry autumn days, when yellow cornfields shine,
Far brighter than the costly cup that holds the monarch's wine!
Hail to the merry harvest time, the gayest of the year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing, and good cheer.

Hail! Hail! Hail!

IS SHE HIS WIFE?

OR, SOMETHING SINGULAR!

A COMIC BURLETTA

IN ONE ACT

[1837]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

AT ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, MARCH 6, 1837.

ALFRED LOVETOWN, ESQ. . . .	MR. FORESTER.
MR. PETER LIMBURY	MR. GARDNER.
FELIX TAPKINS, ESQ. (*formerly of the India House, Leadenhall Street, and Prospect Place, Poplar; but now of the Rustic Lodge, near Reading*) . .	MR. HARLEY.
JOHN (*servant to Lovetown*).	
MRS. LOVETOWN	MISS ALLISON.
MRS. PETER LIMBURY	MADAME SALA.

IS SHE HIS WIFE?

OR, SOMETHING SINGULAR!

SCENE I.—*A Room opening into a Garden. A Table laid for Breakfast; Chairs, etc.* MR. *and* MRS. LOVETOWN, C., *discovered at Breakfast,* R. H. *The former in a dressing-gown and slippers, reading a newspaper. A Screen on one side.*

LOVETOWN (L. H. *of table, yawning*). Another cup of tea, my dear,—O Lord!

MRS. LOVETOWN (R. H. *of table*). I wish, Alfred, you would endeavour to assume a more cheerful appearance in your wife's society. If you are perpetually yawning and complaining of *ennui* a few months after marriage, what am I to suppose you 'll become in a few years? It really is very odd of you.

LOVETOWN. Not at all odd, my dear, not the least in the world; it would be a great deal more odd if I were not. The fact is, my love, I 'm tired of the country; green fields, and blooming hedges, and feathered songsters, are fine things to talk about and read about and write about; but I candidly confess that I prefer paved streets, area railings and dustman's bells, after all.

MRS. LOVETOWN. How often have you told me that, blessed with my love, you could live contented and happy in a desert?

LOVETOWN (*reading*). 'Artful impostor!'

MRS. LOVETOWN. Have you not over and over again said that fortune and personal attractions were secondary considerations with you? That you loved me for those virtues which, while they gave additional lustre to public life, would adorn and sweeten retirement?

LOVETOWN (*reading*). 'Soothing syrup!'

MRS. LOVETOWN. You complain of the tedious sameness of a

country life. Was it not you yourself who first proposed our residing permanently in the country? Did you not say that I should then have an ample sphere in which to exercise those charitable feelings which I have so often evinced, by selling at those benevolent fancy fairs?

LOVETOWN (*reading*). 'Humane man-traps!'

MRS. LOVETOWN. He pays no attention to me,—Alfred dear,—

LOVETOWN (*stamping his foot*). Yes, my life.

MRS. LOVETOWN. Have you heard what I have just been saying, dear?

LOVETOWN. Yes, love.

MRS. LOVETOWN. And what can you say in reply?

LOVETOWN. Why, really, my dear, you 've said it so often before in the course of the last six weeks, that I think it quite unnecessary to say anything more about it. (*Reads.*) 'The learned judge delivered a brief but impressive summary of the unhappy man's trial.'

MRS. LOVETOWN (*aside*). I could bear anything but this neglect. He evidently does not care for me.

LOVETOWN (*aside*). I could put up with anything rather than these constant altercations and little petty quarrels. I repeat, my dear, that I am very dull in this out-of-the-way villa—confoundedly dull, horridly dull.

MRS. LOVETOWN. And *I* repeat that if you took any pleasure in your wife's society, or felt for her as you once professed to feel, you would have no cause to make such a complaint.

LOVETOWN. If I did not know you to be one of the sweetest creatures in existence, my dear, I should be strongly disposed to say that you were a very close imitation of an aggravating female.

MRS. LOVETOWN. That 's very curious, my dear, for I declare that if I hadn't known *you* to be such an exquisite, good-tempered, attentive husband, I should have mistaken you for a very great brute.

LOVETOWN. My dear, you 're offensive.

MRS. LOVETOWN. My love, you 're intolerable. (*They turn their chairs back to back.*)

MR. FELIX TAPKINS *sings without.*

'The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay;
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,
And you cannot hunt to-day."
But a hunting we will go,
And a hunting we will go,—wo—wo—wo!
And a hunting we will go.'

MRS. LOVETOWN. There 's that dear, good-natured creature, Mr. Tapkins,—do you ever hear *him* complain of the tediousness of a country life? Light-hearted creature,—his lively disposition and rich flow of spirits are wonderful, even to me. (*Rising.*)

LOVETOWN. They need not be a matter of astonishment to anybody, my dear,—he 's a bachelor.

MR. FELIX TAPKINS *appears at window,* L. H.

TAPKINS. Ha, ha! How are you both?—Here 's a morning! Bless my heart alive, *what* a morning! I've been gardening ever since five o'clock, and the flowers have been actually growing before my very eyes. The London Pride is sweeping everything before it, and the stalks are half as high again as they were yesterday. They 're all run up like so many tailors' bills, after that heavy dew of last night broke down half my rosebuds with the weight of its own moisture,—something like a dew that!—reg'lar *doo*, eh?—come, that 's not so bad for a before-dinner one.

LOVETOWN. Ah, you happy dog, Felix!

TAPKINS. Happy! of course I am,—Felix by name, Felix by nature,—what the deuce should I be unhappy for, or anybody be unhappy for? What 's the use of it, that 's the point?

MRS. LOVETOWN. Have you finished your improvements yet, Mr. Tapkins?

TAPKINS. At Rustic Lodge? (*She nods assent.*) Bless your heart and soul! you never saw such a place,—cardboard chimneys, Grecian balconies,—Gothic parapets, thatched roof.

MRS. LOVETOWN. Indeed!

TAPKINS. Lord bless you, yes,—green verandah, with ivy twining round the pillars.

MRS. LOVETOWN. How very rural!

TAPKINS. Rural, my dear Mrs. Lovetown! delightful! The French windows, too! Such an improvement!

MRS. LOVETOWN. I should think they were!

TAPKINS. Yes, *I* should think they were. Why, on a fine summer's evening the frogs hop off the grass-plot into the very sitting-room.

MRS. LOVETOWN. Dear me!

TAPKINS. Bless you, yes! Something like the country,—quite a little Eden. Why, when I 'm smoking under the verandah, after a shower of rain, the black beetles fall into my brandy-and-water.

MR. *and* MRS. LOVETOWN. No!—Ha! ha! ha!

TAPKINS. Yes. And I take 'em out again with the teaspoon, and lay bets with myself which of them will run away the quickest. Ha! ha! ha! (*They all laugh.*) Then the stable, too. Why, in Rustic Lodge the stables are close to the dining-room window.

LOVETOWN. No!

TAPKINS. Yes. The horse can't cough but I hear him. There 's compactness. Nothing like the cottage style of architecture for comfort, my boy. By the bye, I have left the new horse at your garden-gate this moment.

MRS. LOVETOWN. The new horse!

TAPKINS. The new horse! Splendid fellow,—such action! Puts out its feet like a rocking-horse, and carries its tail like a hat-peg. Come and see him.

LOVETOWN (*laughing*). I can't deny you anything.

TAPKINS. No, that 's what they all say, especially the—eh! (*Nodding and winking.*)

LOVETOWN. Ha! ha! ha!

MRS. LOVETOWN. Ha! ha! ha! I 'm afraid you 're a very bad man, Mr. Tapkins; I 'm afraid you 're a shocking man, Mr. Tapkins.

TAPKINS. Think so? No, I don't know,—not worse than other people similarly situated. Bachelors, my dear Mrs.

Lovetown, bachelors—eh! old fellow? (*Winking to* Lovetown.)

Lovetown. Certainly, certainly.

Tapkins. *We* know—eh? (*They all laugh.*) By the bye, talking of bachelors puts me in mind of Rustic Lodge, and talking of Rustic Lodge puts me in mind of what I came here for. You must come and see me this afternoon. Little Peter Limbury and his wife are coming.

Mrs. Lovetown. I detest that man.

Lovetown. The wife is supportable, my dear.

Tapkins. To be sure, so she is. You 'll come, and that 's enough. Now come and see the horse.

Lovetown. Give me three minutes to put on my coat and boots, and I 'll join you. I won't be three minutes.

[*Exit* Lovetown, R. H.

Tapkins. Look sharp, look sharp!—Mrs. Lovetown, will you excuse me one moment? (*Crosses to* L.; *calling off.*) Jim,—these fellows never know how to manage horses,—walk him gently up and down,—throw the stirrups over the saddle to show the people that his master 's coming, and if anybody asks what that fine animal's pedigree is, and who he belongs to, say he 's the property of Mr. Felix Tapkins of Rustic Lodge, near Reading, and that he 's the celebrated horse who ought to have won the Newmarket Cup last year, only he didn't. [*Exit* Tapkins.

Mrs. Lovetown. My mind is made up,—I can bear Alfred's coldness and insensibility no longer, and come what may I will endeavour to remove it. From the knowledge I have of his disposition I am convinced that the only mode of doing so will be by rousing his jealousy and wounding his vanity. This thoughtless creature will be a very good instrument for my scheme. He plumes himself on his gallantry, has no very small share of vanity, and is easily led. I see him crossing the garden. (*She brings a chair hastily forward and sits* R. H.)

Enter Felix Tapkins, L. H. *window.*

Tapkins (*singing*). 'My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,—'

Mr. Lovetown (*tragically*). Would that I had never beheld him!

TAPKINS (*aside*). Hallo! She 's talking about her husband. I knew by their manner there had been a quarrel, when I came in this morning.

MRS. LOVETOWN. So fascinating, and yet so insensible to the tenderest of passions as not to see how devotedly I love him.

TAPKINS (*aside*). I thought so.

MRS. LOVETOWN. That he should still remain unmarried is to me extraordinary.

TAPKINS. Um!

MRS. LOVETOWN. He ought to have married long since.

TAPKINS (*aside*). Eh! Why, they aren't married!—'ought to have married long since.'—I rather think he ought.

MRS. LOVETOWN. And, though I am the wife of another,—

TAPKINS (*aside*). Wife of another!

MRS. LOVETOWN. Still, I grieve to say that I cannot be blind to his extraordinary merits.

TAPKINS. Why, he 's run away with somebody else's wife! The villain!—I must let her know I 'm in the room, or there 's no telling what I may hear next. (*Coughs.*)

MRS. LOVETOWN (*starting up in affected confusion*). Mr. Tapkins! (*They sit.*) Bring your chair nearer. I fear, Mr. Tapkins, that I have been unconsciously giving utterance to what was passing in my mind. I trust you have not overheard my confession of the weakness of my heart.

TAPKINS. No—no—not more than a word or two.

MRS. LOVETOWN. That agitated manner convinces me that you have heard more than you are willing to confess. Then why—why should I seek to conceal from you—that though I esteem my husband, I—I—love—another?

TAPKINS. I heard you mention that little circumstance.

MRS. LOVETOWN. Oh! (*Sighs.*)

TAPKINS (*aside*). What the deuce is she Oh-ing at? She looks at me as if I were Lovetown himself.

MRS. LOVETOWN (*putting her hand on his shoulder with a languishing air*). Does my selection meet with your approbation?

TAPKINS (*slowly*). It doesn't.

MRS. LOVETOWN. No!

TAPKINS. Decidedly not. (*Aside.*) I 'll cut that Lovetown out, and offer myself. Hem! Mrs. Lovetown.

MRS. LOVETOWN. Yes, Mr. Tapkins.

TAPKINS. I know an individual—

MRS. LOVETOWN. Ah! an individual!

TAPKINS. An individual,—I may, perhaps, venture to say an estimable individual,—who for the last three months has been constantly in your society, who never yet had courage to disclose his passion, but who burns to throw himself at your feet. Oh! (*Aside.*) I 'll try an Oh or two now,—Oh! (*Sighs.*) That 's a capital Oh!

MRS. LOVETOWN (*aside*). He must have misunderstood me before, for he is evidently speaking of himself. Is the gentleman you speak of handsome, Mr. Tapkins?

TAPKINS. He is generally considered remarkably so.

MRS. LOVETOWN. Is he tall?

TAPKINS. About the height of the Apollo Belvidere.

MRS. LOVETOWN. Is he stout?

TAPKINS. Of nearly the same dimensions as the gentleman I have just named.

MRS. LOVETOWN. His figure is—

TAPKINS. Quite a model.

MRS. LOVETOWN. And he is—

TAPKINS. Myself. (*Throws himself on his knees and seizes her hand.*)

Enter LOVETOWN, R. H.

TAPKINS *immediately pretends to be diligently looking for something on the floor.*

MRS. LOVETOWN. Pray don't trouble yourself. I 'll find it. Dear me! how could I lose it?

LOVETOWN. What have you lost, love? I should almost imagine that you had lost yourself, and that our friend Mr. Tapkins here had just found you.

TAPKINS (*aside*). Ah! you always will have your joke,—funny dog! funny dog! Bless your heart and soul, there 's that immortal horse standing outside all this time! He 'll catch his death of cold! Come and see him at once,—come—come.

LOVETOWN. No. I can't see him to-day. I had forgotten. I 've letters to write,—business to transact,—I 'm engaged.

TAPKINS (*to* MRS. LOVETOWN). Oh! if he 's engaged, you know, we 'd better not interrupt him.

MRS. LOVETOWN. Oh! certainly! Not by any means.

TAPKINS (*taking her arm*). Good-bye, old fellow.

LOVETOWN (*seating himself at table*). Oh!—good-bye.

TAPKINS (*going*). Take care of yourself. I 'll take care of Mrs. L.

[*Exeunt* TAPKINS *and* MRS. LOVETOWN, C.

LOVETOWN. What the deuce does that fellow mean by laying such emphasis on Mrs. L.? What 's my wife to him, or he to my wife? Very extraordinary! I can hardly believe that even if he had the treachery to make any advances, she would encourage such a preposterous intrigue. (*Walks to and fro.*) She spoke in his praise at breakfast-time, though,—and they have gone away together to see that confounded horse. But stop, I must keep a sharp eye upon them this afternoon, without appearing to do so. I would not appear unnecessarily suspicious for the world. Dissembling in such a case, though, is difficult—very difficult.

Enter a Servant, L. H.

SERVANT. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Limbury.

LOVETOWN. Desire them to walk in. [*Exit Servant*, L. H. A lucky visit! it furnishes me with a hint. This Mrs. Limbury is a vain, conceited woman, ready to receive the attentions of anybody who feigns admiration for her, partly to gratify herself, and partly to annoy the jealous little husband whom she keeps under such strict control. If I pay particular attention to *her*, I shall lull my wife and that scoundrel Tapkins into a false security, and have better opportunities of observation. They are here.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. LIMBURY, L. H.

LOVETOWN. My dear Mrs. Limbury. (*Crosses to* C.)

LIMBURY. Eh?

LOVETOWN (*not regarding him*). How charming—how delightful—how divine you look to-day.

LIMBURY (*aside*). Dear Mrs. Limbury,—charming,—divine and beautiful look to-day! They are smiling at each other,—he squeezes her hand. I see how it is. I always thought he paid her too much attention.

LOVETOWN. Sit down,—sit down.

(LOVETOWN *places the chairs so as to sit between them, which* LIMBURY *in vain endeavours to prevent.*)

MRS. LIMBURY. Peter and I called as we passed in our little pony-chaise, to inquire whether we should have the pleasure of seeing you at Tapkins's this afternoon.

LOVETOWN. Is it possible you can ask such a question? Do you think I could stay away?

MRS. LIMBURY. Dear Mr. Lovetown! (*Aside.*) How polite,—he 's quite struck with me.

LIMBURY (*aside*). Wretched miscreant! a regular assignation before my very face.

LOVETOWN (*to* MRS. LIMBURY). Do you know I entertained some apprehensions—some dreadful fears—that you might not be there.

LIMBURY. Fears that we mightn't be there? Of course we shall be there.

MRS. LIMBURY. Now don't talk, Peter.

LOVETOWN. I thought it just possible, you know, that you might not be agreeable—

MRS. LIMBURY. O, Peter is always agreeable to anything that is agreeable to me. Aren't you, Peter?

LIMBURY. Yes, dearest. (*Aside.*) Agreeable to anything that 's agreeable to her! O Lor'!

MRS. LIMBURY. By the bye, Mr. Lovetown, how do you like this bonnet?

LOVETOWN. O, beautiful!

LIMBURY (*aside*). I must change the subject. Do you know, Mr. Lovetown, I have often thought, and it has frequently occurred to me—when—

MRS. LIMBURY. Now don't talk, Peter. (*To* LOVETOWN.) The colour is so bright, is it not?

LOVETOWN. It might appear so elsewhere, but the brightness of those eyes casts it quite into shade.

MRS. LIMBURY. I know you are a connoisseur in ladies' dresses; how do you like those shoes?

LIMBURY (*aside*). Her shoes! What will she ask his opinion of next?

LOVETOWN. O, like the bonnet, you deprive them of their fair chance of admiration. That small and elegant foot engrosses all the attention which the shoes might otherwise attract. That taper ankle, too—

LIMBURY (*aside*). Her taper ankle! My bosom swells with the rage of an ogre. Mr. Lovetown,—I—

MRS. LIMBURY. Now, pray do not talk so, Limbury. You 've put Mr. Lovetown out as it is.

LIMBURY (*aside*). Put him out! I wish I could put him out, Mrs. Limbury. I must.

Enter Servant, hastily.

SERVANT. I beg your pardon, sir, but the bay pony has got his hind leg over the traces, and he 's kicking the chaise to pieces!

LIMBURY. Kicking the *new* chaise to pieces!

LOVETOWN. Kicking the new chaise to pieces! The bay pony! Limbury, my dear fellow, fly to the spot! (*Pushing him out.*)

LIMBURY. But, Mr. Lovetown, I—

MRS. LIMBURY. Oh! he 'll kick somebody's brains out, if Peter don't go to him.

LIMBURY. But perhaps he 'll kick my brains out if I do go to him.

LOVETOWN. Never mind, don't lose an instant,—not a moment. (*Pushes him out, both talking together.*)

[*Exit* LIMBURY.

(*Aside.*) Now for it,—here 's my wife. Dearest Mrs. Limbury—(*Kneels by her chair, and seizes her hand.*)

Enter MRS. LOVETOWN, C.

MRS. LOVETOWN (*aside*). Can I believe my eyes? (*Retires behind the screen.*)

MRS. LIMBURY. Mr. Lovetown!

LOVETOWN. Nay. Allow me in one hurried interview, which I have sought in vain for weeks,—for months,—to say how devotedly, how ardently I love you. Suffer me to retain this hand in mine. Give me one ray of hope.

MRS. LIMBURY. Rise, I entreat you,—we shall be discovered.

LOVETOWN. Nay, I will not rise till you promise me that you will take an opportunity of detaching yourself from the rest of the company and meeting me alone in Tapkins's grounds this evening. I shall have no eyes, no ears for any one but yourself.

MRS. LIMBURY. Well,—well,—I will—I do—

LOVETOWN. Then I am blest indeed!

MRS. LIMBURY. I am so agitated. If Peter or Mrs. Lovetown—were to find me thus—I should betray all. I 'll teach my husband to be jealous! (*Crosses to* L. H.) Let us walk round the garden.

LOVETOWN. With pleasure,—take my arm. Divine creature! (*Aside.*) I 'm sure she is behind the screen. I saw her peeping. Come.

[*Exit* LOVETOWN *and* MRS. LIMBURY, L. H.

MRS. LOVETOWN (*coming forward*). Faithless man! His coldness and neglect are now too well explained. O Alfred! Alfred! how little did I think when I married you, six short months since, that I should be exposed to so much wretchedness! I begin to tremble at my own imprudence, and the situation in which it may place me; but it is now too late to recede. I must be firm. This day will either bring my project to the explanation I so much desire, or convince me of what I too much fear,—my husband's aversion. Can this woman's husband suspect their intimacy? If so, he may be able to prevent this assignation taking place. I will seek him instantly. If I can but meet him at once, he may prevent her going at all.

[*Exit* MRS. LOVETOWN, R. H.

Enter TAPKINS, L. H. *window.*

TAPKINS. This, certainly, is a most extraordinary affair. Not her partiality for me—that 's natural enough,—but

the confession I overheard about her marriage to another. I have been thinking that, after such a discovery, it would be highly improper to allow Limbury and his wife to meet her without warning him of the fact. The best way will be to make him acquainted with the real state of the case. Then he must see the propriety of not bringing his wife to my house to-night. Ah! here he is. I 'll make the awful disclosure at once, and petrify him.

Enter LIMBURY, L. H. *window.*

LIMBURY. That damned little bay pony is as bad as my wife. There 's no curbing either of them; and as soon as I have got the traces of the one all right, I lose all traces of the other.

TAPKINS (R.). Peter!

LIMBURY (L.). Ah! Tapkins!

TAPKINS. Hush! Hush! (*Looking cautiously round.*) If you have a moment to spare, I 've got something of great importance to communicate.

LIMBURY. Something of great importance, Mr. Tapkins! (*Aside.*) What can he mean? Can it relate to Mrs. Limbury? The thought is dreadful. You horrify me!

TAPKINS. You 'll be more horrified presently. What I am about to tell you concerns yourself and your honour very materially; and I beg you to understand that I communicate it—in the strictest confidence.

LIMBURY. Myself and my honour! I shall dissolve into nothing with horrible anticipations!

TAPKINS (*in a low tone*). Have you ever observed anything remarkable about Lovetown's manner?

LIMBURY. Anything remarkable?

TAPKINS. Ay,—anything very odd, and rather unpleasant?

LIMBURY. Decidedly! No longer than half an hour ago,—in this very room, I observed something in his manner particularly odd and exceedingly unpleasant.

TAPKINS. To your feelings as a husband?

LIMBURY. Yes, my friend, yes, yes;—you know it all, I see!

TAPKINS. What! Do *you* know it?

LIMBURY. I 'm afraid I do; but go on—go on.

TAPKINS (*aside*). How the deuce can he know anything about it? Well, this oddness arises from the peculiar nature of his connexion with— You look very pale.

LIMBURY. No, no,—go on,—'connexion with—'

TAPKINS. A certain lady,—you know whom I mean.

LIMBURY. I do, I do! (*Aside.*) Disgrace and confusion! I 'll kill her with a look! I 'll wither her with scornful indignation! Mrs. Limbury!—viper!

TAPKINS (*whispering with caution*). They—aren't—married.

LIMBURY. *They* aren't married! *Who* aren't?

TAPKINS. Those two, to be sure!

LIMBURY. *Those* two! *What* two?

TAPKINS. Why, them. And the worst of it is she 's—she 's married to somebody else.

LIMBURY. Well, of course I know that.

TAPKINS. You know it?

LIMBURY. Of course I do. Why, how you talk! Isn't she my wife?

TAPKINS. *Your* wife! Wretched bigamist! Mrs. Lovetown your wife?

LIMBURY. Mrs. Lovetown! What! Have you been talking of Mrs. Lovetown all this time? My dear friend! (*Embraces him.*) The revulsion of feeling is almost insupportable. I thought you were talking about Mrs. Limbury.

TAPKINS. No!

LIMBURY. Yes. Ha! ha! But I say, what a dreadful fellow this is—another man's wife! Gad, I think he wants to run away with every man's wife he sees. And Mrs. Lovetown, too—horrid!

TAPKINS. Shocking!

LIMBURY. I say, I oughtn't to allow Mrs. Limbury to associate with her, ought I?

TAPKINS. Precisely my idea. You had better induce your wife to stay away from my house to-night.

LIMBURY. I 'm afraid I can't do that.

TAPKINS. What, has she any particular objection to staying away?

LIMBURY. She has a very strange inclination to go, and 'tis

much the same; however, I 'll make the best arrangement I can!

TAPKINS. Well, so be it. Of course I shall see *you?*

LIMBURY. Of course.

TAPKINS. Mind the secret,—close—close—you know, as a Cabinet Minister answering a question.

LIMBURY. You may rely upon me.

[*Exit* LIMBURY, L. H., TAPKINS, R. H.

SCENE II.—*A Conservatory on one side. A Summer-house on the other.*

Enter LOVETOWN *at* L. H.

LOVETOWN. So far so good. My wife has not dropped the slightest hint of having overheard the conversation between me and Mrs. Limbury; but she cannot conceal the impression it has made upon her mind, or the jealousy it has evidently excited in her breast. This is just as I wished. I made Mr. Peter Limbury's amiable helpmate promise to meet me here. I know that refuge for destitute reptiles (*pointing to summer-house*) is Tapkins's favorite haunt, and if he has any assignation with my wife I have no doubt he will lead her to this place. A woman 's coming down the walk. Mrs. Limbury, I suppose,—no, my wife, by all that 's actionable. I must conceal myself here, even at the risk of a shower of black beetles, or a marching regiment of frogs. (*Goes into conservatory,* L. H.)

Enter MRS. LOVETOWN *from top,* L. H.

MRS. LOVETOWN. I cannot have been mistaken. I am certain I saw Alfred here; he must have secreted himself somewhere to avoid me. Can his assignation with Mrs. Limbury have been discovered? Mr. Limbury's behaviour to me just now was strange in the extreme; and after a variety of incoherent expressions he begged me to meet him here, on a subject, as he said, of great delicacy and importance to myself. Alas! I fear that my husband's neglect and unkindness are but too well known. The in-

jured little man approaches. I summon all my fortitude to bear the disclosure.

Enter MR. LIMBURY *at top*, L. H.

LIMBURY (*aside*). Now as I could not prevail on Mrs. Limbury to stay away, the only distressing alternative I have is to inform Mrs. Lovetown that I know her history, and to put it to her good feeling whether she hadn't better go.

LOVETOWN (*peeping*). Limbury! what the deuce can that little wretch want here?

LIMBURY. I took the liberty, Mrs. Lovetown, of begging you to meet me in this retired spot, because the esteem I still entertain for you, and my regard for your feelings, induce me to prefer a private to a public disclosure.

LOVETOWN (*peeping*). 'Pubic disclosure!' what on earth is he talking about? I wish he 'd speak a little louder.

MRS. LOVETOWN. I am sensible of your kindness, Mr. Limbury, and believe me most grateful for it. I am fully prepared to hear what you have to say.

LIMBURY. It is hardly necessary for me, I presume, to say, Mrs. Lovetown, that I have accidentally discovered the whole secret.

MRS. LOVETOWN. The whole secret, sir?

LOVETOWN (*peeping*). Whole secret! What secret?

LIMBURY. The whole secret, ma'am, of this disgraceful—I must call it disgraceful—and most abominable intrigue.

MRS. LOVETOWN (*aside*). My worst fears are realised,—my husband's neglect is occasioned by his love for another.

LOVETOWN (*peeping*). Abominable intrigue! My first suspicions are too well founded. He reproaches my wife with her infidelity, and she cannot deny it,—that villain Tapkins!

MRS. LOVETOWN (*weeping*). Cruel—cruel—Alfred!

LIMBURY. You may well call him cruel, unfortunate woman. His usage of you is indefensible, unmanly, scandalous.

MRS. LOVETOWN. It is. It is, indeed.

LIMBURY. It 's very painful for me to express myself in such plain terms, Mrs. Lovetown; but allow me to say, as delicately as possible, that you should not endeavour to appear

in society under such unusual and distressing circumstances.

Mrs. Lovetown. Not appear in society! Why should I quit it?

Lovetown (*peeping*). Shameful woman!

Limbury. Is it possible you can ask such a question?

Mrs. Lovetown. What should I do? Where can I go?

Limbury. Gain permission to return once again to your husband's roof.

Mrs. Lovetown. My husband's roof?

Limbury. Yes, the roof of your husband, your wretched, unfortunate husband!

Mrs. Lovetown. Never!

Limbury (*aside*). She 's thoroughly hardened, steeped in vice beyond redemption. Mrs. Lovetown, as you reject my well-intentioned advice in this extraordinary manner, I am reduced to the painful necessity of expressing my hope that you will,—now pray don't think me unkind,—that you will never attempt to meet Mrs. Limbury more.

Mrs. Lovetown. What! Can you suppose I am so utterly dead to every sense of feeling and propriety as to meet that person,—the destroyer of my peace and happiness,—the wretch who has ruined my hopes and blighted my prospects for ever? Ask your own heart, sir,—appeal to your own feelings. *You* are naturally indignant at her conduct. *You* would hold no further communication with her. Can you suppose, then, *I* would deign to do so? The mere supposition is an insult!

[*Exit* Mrs. Lovetown *hastily at top*, L. H.

Limbury. What can all this mean? I am lost in a maze of astonishment, petrified at the boldness with which she braves it out. Eh! it 's breaking upon me by degrees. I see it. What did she say? 'Destroyer of peace and happiness,—person—ruined hopes and blighted prospects—*her*.' I see it all. That atrocious Lovetown, that Don Juan multiplied by twenty, that unprecedented libertine, has seduced Mrs. Limbury from her allegiance to her lawful lord and master. He first of all runs away with the wife of another man, and he is no sooner tired of her, than he runs away with another wife of another man. I thirst for

his destruction. I—(LOVETOWN *rushes from the conservatory and embraces* LIMBURY, *who disengages himself.*) Murderer of domestic happiness! behold your victim!

LOVETOWN. Alas! you speak but too truly. (*Covering his face with his hands.*) I am the victim.

LIMBURY. I speak but too truly!—He avows his own criminality. I shall throttle him. I know I shall. I feel it.

Enter MRS. LIMBURY *at back*, L. H.

MRS. LIMBURY (*aside*). My husband here! (*Goes into conservatory.*)

Enter TAPKINS *at back*, L. H.

TAPKINS (*aside*). Not here, and her husband with Limbury. I 'll reconnoitre. (*Goes into summer-house*, R. H.)

LIMBURY. Lovetown, have you the boldness to look an honest man in the face?

LOVETOWN. O, spare me! I feel the situation in which I am placed acutely, deeply. Feel for me when I say that from that conservatory I overheard the greater part of what passed between you and Mrs. Lovetown.

LIMBURY. You did?

LOVETOWN. Need I say how highly I approve both of the language you used, and the advice you gave her?

LIMBURY. What! you want to get rid of her, do you?

LOVETOWN. Can you doubt it?

TAPKINS (*peeping*). Hallo! he wants to get rid of her. Queer!

LOVETOWN. Situated as I am, you know, I have no other resource, after what has passed. I must part from her.

MRS. LIMBURY (*peeping*). What can he mean?

LIMBURY (*aside*). I should certainly throttle him, were it not that the coolness with which he refers to the dreadful event paralyses me. Mr. Lovetown, look at me! Sir, consider the feelings of an indignant husband, sir!

LOVETOWN. Oh, I thank you for those words. Those strong expressions prove the unaffected interest you take in the matter.

LIMBURY. Unaffected interest! I shall go raving mad with

passion and fury! Villain! Monster! To embrace the opportunity afforded him of being on a footing of friendship.

LOVETOWN. To take a mean advantage of his being a single man.

LIMBURY. To tamper with the sacred engagements of a married woman.

LOVETOWN. To place a married man in a disgraceful and humiliating situation.

LIMBURY. Scoundrel! Do you mock me to my face?

LOVETOWN. Mock *you*. What d' ye mean? Who the devil are you talking about?

LIMBURY. Talking about—*you!*

LOVETOWN. Me!

LIMBURY. Designing miscreant! Of whom do *you* speak?

LOVETOWN. Of whom should I speak but that scoundrel Tapkins?

TAPKINS (*coming forward*, R.). Me! What the devil do you mean by that?

LOVETOWN. Ha! (*Rushing at him, is held back by* LIMBURY.)

LIMBURY (*to* TAPKINS). Avoid him. Get out of his sight. He 's raving mad with conscious villainy.

TAPKINS. What are you all playing at *I spy I* over my two acres of infant hay for?

LOVETOWN (*to* TAPKINS). How dare you tamper with the affections of Mrs. Lovetown?

TAPKINS. O, is that all? Ha! ha! (*Crosses to* C.)

LOVETOWN. All!

TAPKINS. Come, come, none of your nonsense.

LOVETOWN. Nonsense! Designate the best feelings of our nature nonsense!

TAPKINS. Pooh! pooh! Here, I know all about it.

LOVETOWN (*angrily*). And so do I, sir! And so do I.

TAPKINS. Of course you do. And you 've managed very well to keep it quiet so long. But you 're a deep fellow, by Jove! you 're a deep fellow!

LOVETOWN. Now, mind! I restrain myself sufficiently to ask you once again before I knock you down, by what right dare you tamper with the affections of Mrs. Lovetown?

TAPKINS. Right! O, if you come to strict right, you know, nobody has a right but her husband.

LOVETOWN. And who is her husband? Who is her husband?

TAPKINS. Ah! to be sure, that 's the question. Nobody that I know. I hope—poor fellow—

LOVETOWN. I 'll bear these insults no longer! (*Rushes towards* TAPKINS. LIMBURY *interposes.* LOVETOWN *crosses to* R. H. *A scream is heard from the conservatory—a pause.*)

TAPKINS. Something singular among the plants! (*He goes into the conservatory and returns with* MRS. LIMBURY.) A flower that wouldn't come out of its own accord. I was obliged to force it. Tolerably full blown now, at all events.

LIMBURY. My wife! Traitoress! (*Crosses to* L. H.) Fly from my presence! Quit my sight! Return to the conservatory with that demon in a frock-coat!

Enter MRS. LOVETOWN *at top,* L. H., *and comes down* C.

TAPKINS. Hallo! Somebody else!

LOVETOWN (*aside*). My wife here!

MRS. LOVETOWN (*to* LIMBURY). I owe you some return for the commiseration you expressed just now for my wretched situation. The best, the only one I can make you is, to entreat you to refrain from committing any rash act, however excited you may be, and to control the feelings of an injured husband.

TAPKINS. Injured husband! Decidedly singular!

LOVETOWN. The allusion of that lady I confess my utter inability to understand. Mr. Limbury, to you an explanation is due, and I make it more cheerfully, as my abstaining from doing so might involve the character of your wife. Stung by the attentions which I found Mrs. Lovetown had received from a scoundrel present,—

TAPKINS (*aside*). That 's me.

LOVETOWN. I—partly to obtain opportunities of watching her closely, under an assumed mask of levity and carelessness, and partly in the hope of awaking once again any dormant feelings of affection that might still slumber in her breast, affected a passion for your wife which I never

felt, and to which she never really responded. The second part of my project, I regret to say, has failed. The first has succeeded but too well.

LIMBURY. Can I believe my ears? But how came Mrs. Peter Limbury to receive those attentions?

MRS. LIMBURY. Why, not because I liked them, of course, but to assist Mr. Lovetown in his project, and to teach you the misery of those jealous fears. Come here, you stupid little jealous, insinuating darling. (*They retire up* L. H., *she coaxing him.*)

TAPKINS (*aside*). It strikes me very forcibly that I have made a slight mistake here, which is something particularly singular. (*Turns up* R. H.)

MRS. LOVETOWN. Alfred, hear me! I am as innocent as yourself. Your fancied neglect and coldness hurt my weak vanity, and roused some foolish feelings of angry pride. In a moment of irritation I resorted to some such retaliation as you have yourself described. That I did so from motives as guiltless as your own I call Heaven to witness. That I repent my fault I solemnly assure you.

LOVETOWN. Is this possible?

TAPKINS. Very possible indeed! Believe your wife's assurance and my corroboration. Here, give and take is all fair, you know. Give me your hand and take your wife's. Here, Mr. and Mrs. L. (*To* LIMBURY.) Double L,—I call them. (*To* LOVETOWN.) Small italic and Roman capital. (*To* MR. *and* MRS. LIMBURY, *who come forward.*) Here, it 's all arranged. The key to the whole matter is that I 've been mistaken, which is something singular. If I have made another mistake in calculating on *your* kind and lenient reception of our last half-hour's misunderstanding (*to the audience*), I shall have done something more singular still. Do you forbid me committing any more mistakes, or may I announce my intention of doing something singular again?

THE LAMPLIGHTER

A FARCE

IN ONE ACT

[1838]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Mr. Stargazer.
Master Galileo Isaac Newton Flamstead Stargazer (*his son*).
Tom Grig (*the Lamplighter*).
Mr. Mooney (*an Astrologer*).
Servant.
Betsy Martin.
Emma Stargazer.
Fanny Brown.

THE LAMPLIGHTER[1]

SCENE I.—*The Street, outside of* MR. STARGAZER'S *house. Two street Lamp-posts in front.*

TOM GRIG (*with ladder and lantern, singing as he enters*).

Day has gone down o'er the Baltic's proud bil-ler;
Evening has sigh'd, alas! to the lone wil-ler;
Night hurries on, night hurries on, earth and ocean to kiv-ver;
Rise, gentle moon, rise, gentle moon, and guide me to my—

That ain't a rhyme, that ain't—kiv-ver and lover! I ain't much of a poet; but if I couldn't make better verse than that, I 'd undertake to be set fire to, and put up, instead of the lamp, before Alderman Waithman's obstacle in Fleet Street. Bil-ler, wil-ler, kiv-ver—shiver, obviously. That 's what *I* call poetry. (*Sings.*)

Day has gone down o'er the Baltic's proud bil-ler—

(*During the previous speech he has been occupied in lighting one of the lamps. As he is about to light the other,* MR. STARGAZER *appears at window, with a telescope.*)

MR. STARGAZER (*after spying most intently at the clouds*). Holloa!

TOM (*on ladder*). Sir, to you! And holloa again, if you come to that.

MR. STARGAZER. Have you seen the comet?

TOM. What Comet—The Exeter Comet?

MR. STARGAZER. What comet? *The* comet—Halley's comet!

TOM. Nelson's, you mean. I saw it coming out of the yard, not five minutes ago.

[1] Printed from the manuscript in the Forster collection at the South Kensington Museum.

Mr. Stargazer. Could you distinguish anything of a tail?

Tom. Distinguish a tail? I believe you—four tails!

Mr. Stargazer. A comet with four tails; and all visible to the naked eye! Nonsense, it couldn't be.

Tom. You wouldn't say that again if you was down here, old Bantam. (*Clock strikes five.*) You 'll tell me next, I suppose, that that isn't five o'clock striking, eh?

Mr. Stargazer. Five o'clock—five o'clock! Five o'clock p.m. on the thirtieth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight! Stop till I come down—stop! Don't go away on any account—not a foot, not a step. (*Closes window.*)

Tom (*descending, and shouldering his ladder*). Stop! stop, to a lamplighter, with three hundred and seventy shops and a hundred and twenty private houses waiting to be set a light to! Stop, to a lamplighter!

As he is running off, enter Mr. Stargazer *from his house, hastily.*

Mr. Stargazer (*detaining him*). Not for your life!—not for your life! The thirtieth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight! Miraculous circumstance! extraordinary fulfilment of a prediction of the planets!

Tom. What are you talking about?

Mr. Stargazer (*looking about*). Is there nobody else in sight, up the street or down? No, not a soul! This, then, is the man whose coming was revealed to me by the stars, six months ago!

Tom. What do you mean?

Mr. Stargazer. Young man, that I have consulted the Book of Fate with rare and wonderful success,—that coming events have cast their shadows before.

Tom. Don't talk nonsense to me,—I ain't an event; I 'm a lamplighter!

Mr. Stargazer (*aside*). True!—Strange destiny that one, announced by the planets as of noble birth, should be devoted to so humble an occupation. (*Aloud.*) But you were not *always* a lamplighter?

Tom. Why, no. I wasn't born with a ladder on my left shoulder, and a light in my other hand. But I took to it very early, though,—I had it from my uncle.

Mr. Stargazer (*aside*). He had it from his uncle! How plain, and yet how forcible, is his language! He speaks of lamplighting, as though it were the whooping-cough or measles! (*To him.*) Ay!

Tom. Yes, he was the original. You should have known him!—'cod! he was a genius, if ever there was one. Gas was the death of him! When gas lamps was first talked of, my uncle draws himself up, and says, 'I 'll not believe it, there 's no sich a thing,' he says. 'You might as well talk of laying on an everlasting succession of glow-worms!' But when they made the experiment of lighting a piece of Pall Mall—

Mr. Stargazer. That was when it first came up?

Tom. No, no, that was when it was first laid down. Don't mind me; I can't help a joke, now and then. My uncle was sometimes took that way. When the experiment was made of lighting a piece of Pall Mall, and he had actually witnessed it, with his own eyes, you should have seen my uncle then!

Mr. Stargazer. So much overcome?

Tom. Overcome, sir! He fell off his ladder, from weakness, fourteen times that very night; and his last fall was into a wheelbarrow that was going his way, and humanely took him home. 'I foresee in this,' he says, 'the breaking up of our profession; no more polishing of the tin reflectors,' he says; 'no more fancy-work, in the way of clipping the cottons at two o'clock in the morning; no more going the rounds to trim by daylight, and dribbling down of the *ile* on the hats and bonnets of the ladies and gentlemen, when one feels in good spirits. Any low fellow can light a gas-lamp, and it 's all up!' So he petitioned the Government for—what do you call that that they give to people when it 's found out that they 've never been of any use, and have been paid too much for doing nothin?

Mr. Stargazer. Compensation?

Tom. Yes, that 's the thing,—compensation. They didn't

give him any, though! And then he got very fond of his country all at once, and went about, saying how that the bringing in of gas was a death-blow to his native land, and how that its *ile* and cotton trade was gone for ever, and the whales would go and kill themselves, privately, in spite and vexation at not being caught! After this, he was right-down cracked, and called his 'bacco pipe a gas pipe, and thought his tears was lamp *ile*, and all manner of nonsense. At last, he went and hung himself on a lamp iron, in St. Martin's Lane, that he'd always been very fond of; and as he was a remarkably good husband, and had never had any secrets from his wife, he put a note in the twopenny post, as he went along, to tell the widder where the body was.

MR. STARGAZER (*laying his hand upon his arm, and speaking mysteriously*). Do you remember your parents?

TOM. My mother I do, very well!

MR. STARGAZER. Was she of noble birth?

TOM. Pretty well. She was in the mangling line. Her mother came of a highly respectable family,—such a business, in the sweetstuff and hardbake way!

MR. STARGAZER. Perhaps your father was—

TOM. Why, I hardly know about him. The fact is, there was some little doubt, at the time, who *was* my father. Two or three young gentlemen were paid the pleasing compliment; but their incomes being limited, they were compelled delicately to decline it.

MR. STARGAZER. Then the prediction is not fulfilled merely in part, but entirely and completely. Listen, young man,—I am acquainted with all the celestial bodies—

TOM. Are you, though?—I hope they are quite well,—every body.

MR. STARGAZER. Don't interrupt me. I am versed in the great sciences of astronomy and astrology; in my house there I have every description of apparatus for observing the course and motion of the planets. I 'm writing a work about them, which will consist of eighty-four volumes, imperial quarto; and an appendix; nearly twice as long. I read what 's going to happen in the stars.

TOM. Read what 's going to happen in the stars! Will anything particular happen in the stars in the course of next week, now?

MR. STARGAZER. You don't understand me. I read in the stars what 's going to happen here. Six months ago I derived from this source the knowledge that, precisely as the clock struck five, on the afternoon of this very day, a stranger would present himself before my enraptured sight,—that stranger would be a man of illustrious and high descent,—that stranger would be the destined husband of my young and lovely niece, who is now beneath that roof (*points to his house*);—that stranger is yourself: I receive you with open arms!

TOM. Me! I, the man of illustrious and high—I, the husband of a young and lovely—Oh! it can't be, you know! the stars have made a mistake—the comet has put 'em out!

MR. STARGAZER. Impossible! The characters were as plain as pike-staves. The clock struck five; you were here; there was not a soul in sight; a mystery envelops your birth; you are a man of noble aspect. Does not everything combine to prove the accuracy of my observations?

TOM. Upon my word, it looks like it! And now I come to think of it, I have very often felt as if I wasn't the small beer I was taken for. And yet I don't know,—you 're quite sure about the noble aspect?

MR. STARGAZER. Positively certain.

TOM. Give me your hand.

MR. STARGAZER. And my heart, too! (*They shake hands heartily.*)

TOM. The young lady is tolerably good-looking, is she?

MR. STARGAZER. Beautiful! A graceful carriage, an exquisite shape, a sweet voice; a countenance beaming with animation and expression; the eye of a startled fawn.

TOM. I see; a sort of game eye. Does she happen to have any of the—this is quite between you and me, you know,—and I only ask from curiosity,—not because I care about it,—any of the ready?

MR. STARGAZER. Five thousand pounds! But what of that?

what of that? A word in your ear. I 'm in search of the philosopher's stone! I have very nearly found it—not quite. It turns everything to gold; that 's its property.

Tom. What a lot of property it must have!

Mr. Stargazer. When I get it, we 'll keep it in the family. Not a word to any one! What will money be to us? We shall never be able to spend it fast enough.

Tom. Well, you know, we can but try,—I 'll do my best endeavours.

Mr. Stargazer. Thank you,—thank you! But I 'll introduce you to your future bride at once:—this way, this way!

Tom. What, without going my rounds first?

Stargazer. Certainly. A man in whom the planets take especial interest, and who is about to have a share in the philosopher's stone, descend to lamplighting!

Tom. Perish the base idea! not by no means! I 'll take in my tools, though, to prevent any kind inquiries after me, at your door. (*As he shoulders the ladder the sound of violent rain is heard.*) Holloa.

Mr. Stargazer (*putting his hand on his head in amazement*). What 's that?

Tom. It 's coming down, rather.

Mr. Stargazer. Rain!

Tom. Ah! and a soaker, too!

Mr. Stargazer. It can't be!—it 's impossible!—(*Taking a book from his pocket, and turning over the pages hurriedly.*) Look here,—here it is,—here 's the weather almanack,—'Set fair,'—I knew it couldn't be! (*with great triumph*).

Tom (*turning up his collar as the rain increases*). Don't you think there 's a dampness in the atmosphere?

Mr. Stargazer (*looking up*). It 's singular,—it 's *like* rain!

Tom. Uncommonly like.

Mr. Stargazer. It 's a mistake in the elements, somehow. Here it is, 'set fair,'—and set fair it ought to be. 'Light clouds floating about.' Ah! you see, there are no light clouds;—the weather 's all wrong.

Tom. Don't you think we had better get under cover?

MR. STARGAZER (*slowly retreating towards the house*). I don't acknowledge that it has any right to rain, mind! I protest against this. If Nature goes on in this way, I shall lose all respect for her,—it won't do, you know; it ought to have been two degrees colder, yesterday; and instead of that, it was warmer. This is not the way to treat scientific men. I protest against it!

[*Exeunt into house, both talking,* TOM *pushing* STARGAZER *on, and the latter continually turning back, to declaim against the weather.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* STARGAZER'S *house.* BETSY MARTIN, EMMA STARGAZER, FANNY BROWN, *and* GALILEO, *all murmuring together as they enter.*

BETSY. I say, again, young ladies, that it 's shameful! unbearable!

ALL. Oh! shameful! shameful!

BETSY. Marry Miss Emma to a great, old, ugly, doting, dreaming As-tron-o-Magician, like Mr. Mooney, who 's always winking and blinking through telescopes and that, and can't see a pretty face when it 's under his very nose!

GALILEO (*with a melancholy air*). There never was a pretty face under *his* nose, Betsy, leastways, since I 've known him. He 's very plain.

BETSY. Ah! there 's poor young master, too; he hasn't even spirits enough to laugh at his own jokes. I 'm sure I pity him, from the very bottom of my heart.

FANNY *and* EMMA. Poor fellow!

GALILEO. Ain't I a legitimate subject for pity? Ain't it a dreadful thing that I, that am twenty-one come next Lady-day, should be treated like a little boy?—and all because my father is so busy with the moon's age that he don't care about mine; and so much occupied in making observations on the sun round which the earth revolves, that he takes no notice of the son that revolves round him! I wasn't taken out of nankeen frocks and trousers till I became quite unpleasant in 'em.

ALL. What a shame!

GALILEO. I wasn't, indeed. And look at me now! Here 's a state of things. Is this a suit of clothes for a major,—at least, for a gentleman who is a minor now, but will be a major on the very next Lady-day that comes? Is this a fit—

ALL (*interrupting him*). Certainly not!

GALILEO (*vehemently*). I won't stand it—I won't submit to it any longer. I *will* be married.

ALL. No, no, no! don't be rash.

GALILEO. I will, I tell you. I 'll marry my cousin Fanny. Give me a kiss, Fanny; and Emma and Betsy will look the other way the while. (*Kisses her.*) There!

BETSY. Sir—sir! here 's your father coming!

GALILEO. Well, then, I 'll have another, as an antidote to my father. One more; Fanny. (*Kisses her.*)

MR. STARGAZER (*without*). This way! this way! You shall behold her immediately.

Enter MR. STARGAZER, TOM *following bashfully.*

MR. STARGAZER. Where is my—? Oh, here she is! Fanny, my dear, come here. Do you see that gentleman? (*Aside.*)

FANNY. What gentleman, uncle? Do you mean that elastic person yonder who is bowing with so much perseverance?

MR. STARGAZER. Hush! yes; that 's the interesting stranger.

FANNY. Why, he is kissing his hand, uncle. What does the creature mean?

MR. STARGAZER. Ah, the rogue! Just like me, before I married your poor aunt,—all fire and impatience. He means love, my darling, love. I 've such a delightful surprise for you. I didn't tell you before, for fear there should be any mistake; but it 's all right, it 's all right. The stars have settled it all among 'em. He 's to be your husband!

FANNY. My husband, uncle? Goodness gracious, Emma! (*Converses apart with her.*)

MR. STARGAZER (*aside*). He has made a sensation already. His noble aspect and distinguished air have produced an instantaneous impression. Mr. Grig, will you permit me?

(Tom *advances awkwardly.*)—This is my niece, Mr. Grig, —my niece, Miss Fanny Brown; my daughter, Emma,— Mr. Thomas Grig, the favourite of the planets.

Tom. I hope I see Miss Hemmer in a conwivial state. (*Aside to* Mr. Stargazer.) I say, I don't know which is which.

Mr. Stargazer (*aside*). The young lady nearest here is your affianced bride. Say something appropriate.

Tom. Certainly; yes, of course. Let me see. Miss (*crosses to her*)—I—thank 'ee! (*Kisses her, behind his hat. She screams.*)

Galileo (*bursting from* Betsy, *who has been retaining him*). Outrageous insolence! (*Betsy runs off.*)

Mr. Stargazer. Halloa, sir, halloa!

Tom. Who is this juvenile salamander, sir?

Mr. Stargazer. My little boy,—only my little boy; don't mind him. Shake hands with the gentleman, sir, instantly (*to* Galileo).

Tom. A very fine boy, indeed! and he does you great credit, sir. How d' ye do, my little man? (*They shake hands,* Galileo *looking very wrathful, as* Tom *pats him on the head.*) There, that 's very right and proper. ' 'Tis dogs delight to bark and bite'; not young gentlemen, you know. There, there!

Mr. Stargazer. Now let me introduce you to that *sanctum sanctorum*,—that hallowed ground,—that philosophical retreat—where I, the *genius loci*,—

Tom. Eh?

Mr. Stargazer. The *genius loci*—

Tom (*aside*). Something to drink, perhaps. Oh, ah! yes, yes!

Mr. Stargazer. Have made all my greatest and most profound discoveries! where the telescope has almost grown to my eye with constant application; and the glass retort has been shivered to pieces from the ardour with which my experiments have been pursued. There the illustrious Mooney is, even now, pursuing those researches which will enrich us with precious metal, and make us masters of the world. Come, Mr. Grig.

Tom. By all means, sir; and luck to the illustrious Mooney,

say I,—not so much on Mooney's account as for our noble selves.

Mr. Stargazer. Emma!

Emma. Yes, papa.

Mr. Stargazer. The same day that makes your cousin Mrs. Grig, will make you and that immortal man, of whom we have just now spoken, one.

Emma. Oh! consider, dear papa,—

Mr. Stargazer. You are unworthy of him, I know; but he,—kind, generous creature,—consents to overlook your defects, and to take you, for my sake,—devoted man!—Come, Mr. Grig!—Galileo Isaac Newton Flamstead!

Galileo. Well? (*Advancing sulkily.*)

Mr. Stargazer. In name, alas! but not in nature; knowing, even by sight, no other planets than the sun and moon,—here is your weekly pocket-money,—sixpence! Take it all!

Tom. And don't spend it all at once, my man! Now, sir!

Mr. Stargazer. Now, Mr. Grig,—go first, sir, I beg!

[*Exeunt* Tom *and* Mr. Stargazer.

Galileo. 'Come, Mr. Grig!'—'Go first, Mr. Grig!'—'Day that makes your cousin Mrs. Grig!'—I 'll secretly stick a penknife into Mr. Grig, if I live to be three hours older!

Fanny (*on one side of him*). Oh! don't talk in that desperate way,—there 's a dear, dear creature!

Emma (*on the other side*). No! pray do not;—it makes my blood run cold to hear you.

Galileo. Oh! if I was of age!—if I was only of age!—or we could go to Gretna Green, at threepence a head, including refreshments and all incidental expenses. But that could never be! Oh! if I was only of age!

Fanny. But what if you were? What could you do, then?

Galileo. Marry you, cousin Fanny; I could marry you then lawfully, and without anybody's consent.

Fanny. You forget that, situated as we are, we could not be married, even if you *were* one-and-twenty;—we have no money!

Emma. Not even enough for the fees!

Galileo. Oh! I am sure every Christian clergyman, under

such afflicting circumstances, would marry us on credit. The wedding-fees might stand over till the first christening, and then we could settle the little bill altogether. Oh! why ain't I of age!—why ain't I of age?

Enter BETSY, *in haste.*

BETSY. Well! I never could have believed it! There, Miss! I wouldn't have believed it, if I had dreamt it, even with a bit of bride-cake under my pillow! To dare to go and think of marrying a young lady, with five thousand pounds, to a common lamplighter!

ALL. A lamplighter?

BETSY. Yes, he 's Tom Grig the lamplighter, and nothing more nor less, and old Mr. Stargazer goes and picks him out of the open street, and brings him in for Miss Fanny's husband, because he pretends to have read something about it in the stars. Stuff and nonsense! I don't believe he knows his letters in the stars, and that 's the truth; or if he 's got as far as words in one syllable, it 's quite as much as he has.

FANNY. Was such an atrocity ever heard of? I, left with no power to marry without his consent, and he almost possessing the power to force my inclinations.

EMMA. It 's actually worse than my being sacrificed to that odious and detestable Mr. Mooney.

BETSY. Come, Miss, it 's not quite so bad as that neither; for Thomas Grig is a young man, and a proper young man enough too, but as to Mr. Mooney,—oh, dear! no husband is bad enough in my opinion, Miss; but he is worse than nothing,—a great deal worse.

FANNY. You seem to speak feelingly about this same Mr. Grig.

BETSY. Oh, dear no, Miss, not I. I don't mean to say but what Mr. Grig may be very well in his way, Miss; but Mr. Grig and I have never held any communication together, not even so much as how-d' ye-do. Oh, no indeed, I have been very careful, Miss, as I always am with strangers. I was acquainted with the last lamplighter, Miss, but he 's going to be married, and has given up the

calling, for the young woman's parents being very respectable, wished her to marry a literary man, and so he has set up as a bill-sticker. Mr. Grig only came upon this beat at five to-night, Miss.

FANNY. Which is a very sufficient reason why you don't know more of him.

BETSY. Well, Miss, perhaps it is; and I hope there 's no crime in making friends in this world, if we can, Miss.

FANNY. Certainly not. So far from it, that I most heartily wish you could make something more than a friend of this Mr. Grig, and so lead him to falsify this prediction.

GALILEO. Oh! don't you think you could, Betsy?

EMMA. You could not manage at the same time to get any young friend of yours to make something more than a friend of Mr. Mooney, could you, Betsy?

GALILEO. But, seriously, don't you think you could manage to give us all a helping hand together, in some way, eh, Betsy?

FANNY. Yes, yes, that would be so delightful. I should be grateful to her for ever. Shouldn't you?

EMMA. Oh, to the very end of my life!

GALILEO. And so should I, you know, and lor'! we should make her so rich, when—when we got rich ourselves,—shouldn't we?

BOTH. Oh, that we should, of course.

BETSY. Let me see. I don't wish to have Mr. Grig to myself, you know. I don't want to be married.

ALL. No! no! no! Of course she don't.

BETSY. I haven't the least idea to put Mr. Grig off this match, you know, for anybody's sake, but you young people's. I am going quite *contrairy* to my own feelings, you know.

ALL. Oh, yes, yes! How kind she is!

BETSY. Well, I 'll go over the matter with the young ladies in Miss Emma's room, and if we can think of anything that seems likely to help us, so much the better; and if we can't, we 're none the worst. But Master Galileo mustn't come, for he is so horrid jealous of Miss Fanny that I dursn't hardly say anything before him. Why, I declare

(*looking off*), there is my gentleman looking about him as if he had lost Mr. Stargazer, and now he turns this way. There—get out of sight. Make haste!

GALILEO. I may see 'em as far as the bottom stair, mayn't I, Betsy?

BETSY. Yes, but not a step farther on any consideration. There, get away softly, so that if he passes here, he may find me alone. (*They creep gently out,* GALILEO *returns and peeps in.*)

GALILEO. Hist, Betsy!

BETSY. Go away, sir. What have you come back for?

GALILEO (*holding out a large pin*). I wish you 'd take an opportunity of sticking this a little way into him for patting me on the head just now.

BETSY. Nonsense, you can't afford to indulge in such expensive amusements as retaliation yet awhile. You must wait till you come into your property, sir. There.—Get you gone! [*Exit* GALILEO.

Enter TOM GRIG.

TOM (*aside*). I never saw such a scientific file in my days. The enterprising gentleman that drowned himself *to see how it felt,* is nothing to him. There he is, just gone down to the bottom of a dry well in an uncommonly small bucket, to take an extra squint at the stars, they being seen best, I suppose, through the medium of a cold in the head. Halloa! Here is a young female of attractive proportions. I wonder now whether a man of noble aspect would be justified in tickling her. (*He advances stealthily and tickles her under the arm.*)

BETSY (*starting*). Eh! what! Lor', sir!

TOM. Don't be alarmed. My intentions are strictly honourable. In other words, I have no intentions whatever.

BETSY. Then you ought to be more careful, Mr. Grig. That was a liberty, sir.

TOM. I know it was. The cause of liberty, all over the world,—that 's my sentiment! What is your name?

BETSY (*curtseying*). Betsy Martin, sir.

TOM. A name famous both in song and story. Would you

have the goodness, Miss Martin, to direct me to that particular apartment wherein the illustrious Mooney is now pursuing his researches?

BETSY (*aside*). A little wholesome fear may not be amiss. (*To him, in assumed agitation.*) You are not going into *that* room, Mr. Grig?

TOM. Indeed, I am, and I ought to be there now, having promised to join that light of science, your master (a short six, by the bye!), outside the door.

BETSY. That dreadful and mysterious chamber! Another victim!

TOM. Victim, Miss Martin!

BETSY. Oh! the awful oath of secrecy which binds me not to disclose the perils of that gloomy, hideous room.

TOM (*astonished*). Miss Martin!

BETSY. Such a fine young man,—so rosy and fresh-coloured, that he should fall into the clutches of that cruel and insatiable monster! I cannot continue to witness such frightful scenes; I must give warning.

TOM. If you have anything to unfold, young woman, have the goodness to give *me* warning at once.

BETSY (*affecting to recover herself*). No, no, Mr. Grig, it 's nothing,—it 's ha! ha! ha!—don't mind me, don't mind me, but it certainly is very shocking;—no,—no,—I don't mean that. I mean funny,—yes. Ha! ha! ha!

TOM (*aside, regarding her attentively*). I suspect a trick here,—some other lover in the case who wants to come over the stars;—but it won't do. I 'll tell you what, young woman (*to her*), if this is a cloak, you had better try it on elsewhere;—in plain English, if you have any object to gain and think to gain it by frightening *me*, it 's all my eye and, and—yourself, Miss Martin.

BETSY. Well, then, if you will rush upon your fate,—there (*pointing off*)—that 's the door at the end of that long passage and across the gravelled yard. The room is built away from the house on purpose.

TOM. I 'll make for it at once, and the first object I inspect through that same telescope, which now and then grows to your master's eye, shall be the moon—the moon, which is

the emblem of your inconstant and deceitful sex, Miss Martin.

Duet.

AIR—*'The Young May-moon.'*

TOM. There comes a new moon twelve times a year.
BETSY. And when there is none, all is dark and drear.
TOM. In which I espy—
BETSY. And so, too, do I—
BOTH. A resemblance to womankind very clear.
BOTH. There comes a new moon twelve times in a year;
And when there is none, all is dark and drear.
TOM. In which I espy—
BETSY. And so do I—
BOTH. A resemblance to womankind very clear.

Second Verse.

TOM. She changes, she 's fickle, she drives men mad.
BETSY. She comes to bring light, and leaves them sad.
TOM. So restless wild—
BETSY. But so sweetly wild—
BOTH. That no better companion could be had.
BOTH. There comes a new moon twelves times a year;
And when there is none, all is dark and drear.
TOM. In which I espy—
BETSY. And so do I—
BOTH. A resemblance to womankind very clear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A large gloomy room; a window with a telescope directed towards the sky without, a table covered with books, instruments and apparatus, which are also scattered about in other parts of the chamber, a dim lamp, a pair of globes, etc., a skeleton in a case, and various uncouth objects displayed against the walls. Two doors in flat.* MR. MOONEY *discovered, with a very dirty face, busily engaged in blowing a fire, upon which is a crucible.*

Enter MR. STARGAZER, *with a lamp, beckoning to* TOM GRIG, *who enters with some unwillingness.*

MR. STARGAZER. This, Mr. Grig, is the *sanctum sanctorum* of which I have already spoken; this is at once the laboratory and observatory.

TOM. It 's not an over-lively place, is it?

MR. STARGAZER. It has an air of solemnity which well accords with the great and mysterious pursuits that are here in constant prosecution, Mr. Grig.

TOM. Ah! I should think it would suit an undertaker to the life; or perhaps I should rather say to the death. What may that cheerful object be now? (*Pointing to a large phial.*)

MR. STARGAZER. That contains a male infant with three heads,—we use it in astrology;—it is supposed to be a *charm.*

TOM. I shouldn't have supposed it myself, from his appearance. The young gentleman isn't alive, is he?

MR. STARGAZER. No, he is preserved in spirits. (MR. MOONEY *sneezes.*)

TOM (*retreating into a corner*). Halloa! What the— (MR. MOONEY *looks vacantly round.*) That gentleman, I suppose, is out of spirits?

MR. STARGAZER (*laying his hand upon* TOM'S *arm and looking toward the philosopher*). Hush! that is the gifted Mooney. Mark well his noble countenance,—intense thought beams from every lineament. That is the great astrologer.

TOM. He looks as if he had been having a touch at the black art. I say, why don't he say something?

MR. STARGAZER. He is in a state of abstraction; see he directs his bellows this way, and blows upon the empty air.

TOM. Perhaps he sees a strange spark in this direction and wonders how he came here. I wish he 'd blow me out. (*Aside.*) I don't half like this.

MR. STARGAZER. You shall see me rouse him.

TOM. Don't put yourself out of the way on my account; I can make his acquaintance at any other time.

MR. STARGAZER. No time like the time present. Nothing awakens him from these fits of meditation but an electric shock. We always have a strongly charged battery on purpose. I 'll give him a shock directly. (MR. STARGAZER *goes up and cautiously places the end of a wire in* MR. MOONEY'S *hand. He then stoops down beside the table as though bringing it in contact with the battery.* MR. MOONEY *immediately jumps up with a loud cry and throws away the bellows.*)

TOM (*squaring at the philosopher*). It wasn't me, you know, none of your nonsense.

MR. STARGAZER (*comes hastily forward*). Mr. Grig,—Mr. Grig,—not that disrespectful attitude to one of the greatest men that ever lived. This, my dear friend (*to* MOONEY),—is the noble stranger.

MR. MOONEY. A ha!

MR. STARGAZER. Who arrived, punctual to his time, this afternoon.

MR. MOONEY. O ho!

MR. STARGAZER. Welcome him, my friend,—give him your hand. (MR. MOONEY *appears confused and raises his leg.*) No—no, that 's your foot. So absent, Mr. Grig, in his gigantic meditations that very often he doesn't know one from the other. Yes, that 's your hand, very good, my dear friend, very good (*pats* MOONEY *on the back as he and* TOM *shake hands, the latter at arm's length*).

MR. STARGAZER. Have you made any more discoveries during my absence?

MR. MOONEY. Nothing particular.

MR. STARGAZER. Do you think—do you think, my dear friend, that we shall arrive at any great stage in our labours, anything at all approaching to their final consummation in the course of the night?

MR. MOONEY. I cannot take upon myself to say.

MR. STARGAZER. What are your opinions upon the subject?

MR. MOONEY. I haven't any opinions upon any subject whatsoever.

MR. STARGAZER. Wonderful man! Here 's a mind, Mr. Grig.

Tom. Yes, his conversation 's very improving indeed. But what 's he staring so hard at me for?

Mr. Stargazer. Something occurs to him. Don't speak,—don't disturb the current of his reflections upon any account. (Mr. Mooney *walks solemnly up to* Tom, *who retreats before him; taking off his hat turns it over and over with a thoughtful countenance and finally puts it upon his own head.*)

Mr. Stargazer. Eccentric man!

Tom. I say, I hope he don't mean to keep that, because if he does, his eccentricity is unpleasant. Give him another shock and knock it off, will you?

Mr. Stargazer. Hush! hush! not a word. (Mr. Mooney, *keeping his eyes fixed on* Tom, *slowly returns to* Mr. Stargazer *and whispers in his ear.*)

Mr. Stargazer. Surely; by all means. I took the date of his birth, and all other information necessary for the purpose just now. (*To* Tom.) Mr. Mooney suggests that we should cast your nativity without delay, in order that we may communicate to you your future destiny.

Mr. Mooney. Let us retire for that purpose.

Mr. Stargazer. Certainly, wait here for a few moments, Mr. Grig: we are only going into the little laboratory and will return immediately. Now, my illustrious friend. (*He takes up a lamp and leads the way to one of the doors. As* Mr. Mooney *follows,* Tom *steals behind him and regains his hat.* Mr. Mooney *turns round, stares, and exit through door.*)

Tom. Well, that 's the queerest genius I ever came across,—rather a singular person for a little smoking party. (*Looks into the crucible.*) This is the saucepan, I suppose, where they 're boiling the philosopher's stone down to the proper consistency. I hope it 's nearly done; when it 's quite ready, I 'll send out for sixpenn'orth of sprats, and turn 'em into gold fish for a first experiment. 'Cod! it 'll be a comfortable thing though to have no end to one's riches. I 'll have a country house and a park, and I 'll plant a bit of it with a double row of gas-lamps a mile long, and go out with a French polished mahogany

ladder, and two servants in livery behind me, to light 'em with my own hands every night. What 's to be seen here? (*Looks through telescope.*) Nothing particular, the stopper being on at the other end. The little boy with three heads (*looking towards the case*). What a comfort he must have been to his parents!—Halloa! (*taking up a large knife*) this is a disagreeable-looking instrument,—something too large for bread and cheese, or oysters, and not of a bad shape for sticking live persons in the ribs. A very dismal place this,—I wish they 'd come back. Ah! —(*coming upon the skeleton*) here 's a ghastly object,—what does the writing say?—(*reads a label upon the case*) 'Skeleton of a gentleman prepared by Mr. Mooney.' I hope Mr. Mooney may not be in the habit of inviting gentlemen here, and making 'em into such preparations without their own consent. Here 's a book, now. What 's all this about, I wonder? The letters look as if a steam-engine had printed 'em by accident. (*Turns over the leaves, spelling to himself.*)

GALILEO *enters softly unseen by* TOM, *who has his back towards him.*

GALILEO (*aside*). Oh, you 're there, are you? If I could but suffocate him, not for life, but only till I am one-and twenty, and then revive him, what a comfort and convenience it would be! I overheard my cousin Fanny talking to Betsy about coming here. What can she want here? If she can be false,—false to *me;*—it seems impossible, but if she is?—well, well, we shall see. If I can reach that lumber-room unseen, Fanny Brown,—beware. (*He steals toward the door on the* L.—*opens it, and exit cautiously into the room. As he does so,* TOM *turns the other way.*)

TOM (*closing the book*). It 's very pretty Greek, I think. What a time they are!

MR. STARGAZER *and* MOONEY *enter from room.*

MOONEY. Tell the noble gentleman of his irrevocable destiny.

Mr. Stargazer (*with emotion*). No,—no, prepare him first.

Tom (*aside*). Prepare him! 'prepared by Mr. Mooney.'—This is a case of kidnapping and slaughter. (*To them.*) Let him attempt to prepare me at his peril!

Mr. Stargazer. Mr. Grig, why this demonstration?

Tom. Oh, don't talk to me of demonstrations;—you ain't going to demonstrate me, and so I tell you.

Mr. Stargazer. Alas! (*Crossing to him.*) The truth we have to communicate requires but little demonstration from our feeble lips. We have calculated upon your nativity.

Mooney. Yes, we have, we have.

Mr. Stargazer. Tender-hearted man! (Mooney *weeps.*) See there, Mr. Grig, isn't that affecting?

Tom. What is he piping his boiled gooseberry eye for, sir? How should I know whether it 's affecting or not?

Mr. Stargazer. For you, for you. We find that you will expire to-morrow two months, at thirty minutes—wasn't it thirty minutes, my friend?

Mooney. Thirty-five minutes, twenty-seven seconds and five-sixths of a second. Oh! (*Groans.*)

Mr. Stargazer. Thirty-five minutes, twenty-seven seconds, and five-sixths of a second past nine o'clock.

Mooney. A.M. (*They both wipe their eyes.*)

Tom (*alarmed*). Don't tell me, you 've made a mistake somewhere;—I won't believe it.

Mooney. No, it is all correct, we worked it all in the most satisfactory manner.—Oh! (*Groans again.*)

Tom. Satisfactory, sir! Your notions of the satisfactory are of an extraordinary nature.

Mr. Stargazer (*producing a pamphlet*). It is confirmed by the prophetic almanack. Here is the prediction for to-morrow two months,—'The decease of a great person may be looked for about this time.'

Tom (*dropping into his chair*). That 's me! It 's all up! inter me decently, my friends.

Mr. Stargazer (*shaking his hand*). Your wishes shall be attended to. We must have the marriage with my niece at once, in order that your distinguished race may be transmitted to posterity. Condole with him, my Mooney,

while I compose my feelings, and settle the preliminaries of the marriage in solitude.

(*Takes up lamp and exit into room* R. MOONEY *draws up a chair in a line with* TOM, *a long way off. They both sigh heavily.* GALILEO *opens the lumber-room door. As he does so the room door opens and* BETSY *steals softly in, beckoning to* EMMA *and* FANNY *who follow. He retires again abruptly.*)

BETSY (*aside*). Now, young ladies, if you take heart only for one minute you may frighten Mr. Mooney out of being married at once.

EMMA. But if he has serious thoughts?

BETSY. Nonsense, Miss, he hasn't any thoughts. Your papa says to him, 'Will you marry my daughter?' and he says, 'Yes, I will'; and he would and will if you ain't bold, but bless you, he never turned it over in his mind for a minute. If you, Miss (*to* EMMA), pretend to hate him and love a rival, and you, Miss (*to* FANNY), to love him to distraction, you 'll frighten him so betwixt you that he 'll declare off directly, I warrant. The love will frighten him quite as much as the hate. He never saw a woman in a passion, and as to one in love, I don't believe that anybody but his mother ever kissed that grumpy old face of his in all his born days. Now, do try him, ladies. Come, we 're losing time.

(*She conceals herself behind the skeleton case.* EMMA *rushes up to* TOM GRIG *and embraces him, while* FANNY *clasps* MOONEY *round the neck.* GALILEO *appears at his door in an attitude of amazement, and* MR. STARGAZER *at his, after running in again with the lamp, which before he sees what is going forward he had in his hand.* TOM *and* MOONEY *in great astonishment.*)

FANNY (*to* MOONEY). }
EMMA (*to* GRIG). } Hush! hush!

(TOM GRIG *and* MOONEY *get their heads sufficiently out of embrace to exchange a look of wonder.*)

EMMA. Dear Mr. Grig, I know you must consider this strange, extraordinary, unaccountable conduct.

TOM. Why, ma'am, without explanation, it does appear singular.

EMMA. Yes, yes, I know it does, I know it will, but the urgency of the case must plead my excuse. Too fascinating Mr. Grig, I have seen you once and only once, but the impression of that maddening interview can never be effaced. I love you to distraction. (*Falls upon his shoulder.*)

TOM. You 're extremely obliging, ma'am, it 's a flattering sort of thing,—or it would be (*aside*) if I was going to live a little longer,—but you 're not the one, ma'am;—it 's the other lady that the stars have—

FANNY (*to* MOONEY). Nay, wonderful being, hear me—this is not a time for false conventional delicacy. Wrapt in your sublime visions, you have not [perceived][1] the silent tokens of a woman's first and all-absorbing attachment, which have been, I fear, but too perceptible in the eyes of others; but now I must speak out. I hate this odious man. You are my first and only love. Oh! speak to me.

MOONEY. I haven't anything appropriate to say, young woman. I think I had better go. (*Attempting to get away.*)

FANNY. Oh! no, no, no (*detaining him*). Give me some encouragement. Not one kind word? not one look of love?

MOONEY. I don't know how to look a look of love.—I 'm, I 'm frightened.

TOM. So am I! I don't understand this. I tell you, Miss, that the other lady is my destined wife. Upon my word you mustn't hug me, you 'll make her jealous.

FANNY. Jealous! of you! Hear me (*to* MOONEY). I renounce all claim or title to the hand of that or any other man and vow to be eternally and wholly yours.

MOONEY. No, don't, you can't be mine,—nobody can be mine.—I don't want anybody—I—I—

EMMA. If you will not hear her—hear *me*, detested monster.

[1] The word in brackets is wanting in the manuscript, and is here supplied conjecturally to complete the sense. See, however, *Reprinted Pieces*, 'The Lamplighter's Story.'—ED.

—Hear me declare that sooner than be your bride, with this deep passion for another rooted in my heart,—I—

MOONEY. You need not make any declaration on the subject, young woman.

MR. STARGAZER (*coming forward*). She shan't,—she shan't. That 's right, don't hear her. She shall marry you whether she likes it or not,—she shall marry you to-morrow morning,—and you, Miss (*to* FANNY), shall marry Mr. Grig if I trundle you to church in a wheelbarrow.

GALILEO (*coming forward*). So she shall! so she may! Let her! let her! I give her leave.

MR. STARGAZER. You give her leave, you young dog! Who the devil cares whether *you* give her leave or not? and what are you spinning about in that way for?

GALILEO. I 'm fierce, I 'm furious,—don't talk to me,—I shall do somebody a mischief;—I 'll never marry anybody after this, never, never, it isn't safe. I 'll live and die a bachelor! —there—a bachelor! a bachelor! (*He goes up and encounters* BETSY. *She talks to him apart, and his wrath seems gradually to subside.*)

MOONEY. The little boy, albeit of tender years, has spoken wisdom. I have been led to the contemplation of womankind. I find their love is too violent for my staid habits. I would rather not venture upon the troubled waters of matrimony.

MR. STARGAZER. You don't mean to marry my daughter? Not if I say she *shall* have you? (MOONEY *shakes his head solemnly.*) Mr. Grig, you have not changed your mind because of a little girlish folly?

TOM. To-morrow two months! I may as well get through as much gold as I can in the meantime. Why, sir, if the pot nearly boils (*pointing to the crucible*),—if you 're pretty near the philosopher's stone,—

MR. STARGAZER. Pretty near! We 're sure of it—certain; it 's as good as money in the Bank. (GALILEO *and* BETSY, *who have been listening attentively, bustle about, fanning the fire, and throwing in sundry powders from the bottles on the table, then cautiously retire to a distance.*)

Tom. If that 's the case, sir, I am ready to keep faith with the planets. I 'll take her, sir, I 'll take her.

Mr. Stargazer. Then here 's her hand, Mr. Grig,—no resistance, Miss (*drawing* Fanny *forward*). It 's of no use, so you may as well do it with a good grace. Take her hand, Mr. Grig. (*The crucible blows up with a loud crash; they all start.*)

Mr. Stargazer. What!—the labour of fifteen years destroyed in an instant!

Mooney (*stooping over the fragments*). That 's the only disappointment I have experienced in this process since I was first engaged in it when I was a boy. It always blows up when it 's on the point of succeeding.

Tom. Is the philosopher's stone gone?

Mooney. No.

Tom. Not gone, sir?

Mooney. No—it never came!

Mr. Stargazer. But we 'll get it, Mr. Grig. Don't be cast down, we shall discover it in less than fifteen years this time, I dare say.

Tom (*relinquishing* Fanny's *hand*). Ah! Were the stars very positive about this union?

Mr. Stargazer. They had not a doubt about it. They said it *was* to be, and it must be. They were peremptory.

Tom. I am sorry for that, because they have been very civil to me in the way of showing a light now and then, and I really regret disappointing 'em. But under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it can't be.

Mr. Stargazer. Can't be, Mr. Grig! What can't be?

Tom. The marriage, sir. I forbid the banns. (*Retires and sits down.*)

Mr. Stargazer. Impossible! such a prediction unfulfilled! Why, the consequences would be as fatal as those of a concussion between the comet and this globe. Can't be! it must be, shall be.

Betsy (*coming forward, followed by* Galileo). If you please, sir, may I say a word?

Mr. Stargazer. What have you got to say?—speak, woman!

Betsy. Why, sir, I don't think Mr. Grig is the right man.

MR. STARGAZER. What!

BETSY. Don't you recollect, sir, that just as the house-clock struck the first stroke of five, you gave Mr. Galileo a thump on the head with the butt end of your telescope, and told him to get out of the way?

MR. STARGAZER. Well, if I did, what of that?

BETSY. Why, then, sir, I say, and I would say it if I was to be killed for it, that he 's the young gentleman that ought to marry Miss Fanny, and that the stars never meant anything else.

MR. STARGAZER. He! Why, he 's a little boy.

GALILEO. I ain't. I 'm one-and-twenty next Lady-day.

MR. STARGAZER. Eh! Eighteen hundred and—why, so he is, I declare. He 's quite a stranger to me, certainly. I never thought about his age since he was fourteen, and I remember that birthday, because he 'd a new suit of clothes then. But the noble family—

BETSY. Lor', sir! ain't it being of a noble family to be the son of such a clever man as you?

MR. STARGAZER. That 's true. And my mother's father would have been Lord Mayor, only he died of turtle the year before.

BETSY. Oh, it 's quite clear.

MR. STARGAZER. The only question is about the time, because the church struck afterwards. But I should think the stars, taking so much interest in my house, would most likely go by the house-clock,—eh! Mooney?

MOONEY. Decidedly,—yes.

MR. STARGAZER. Then you may have her, my son. Her father was a great astronomer; so I hope that, though you *are* a blockhead, your children may be scientific. There! (*Joins their hands.*)

EMMA. Am I free to marry who I like, papa?

MR. STARGAZER. Won't you, Mooney? Won't you?

MOONEY. If anybody asks me to again I 'll run away, and never come back any more.

MR. STARGAZER. Then we must drop the subject. Yes, your choice is now unfettered.

EMMA. Thank you, dear papa. Then I 'll look about for

somebody who will suit me without the delay of an instant longer than is absolutely necessary.

Mr. Stargazer. How very dutiful!

Fanny. And, as my being here just now with Emma was a little trick of Betsy's, I hope you 'll forgive her, uncle.

Emma. } Oh, yes, do.
Galileo. }

Fanny. And even reward her, uncle, for being instrumental in fulfilling the prediction.

Emma. } Oh, yes; do reward her—do.
Galileo. }

Fanny. Perhaps you could find a husband for her, uncle, you know. Don't you understand?

Betsy. Pray don't mention it, Miss. I told you at first, Miss, that I had not the least wish or inclination to have Mr. Grig to myself. I couldn't abear that Mr. Grig should think I wanted him to marry me; oh no, Miss, not on any account.

Mr. Stargazer. Oh, that 's pretty intelligible. Here, Mr. Grig. (*They fall back from his chair.*) Have you any objection to take this young woman for better, for worse?

Betsy. Lor', sir! how ondelicate!

Mr. Stargazer. I 'll add a portion of ten pounds for your loss of time here to-night. What do you say, Mr. Grig?

Tom. It don't much matter. I ain't long for this world. Eight weeks of marriage might reconcile me to my fate. I should go off, I think, more resigned and peaceful. Yes, I 'll take her, as a reparation. Come to my arms! (*He embraces her with a dismal face.*)

Mr. Stargazer (*taking a paper from his pocket*). Egad! that reminds me of what I came back to say, which all this bustle drove out of my head. There 's a figure wrong in the nativity (*handing the paper to* Mooney). He 'll live to a green old age.

Tom (*looking up*). Eh! What?

Mooney. So he will. Eighty-two years and twelve days will be the lowest.

Tom (*disengaging himself*). Eh! here! (*calling off*). Hallo, you, sir! bring in that ladder and lantern.

A Servant enters in great haste, and hands them to TOM.

SERVANT. There 's such a row in the street,—none of the gas-lamps lit, and all the people calling for the lamplighter. *Such* a row! (*Rubbing his hands with great glee.*)

TOM. Is there, my fine fellow? Then I 'll go and light 'em. And as, under existing circumstances, and with the prospect of a green old age before me, I 'd rather *not* be married, Miss Martin, I beg to assure the ratepayers present that in future I shall pay the strictest attention to my professional duties, and do my best for the contractor; and that I shall be found upon my beat as long as they condescend to patronise the Lamplighter. (*Runs off.* MISS MARTIN *faints in the arms of* MOONEY.)

CURTAIN

MR. NIGHTINGALE'S DIARY

A FARCE

IN ONE ACT

[1851]

BY CHARLES DICKENS AND MARK LEMON

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

At Devonshire House, Tuesday, *May* 27, 1851

Mr. Nightingale	Mr. Dudley Costello.
Mr. Gabblewig (*of the Middle Temple*)	Mr. Charles Dickens.
Tip (*his Tiger*)	Mr. Augustus Egg.
Slap (*professionally Mr. Formiville*) .	Mr. Mark Lemon.
Lithers (*landlord of the 'Water-Lily'*)	Mr. Wilkie Collins.
Rosina	Miss Ellen Chaplin.
Susan	Mrs. Coe.

MR. NIGHTINGALE'S DIARY

SCENE.—*The Common Room of the Water-Lily Hotel at Malvern. Door and Window in flat. A carriage stops, Door-bell rings violently.*

TIP (*without*). Now, then! Wai-ter! Landlord! Somebody! (*Enter* TIP, *through door, with a quantity of luggage.*)

Enter LITHERS, L., *running in.*

LITHERS. Here you are, my boy.

TIP (*much offended*). My boy! Who are you boying of! Don't do it. I won't have it. The worm will turn if it 's trod upon.

LITHERS. I never trod upon you.

TIP. What do you mean by calling *me* a worm?

LITHERS. You called yourself one. You ought to know what you are better than I do.

GABBLEWIG (*without*). Has anybody seen that puppy of mine—answers to the name of 'Tip'—with a gold-lace collar? (*Enters.*) Oh, here you are! You scoundrel, where have you been?

LITHERS. Good gracious me! Why, if it ain't Mr. Gabblewig, Junior!

GABBLEWIG. What, Lithers! Do *you* turn up at Malvern Wells, of all the places upon earth?

LITHERS. Bless you, sir, I 've been landlord of this little place these two years! Ever since you did me that great kindness—ever since you paid out that execution for me when I was in the greengrocery way, and used to wait at your parties in the Temple—which is five years ago come Christmas—I 've been (through a little legacy my wife dropped into) in the public line. I 'm overjoyed to see you, sir. How do you do, sir? Do you find yourself pretty well, sir?

GABBLEWIG (*moodily seating himself*). Why, no, I can't say I *am* pretty well.

TIP. No more ain't I.

GABBLEWIG. Be so good as to take those boots of yours into the kitchen, sir.

TIP (*reluctantly*). Yes, sir.

GABBLEWIG. And the baggage into my bedroom.

TIP. Yes, sir. (*Aside.*) Here 's a world! [*Exit*, L.

LITHERS. The Queen's Counsellor, that is to be, looks very down—uncommonly down. Something 's wrong. I wonder what it is. Can't be debt. Don't look like drinking. Hope it isn't dice! Ahem! Beg your pardon, Mr. Gabblewig, but you 'd wish to dine, sir? He don't hear. (*Gets round, dusting the table as he goes, and at last stoops his head so as to come face to face with him.*) What would you choose for dinner, Mr. Gabblewig?

GABBLEWIG. O, ah, yes! Give me some cold veal.

LITHERS. Cold veal! He 's out of his mind.

GABBLEWIG. I 'm a miserable wretch. I *was* going to be married. I am *not* going to be married. The young lady's uncle refuses to consent. It 's all off—all over—all up!

LITHERS. But there are other young ladies—

GABBLEWIG. Don't talk nonsense.

LITHERS (*aside*). All the rest are cold veal, I suppose. But, —you 'll excuse my taking the liberty, being so much beholden to you,—but couldn't anything be done to get over the difficulty?

GABBLEWIG. Nothing at all. How 's it possible? Do you know the nature of the uncle's objection? But of course you don't. I 'll tell you. He says I speak too fast, and *am* too slow,—want reality of purpose, and all that. He says I 'm all words. What the devil else does he suppose I *can* be, being a lawyer! He says I happen to be counsel for his daughter just now, but after marriage might be counsel for the opposite side. He says I am wanting in earnestness,—deficient in moral go-aheadism.

LITHERS. In which?

GABBLEWIG. Just so. In consequence of which you behold

before you a crushed flower. I am shut up and done for,—the peace of the valley is fled;—I have come down here to see if the cold-water cure will have any effect on a broken heart. Having had a course of wet blanket, I am going to try the wet sheet;—dare say I shall finish before long with a daisy counterpane.

LITHERS (*aside*). Everybody 's bit by the cold water. It will be the ruin of our business.

GABBLEWIG. If the waters of Malvern were the waters of Lethe, I 'd take a douche forty feet high, this afternoon, and drink five-and-twenty tumblers before breakfast to-morrow morning. Anything to wash out the tormenting remembrance of Rosina Nightingale.

LITHERS. Nightingale, Mr. Gabblewig?

GABBLEWIG. Nightingale. As the Shakespeare duet went, in the happy days of our amateur plays:

> The Nightingale alone,
> She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
> Lean'd her breast uptil a thorn.

I 've no doubt she 's doing it at the present moment—or leaning her head against the drawing-room window, looking across the Crescent. It 's all the same.

LITHERS. The Crescent, Mr. Gabblewig?

GABBLEWIG. The Crescent.

LITHERS. Not at Bath?

GABBLEWIG. At Bath.

LITHERS (*feeling in his pockets*). Good gracious! (*Gives a letter.*) Look at that, sir.

GABBLEWIG. The cramped hand of the obstinate old bird, who might, could, and should have been—and wouldn't be my father-in-law! (*Reads.*) 'Christopher Nightingale's compliments to the landlord of the Water-Lily, at Malvern Wells.'

LITHERS. The present establishment.

GABBLEWIG (*reading*). 'And hearing it is a quiet, unpretending, well-conducted house, requests to have the following rooms prepared for him on Tuesday afternoon.'

LITHERS. The present afternoon.

GABBLEWIG (*reading*). 'Namely, a private sitting-room with a'—what! a weed? He don't smoke.

LITHERS (*looking over his shoulder*). A view, sir.

GABBLEWIG. Oh! 'with a view.' Ay, ay. 'A bedroom for Christopher N. with a'—what? with a wormy pew?

LITHERS (*looking over his shoulder*). A warming-pan.

GABBLEWIG. To be sure; but it 's as like one as the other. 'With a warming-pan, and two suitable chambers for Miss Rosina Nightingale.'—Support me.

LITHERS. Hold up, Mr. Gabblewig.

GABBLEWIG. You might knock me down with a feather.

LITHERS. But you needn't knock *me* down with a barrister. Hold up, sir.

GABBLEWIG (*reading*). 'And her maid. Christopher Nightingale intends to try the cold-water cure.'

LITHERS. I beg your pardon, sir. What 's his complaint?

GABBLEWIG. Nothing.

LITHERS (*shaking his head*). He 'll never get over it, sir. Of all the invalids that come down here, the invalids that have nothing the matter with them are the hopeless cases.

GABBLEWIG (*reading*). 'Cold-water cure, having drunk (see Diary) four hundred and sixty-seven gallons, three pints and a half of the various celebrated waters of England and Germany, and proved them all to be humbugs. He has likewise proved (see Diary) all pills to be humbugs. Miss Rosina Nightingale, being rather low, will also try the cold-water cure, which will probably rouse her.'—Never!

Perhaps she, like me, may struggle with—

(And I have no doubt of it, Lithers, for she has the tenderest heart in the world)

Some feeling of regret

(awakened by the present individual).

But if she loved as I have loved,

(And I have no doubt she did—and does)

She never can forget.

(And she won't, I feel convinced, if it 's only in obstinacy.) (*Gives back letter.*)

LITHERS. Well, sir, what 'll you do? I 'm entirely devoted to you, and ready to serve you in any way. Will you have a ladder from the builder's, and run away with the young lady in the middle of the night; or would the key of the street-door be equally agreeable?

GABBLEWIG. Neither. Can't be done. If it could be done I should have done it at Bath. Grateful duty won't admit of union without consent of uncle—uncle won't give consent;—stick won't beat dog,—dog won't bite pig,—pig won't get over the stile;—and so the lovers will never be married! (*Sitting down as before.*) Give me the cold veal, and the day before yesterday's paper.

[*Exit* LITHERS, L., *and immediately returns with papers.*

SLAP (*without*). Halloa, here! My name is Formiville. Is Mr. Formiville's luggage arrived? Several boxes were sent on beforehand for Mr. Formiville; are those boxes here? (*Entering at door, preceded by* LITHERS, *who bows him in.*) Do you hear me, my man? Has Mr. Formiville's luggage—I am Mr. Formiville—arrived?

LITHERS. Quite safely, sir, yesterday. Three boxes, sir, and a pair of foils.

SLAP. *And* a pair of foils. The same. Very good. Take this cap. (LITHERS *puts it down.*) Good. Put these gloves in the cap. (LITHERS *does so.*) Good. Give me the cap again, it 's cold. (*He does so.*) Very good. Are you the landlord?

LITHERS. I am Thomas Lithers, the landlord, sir.

SLAP. Very good. You write in the title-pages of all your books, no doubt:—

> Thomas Lithers is my name,
> And landlord is my station;
> Malvern Wells my dwelling-place,
> And Chalk my occupation.

What have you got to eat, my man?

LITHERS. Well, sir, we could do you a nice steak; or we could toss you up a cutlet; or—

SLAP. What have you ready dressed, my man?

LITHERS. We have a very fine York ham, and a beautiful fowl, sir—

SLAP. Produce them! Let the banquet be served. Stay; have you—

LITHERS (*rubbing his hands*). Well, sir, we have, and I can strongly recommend it.

SLAP. To what may that remark refer, my friend?

LITHERS. I thought you mentioned Rhine-wine, sir.

SLAP. O truly. Yes, I think I did. Yes, I am sure I did. Is it very fine?

LITHERS. It is uncommon fine, sir. Liebfraumilch of the most delicious quality.

SLAP. You may produce a flask. The price is no consideration (*aside*)—as I shall never pay for it.

LITHERS. Directly, sir.

SLAP. So. He bites. He will be done. If he *will* be done he *must* be done. I can't help it. Thus men rush upon their fate. A stranger? Hum! Your servant, sir. My name is Formiville—

GABBLEWIG (*who has previously observed him*). Of several provincial theatres, I believe, and formerly engaged to assist an amateur company at Bath, under the management of—

SLAP (*with a theatrical pretence of being affected*). Mr. Gabblewig! Heavens! This recognition is so sudden, so unlooked for,—it unmans me. (*Aside.*) Owe him fifteen pounds, four shirts, and a waistcoat. Hope he 's forgotten the loan of those trifles.—O sir, if I drop a tear upon that hand—

GABBLEWIG. Consider it done. Suppose the tear, as we used to say at rehearsal. How are you going on? You have left the profession?

SLAP (*aside*). Or the profession left me. I either turned *it* off, or *it* turned *me* off; all one. (*Aloud.*) Yes, Mr. Gabblewig, I am now living on a little property—that is, I have expectations—(*aside*) of doing an old gentleman.

GABBLEWIG. I have my apprehensions, Mr. Formiville, otherwise I believe, Mr. Slap—

SLAP. Slap, sir, was my father's name. Do not reproach me with the misfortunes of my ancestors.

GABBLEWIG. I was about to say, Slap, otherwise Formiville, that I have a very strong belief that you have been for some time established in the begging-letter-writing business. And when a gentleman of that description drops a tear on my hand, my hand has a tendency to drop itself on his nose.

SLAP. I don't understand you, sir.

GABBLEWIG. I see you don't. Now the danger is, that I, Gabblewig, may take the profession of the law into my own hands, and eject Slap, otherwise Formiville, from the nearest casement or window, being at a height from the ground not exceeding five-and-twenty feet.

SLAP (*angrily*). Sir, I perceive how it is. A vindictive old person, of the name of Nightingale, who denounced me to the Mendicity Society, and who has pursued me in various ways, has prejudiced your mind somehow, publicly or privately, against an injured and calumniated victim. But let that Nightingale beware; for, if the Nightingale is not a bird, though an old one, that I will catch yet once again with chaff, and clip the wings of, too, I 'm—(*Aside.*) Confound my temper, where 's it running? (*Affects to weep in silence.*)

GABBLEWIG (*aside*). Oho! That 's what brings him here, is it? A trap for the Nightingales! I may show the old fellow that I have some purpose in me, after all!—Those amateur dresses among my baggage!—Lithers's assistance—done! Mr. Formiville.

SLAP (*with injured dignity*). Sir!

GABBLEWIG (*taking up hat and stick*). As I am not ambitious of the honour of your company, I shall leave you in possession of this apartment. I believe you are rather absent, are you not?

SLAP. Sir, I *am*, rather so.

GABBLEWIG. Exactly. Then you will do me the favour to observe that the spoons and forks of this establishment are the private property of the landlord. [*Exit*, L.

SLAP. And that man wallows in eight hundred a year, and

half that sum would make my wife and children (if I had any) happy!

Enter LITHERS (L.), *with tray, on which are fowl, ham, bread, and glasses.*

But arise, black vengeance! Nightingale shall suffer doubly. Nightingale found me out. When a man finds me out in imposing on him, I never forgive him,—and when he don't find me out, I never leave off imposing on him. Those are my principles. What ho! Wine here!

LITHERS (*arranging table and chair*). Wine coming sir, directly! My young man has gone below for it. (*Bell rings without.*) More company! Mr. Nightingale, beyond a doubt! (*Showing him in at door.*) This way, sir, if you please! Your letter received, sir, and your rooms prepared.

SLAP (*looking off melodramatically before seating himself at table*). Is that the malignant whom these eyes have never yet bel—asted with a look? Caitiff, tererembe!

Sits, as NIGHTINGALE *enters with* ROSINA *and* SUSAN. NIGHTINGALE *muffled in a shawl, and carrying a great-coat.*

NIGHTINGALE (*to* LITHERS). That 'll do, that 'll do. Don't bother, sir. I am nervous, and can't bear to be bothered. What I want is peace. Instead of peace, I 've got (*looking at* ROSINA) what rhymes to it, and is not at all like it. (*Sits, covering his legs with his great-coat.*)

ROSINA. O uncle! Is it not enough that I am never to redeem those pledges which—

NIGHTINGALE. Don't talk to me about redeeming pledges, as if I was a pawnbroker! Oh! (*Starts.*)

ROSINA. Are you ill, sir?

NIGHTINGALE. Am I ever anything else, ma'am! Here! Refer to Diary (*gives book*). Rosina, save me the trouble of my glasses. See last Tuesday.

ROSINA. I see it, sir (*turning over leaves*).

NIGHTINGALE. What 's the afternoon entry?

ROSINA (*reading*). 'New symptom. Crick in back. Sensa-

tion as if self a stiff boot-jack suddenly tried to be doubled up by strong person.'

NIGHTINGALE (*starts again*). O:

ROSINA. Symptom repeated, sir?

NIGHTINGALE. Symptom repeated. I must put it down. (SUSAN *brings chair, and produces screw-inkstand and pen from her pocket.* NIGHTINGALE *takes the book on his knee, and writes.*) 'Symptom repeated.'—Oh! (*Starts again.*) 'Symptom re-repeated.' (*Writes again.*) Mr. Lithers, I believe?

LITHERS. At your service, sir.

NIGHTINGALE. Mr. Lithers, I am a nervous man, and require peace. We had better come to an understanding. I am a water patient, but I 'll pay for wine. You 'll be so good as to call the pump sherry at lunch, port at dinner, and brandy-and-water at night. Now, be so kind as to direct the chambermaid to show this discontented young lady her room.

LITHERS. Certainly, sir. This way, if you please, Miss (*He whispers her. She screams.*)

NIGHTINGALE (*alarmed*). What 's the matter?

ROSINA. O uncle! I felt as if—don't be frightened, uncle, —as if something had touched me here (*with her hand upon her heart*) so unexpectedly, that I—don't be frightened, uncle—that I almost dropped, uncle.

NIGHTINGALE. Lord bless me! Boot-jack and strong person contagious! Susan, a mouthful of ink. (*Dips his pen in her inkstand, and writes.*) 'Symptom shortly afterwards repeated in niece.' Susan, *you* don't feel anything particular, do you?

SUSAN. Nothing whatever, sir.

NIGHTINGALE. You never do. You are the most aggravating young woman in the world.

SUSAN. Lor', sir, you wouldn't wish a party ill, I 'm sure!

NIGHTINGALE. Ill! you *are* ill, if you only knew it. If you were as intimate with your own interior as I am with mine, your hair would stand on end.

SUSAN. Then I 'm very glad of my ignorance, sir, for I wish it to keep in curl. Now, Miss Rosina! (*Exit* ROSINA,

making a sign of secrecy to LITHERS, *who goes before.)* Oho! There 's something in the wind that 's not the boot-jack! [*Exit* SUSAN, L.

NIGHTINGALE (*seated*). There 's a man, yonder, eating his dinner, as if he enjoyed it. I should say, from his figure, that he generally *did* enjoy his dinner. I wish I did. I wonder whether there is anything that would do me good. I have tried hot water, and hot mud, and hot vapour, and have imbibed all sorts of springs, from zero to boiling, and have gone completely through the pharmacopœia; yet I don't find myself a bit better. My Diary is my only comfort. (*Putting it into his great-coat pocket, unconsciously drops it.*) When I began to book my symptoms, and to refer back of an evening, then I began to find out my true condition. O! (*starts*) what 's that? That 's a new symptom. Lord bless me! Sensation as if small train of gunpowder sprinkled from left hip to ankle, and exploded by successful Guy Fawkes. I must book it at once, or I shall be taken with something else before it 's entered. Susan, another mouthful of ink! Most extraordinary! [*Exit*, L.

(SLAP *cautiously approaches the Diary; as he does so,* GABBLEWIG *looks in and listens.*)

SLAP. What 's this—hum! A Diary,—remarkable passion for pills, and quite a furor for doctors.—Very unconjugal allusions to Mrs. Nightingale.—Poor Maria, most valuable of sisters, to me an annuity,—to your husband a tormentor. Hum! shall I bleed him, metaphorically bleed him? Why not? He never regarded the claims of kindred; why should I? He returns. (*Puts down book.*)

Re-enter NIGHTINGALE, *looking about.*

NIGHTINGALE. Bless my heart, I 've left my Diary somewhere. O! here is the precious volume—no doubt where I dropped it. (*Picks up book.*) If the stranger had opened it, what information he might have acquired! He 'd have found out, by analogy, things concerning himself that he little dreams of. He has no idea how ill he is, or how thin he ought to be. [*Exit*, L.

SLAP. Now, then (*tucking up his wristbands*), for the fowl in earnest! Where is that wine! Hallo, where is that wine?

Enter (L.) GABBLEWIG, *disguised as Boots.*

GABBLEWIG. Here you are, sir! (*Starting.*) What do I behold! Mr. Formiville! the imminent tragedian?

SLAP. Who the dèvil are you? Keep off!

GABBLEWIG. What! Don't you remember me, sir?

SLAP. No, I don't indeed.

GABBLEWIG. Not wen I carried a banner, with a silver dragon on it; wen you played the Tartar Prince, at What's-his-name; and wen you used to bring the ouse down with that there pint about rewenge, you know?

SLAP. What! Do you mean when I struck the attitude, and said, 'Ar-recreant! The Per-rincess and r-r-revenge are both my own! She is my per-risoner—Tererembler!'

GABBLEWIG. Never! This to decide. (*They go through the motions of a broadsword combat.* SLAP, *having been run through the body, sits down and begins to eat voraciously.* GABBLEWIG, *who has kept the bottle all the while, sits opposite him at table.*) Ah! Lor' bless me, what a actor you was! (*Drinks.*) That 's what I call the true tragic fire—wen you strike it out of the swords. Give me showers of sparks, and then I know what you 're up to! Lor' bless me, the way I 've seen you perspire! I shall never see such a actor agin.

SLAP (*complacently*). I *think* you remember me.

GABBLEWIG. Think? Why, don't you remember, wen you left Taunton, without paying that there washerwoman; and wen she—

SLAP. You needn't proceed, it 's quite clear you remember me.

GABBLEWIG (*drinks again*). Lor' bless my heart, yes, what a actor you was! What a Romeo you was, you know. (*Drinks again.*)

SLAP. I believe there was something in me, as Romeo.

GABBLEWIG. Ah! and something *of* you, too, you know. The Montagues was a fine family, when you was the lightest

weight among 'em. And Lor' bless my soul, what a Prince Henry you was! I see you a drinking the sack now, I do! (*Drinks again.*)

SLAP. I beg your pardon, my friend, is that my wine?

GABBLEWIG (*affecting to meditate, and drinking again.*) Lor' bless me, wot a actor! I seem to go into a trance like when I think of it. (*Is filling his glass again, when* SLAP *comes round and takes the bottle.*) I 'll give you, Formiville and the Draymer! Hooray! (*Drinks, and then takes a leg of the fowl in his fingers.* SLAP *removes the dish.*)

SLAP (*aside.*) At least he doesn't know that I was turned out of the company in disgrace. That 's something. Are you the waiter here, my cool but discriminative acquaintance?

GABBLEWIG. Well, I 'm a sort of a waiter and a sort of a half-boots: I was with a Travelling Circus, arter I left you. 'The riders—the riders! Be in time—be in time! Now, Mr. Merryman, all in to begin!' All that you know. But I shall never see acting no more. It went right out with you, bless you! (*All through this dialogue, whenever* SLAP, *in a moment of confidence, replaces the fowl or wine,* GABBLEWIG *helps himself.*)

SLAP (*aside*). I 'll pump him—rule in life. Whenever no other work on hand, pump! (*To him.*) I forget your name.

GABBLEWIG. Bit—Charley Bit. That 's my real name. When I first went on with the banners, I was Blitherington-fordbury. But they said it came so expensive in the printing, that I left it off.

SLAP. Much business done in this house?

GABBLEWIG. Wery flat.

SLAP. Old gentleman in nankeen trowsers been here long?

GABBLEWIG. Just come. Wot do you think I 've heerd? S'posed to be a bachelor, but got a wife.

SLAP. No!

GABBLEWIG. Yes.

SLAP. Got a wife, eh? Ha, ha, ha! You 're as sharp as a lancet. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes, no doubt. Got a wife. Yes, yes.

GABBLEWIG (*aside*). Eh! A flash! The intense enjoyment of my friend suggests to me that old Nightingale hasn't got a wife,—that he 's free, but don't know it. Fraud! Mum! (*To him*). I say, you 're a—but Lor' bless my soul, wot a actor you wos!

SLAP. It 's really touching, his relapsing into that! But I can't indulge him, poor fellow. My time is precious. You were going to say—

GABBLEWIG. I was going to say, you are up to a thing or two, and so—but, Lor' bless my heart alive, wot a Richard the Third you wos! Wen you used to come the sliding business, you know. (*Both starting up and doing it.*)

SLAP. This child of nature positively has judgment! It *was* one of my effects. Calm yourself, good fellow. 'And so'—you were observing—

GABBLEWIG (*close to him, in a sudden whisper*). And so I 'll tell you. He hasn't really got a wife. She 's dead. (SLAP *starts*,—GABBLEWIG *aside.*) I am right. He knows it! Mrs. Nightingale 's as dead as a door-nail. (*A pause; they stand close together, looking at each other.*)

SLAP. Indeed? (GABBLEWIG *nods.*) Some piece of cunning, I suppose. (GABBLEWIG *winks.*) Buried somewhere, of course? (GABBLEWIG *lays his fingers on his nose.*) Where? (GABBLEWIG *looks a little disconcerted.*) All 's safe. No proof. (*Aloud.*) Take away.

GABBLEWIG (*as he goes up to table*). Too sudden on my part. Formiville wins first knock-down blow. Never mind. Gabblewig up again, and at him once more. (*Clears the table and takes the tray away.*)

SLAP. How does *he* know? He 's in the market. Shall I buy him? Not yet. Necessity not yet proved. With Nightingale here, and my dramatic trunks upstairs, I 'll strike at least another blow on the hot iron for myself, before I think of taking a partner into the forge.

[*Exit*, L.

As GABBLEWIG *returns from clearing away, enter* SUSAN.

GABBLEWIG. Susan! Susan!

SUSAN. Súsan, indeed! Well, diffidence ain't the prevailing complaint at Malvern.

GABBLEWIG. Don't you know me? Mr. Gabble—

SUSAN. —Wig! Why, la, sir, then *you* 're the boot-jack! Now I understand, of course.

GABBLEWIG. More than I do. I the boot-jack? Susan, listen! Did you know that Mr. Nightingale had been married?

SUSAN. Why, I never heard it exactly.

GABBLEWIG. But you 've seen it, perhaps? Had a peep into that eternal Diary—eh?

SUSAN. Well, sir, to say the pious truth, I did read one day something or another about a—a wife. You see he married a wife when he was very young.

GABBLEWIG. Yes.

SUSAN. And she was the plague of his life ever afterwards.

GABBLEWIG. O, Rosina, can such things be! Yes. Susan, I think you are a native of Malvern?

SUSAN. Yes, sir, leastways I was so, before I went to live in London.

GABBLEWIG. *You* persuaded Mr. Nightingale to come down here, in order that he might try the cold-water cure?

SUSAN. La, sir!

GABBLEWIG. And in order that you might see your relations?

SUSAN. La, sir, how did you know?

GABBLEWIG. Knowledge of human nature, Susan. Now rub up your memory and tell me—did you ever know a Mrs. Nightingale who lived down here? Think,—your eyes brighten,—you smile;—you did know Mrs. Nightingale who lived down here.

SUSAN. To be sure I did, sir; but that could never have been—

GABBLEWIG. Your master's wife,—I suspect she was. She died?

SUSAN. Yes, sir.

GABBLEWIG. And was buried?

SUSAN. You know everything.

GABBLEWIG. In—

SUSAN. Why, in Pershore churchyard; my uncle was sexton there.

GABBLEWIG. Uncle living?

SUSAN. Ninety years of age. With a trumpet.

GABBLEWIG. That he plays on?

SUSAN. Plays on? No. Hears with.

GABBLEWIG. Good. Susan, make it your business to get me a certificate of the old lady's death, and that within an hour.

SUSAN. Why, sir?

GABBLEWIG. Susan, I suspect the old lady walks, and I intend to lay her ghost. You ask how?

SUSAN. No, sir, I didn't.

GABBLEWIG. You thought it. That you shall know by and by. Here comes the old bird. Fly! (*Exit* SUSAN.) Whilst I reconnoitre the enemy. [*Exit, through door.*

Enter NIGHTINGALE *and* ROSINA.

ROSINA. My dear uncle, pray do nothing rash: you are in capital health at present, and who knows what the doctors may make you.

NIGHTINGALE. Capital health? I've not known a day's health for these twenty years. (*Refers to Diary.*) 'January 6th, 1834. Pain in right thumb: query, gout. Send for Blair's pills. Take six. Can't sleep all night. Doze about seven.' (*Turns over leaf.*) 'March 12th, 1839: Violent cough: query, damp umbrella, left by church-rates in hall? Try lozenges. Bed at six—gruel—tallow nose—dream of general illumination. March 13th: Miserable': cold always makes me miserable. 'Receive a letter from Mrs. Nightin—' hem!

ROSINA. What did you say, sir?

NIGHTINGALE. Have the nightmare, my dear. (*Aside.*) Nearly betrayed myself! (*Aloud.*) You hear this, and you talk about capital health to a sufferer like me!

Enter SLAP, *at back, dressed as a smug physician. He appears to be looking about the room.*

O! my spirits, my spirits! I wonder what water will do for them.

ROSINA. Why, reduce them, of course. Ah, my dear uncle, I often think I am the cause of your disquietude. I often think that I ought to marry.

NIGHTINGALE. Very kind of you, indeed, my dear.

Enter GABBLEWIG, *with a very large tumbler of water.*

O! all right, young man. I had better begin. So you think that you really ought, my love,—purely on my account—to marry a Magpie, don't you? (GABBLEWIG *starts and spills water over* NIGHTINGALE.) What are you about?

GABBLEWIG. I beg pardon, sir. (*Aside to* ROSINA.) Bless you!

ROSINA. Ah! Gab!—O uncle—don't be frightened—but—

NIGHTINGALE (*about to drink, spills water*). Return of boot-jack and strong person! I declare, I 'm taking all this water externally, when I ought to—

SLAP (*seizing his hand.*) Rash man, forbear! Drain that chalice, and your life 's not worth a bodkin.

NIGHTINGALE. Dear me, sir! it 's only water. I 'm merely a pump patient. (GABBLEWIG *and* ROSINA *speak aside, hurriedly.*)

SLAP. Persevere, and twelve men of Malvern will sit upon you in less than a week, and, without retiring, bring in a verdict of 'Found drowned.'

GABBLEWIG (*aside to* ROSINA). I have my cue, follow me directly. I 'll bring you another glass, sir, in a quarter of an hour.

[*Exit at door.* ROSINA *steals after him.*

SLAP. A most debilitated pulse—(*taking away water*)—great want of coagulum—lymphitic to an alarming degree. Stamina (*strikes him gently*) weak—decidedly weak.

NIGHTINGALE. Right! Always was, sir. In '48,—I think it was '48—(*Refers.*)—Yes, here it is. (*Reads.*) 'Dyspeptic. Feel as if kitten at play within me. Try chalk and pea-flour.'

SLAP. And grow worse.

NIGHTINGALE. Astonishing! I did—yes. (*Reads.*)—'Fever—have head shaved.'

SLAP. And grow worse.

NIGHTINGALE. Amazing! Sir, you read me like a book. As there appears to be no dry remedy for my unfortunate case, I thought I 'd try a wet one; and here I am, at the cold water.

SLAP. Water, unless in combination with alcohol, is poison to you. You want blood. In man there are two kinds of blood. One in a vessel called a vein, hence venous blood. —The other in the vessel called artery; hence arterial blood—the one dark, the other bright. Now, sir, the the crassamentum of your blood is injured by too much water. How shall we thicken, sir? (*Produces bottle.*) By mustard and milk.

NIGHTINGALE. Mustard and milk!

SLAP. Mustard and milk, sir. Exhibited with a balsam known only to myself. (*Aside.*) Rum! (*Aloud.*) Single bottles, one guinea; case of twelve, ten pounds.

NIGHTINGALE. Mustard and milk! I don't think I ever tried—Eh? Yes. (*Opens Diary.*) 1836; I recollect I once took—I took—Oh, ah! 'Two quarts of mustard-seed, fasting.'

SLAP. Pish!

NIGHTINGALE. And you 'd really advise me not to take water?

Enter at door GABBLEWIG *and* ROSINA, *both equipped in walking-dresses, thick shoes, etc. They keep walking about during the following.*

GABBLEWIG. Who says don't take water? Who says so?

NIGHTINGALE. Why, this gentleman, who is evidently a man of science.

GABBLEWIG. Pshaw! Eh, dear. Not take water! Look at us—look at us—Mr. and Mrs. Poulter. Six months ago, I never took water, did I, dear?

ROSINA. Never!

GABBLEWIG. Hated it. Always washed in gin-and-water, and shaved with spirits of wine. Didn't I, dear?

ROSINA. Always!

GABBLEWIG. Then what was I? What were *we*, I may say, my precious?

ROSINA. You may.

GABBLEWIG. A flabby, dabby couple, like a pair of wet leather gloves;—no energy—no muscle—no go-ahead. Now you see what we are; eh, dear? Ten miles before breakfast—home—gallon of water—ten miles more—gallon of water and leg of mutton,—ten miles more,—gallon of water—in fact, we 're never quiet, are we, dear?

ROSINA. Never.

GABBLEWIG. Walk in our sleep—sometimes—can't walk enough, that 's a fact, eh, dear?

ROSINA. Yes, dear!

SLAP. Confound this fellow, he 'll spoil all.

NIGHTINGALE. Well, sir, if you really could pull up for a few minutes, I should be extremely obliged to you.

GABBLEWIG. Here we are, then,—don't keep us long. (*Looks at watch,* ROSINA *does the same.*)—Say a minute, chronometer time.

NIGHTINGALE. You must know I 'm an invalid.

GABBLEWIG. Five seconds.

NIGHTINGALE. Come down here to try the cold-water cure.

GABBLEWIG. Ten seconds.

NIGHTINGALE. Dear me, sir, I wish you wouldn't keep counting the time in that way; it increases my nervousness.

GABBLEWIG. Can't help it, sir,—twenty seconds;—go on, sir.

NIGHTINGALE. Well, sir, this gentleman tells me that my cranerany—

SLAP. Crass. Crassa-mentum must not be made too sloppy.

NIGHTINGALE. And thereby he advises, sir,—

GABBLEWIG. Forty seconds,—eh, dear? (*Show watches to each other.*)

ROSINA. Yes, dear!

NIGHTINGALE. I wish you wouldn't—and that he advises me to try mustard and milk, sir.

SLAP. In combination with a rare balsam known only to myself, one guinea a bottle,—case of twelve, ten pounds.

GABBLEWIG. Time 's up. (*Walks again.*) My darling, mustard and milk? Eh, dear? Don't we know a case of

mustard and milk,—Captain Blower, late sixteen stone, now ten and one half, all mustard and milk?

SLAP (*aside*). Can anybody have tried it?

GABBLEWIG (*to* NIGHTINGALE). Don't be done! If I see Blower, I 'll send him to you;—can't stop longer, can we, dear?—ten miles and a gallon to do before dinner. Leg of mutton and a gallon at dinner. Five miles and a wet sheet after dinner. Come, dear! (*They walk out at door.*)

NIGHTINGALE. A very remarkable couple.—What do you think, now, sir?

SLAP. Think, sir? I think, sir, that any man who professes to walk ten miles a day, is a humbug, sir; I couldn't do it.

NIGHTINGALE. But then the lady—

SLAP. I grieve to say that I think she 's a humbugess. Those people, my dear sir, are sent about as cheerful examples of the effects of cold water. Regularly paid, sir, to waylay new comers.

NIGHTINGALE. La! do you think so? do you think there are people base enough to trade upon human infirmities?

SLAP. Think so?—I know it. There are men base enough to stand between you (*shows bottle*) and perfect health (*shakes bottle*) who would persuade you that perpetual juvenility was dear at one pound one a bottle, and that a green old age of a hundred and twenty was not worth ten pounds the case. That perambulating water-cart is such a man!

NIGHTINGALE. Wretch! What an escape I 've had. My dear doctor. You are a doctor?

SLAP. D.D. and M.D., and corresponding member of the Mendicity Society.

NIGHTINGALE. Mendicity!

SLAP. Medical (what a slip).

NIGHTINGALE. Then I shall be happy to try a bottle to begin with. (*Gives money.*)

SLAP. Ah, one bottle. (*Gives bottle.*) I 've confidence in your case,—you 've none in mine. Ah! well!

NIGHTINGALE. A case be it then, and I 'll pay the money at once. Permit me to try a little of the mixture. (*Drinks.*)

It 's not very agreeable. I think I 'll make a note in my Diary of my first sensations.

Enter at door GABBLEWIG *and* ROSINA, *the former as a great invalid, the latter as an old nurse.*

GABBLEWIG (*aside, calling*). Rosina, quick, your arm. (*Aloud.*) I tell you, Mrs. Trusty, I can't walk any further.

ROSINA. Now do try, sir; we are not a quarter of a mile from home.

GABBLEWIG. A quarter of a mile!—why, that 's a day's journey to a man in my condition.

ROSINA. O dear! what shall I do?

NIGHTINGALE. You seem very ill, sir?

GABBLEWIG. Very, sir. I 'm a snuff, sir,—a mere snuff, flickering before I go out.

ROSINA. Oh, sir! pray don't die here; try and get home, and go out comfortably.

GABBLEWIG. Did you ever hear of such inhumanity? and yet this woman has lived on board wages, at my expense, for thirty years.

NIGHTINGALE. My dear sir, here 's a very clever friend of mine who may be of service.

GABBLEWIG. I fear not,—I fear not. I 've tried everything.

SLAP. Perhaps not *everything*. Pulse very debilitated; great want of coagulum; lymphitic to an alarming degree; stamina weak—decidedly weak.

GABBLEWIG. I don't want you to tell me that, sir.

SLAP. Crassamentum queer—very queer. No hope, but in mustard and milk.

GABBLEWIG (*starting up*). Mustard and milk!

ROSINA. Mustard and milk!

SLAP (*aside*). Is this Captain Blower?

GABBLEWIG (*to* NIGHTINGALE). Are you, too, a victim? Have you swallowed any of that man-slaughtering compound?

NIGHTINGALE (*alarmed*). Only a little,—a very little.

GABBLEWIG. How do you feel? Dimness of sight,—feebleness of limbs?

NIGHTINGALE (*alarmed*). Not at present.

GABBLEWIG. But you will, sir,—you will. You 'd never think I once rivalled that person, in rotundity.

NIGHTINGALE. Never.

ROSINA. But he 'll never do it again; he 'll never do it again.

GABBLEWIG. You 'd never think that Madame Tussaud wanted to model my leg, and announce it as an *Extraordinary addition.*

NIGHTINGALE. I certainly should *not* have thought it.

GABBLEWIG. She might now put it in the Chamber of Horrors. Look at it!

ROSINA. It 's nothing at all out of the flannel, sir.

GABBLEWIG. All mustard and milk, sir. I 'm nothing but mustard and milk!

NIGHTINGALE (*seizes* SLAP). You scoundrel! and to this state you would have reduced me.

SLAP. O, this is some trick, sir, some cheat of the water-doctors.

NIGHTINGALE. Why, you won't tell me that he 's intended as a cheerful example of the effects of cold water?

SLAP. I never said he was,—he 's one of the failures; but as two of a trade can never agree, I 'll go somewhere else and spend your guinea. [*Exit.*

GABBLEWIG (*in his own voice*). What a brazen knave! Second knockdown blow to Gabblewig. Betting even. Anybody's battle. Gabblewig came up smiling and at him again.

NIGHTINGALE (*goes to* GABBLEWIG). My dear sir, what do I not owe you? (*Shakes his hand.*)

GABBLEWIG. O, don't do that, sir, I shall tumble to pieces like a fantoccini figure if you do. I am only hung together by threads.

NIGHTINGALE. But let me know the name of my preserver, that I may enter it in my Diary.

GABBLEWIG. Captain Blower, R.N. (NIGHTINGALE *writes.*) I 'm happy to have rescued you from that quack. I declare the excitement has done me good. Rosi—Mrs. Trusty, I think I can walk now.

ROSINA. That 's right, sir. Lean upon me.

GABBLEWIG. Oh! Oh!

NIGHTINGALE. What 's the matter, Captain Blower?

GABBLEWIG. That 's the milk, sir. Oh!

NIGHTINGALE. Dear me, Captain Blower!

GABBLEWIG. And that 's the mustard, sir.

[*Exeunt at door* GABBLEWIG *and* ROSINA.

NIGHTINGALE. Really, this will be the most eventful day in my Diary, except one,—that day which consigned me to Mrs. Nightingale and twenty years of misery. I 've not seen her for nineteen; though I have periodical reminders that she is still in the land of the living, in the shape of quarterly payments of twenty-five pounds, clear of income-tax. Well! I 'm used to it; and so that I never see her face again, I 'm content. I 'll go find Rosina, and tell her what has happened. Quite an escape, I declare.

[*Exit*, L.

Enter at door SUSAN, *in bonnet, etc.*

SUSAN. What a wicked world this is, to be sure! Everybody seems trying to do the best they can for themselves, and what makes it worse, the complaint seems to be catching; for I 'm sure I can't help telling Mr. Gabblewig what a traitor that Tip is. I hope Mr. G. won't come in my way, and tempt me. Ah! here he is, and I 'm sure I shall fall.

Enter GABBLEWIG.

GABBLEWIG. Well, Susan, have you got the certificate?

SUSAN. No, sir, but uncle has, and he 'll be here directly. Oh, sir, if you knew what I 've heard!

GABBLEWIG. What?

SUSAN. I 'm sure you 'd give half-a-sovereign to hear; I 'm sure you would.

GABBLEWIG. I 'm sure I should, and there 's the money.

SUSAN. Well, sir, your man Tip 's a traitor, sir, a conspirator, sir. I overheard him and another planning some deception. I couldn't quite make out what, but I know it 's something to deceive Mr. Nightingale.

GABBLEWIG. Find out with all speed what this scheme is about, and let me know. What 's that mountain in petticoats? Slap, or I 'm not Gabblewig!

SUSAN. And with him Tip, or I 'm not Susan!

GABBLEWIG. Another flash! I guess it all! Susan, your mistress shall instruct you what to do. Vanish, sweet spirit! [*Exeunt* GABBLEWIG, R., *and* SUSAN, L.

Enter at door, R., SLAP *in female attire. Looks about cautiously.*

SLAP. I hope he 's not gone out. I 've a presentiment that my good luck is deserting me; but before we *do* part company, I 'll make a bold dash, and secure something to carry on with. Now, Calomel—I mean Mercury,—befriend me. (*Rings.*)

Enter LITHERS, L.

LITHERS. Did you ring, ma'am?

SLAP. Yes, young man; I wish to speak with a Mr. Nightingale, an elderly gent, who arrived this morning.

LITHERS. What name, ma'am?

SLAP. Name no consequence; say I come from M'ria.

LITHERS. M'ria?

SLAP. M'ria, a mutual friend of mine and Mr. Nightingale, and one he ought not to be ashamed of.

LITHERS. Yes, ma'am. (*Aside.*) Mr. Gabblewig 's right. [*Exit.*

SLAP. M'ria has been dead these twelve years, during which time my victim has paid her allowance with commendable regularity to me, her only surviving brother. Ah, I thought that name was irresistible, and here he is.

Enter NIGHTINGALE, L., *closing door at back.*

His trepidation is cheering. He 'll bleed freely; what a lamb it is! (*Curtseys as* NIGHTINGALE *comes down.*) Your servant, sir.

NIGHTINGALE. Now don't lose a moment; you say you come from Maria: what Maria?

SLAP. Your Maria.

NIGHTINGALE. I am sorry to acknowledge the responsibility.

SLAP. Ah, sir; that poor creature 's much changed, sir.

NIGHTINGALE. For the worse, of course?

SLAP. I 'm afraid so. No gin now, sir.

NIGHTINGALE. Then it 's brandy.

SLAP. Lives on it, sir, and breaks more windows than ever. She 's heard that you 've come down here.

NIGHTINGALE. So I suppose, by this visit.

SLAP. She lives about a mile from Malvern.

NIGHTINGALE (*starts*). What! I thought she was down in Yorkshire.

SLAP. Was and is is two different things. She wanted for to come and see you.

NIGHTINGALE. If she does, I 'll stop her allowance.

SLAP. And have her call every day? M'ria 's my friend,—but I know that wouldn't be pleasant. She 'd a proposal to make, so, M'ria, says I,—I 'll see your lawful husband,—as you is, sir, and propose for you.

NIGHTINGALE. I 'll listen to nothing.

SLAP. Not if it puts the sad sea-waves between you and M'ria for ever?

NIGHTINGALE (*interested*). Eh!

SLAP. You know she 'd a brother, an excellent young man, who went to America ten years ago.

NIGHTINGALE (*takes out Diary*). I know. (*Reads aside.*) '16th of May 1841, sent fifty pounds to Mrs. N.'s vagabond brother, going to America—qy. to the devil?'

SLAP. He has written to M'ria to say that if you 'll give her two hundred pounds, and she 'll come out, he 'll take care of her for ever.

NIGHTINGALE. Done!—it 's a bargain.

SLAP. *He bites!*—and her son for a hundred more.

NIGHTINGALE. What son?

SLAP. Ah, sir! you don't know your blessings. Shortly after you and M'ria separated, a son was born; but M'ria, to revenge herself—which was wrong; oh, it was wrong in her, that was,—never let you know it; but sent him to the Workus, as a fondling she had received in a basket.

NIGHTINGALE. I don't believe a word of it.

SLAP. She said you wouldn't. But seeing is believing, and so I 've brought the innocent along with me. I 've got the Pretty, here.

NIGHTINGALE. Here! in your pocket?

SLAP. No—at the door. (*They rise.*)

NIGHTINGALE. At the door!

SLAP. Come in, Christopher! Named after you, sir! for in spite of M'ria's feelings, you divided her heart with Old Tom.

Enter at door TIP *as a Charity Boy.*

NIGHTINGALE. O nonsense!

SLAP. Christopher, behold your Par. (*Boxes him.*) What do you stand there for like a eight-day clock or a idol, as if Pars were found every day?

TIP (*aside*). Don't; you make me nervous. (*Aloud.*) And is that my Par!

SLAP. Yes, child. Me, who took you from the month, can vouch for it.

TIP. O Par!

NIGHTINGALE. Keep off, you young yellow-hammer; or I 'll knock you down. Hark 'ee, ma'am. If you can assure me of the departure of your friend and this cub, I will give you the money! For twenty years I have been haunted by—

Enter GABBLEWIG *at door, disguised as Old Woman.*

GABBLEWIG. Which the blessed innocent has been invaygled of, and man-trapped,—leastways boy-trapped;—and never no more will I leave this 'ouse until I find a parent's 'ope—a mother's pride—and nobody's (as I 'm aweer on) joy.

NIGHTINGALE *and* SUSAN *place Chair.*

SLAP (*aside*). What on earth is this! Who is a mother's pride and nobody's joy? (*To* Tip.) You don't mean to say you are?

TIP (*solemnly*). I 'm a horphan. (*Goes up to* GABBLEWIG.) What are you talking about, you old Bedlam?

GABBLEWIG. Oh! (*screaming and throwing her arms about his neck*)—my 'ope—my pride—my son!

TIP (*struggling*). Your son!

GABBLEWIG (*aside to him*). If you don't own me for your

mother, you villain, on the spot, I 'll break every bone in your skin, and have your skin prepared afterwards by the Bermondsey tanners.

TIP (*aside*). My master!—My mother! (*They embrace.*)

SLAP. Are you mad? Am I mad? Are we all mad? (*To* TIP.) Didn't you tell me that whatever I said—

TIP. *You* said? What is your voice to the voice of Natur? (*Embraces his master again.*)

SLAP. Natur! Natur! ah-h-h! (*Screams. Chair brought.*) O you unnat'ral monster! Who see your first tooth dawn on a deceitful world? Who watched you running alone in a go-cart, and tipping over on your precious head upon the paving-stones in the confidence of childhood? Who give you the medicine that reduced you when you was sick, and made you so when you wasn't?

GABBLEWIG (*rising*). Who? Me!

SLAP. You, ma'am?

GABBLEWIG. Me, ma'am, as is well beknown to all the country round, which the name of this sweetest of babbies as was giv to his own joyful self when blest in best Whitechapel mixed upon a pincusheon, and mother saved likewise was Absolom. Arter his own parential father, as never (otherwise than through being bad in liquor) lost a day's work in the wheel-wright business, which it was but limited, Mr. Nightingale, being wheels of donkey shays and goats, and one was even drawed by geese for a wager, and went right into the centre aisle of the parish church on a Sunday morning on account of the obstinacy of the animals, as can be certified by Mr. Wigs the beadle afore he died of drawing on his Wellington boots, to which he was not accustomed, arter a hearty meal of beef and walnuts, to which he was too parshal, and in the marble fountain of that church this preciousest of infants was made Absolom, which never can be unmade no more, I am proud to say, to please or give offence to no one nowheres and nohows.

SLAP. Would you forswear your blessed mother, M'ria Nightingale, lawful wedded wife of this excellent old gent? Why don't the voice o' Natur claim its par?

NIGHTINGALE. O, don't make *me* a consideration on any account!

GABBLEWIG. M'ria Nightingale, which affliction sore long time she bore—

NIGHTINGALE. And so did I.

GABBLEWIG. Physicians was in vain,—which she never had none partickler as I knows of, exceptin one which she tore his hair by handfuls out in consequence of differences of opinion relative to her complaint, but it was wrote upon her tombstone ten year and more ago, and dead she is as the hosts of the Egyptian Fairies.

NIGHTINGALE. Dead! Prove it, and I 'll give you fifty pounds.

SLAP. Prove it! I defies her. (*Aside.*) I 'm done.

GABBLEWIG. Prove it!—which I can and will, directly minit, by my brother the sexton, as I will here produce in the twinkling of a star or human eye. (*Aside.*) From this period of the contest Gabblewig had it all his own way, and went in and won. No money was laid out, at any price, on Formiville. Fifty to one on Gabblewig freely offered, and no takers. [*Exit at door.*

SLAP (*aside.*) I don't like this,—so exit Slap!

NIGHTINGALE (*seizing him*). No, ma'am, you don't leave this place till the mystery is cleared up.

SLAP. Unhand me, monster! I claims my habeas corpus. (*Breaks from him.* NIGHTINGALE *goes to the door and prepares to defend the pass with a chair.*) (*To* TIP.) As for you, traitor, though I 'm not pugnacious, I 'll give you a lesson in the art of self-defence you shall remember as long as you live.

TIP. You! the bottle imp as has been my ruin! Reduce yourself to my weight, and I 'll fight you for a pound. (*Squares.*)

GABBLEWIG (*without*). I 'll soon satisfy the gentleman.

SLAP. Then I 'm done! very much done! I see nothing before me but premature incarceration, and an old age of gruel.

Enter GABBLEWIG *at door as Sexton.*

NIGHTINGALE. He 's very old! My invaluable centenarian, will you allow me to inquire—

SEXTON. I don't hear you.

NIGHTINGALE. He 's very deaf. (*Aloud.*) Will you allow me to inquire—

SEXTON. It 's no use whispering to me, sir, I 'm hard o' hearing.

NIGHTINGALE. He 's very provoking. (*Louder.*) Whether you ever buried—

SEXTON. Brewed? Yes, yes, I brewed—that is, me and my wife, as has been dead and gone now this forty year, next hop-picking—(my wife was a Kentish woman)—we brewed, especially one year, the strongest beer ever you drunk. It was called in our country Samson with his hair on—alluding to its great strength, you understand,—and my wife, she said—

NIGHTINGALE (*very loud*). Buried—not brewed!

SEXTON. Buried? O, ah! Yes, yes. Buried a many. They was strong, too,—once.

NIGHTINGALE. Did you ever bury a Mrs. Nightingale?

SEXTON. Ever bury a Nightingale? No, no, only Christians.

NIGHTINGALE (*in his ear*). Missis—Mis-sis Nightingale?

SEXTON. O yes, yes. Buried *her*—rather a fine woman,—married (as the folks told me) an uncommon ugly man. Yes, yes. Used to live here. Here (*taking out pocket-book*) is the certificate of her burial. (*Gives it.*) I got it for my sister. O yes! Buried *her*. I thought you meant a Nightingale. Ha, ha, ha!

NIGHTINGALE. My dear friend, there 's a guinea, and it 's cheap for the money. (*Gives it.*)

SEXTON. I thank 'ee, sir, I thank 'ee. (*Aside.*) Formiville heavily grassed, and a thousand to one on Gabblewig!

[*Exit at door.*

NIGHTINGALE (*after reading certificate*). You—you—inexpressible swindler. If you were not a woman, I 'd have you ducked in the horse-pond.

TIP (*on his knees*). O, sir, do it. He deserves it.

NIGHTINGALE. He?

TIP. Yes, sir, she 's a he. He deluded me with a glass of rum-and-water; and the promise of a five-pound note.

NIGHTINGALE. You scoundrel!

SLAP. Sir, you are welcome to your own opinion. I am not the first man who has failed in a great endeavour. Napoleon had his Waterloo,—Slap has his Malvern. Henceforth, I am nobody. The eagle retires to his rock.

Enter GABBLEWIG *in his own dress.*

GABBLEWIG. You had better stop here. Be content with plain Slap,—discard counterfeit Formiville,—and we 'll do something for you.

SLAP. Mr. Gabblewig! [*Exit at door.*

GABBLEWIG. Charley Bit, Mr. Poulter, Captain Blower, respectable female, and deaf sexton, all equally at anybody's service.

NIGHTINGALE. What do I hear?

GABBLEWIG. Me.

NIGHTINGALE. And what do I see?

ROSINA (*entering at door*). Me! Dear uncle, you would have been imposed upon and plundered, and made even worse than you ever made yourself, but for—

GABBLEWIG. Me. My dear Mr. Nightingale, you did think I could do nothing but talk. If you now think I can act—a little—let me come out in a new character. (*Embracing* ROSINA.) Will you?

NIGHTINGALE. Will I? Take her, Mr. Gabblewig. Stop, though. Ought I to give away what has made me so unhappy. Memorandum—Mrs. Nightingale—see Diary. (*Takes out book.*)

GABBLEWIG. Stop, sir! Don't look! Burn that book, and be happy!—(*Brings on* SLAP *at door.*)—Ask your doctor. What do *you* say, Mustard and Milk?

SLAP. I say, sir, try me; and when you find I am not worth a trial, don't try me any more. As to that gentleman's destroying his Diary, sir, my opinion is that he might perhaps refer to it once again.

GABBLEWIG (*to audience*). Shall he refer to it once more? (*To* NIGHTINGALE.) Well, I think you may.

THE END

NO THOROUGHFARE

A DRAMA

IN FIVE ACTS AND

A PROLOGUE

[1867]

BY CHARLES DICKENS AND
WILKIE COLLINS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

At New Royal Adelphi Theatre, December 26, 1867

Veiled Lady	Mrs. Billington.
Sarah (*otherwise* Sally) Goldstraw	Mrs. Alfred Mellon.
Little Walter Wilding	Master Sidney.
First Husband	Mr. R. Romer.
Second Husband	Mr. Pritchard.
First Wife	Mrs. Stoker.
Second Wife	Mrs. D'Este.
Mr. Walter Wilding	Mr. Billington.
Mr. Bintry (*a man of law*)	Mr. G. Belmore.
Joey Ladle (*head cellerman*)	Mr. Benjamin Webster.
George Vendale	Mr. H. G. Neville.
Jules Obenreizer	Mr. Fechter.
Marguerite	Miss Carlotta Leclercq.
Madame Dor	Mrs. A. Lewis.
Jean Marie (*a guide*)	Mr. C. F. Smith.
Jean Paul (*ditto*)	Mr. Branscombe.
Father Francis	Mr. R. Phillips.
Monks	Mr. Aldridge. Mr. Tomlinson.

Time of playing.—Three hours and forty minutes.

Music.—A 'mysterious' theme always to Obenreizer's entrances. Melodrama music to Scene 1st, Act 4th, on and after Obenreizer's entrance with knife.

Remarks.—Except Vendale and Joey, all pronounce 'Obenreizer' in the English manner, that is 'Oben-righ-sir.' Joey calls him 'Open-razor,' and Vendale gives it the Swiss or German pronunciation, 'Oben-right-zer.'

Stage Directions.—R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D.

Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2, or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

COSTUMES (Modern).

Obenreizer.—Act 1st: *Black hat, black neck-tie, long-skirted black frock-coat, light pants, dark vest, hair rather long behind, cane.* Act 2nd, Scene 1st: *Black suit, coat is short-skirted;* Scene 3rd: *Same, with hat and gloves.* Act 3rd, Scene 1st: *Same, with hat and gloves;* Scene 3rd: *Travelling dress; round, black Astracan cap, russet waistcoat with some of the breast buttons left unbuttoned, showing white vest under, wallet with strap, watch.* Act 4th, Scene 1st: *Same as last, with pants tucked into top of boots;* 2nd entrance, *in waistcoat, with sleeves drawn tight, collar open;* Scene 2nd and 3rd: *Same as* 1st entrance; Scene 1st: *Well buttoned up, thick gloves.* Act 5th: *Russet waistcoat, black pants in high boots, black coat, snuff-box.*

George Vendale.—Act 1st: *Suit of grey mixture, cut-away coat, black low-crowned hard felt hat, watch and chain.* Act 2nd, Scene 1st and 2nd: *Grey pants, black high hat, black coat, white vest, jewels in case, to bring on with him.* Act 3rd, Scene 1st: *Black suit;* Scene 3rd: *Dark grey pants, black coat and vest, hat.* Act 4th, Scene 1st; *Same;* Scenes 2nd and 3rd: *Pants in high russet boots, tall black felt hat, black overcoat buttoned up to neck, thick gloves.* Act 5th: *Same as last, but without hat, gloves and overcoat.*

Mr. Bintry.—*Black suit, with brown overcoat* in Act 5th. *Grizzled wig and iron-grey side whiskers, white stand-up collar and cravat, black gloves.*

Walter Wilding.—*Black suit, except grey pants; light hair and fair complexion; an habitual action of putting his hand to his head when pausing for a word.*

Joey Ladle.—Act 1st and 2nd: *Black hair, bald on top of head and forehead, small black side whiskers; dark suit of velveteen; leather apron, much wrinkled and stained, from his neck to mid-leg, with collar-strap and waist-string; small skull-cap of oil-skin; slow in speech and thick in comprehension. Made up stout.* Act 3rd, Scene 1st: *Same;* Scene 3rd: *Same without arpon; coat on.* Act 4th, Scene 3rd: *Muffler round neck, black overcoat and cap; black gloves,*

legs bandaged in the Italian brigand style. Act 5th: *Same as last.*

LANDLORD.—*As a Swiss peasant; grey stockings, blue breeches, banded vest, in red and blue, embroidered; black felt hat.*

GUIDES.—*Felt hats, pinned up with crosses; long cloaks, sheepskin jackets, high boots, alpenstocks (pine poles six feet long, with iron at end).*

FIRST AND SECOND HUSBAND *in* Scene 2nd, Prologue: *Ordinary walking dresses. The* FIRST *is a man of fifty; the* SECOND *a young man of twenty-five. Hats and gloves.*

FATHER FRANCIS, A MONK.—*Russet gown, sandals; tonsure on black wig; black beard.*

A MONK.—*Like* FATHER FRANCIS.

LITTLE WALTER WILDING.—*In dark blue jacket and pants; fair-haired and fair complexion.*

FOUNDLING BOYS.—*A number, about twelve years old, in blue suits.*

TWO MEN.—*To bring in flowers,* Act 2nd, Scene 1st: *Ordinary dress, coats and caps.*

MARGUERITE.—Act 1st: *Straw hat, with red and blue ribbons; blue dress, with bodice cut square and low, in Swiss fashion; gilt buckle to waist-belt, buckles to shoes; light hair, braided; ear-rings, and cross at neck.* Acts 2nd and 3rd: *House dress, dark colour, Swiss waist.* Act 4th: *Plain dress, with mantle of same, with hood; hair braided.* Act 5th: *Blue dress, with four inches deep black border at bottom hem; black jacket, with gilt buttons.*

VEILED LADY.—*Black dress, black bonnet, with long black veil; face pale.*

SALLY GOLDSTRAW.—Prologue, Scene 1st: *Black dress, shawl and bonnet;* Scene 2nd: *Same dress, white cuffs and collar; apron.* Act 1st: *White bonnet, with fancy ribbons; shawl, plain dress.* Act 2nd: *Dark dress, black apron.* Act 4th: *In black.*

FIRST WIFE.—*A woman of forty; grey hair, slightly empurpled face; shawl and bonnet trimmed gaily; coloured dress.*

SECOND WIFE.—*Walking dress, bonnet and mantle.*

MADAME DOR.—Act 1st: *Bonnet, dark dress, with black 'lace square'; she is made up stout, with her hair frizzled out on each side of face, to make it seem broader.* Act 2nd: *House dress, hair as before; she walks sidewise, keeping her face from the other performers when crossing stage or making an exit.*

TWO GIRLS (for the Hospital).—Prologue, Scene 1st: *Dark dresses, bonnets and mantles;* Scene 2nd: *Neat brown dresses, white cuffs, collars, aprons and caps.*

PROPERTIES

Prologue, Scene 1st: Small wad of paper, as of two coins in it, for VEILED LADY; *Scene 2nd:* Two large platters, with roast meat on them, for tables—L. 1 and 2 E.; carving-knives and forks to them, and spoons; knives, forks and plates for the boys; cloth, castors, cruets, etc., to set table; on L. 1 and 2 E., C. on F. and R. 1 E. set, framed placards, headed 'Patrons, 1760,' etc. *Act 1st, Scene 1st:* Wine-baskets, boxes and casks to make picture of stage; a hackney-coach, to hold two persons, to cross L. U. E. to D. C. in wall set on four grooves; eye-glasses for BINTRY; candle to burn, held in the end of a cleft stick, two feet long; a large cask and two small ones, to serve as table and chairs; bottle and two glasses; umbrella for BINTRY; an odd glove for MADAME DOR to be rubbing with cloth. *Act 2nd, Scene 1st:* Two books on table, R. C. front; stockings and ball of worsted for MADAME DOR; jewels in case for VENDALE, needlework for MARGUERITE; two large handsome gilt flower-stands with flowers, to be brought on D. in F.; jewels in case for OBENREIZER; *Scene 3rd:* A long rod; three candles to burn at end of cleft sticks; a starting-mallet, tasting-rod and tin measures laid on barrels; a small cask placed R. C.; cobweb to fall. *Act 3rd, Scene 1st:* Writing materials on desk up L.; three letters, strong box in flat, R. to E.; framed calendar over mantelpiece; straw L. side, about the painted set of open wine-box, two bottles for same; quill to be worn by VENDALE behind his ear; *Scene 2nd:* Small basket for SALLY; *Scene 3rd:* Long pipe for OBENREIZER; small travelling-trunk, pen and ink on R. table; flat writing-case. *Act 4th, Scene 1st:* Pipe as before for OBENREIZER; box of matches, candle to burn; red fire in fireplace, bottle and two glasses; writing-case of *Scene 3rd, Act 3rd;* knife for OBENREIZER; *Scene 2nd:* Two alpenstocks (pine poles six feet long, tipped with iron hook); leather case, with strap, to go over shoulders, for OBENREIZER; *Scene 3rd:* The two alpenstocks. *Act 5th, Scene 1st:* A large brass-clasped Bible and bag of money for FATHER FRANCIS; snuff-box for

OBENREIZER; in clock-safe, two packets of papers on upper shelf, three on lower; bell to strike eight; legal paper for BINTRY; small vial for OBENREIZER; pen and ink, lighted candle on table R.

NO THOROUGHFARE

PROLOGUE

SCENE I.—*Gas down*—VEILED LADY *enters* L. *to* C., *pauses, then to* R., *by gate in* F.—*Two Girls enter by gate in* F., *draw their shawls closer around them, cross and exeunt* L.—VEILED LADY *follows them to* C., *looking at their faces, shakes her head, stops, returns to gate.*—SALLY GOLDSTRAW *enters by gate, crosses to exit* L., *but* VEILED LADY *overtakes her and stops her,* C.

SALLY. What do you want of me?

VEILED LADY. I wish to speak with you. I must speak with you.

SALLY. What is it you want?

VEILED LADY. You are called Sally Goldstraw, you are one of the nurses at the hospital, and I must speak with you.

SALLY. You seem to know all about me, ma'am. May I make so bold as to ask who you are?

VEILED LADY. Come, look at me under this lamp (*to gate, removing veil*).

SALLY (*shakes head*). No, ma'am (*replaces the* LADY'S *veil*), I don't know you; I never saw you before this night.

VEILED LADY. Do I look like a happy woman?

SALLY. No! you look as if you had something on your mind.

VEILED LADY. I *have* something on my mind, Sally! I am one of those miserable mothers who have never known what happy motherhood is! My child is one of those poor children in this foundling hospital, put there when a boy, and I have never seen him!

SALLY. O dear, dear, dear! what can I say, what can I do?

VEILED LADY. Carry your memory back twelve years. The day when you entered the foundling must have been a memorable one!

SALLY. It was. But twelve years is a long time!

VEILED LADY. If it is long to you, think how long it must be to me! I have paid the penalty of my disgrace! My family forced me to live in a foreign land ever since. But now I find myself released,—free to come back. Sally Goldstraw, I have come back. It lies in your power to make me a happy woman!

SALLY. Me! and how can I do that?

VEILED LADY. Here are two guineas in this paper. (*Offers roll of paper.*) Take my poor little present, and I will tell you.

SALLY (*repulses paper*). You may know my face, but not my nature, ma'am. There is not a child in all the house that I belong to, who has not a good word for Sally. Could I be so well thought of if I was to be bought?

VEILED LADY. I did not mean to buy you; I meant only to reward you very slightly.

SALLY. I want no reward. If there is anything I can do for you, ma'am, that I will do for its own sake. You are much mistaken in me if you think that I will do it for money. What is it you want?

VEILED LADY. The day when you entered the foundling hospital must be a marked day in your life?

SALLY. It is a marked day!

VEILED LADY. You must remember what passed on that day?

SALLY. Everything!

VEILED LADY. Then you remember a child that was received in your care?

SALLY. I do remember the child.

VEILED LADY (*eagerly*). That child is still living?

SALLY. Living and hearty!

VEILED LADY (*clasps hands*). Thank heaven! You still take care of him?

SALLY. Oh, let me go. I am doing wrong to listen to you! (*Crosses to* L. C., *detained by* VEILED LADY.)

VEILED LADY. What of the child?

SALLY. He—he is still here. He was still here when I came back from our country establishment to learn the ways of the place.

VEILED LADY. I, too, have learnt the ways of the place.

They have given my child a name—a Christian name and a surname? Tell me, what have they called him?

SALLY. Oh, you mustn't ask me! indeed, you must not! (*to* L.).

VEILED LADY. His Christian name! You must tell me! I am his mother! Come back, come back! (C.) You may some day be a mother! As you hope to be a happy wife, as you are a living, loving woman! tell me the name of my child (*detaining* SALLY *by shawl*).

SALLY. Don't! please don't! you are trying to make me do wrong!

VEILED LADY. The surname and the Christian name, Sally! (*clinging to* SALLY).

SALLY. Oh, don't, don't kneel to me!

VEILED LADY. His name, Sally, his name!

SALLY. You promise—

VEILED LADY. Anything!

SALLY. Put your two hands in mine (LADY *does so*) and promise that you will not ask me to tell you anything but the surname and the Christian name!

VEILED LADY. I promise!

SALLY (*putting her lips close to her face*). Walter Wilding!

VEILED LADY. Walter Wilding! (*sob*) kiss him for me! (*Exit* SALLY, *hiding her face*, L.) Oh! (*sobbing, goes along flat to* R.) Oh! [*Exit, sobbing*, R.

SCENE II.—*Gas up*—FIRST *and* SECOND HUSBANDS *and* WIVES *discovered* L. C., *the two Girls*, L., *at table carving—Boys enter*, R. U. E., *and sing* 'God Save the Queen.'[1] *They take seats.* VEILED LADY *enters*, R. U. E. *to* L. C., *down stage, earnestly regarding the Boys.*

FIRST WIFE. Mr. Jones, whatever made you bring me here?

FIRST HUSBAND. Why, my dear, you wanted to come!

FIRST WIFE. How dare you tell me that I wanted to come?

FIRST HUSBAND. You did! to see the pretty children—

FIRST WIFE. I—I—I! The man who would bring his wife

[1] Or any school devotional hymn.

to see these examples of vice is lost to the commonest sense of decency. I blush for human nature!

FIRST HUSBAND. Human nature is very much obliged to you, my dear.

FIRST WIFE. Ugh! give me your arm, Mr. Jones! you are a fool.

FIRST HUSBAND. When I married you, that left no doubt of it! (*to* R., *proscenium* E., *with* FIRST WIFE) but you had better keep that opinion to yourself.

[*Exit* R., *pros.* E.

SECOND WIFE. Oh, I should like to kiss these dear boys.

SECOND HUSBAND. Kiss them! Think of your own boys at home.

SECOND WIFE. It is sad to think that none of them have ever known a mother's love, or sat on a father's knee! It is a noble charity.

SECOND HUSBAND. A noble charity indeed! I have counted more than forty boys in this room, and every one of them is as well-kept and fat as our Tom!

[*Leads* WIFE *off* R., *proscenium* E.

SALLY (*to* VEILED LADY). Didn't you faithfully promise you would not ask me to say anything more? (L. C. *front.*)

VEILED LADY. I told you I would not ask you to say more, but point me him out, dear Sally, good Sally!

SALLY (*aside*). Oh! I am going to do wrong again!

VEILED LADY. My heart is breaking! to know that my boy is here, but I can't tell which he is!

SALLY. You must not speak so loud here! Be patient a moment. I am going to walk round the table. Follow me with your eyes. The boy that I stop at and speak to will *not* be the one. *But* the boy that I touch will be Walter Wilding. (VEILED LADY *nods.* SALLY *goes up to* R. U. E. *corner, around table, comes down* R. *side of table, and bends over the* SECOND BOY *to speak to him, resting her right hand on the left shoulder of* WILDING, *the* FIRST BOY *at front end. After seeming to speak, pats* WILDING'S *shoulder, looks over at* VEILED LADY, *turns and goes off* R., *proscenium* E.)

VEILED LADY. Ah! (*slowly to head of table, to* WILDING.) How old are you, my boy?

WILDING. I am twelve.

VEILED LADY. Ah! Are you well and happy?

WILDING. Yes, ma'am.

VEILED LADY. Would you like to be provided for and be your own master when you grow up?

WILDING. Yes, ma'am!

VEILED LADY (*with growing emotion*). Would you like to have a home of your own and a mother who loves you? (*Sob.*)

WILDING. Oh, yes, ma'am!

(VEILED LADY *embraces him sobbing.—All the Boys rise and sing* 'God save the Queen.')

WILDING—VEILED LADY.
C., *at head of table.*

Boys at table. R. to C. — *The two Girls.* L.

CURTAIN

ACT I

SCENE.—*Court-yard in Wine Merchant's discovering* WALTER WILDING *and* MR. BINTRY *seated at cash table,* R. C., *front—two men carry cases from* L. U. E. *off* R. 2 E.

WILDING. I don't know how it may appear to you, Mr. Bintry, but what with the emotion, and what with the heat of the weather, I feel that old singing in the head, and buzzing in my ears.

BINTRY. A little repose will refresh you, Mr. Wilding.

WILDING. How do you like the forty-five years' old port?

BINTRY. How do I like it? I a lawyer! Did you ever hear of a lawyer who did not like port? Capital wine! much too good to be given away—even to lawyers!

WILDING. And now to my affairs. I think we have got everything straight, Mr. Bintry? (BINTRY *nods.*) A partner secured?

BINTRY (*nods*). Partner secured. (*Drinks.*)

WILDING. A housekeeper advertised for?

BINTRY (*nods*). A housekeeper advertised for, to 'apply personally at Cripple Corner, Great Tower Street, from ten to twelve.'

WILDING. My late dear mother's affairs wound up—and all charges paid?

BINTRY (*chuckling and slapping his vest pockets lightly*). All charges paid, without an item being taxed! the most unprofessional thing I ever heard of in all my career. (*Looks* R. 1 E.) Dear me! you have her portrait there?

WILDING. My mother's. One I have in my own room—the other there in my counting-house in full view. Ah! it seems but yesterday when she came to the Foundling to give me a home, and ask me if I could love her. Oh, you (her lawyer) know how I loved her! And now that I can love her no more, I honour and revere her memory. The utmost love was cherished between us, and we never were separated till death took her from me six months ago. Everything I have I owe to her. I hope my love for her repaid her. She had been deeply deceived, Mr. Bintry, and had cruelly suffered. But she never spoke of that—she never betrayed her betrayer!

BINTRY (*drinking*). She had made up her mind, and she *could* hold her peace. (*Aside.*) A devilish deal more than *you* ever can!

WILDING. I am not ashamed of her! I mean, not ashamed of being a foundling. I never knew a father, but I can be a father to all in my employment. I hope my new partner will second my desire, and that the housekeeper will help me, my people living in the same house, and eating at the same table with me.

JOEY *enters from cellar door,* L. 2 E., *with candle in stick which he puts* L. *on barrel, comes down* C.

JOEY. Respecting this same boarding and lodging, (*cap in hand*) young Master Wilding?

BINTRY. Ah, ha! This is one of your new family! That boy in a leather pinafore won't cost much in washing.

WILDING. Yes, Joey? (*interrogatively*).

JOEY. If you wish to board and lodge me, take me. I can peck as well as most men. Where I pecks ain't so high a h'objeck as what I peck, nor even so high a h'objeck as how much I peck.

BINTRY. Master Joey, you ought to have been a lawyer. Where *we* peck is not so high an object as what we peck and how much we peck! Human nature is much the same in all professions. Mr. Wilding, I 'll try another glass of the forty-five.

JOEY. Is it all to live in the house, young Master Wilding? The two other cellarmen, the three porters, the two 'prentices, and the odd men?

WILDING. Yes, Joey, I hope we shall be a united family.

JOEY. Ah, I hope they may be.

WILDING. They? Rather say we, Joey!

JOEY. Don't look to me to make jolly on it, young Master Wilding. It 's all werry well for you gentlemen that is accustomed to take your wine into your systems by your conwivial throttles to put a lively face upon it; but I have been accustomed to take my wine in at the pores. And took that way, it acts depressing! It 's one thing, gentlemen, to charge your glasses in a dining-room with a Hip Hurrah and a Jolly Companions Every One! and another thing to charge yourself by the pores in a low cellar. I 've been a cellarman all my life, and what 's the consequence? I 'm as muddled a man as lives—you won't find a muddleder than me, or my ekal in moloncolly!

BINTRY. I don't want to stop the flow of Master Joey's philosophy, but it is past ten o'clock, and the new housekeeper is coming.

WILDING. Let her come! my friend George Vendale is to see them and recommend the one that seems best.

BINTRY (*rises*). I 'll look in again presently. (JOEY *goes up* C. *with him to open* D. *in* F.) Thank you, Joey.

[*Exit* D. *in* F.

JOEY (*comes down* C.). So you have taken a new partner, young Master Vendale in, sir?

WILDING. Yes, Joey.

JOEY. But don't change the name of the firm again, young Master Wilding! It was bad luck enough to make it Yourself and Co. Better by far have left it Pebbleson Nephew, that good luck always stuck to! Never change luck when it is good, sir! never change luck. (*Up* L.)

Enter from set house on stoop, L., GEORGE VENDALE.

VENDALE. Well, I have seen the new housekeeper. Her name is Sarah Goldstraw!

WILDING (*startled,* R. C.). Goldstraw! Surely I have heard that name before.

VENDALE. If she is an old acquaintance, all the better. Here she is. I 'll go and inspect the rest of the establishment.

[*Exit down back of stairs,* L. U. E.

Enter from house and down front steps, SALLY.

WILDING. I *have* seen her before!

SALLY (*aside*). Wilding! Wilding! It is a common name enough! (*Recognises* WILDING.) Ah!

JOEY (*to* WILDING). Take her, young Master Wilding. You won't find a match for Sarah Goldstraw in a hurry! (*Aside.*) I feel as if I had taken something new into my system at the pores! Has that pleasant woman brought the pleasant sunshine into this moloncolly place, I wonder? I will think over it in the cellar.

[*Exit* L. 2 E. *cellar door.*

WILDING. Will you please step this way into the counting-room?

SALLY (*aside.*) I must be mistaken. (*Crosses to* R. 1 E., *opens door, starts.*) Oh, my!

WILDING (R. C.). What 's the matter?

SALLY. Nothing.

WILDING. Nothing?

SALLY. No! excepting—what—what is that—that portrait hanging up in the counting-house?

WILDING. The portrait of my late dear mother!

SALLY. Of your mother? (*Aside.*) It is like the lady who spoke to me twelve years ago. (*Aloud.*) I hope you

will pardon my taking up your time, sir. (*Crossing to* L.) I don't think this place will suit me! (R.)

WILDING. Stop, stop! There is something wrong here! something I do not understand!—Your face puzzles me! Ah! (*Hand to forehead, bewildered.*) I have it! You were at the Foundling twelve years ago!

SALLY. What shall I say?

WILDING. You were the nurse who was kind to my mother, and pointed me out to her!

SALLY. Great heaven forgive me! I was.

WILDING. Great heaven forgive you? What do you mean? Speak out.

SALLY. Dreadful consequences have followed, I am afraid, because I forgot my duty, for that lady—

WILDING. That lady! She calls my mother the lady. When you speak of my mother why don't you say—my mother?

SALLY. Oh! sir, I was deceived and so was the lady.

WILDING. Why can't you speak plainer? You mean my mother?

SALLY. I will speak the truth, but I wish I hadn't to do it, sir! When I was away to our country institution, there came to our house a lady, a Mrs. Miller, who adopted out one of the children. Six months afterwards I came back, and knew nothing about that. That 's how the child was taken away—

WILDING. You—you mean me?

SALLY. No, sir. I mean the child of that lady. (*Points off* R. 1 E.) You were not her child. You cannot regret it more than I do. A few days after I had gone away the child was adopted and taken away. But another boy had just been received, and so they gave him his place and called *him* Walter Wilding! Of course, I knew nothing of this! I thought you were still the same infant that I had cared for at the first. Indeed, I was not to blame! It was not my fault.

WILDING. Is it dark, or am I dreaming? Give me your hand! (SALLY *comes to him,* C.)

SALLY. What is the matter?

WILDING. I can't see you! The noise is in my head.

SALLY. Shall I get some water? Shall I call for help?

WILDING. No! give me your hand! How do I know your story is true?

SALLY. Would I have told you if I were mistaken.

WILDING. Oh! I loved her so dearly. I felt so fondly that I was her son!

SALLY. Let your head rest on my shoulder,—not the first time, my boy. I have rocked you to sleep in my arms when a child, many and many 's the time. (*Embraces* WILDING, *who is seated on barrel,* L. *of table-barrel.*)

WILDING. Oh, Sally, why did you not speak before?

SALLY. I couldn't, sir! I did not know it till two years ago, when I went to the institution to see one of the girls, and she told me all. If I had only not come here for the housekeeper's place you would never have known to your dying day what you know now! Oh, don't blame me! You forced me to speak! don't blame me!

WILDING. You would have concealed this from me, if you could? (C.) Don't talk that way! She left me all that I possess in the persuasion that I was her son. I am not her son. Would you have me enjoy the fortune of another man? He must be found! What was the name of the lady who adopted the child?

SALLY. Mrs. Miller, sir.

WILDING. Where does she live?

SALLY. No one knows, sir. She took the child to Switzerland.

WILDING. Switzerland? What part of Switzerland?

SALLY. No one knows, sir.

BINTRY *enters* R. 1 E.

BINTRY. How are you getting on with the new housekeeper? Bless me, what is the matter?

JOEY, *with candle, enters* L. 2 E., *cellar-door, slowly, stays up* L.

WILDING. Sally, tell him in your own words,—I cannot speak. (*To* L., *leaning against banisters.*)

BINTRY (*to* SALLY). Step into the counting-house for a little time. I will be with you.

[*Exit* SALLY, R. 1 E. D., *crosses to* WILDING.

JOEY (*comes down*). I hope, young Master Wilding, that Sarah Goldstraw is not going to be sent away?

WILDING. Sarah Goldstraw is a good, kind-hearted woman, and shall stay here. Mr. Bintry, the lost Walter Wilding must be found.

BINTRY. Not easy after a lapse of twenty years. At this time of day, you will find it no thoroughfare, sir, no thoroughfare.

WILDING. It must be done. I will make my will, and leave all I have to him before I sleep this night.

Enter VENDALE, R. 1 E.

My friend, you don't know what a blow has befallen me.

VENDALE (*shaking* WILDING'S *hand*). Sarah has just told me.

WILDING. You will take my side, George! You will help me to find the lost man! If neither of you will help me, I will go to Switzerland myself.

VENDALE. Don't talk like that. I am your partner in all ways.

BINTRY. How will you find the lost man? If we advertise, we lay ourselves open to every rogue in the kingdom. (R. C.)

WILDING. You don't understand me! It is because I loved her that I feel it my duty to do justice to her son! If he is a living man, I will find him, for her sake, his and my own! (C.) I am only a miserable impostor!

VENDALE. Don't talk like that! As to your being an impostor, that is simply absurd, for no man can be that without being a consenting party to the imposition. You need not distress yourself. We will help you. Come, compose yourself. (L. C.)

JOEY, *who has been up at gate in* F., *comes down with letter and card.*

WILDING. What is it, Joey?

JOEY. A foreign gentleman give me this card and letter.

WILDING (*reads card*). Jules Obenreizer!

VENDALE (*takes letter*). Obenreizer! from Switzerland.

WILDING. Switzerland!

VENDALE. I have seen him before.

WILDING. Something tells me I am near the man!

VENDALE. Mr. Obenreizer is an old travelling companion, whose acquaintance I made in Switzerland. (*Reads letter.*) 'Mr. Obenreizer is fully accredited as our agent, and we do not doubt you will esteem his merits.' Signed 'Defresnier & Co., Neuchâtel.' (C.)

WILDING. So you met him on the mountains? (R. C.)

BINTRY (L. *aside*). Mr. Vendale seems confused. That is a bad sign to begin with.

VENDALE. Yes, he was with a young lady—

WILDING. His daughter?

VENDALE. No! he is no older than you are. His niece.

BINTRY. And you fell in love with her? Excuse my legal habit of helping out an unwilling witness!

VENDALE (*laughs*). I am not an unwilling witness, Mr. Bintry! I do love her—I loved her then, and I shall love her to the end of the calendar! Is that an unwilling answer?

BINTRY. I can't say. I am not professionally acquainted with the subject.

WILDING. George, you seem confused?

VENDALE. The fact is, I rather talked of my family, to make an impression on the young lady.

WILDING. Come, if you object you need not meet him.

VENDALE. Pshaw! Mr. Obenreizer is recommended to our house, and we would be sure to meet in the way of business, so that the sooner it is over the better for me.

JOEY *opens gate and lets in* OBENREIZER, *who comes down* C. *to shake* WILDING's *hand.*

WILDING. I am glad to see you, sir. This is my friend and legal adviser, Mr. Bintry.

OBENREIZER (*shakes* BINTRY's *hand*). Charmed! charmed to make Mr. Bintry's acquaintance. (L.)

BINTRY (*aside*). He is too civil by half. I don't like him.

WILDING. Mr. Vendale you know!

VENDALE (*shakes* OBENREIZER'S *hand*). You are doubtless surprised to meet me here as partner with Mr. Wilding?

OBENREIZER. On the contrary, no. As I said when we were on the mountains. We call them vast, but the world is so little, one cannot keep away from some persons. (*Quickly.*) Not that any one would wish to get rid of you, Mr. Vendale! Oh, dear no! So glad to have met you! So glad! (*Half embracing* VENDALE.)

BINTRY (*aside*). Rather a tigerish way of being glad.

OBENREIZER. Though you are descended from so fine a family, you have condescended to come into trade? Stop though. Wines? Is it trade in England or profession? Not fine arts? (*Smiling.*)

VENDALE. Mr. Obenreizer, I was but a silly young fellow in the first flush of coming into the fortune my parents left me. I hope what I said when we travelled together was more youthful openness of speech than vanity!

OBENREIZER. You tax yourself too heavily! You tax yourself, my faith! as if you were your government taxing you! I liked your conversation! I like your conversion! It is the misfortune of trade that any lower people may take to it and climb by it. I for example—I a man of low origin—for what I know of it—no origin at all!

WILDING (*aside to* BINTRY, L.). Do you hear that?

BINTRY. No! I am deaf on principle to all humbugs!

VENDALE (R. C., *to* OBENREIZER). And Madame Dor?

OBENREIZER. Oh, she is well. She is with Marguerite—

BINTRY. You seem rather young to be a young lady's guardian, Mr. Obenreizer?

OBENREIZER. Young in years, Mr. Bintry, but old in discretion and in experience. Her father was my half-brother—if he was my brother?—a poor peasant, and when he was dying, leaving her a little fortune, he called me to him, and told me, 'All for Marguerite.' Ah, Mr. Wilding! I may be this, or I may be that, but one thing I know! I shall live and I shall die true to my trust! (*Pause.*) Well, we are house-hunting now, and she shall

have a home replete with gratified wishes! (*Aside.*) Though where the money is to come from is another matter. (*Turns up* C. *a little.*)

WILDING (*to* BINTRY). He is not sure of his origin! he is doubtful of his parentage! Do you hear that?

BINTRY. No! Mr. Wilding, I do *not* hear that!

VENDALE (R. C., *to* OBENREIZER). And Madame Dor?

OBENREIZER. Oh, she is well. She is with Marguerite—

VENDALE. Abroad?

OBENREIZER. Here! here waiting for me without.

WILDING. What! ladies kept waiting at my door? I will go bring them in—

OBENREIZER. Not for worlds! (*Prevents* VENDALE *and* WILDING *going up* C., *goes up* C. *to gate, which* JOEY *opens slowly.*)

WILDING (*to* BINTRY). I must do something in this!

BINTRY. There is one thing you can do—hold your tongue!

OBENREIZER (*leads in* MARGUERITE *and* MADAME DOR *down* C.). My niece! (MARGUERITE *comes down* L. C., *to* VENDALE.) Madame Dor! (MADAME DOR *crosses sidewise to* R., *side of barrel-table, back to characters on stage, rubbing glove.*) The guardian angel of my wardrobe! you will excuse her—she is now at my gloves! to-morrow, it may be, darning my stockings or making pudding. Ah! you English, who delight in domestic matters. You like it in your pictures, you like it in your books! Ah, Madame Dor makes me my good, solid, heavy, indigestible English pudding! Only look at her back—(*points to* MADAME DOR, R. *by table*) it is as broad as her heart! (C.)

VENDALE (*to* MARGUERITE). Mr. Obenreizer was saying that the world is so small a place that people cannot escape one another. If it had been less, I might have found you sooner! It is still a curious coincidence that you come to London the day I become partner in a house to which Mr. Obenreizer's firm in Switzerland introduce him.

OBENREIZER (*coming between*). Ah! London is the place—city of luxury, if you are rich, like Mr. Vendale here! Some are lucky! While they were saying to him, 'Come here, my darling, kiss me!' I was called 'Little wretch,

come taste the stick!' (*gesture with cane*) I dwelt among a sorry set in Switzerland! Would I could forget it! (WILDING *touches* BINTRY *to notice.*)

MARGUERITE. For my part, I love Switzerland.

OBENREIZER (*quickly, tenderly*). Marguerite, so do I. But speak in proud England!

MARGUERITE. I speak in proud earnest! And I am not noble, but a peasant's daughter.

VENDALE. And I honour and fully appreciate your sentiment!

OBENREIZER. Ah! (*interposing*) Marguerite, we will set about our house-hunting.

WILDING. Mr. Obenreizer! (C.)

BINTRY. Mr. Wilding, will you hold your tongue?

OBENREIZER. My dear Mr. Vendale, you must come see us often when we are settled. Mr. Wilding, the same. Mr. Bintry! (*bows*). We will transact business together, and be firm friends. Adieu! (*Bows, escorts* MARGUERITE *and* MADAME DOR *in* C.—VENDALE L. *side, with* BINTRY *and* WILDING R. C.)

VENDALE (*aside*). How he guards his niece!

WILDING. This may be the lost man!

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Room in* OBENREIZER'S *house, discovering* MARGUERITE *standing at window,* L. *in* F., *and* MADAME DOR *seated at table by same*—OBENREIZER, R.

MARGUERITE (*aside*). Not come—not come yet! (*Turns sadly from looking out of window.*)

OBENREIZER (*counting money,* R. 1 E., *at press in set*). One hundred—two—four hundred—fifty—four hundred and fifty. Fifty pounds still wanted to make up the missing sum. That sum I must replace, or I am a lost man! (*To table* R. *front.*) Ah! this miserable luxury—this hol-

low show! Has Marguerite any idea of what this splendour costs me? Has she even noticed it? Yes, within the last few weeks she has been more animated and kinder. Something like affection is in her ways. She does not even think of that man Vendale.

MARGUERITE (*aside*). Still no signs of him!

OBENREIZER (*aside*). What! he has sent nothing as a birthday present. He has forgotten her, then! Oh, if he had sent her a present it would have been something so rich that her proud spirit would have revolted. I will put up the money. Yet (*hesitating*) I might replace it by a month. Nonsense! it is not to be thought of. Disgrace myself? Ah! it would ruin me for life! What would Marguerite say when she looked on me as a felon! I will put the money up; he will not come.

MARGUERITE (*suddenly*). Oh! he is crossing the square. Here he comes. (*Turns to* D. *in* F.)

OBENREIZER. He! Who?

MARGUERITE. Mr. Vendale.

OBENREIZER (*aside*). Then he has not forgotten her! (R. *front.*)

Enter VENDALE, D. *in* F.

VENDALE (*to* MARGUERITE.) Permit me to wish you many happy returns of the day. Will you accept a little memento? (*Gives jewel case.*)

MARGUERITE. Jewels! They are too rich for me!

VENDALE. You have not opened it yet.

MARGUERITE. So simple a present (*turning to* OBENREIZER) I may keep?

OBENREIZER (*sneering*). The modesty of wealth!

MARGUERITE (*to* VENDALE). I own that you have pleased and flattered me. (*Puts on brooch.*)

OBENREIZER (*aside*). He forces me to it. (*Gets money from press,* R. 1 E.*; aloud.*) Mr. Vendale has reminded me that I have not yet made my offering; you will excuse me? (VENDALE *bows—up to* D. *in* F.; *aside.*) Ah, Mr. Vendale, come what may, you will not get the upper hand of me now! [*Exit,* D. *in* F.

VENDALE (*aside*). I will wait here with the greatest pleasure till he comes back! My opportunity has come at last. No! Madame Dor! Is there no means of getting this piece of human furniture out of the room? (MADAME DOR *leans forward, sleeping.*) She lets her work fall unheeded to the floor. Oh! best of women, yield to the voice of Nature, and fall asleep. (MADAME DOR *does so*—VENDALE *comes down* C. *to* MARGUERITE.) I have something to say to you—a secret to impart. (*Seated beside her.*)

MARGUERITE. What claim have I to any secret of yours, Mr. Vendale?

VENDALE. You have not forgotten the happy time when we first met and were travelling together. Out of all the impressions I brought back from Switzerland, there was one impression chief. Can you guess what it is?

MARGUERITE. I cannot guess. An impression of the mountains?

VENDALE. No, more precious.

MARGUERITE. Of the lakes?

VENDALE. No! the lakes have not grown dearer to me every day! Marguerite, all that makes life worth having, hangs, for me, on a word from your lips. Marguerite, I love you!

MARGUERITE. Oh, Mr. Vendale! Have you forgotten the distance between us?

VENDALE (*prevents her rising.*) There can be but one distance between us, Marguerite—that of your own making. There is no higher rank in goodness and in beauty than yours!

MARGUERITE. Ah! Think of your family, and think of mine! (*Rises.*)

VENDALE. If you dwell on such an obstacle, I shall think only that I have offended you! (*Rises.*)

MARGUERITE (*forgetting herself*). Oh, no, George!

VENDALE. Say you love me!

MARGUERITE. I love you! (*Embrace, starts, goes up to* L. U. *corner.*)

OBENREIZER *enters,* D. *in* F.—MADAME DOR *is awakened by* MARGUERITE.

OBENREIZER (*as men bring in flowers in stand and place them up* C. *against* F.) Now you will see that your birthday is not forgotten. (R. *front.*)

MARGUERITE (C. *up*). I thank you.

OBENREIZER. Oh, not for them! My present is not made yet! Flowers will fade. Wear these! (*presents jewel-case*) and give them a beauty which is not their own.

MARGUERITE (*takes case*). Oh, how could you buy these for me! how can you expect me to wear these? I would have been contented with the flowers. (*Goes up to* L. U. *corner.*) Madame Dor, we will be late. We must dress for dinner. [*Exit* L. D. *with* MADAME DOR.

OBENREIZER (*aside*). She wears *his* offering round her neck! My crime is useless! I have put my whole life in peril, and *this* is my reward! Oh, curses on her glitter and her beauty!

VENDALE. What is the matter, friend? (L. C.)

OBENREIZER (*sarcastically*). Friend! Nothing!

VENDALE. Stay! I have something to say to you. (C. *front.*)

OBENREIZER (R. C. *front*). Excuse me. I am not quite myself. You want to speak to me—oh! on business, I suppose.

VENDALE. On something much more important than mere business.

OBENREIZER. I am at your service. Go on. (*Seated* R. *side of table,* VENDALE *seated* L. *side.*)

VENDALE. Perhaps you may have noticed latterly that my admiration for your charming niece—

OBENREIZER. Noticed? Not I!

VENDALE. Has grown into a deeper feeling—

OBENREIZER (*uneasily*). Shall we say friendship, Mr. Vendale?

VENDALE (*rises*). I ask you to give me her hand in marriage!

OBENREIZER (*starts up*). You ask *me!* (*Restrains his anger.*)

VENDALE. Stay, I beg you to tell me plainly what objection you see to my suit?

OBENREIZER. The immense one that my niece is the daughter of a poor peasant and you the son of an English gentleman.

VENDALE. I ought to know my own countrymen better than you do, Mr. Obenreizer. In the estimation of everybody whose opinion is worth having, my wife would be the one sufficient justification of my marriage. We are both men of business, and you naturally expect me to satisfy you that I have the means of supporting a wife. I am in a trade which I see my way to gradually improving. As it stands at present I can state my annual income at fifteen hundred pounds. Do you object to me on pecuniary grounds?

OBENREIZER (*abruptly*). Yes!

VENDALE. Yes! It is not enough?

OBENREIZER. It is not half enough for a foreign wife who has half your social prejudices to conquer. Tell me, Mr. Vendale, on your £1500 a year, can your wife live in a fashionable quarter, have a butler to wait at her table, and a carriage and horses to drive about in? Yes or no?

VENDALE. Come to the point! You view this question as a question of terms?

OBENREIZER. Terms, as you say! terms beyond your reach!

VENDALE. Sir!

OBENREIZER. Make your income three thousand pounds and come to me then!

VENDALE. Then I will speak with her.

OBENREIZER. You surely would not speak to my niece on this subject?

VENDALE. I have opened my whole heart to her, and have reason to hope—

OBENREIZER (*passionately*). What! Mr. Vendale, as a man of honour, speaking to a man of honour, how can you justify such conduct as this?

VENDALE. The best excuse is the assurance that I have had from her own lips that she loves me—(R. *front.*)

OBENREIZER (*passionately*). She lo—Oh! (*violently*) we 'll

soon see about that! (*Goes over to* L. D.) Marguerite! Marguerite! (*Aside.*) How lovely she looks!

Enter, L. D., MARGUERITE.

MARGUERITE. You wish to speak to me?

OBENREIZER. Yes, my child, I wish to speak to you—to ask a question. Mr. Vendale says—(*hand to forehead, as in pain*).

MARGUERITE. How altered you are in your manner. Are you not well? What have I done? (*up* L.).

OBENREIZER (*forgetting himself*). Done! you have turned the knife in the wound! No! I don't mean that! I mean —But we are forgetting Mr. Vendale. He has *said* (*sneering*) that you said you loved him? It is not true, my child?

MARGUERITE (*comes down* L. C.). It is true!

OBENREIZER. Oh! Great God! (*in a suppressed voice,* C.).

MARGUERITE. You frighten me!

VENDALE (*triumphantly*). Are you satisfied now?

OBENREIZER. Wait! wait a little! I have my authority yet, as she is my ward. Marguerite, you know that your father entrusted you to me, you cannot marry without my consent. Whatever Mr. Vendale says—if I say wait, you will wait!

MARGUERITE. Oh! (VENDALE *glances at her imploringly.*)

VENDALE. Oh, Marguerite!

OBENREIZER (*violently*). You *will* wait, my child?

MARGUERITE. Yes! (*submissively clasps her hands and hangs her head*).

OBENREIZER. Are you answered?

VENDALE (*firmly*). I am. You have heard from her own lips that she loves me. I will make the fifteen hundred three thousand pounds.

OBENREIZER. Make it three thousand!

VENDALE. Adieu, Marguerite!

MARGUERITE. Oh! George! (VENDALE *turns.*)

OBENREIZER. Ah, Mr. Vendale! You are not her husband yet! (*going up* L. *with one hand of* MARGUERITE'S *in his,* VENDALE *at* D. *in* F.).

(*Scene closes in.*)

SCENE II.—*Room in* WILDING'S *house.*—MR. BINTRY *enters* R., *hands under his coat-tails, in thought, crosses to* L., *turns and to* D. R. *in* F.

Enter SALLY, R. D.

SALLY. Oh, Mr. Bintry, so you have come to see master!

BINTRY. Yes, I have come to see how he is getting on.

SALLY. I am afraid he is worse. The new doctor has ordered that he must not be disturbed. (C.)

BINTRY (R. C.). Another doctor called in! When I was here last, Mr. Wilding could walk and talk.

SALLY. He can walk and talk yet, but I must agree with the doctors. He is dying—growing back more and more like him I used to call my little child at the Foundling.

BINTRY. Well, Miss Goldstraw, you may be old enough to be his mother, but you certainly don't look it.

SALLY. Thank you, sir, for the compliment!

BINTRY. You are heartily welcome.

SALLY. Don't you think, sir, you could make him better by doing more as he wishes, sir?

BINTRY. Miss Goldstraw, you have your duty to perform, and I have mine. My duty as a professional man is to keep my old friend from all rogues—Mr. Obenreizer, for example. (*Crosses to* L.)

SALLY. But you go contrary to his will, sir.

BINTRY. Contrary to his will—I wish we could go contrary to his will. I drew it up and had it executed! the most absurd document ever put on paper! Vendale and I were bound by it as executors to find a lost man, no matter what he is! and give up to him a fortune. By drawing up that document I have committed professional suicide, and yet the worthy woman says I have not humoured my client.

SALLY. Excuse me, sir. I see closer than you. It is wearing his life out.

BINTRY. Come, speak out if you think I can be of any service to my old friend! What can I do?

SALLY. Find the lost man!

BINTRY. If I do, I 'll be—(*stops short on* SALLY *lifting her hands*).

SALLY. Oh, sir! if you 'd only promise to let him have his own way, and try to find the lost man?

BINTRY. Was there ever such perversity! Here 's a man dying to find a man who will rob him of every penny he possesses and leave him a pauper. Humph! Well, I 'll put an advertisement in the papers, telling the client to apply to my office, to me, mind you—it will be a devilish lucky man who will get a fortune out of me, I can tell you! (*Crosses to* L. *and returns to* C.)

SALLY (R. C.). Thank you, sir, for my master. Ah, you may have a rough outside, but I see that you are a warm-hearted man!

BINTRY (*going* R., *turns and comes close to* SALLY, *after pause*). Miss Goldstraw, don't you take away my character! Well, I will set about it, and come to-morrow.

[*Exit* R.

SALLY (*to* D. *in* F., *which opens*). Oh, my dear master!

Enter WILDING, D. *in* F.

WILDING. I thought I heard Mr. Bintry? (*to* C. *assisted by* SALLY).

SALLY (R. C.). He was here only a minute. He is coming again to-morrow, sir.

WILDING. Always to-morrow! When it is now that we ought to find the man. (*Querulously.*) Nobody helps me.

SALLY. Mr. Bintry says he will try, sir.

WILDING. Mr. Bintry is too suspicious, and drives people away. (*Aside.*) The more I think of it the more I see that everything points one way. Obenreizer is the man! I think of him by day, and I dream of him by night. (*Aloud.*) Sally, I may call you Sally?

SALLY. Dear, yes, sir,

WILDING. For the sake of the old times let it be Sally.

SALLY. Of course, sir. Do you try to be the good boy that you always were at the Foundling, the good patient little boy. Try to be patient now.

WILDING. Something tells me I must lose no time. I must see Mr. Obenreizer at once.

SALLY. Yes, sir, I will send for him.

WILDING. I must and will see him.

SALLY. Yes, yes, sir.

WILDING. Where is Mr. Vendale?

SALLY. Gone to Mr. Obenreizer's.

WILDING. Ah! gone to propose to his pretty niece. Vendale 's a dear good friend, and I wish him all success. He is not so suspicious as Mr. Bintry, and I think he will aid me.

SALLY. I am sure of it, sir.

WILDING. Then you will send for Mr. Obenreizer?

SALLY. I promise to send there, sir.

WILDING. You will relieve my mind.

SALLY. I will do it, sir, but be a good child, and go to bed.

WILDING. Sally, Sally! how little changed things are since we met for the first time. Mr. Obenreizer says, 'The world is so small that it is not strange how often the same people come together at various stages of life.' After all, I have come round to my foundling nurse to die!

SALLY. No! no! dear Master Wilding, not going to die! (*Leads him out* D. *in* F.) No! [*Exit* D. *in* F.

SCENE III.—*Cellar in* WILDING'S *stores*—JOEY *discovered up* R. *measuring casks and bins, etc.* VENDALE *comes down* L. *platform to front.*

VENDALE. Poor Wilding! I would tell him what took place at Obenreizer's, but he has troubles of his own to engross him. My spirits are depressed, spite of myself, as if something evil was overhanging me. Can I do what I have engaged myself to do? Can I double this business in a year's time? I have been wandering about these old cellars like a perturbed spirit. Oh, you are here, are you, Joey? (*Takes candle and comes down* L. *side listlessly, comes down around and up* C.)

JOEY. Oughtn't it rather to go, Oh, *you 're* here, are you, Master George? For it 's my business here, and not yours!

VENDALE. Don't grumble, Joey.

JOEY. I don't grumble! It 's what I took in at the pores. Have a care that something in *you* don't begin a-grumbling, Master George! Stop here long enough, and the wapors will be at work—trust 'em for it! So you 've regularly come into the business, Master George?

VENDALE. Yes, Joey. I hope you don't object?

JOEY. Oh! I don't, bless you! But wapors object that you 're too young. You and Master Wilding are too young. Master has not changed the luck of the firm.

VENDALE. Pooh!

JOEY. Pooh! is an easy word to speak, Master George, but I have not been a cellarman down here all my life for nothing. I know by what I notices down here when it 's a-going to rain, when it 's a-going to hold up, when it 's a-going to blow, and when it 's a-going to be calm. I know when the luck 's changed quite as well.

VENDALE (*taking rod up*). Has this growth on the roof anything to do with your divination, Joey? We are famous for this growth in our vaults, aren't we?

JOEY. We are, Master George, and if you 'll take advice by me, you 'll let it alone.

VENDALE. Why, Joey?

JOEY. For three good reasons!

VENDALE. Let 's hear the good reasons for letting the fungus alone. (*Playing with webs.*)

JOEY. Why, because it rises from the casks of wine and may leave you to judge what sort of wapors a cellarman takes into his system when he walks in the same, and because at one stage of its growth it 's maggots!

VENDALE. Maggots! What other reason?

JOEY. I wouldn't keep touching of it, Master George, if I was you! Take a look at its colour!

VENDALE. I am looking. Well, Joey, the colour?

JOEY. Is it like (*mysteriously*) clotted blood, Master George?

VENDALE. It is rather like.

JOEY. Is it more than like! (*Shakes his head.*)

VENDALE. Say it is exactly like! What then? (*Playing with the cobweb as before.*)

JOEY. Well, Master George, they do say—

VENDALE (*carelessly*). Who?

JOEY. How should I know who? Them as says pretty well everything! How can I tell who they are?

VENDALE. True. Go on, Joey!

JOEY. They do say, that the man who gets by any accident a piece of that right upon his breast—

VENDALE (*playing with stick and web, mechanically*). On his breast?

JOEY. For sure and certain—

VENDALE. For sure and certain?

JOEY. Will die by murder!

VENDALE. Murder! (*Web drops on his left breast and vest, lets rod fall.*)

OBENREIZER *appears on platform,* L., *front.*

VENDALE. What do you want here?

OBENREIZER (*comes down* L. *platform to stage to* C.). Mr. Vendale, I come on a sad errand. You need a friend—a true friend. I will try to be it again. I hope you will forget how we parted, when I say that I regret my manner of receiving you. (*To* C.) Mr. Vendale, I ask your pardon.

VENDALE. I accept the apology.

OBENREIZER (*softly.*) Won't you shake hands with me? (*They shake hands.*) Mr. Vendale, prepare yourself for a shock.

VENDALE. What is it?

OBENREIZER. I come to bring you sad tidings—

VENDALE. Is it of Wilding? Is my poor friend worse?

OBENREIZER. Worse!

VENDALE. Not—

OBENREIZER. He is—

VENDALE. Dead?

OBENREIZER. Dead!

JOEY (*up* C.). Dead!

VENDALE. Dead! My poor friend! Ah, Joey, your superstition spoke truth. This was a warning of death.

JOEY (*comes down* R. C.). I did not say death, Master George, I said murder!

JOEY. R. OBENREIZER. C. VENDALE. L.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Counting-room in* WILDING'S *house, discovering* VENDALE *at table* R. C. *front, and* SALLY *beside him.*

SALLY. Have you any more questions to ask me, sir?

VENDALE. Yes—tell me again all that passed just before poor Wilding died.

SALLY. He had been asking for Mr. Obenreizer, who had been sent for—and when he came he sat up to try to speak to him, but before he could say a word, he fell back again. The doctor ordered Mr. Obenreizer to leave the room. Mr. Wilding died soon after—only spoke a word, but I am sure he breathed your name.

VENDALE. I am sure of that! (*with emotion*). So no one knows what he wanted so eagerly to say to Mr. Obenreizer. The mystery is wrapped in denser obscurity than ever. My poor dear friend! I know what his trust was, and if the missing man is to be found, I will find him. (*Knock* R. 1 E. D.) Who 's there? Come in.

Enter JOEY, R. 1 E. D., *with letter.*

JOEY. A letter, sir, from foreign parts.

VENDALE (*takes letter*). From Defresnier and Co., of Neuchâtel. The answer to mine.

JOEY (*to* SALLY, L. U. E. *corner*). Do you find yourself, miss, getting over the shock of young Master Wilding's death?

SALLY. Mr. Joey, we all have to submit to losses in this world. I am learning, I hope, to submit to mine.

[*Exit* L. U. E.

JOEY (*aside*). Beautiful language! beautiful! The parson

himself couldn't have said it better than she. I 'll try to remember it before I forget it, like the catechism. 'We must all submit to learning, which is one of the losses in this world!'

VENDALE (*aside*, R. C. *front*). Just when it is most important for me to increase the value of the business, it is threatened with a loss of five hundred pounds. Ah, Marguerite!

JOEY (*comes down* R. *side*). Ah! Master George, I know what 's on your mind. It 's those six cases of red wine sent from the place called Noocattle, instead of the white.

VENDALE. The devil take the six cases!

JOEY. The devil sent them, sir. It 's foreign to my nature to crow over the house I serve, but hasn't it come true what I said to young Master Wilding, respecting the changing the name of the firm, when I said that you might find one of these days that he 'd changed the luck of the firm? Did I set myself up as a prophet? No! Has what I said to him come true? Yes! What 's the consequence? You write to them at Noocattle, and they write back. You, not satisfied, write to them again; and they, not satisfied, write back again; and that 's the letter you have in your hand, as chock full of bad news as a egg is full of meat. In the time of Pebbleson Nephew, young Master George, no such thing was ever known as a mistake made in a consignment to our house. I don't want to intrude my moloncolly on you, sir, so let me recommend the beautiful language of Miss Goldstraw, fitted to the case: 'We must all learn to submit to our losses, which is one of the learnings in this world!' Reflect over them, Mr. Vendale. I 'm going to the wapors awaiting in the cellar for me! [*Exit* R. 1 E.

VENDALE. This is most unfortunate! (*To desk up* L.) Let me put the correspondence in order. (*Takes up letters.*) First I write to Defresnier and Co., saying the number of cases per last consignment was quite correct, but on six of them being opened they were found to contain a red wine instead of champagne, a mistake probably caused by a similarity of the brand. The matter can be

easily set right by your sending us six cases of champagne, or by crediting us with the value of six cases red on the five hundred pounds last remitted you, to which they reply: 'The statement of the error has led to a very unexpected discovery—a serious affair for you and us. Having no more champagne of the vintage last sent to you, we made arrangements to credit your firm with the value of the six cases, when a reference to our books resulted in the moral certainty that no such remittance as you mention ever reached our house, and a literal certainty that no such remittance has been paid to our account at the bank. We have not even a suspicion who the thief is, but we believe you will assist us towards discovery by seeing whether the receipt (forged of course) purporting to come from our house is entirely in MSS. or a numbered and printed form. Anxiously waiting your reply, we remain,' etc. etc. Ah! Next I write to the Swiss firm, and receive the answer I hold in my hand. (*Reads.*) 'Dear Sir: Your discovery that the forged receipt is executed on one of our regular forms has caused inexpressible surprise and distress to us. At the time when your remittance was stolen but three keys were in existence opening the strong box in which our receipt-forms are invariably kept. My partner had one key, I another. The third was in possession of a gentleman who, at that period, occupied a position of trust in our house. I cannot prevail on myself to inform you who the person is. Forgive my silence, the motive of it is good.' Who can this be? However, it is useless for me to inquire in my position. 'The handwriting on your receipt must by compared with certain specimens in our possession. I cannot send you them, for business reasons, and must beg you to send the receipt to Neuchâtel, and, in making this request, I must accompany it by a word of warning. If the person, at whom suspicion now points, really proves to be the person who has committed this forgery and theft, the only evidence against him is the evidence in your hands, and he is a man who will stick at nothing to obtain and destroy it. I strongly urge you not to trust the receipt to the post. Send it, without

loss of time, by a private messenger accustomed to travelling, capable of speaking French; a man of courage, a man of honesty, and, above all, a man who can be trusted to let no stranger scrape acquaintance with him on the route. Tell no one — absolutely no one — but your messenger of the turn this matter has now taken. The safe transit of the receipt may depend on your interpreting *literally* the advice which I give you at the end of this letter.' Now I know the man who writes these words. He would not have written them without good reasons. Who can I send? There is no man I know of. None of the clerks speak French.

Music to OBENREIZER'S *entrance.*

OBENREIZER (*in* R. 1 E.). May I come in?

VENDALE. Certainly.

OBENREIZER, R. 1 E., *puts hat and cane on table up* R. C., *against flat, and comes down.*

JOEY (R. 1 E., *aside*). He stole in here just as he stole into the cellars to tell of Master Wilding's death. He was by when the web fell on Master George, he is by when that letter of bad news comes. I will watch. I don't like this Mr. Openrazor! [*Exit* R. 1 E.

OBENREIZER. Ah, Mr. Vendale, you look as if there was something the matter!

VENDALE. Yes, you come at a bad time. I am threatened with the loss of five hundred pounds. (R. 2 E.)

OBENREIZER. *Five* hundred pounds! (*Aside.*) Ah!

VENDALE (*at safe in wall* R. 2 E.). Your own house is one of the parties in the affair.

OBENREIZER. Indeed! (*Aside.*) The forged receipt. (*Aloud.*) Tell me how it has happened. (*Aside.*) I wonder where he has got the receipt? If he only takes it out of his safe—

VENDALE. Ah! (*Takes paper out of safe,* R. 2 E.) Here is the forged receipt.

OBENREIZER (*up* L., *aside*). He is alone. I am stronger than him. (*About to cross to* R.)

Enter JOEY, R. 1 E.

JOEY. Did you call, Master George?

VENDALE. No! Joey, don't disturb me!

JOEY. I'll keep the door open this time. [*Exit* R. 1 E.

OBENREIZER (*aside*). Force is hopeless! I must try fraud! Well?

VENDALE. Well, the latest letter wishes me to send your house the forged receipt to compare it with writing in their hands. It is wished that I must keep the whole proceedings a profound secret from everybody.

OBENREIZER. Not even excepting me! Well?

VENDALE. Not excepting. (*Surprised.*) Oh! not excepting you. They must have forgotten you.

OBENREIZER. They must have forgotten me. Then under the circumstances I can hardly advise. Yet why not take it yourself. Nothing could happen better. I am going to Switzerland to-night.

VENDALE. And Marguerite?

OBENREIZER (*gaily*). Oh! come to the house and dine with us at seven. We can go off at once by the mail-train to-night. Is it agreed?

VENDALE. By the mail-train to-night?

OBENREIZER. Ah! well (*looking at watch*) at seven! (*up* R. *at* D. *in* F.)

VENDALE. At seven to-night.

JOEY (*enters* R. 1 E.). I will take your luggage for you to Mr. Openrazor's house.

VEDALE. You have been listening, Joey?

JOEY. Not listening, Master George, but I heard every word for all that.

JOEY. R. OBENREIZER, D. *in* F. R. C. VENDALE. C.

SCENE II.—*Room in* WILDING'S *house—enter,* L., SALLY *and* JOEY.

SALLY (C.). Mr. Joey, why do you follow me about into my part of the house?

JOEY. Miss Goldstraw, if you was to go down into the cellars I 'd follow you there with the greatest pleasure.

SALLY. But why do you follow me at all?

JOEY. For the same reason that the first man followed the first woman.

SALLY. Ay, but she led him all wrong afterwards, and I don't want to lead you wrong, Mr. Joey.

JOEY. Then there 's another reason: I want to see you change your name, which if Goldstraw is good, to Ladle, which is better! That was well said, I think!

SALLY. Well, I never! Is it you of all men that would want me to change the name of the firm? What next, I wonder?

JOEY. Woman is not the *firm.* (*Putting arm round* SALLY's *waist.*)

SALLY. Do you speak with your arm, Mr. Joey, and do you think I listen with my waist? (*Puts his arm away.*)

JOEY. Then there 's another thing, Miss Goldstraw. I want you to bring back the luck of the firm!

SALLY. Me! you want me? Why, bless your innocent soul, I was the cause of all the trouble that has come into the house. If it had not been for me, none of this would have happened. If you, Joey, knew all, you would hate me.

JOEY (*shakes head*). If you brought the cross of luck, why, that 's the very reason you should bring the good luck home again. (*Aside.*) That was well said, I think!

SALLY. Why, what can I do, Mr. Joey? (*Puts arm around her.*) Mr. Joey, may I ask, did you ever make love before?

JOEY. Yes; but I never got as far as this.

SALLY (*laughs*). The idea of any man making love in an apron like that!

JOEY (*aside*). She remarks my apron. Now, what follows from her being in love with my apron? Why, that she should be in love with me! (*Aloud.*) You are at liberty, Miss Goldstraw, to like any part of me, so long as you like me. Now just let my arm speak to your waist a little, while I tell you that I have something else besides

wapors in my head, I have. I would go on further with the love-making but for that and my having to go to take Mr. George's luggage to Mr. Openrazor's; and in the state of mind I am in, and with the spirit of prophecy strong upon me, I don't know where I shall spend the night.

SALLY. Dear me! (*Puts aside arm.*) You 'll excuse me, Master Joey, but the institution of marriage is a serious thing, and the more a man and a woman look at it in that light before marriage, the better for the parties afterwards! [*Exit* D. *in* F.

JOEY. Beautiful language! Let me turn that over in my mind before I forget it! The 'institution of a man and a woman is a serious matter, and the sooner they look at it in that light the better for all parties afterwards!'

[*Exit* L. 1 E. *as he speaks.*

SCENE III.—*Same as* SCENE I., ACT II., *discovering* OBENREIZER *at table, up* L., *packing travelling-bag, and putting its strap round his neck, having pipe in his hand, etc.,* MARGUERITE *and* VENDALE R. C. *front.*

VENDALE. I am all ready now, and going away.

MARGUERITE (*aside to him*). Must you go, George? Oh, do not go!

VENDALE. It is business that compels me to go. I know the parting must be hard, but I shall be back in a month.

MARGUERITE. It is not the parting, but you are going with him. Have you done anything to offend Mr. Obenreizer?

VENDALE. I?

MARGUERITE. Hush! You know the little photograph of you I have. This afternoon it happened to be on the mantelpiece, when he took it up, and I saw his face in the glass. I know you have offended him! He is merciless, he is revengeful.

VENDALE. You are letting your fancy frighten you. Obenreizer and I were never better friends than at this moment.

MARGUERITE. Don't go, George, or go alone. It is near

seven. It will be too late in a few minutes. Change your mind, George, change your mind!

JOEY *enters,* D. *in* F., *and comes down* R. *to* VENDALE, *to give him letter.*

JOEY. A letter with a foreign postmark, Master George. (*Goes up to take trunk to* L. *by window, then by* D. *in* F., *waiting.*)

VENDALE. From Neuchâtel.

MARGUERITE. The journey is put off? (*Hands clasped with joy.*)

OBENREIZER (*aside, coming down* C.). The journey put off!

VENDALE (*after reading*). On the contrary. (*Reads.*) 'Dear Sir: I am called away by urgent business to Milan, where I should prevail on you to meet me.' My journey is not deferred, you see, but lengthened. (*To* OBENREIZER.) In this wintry weather I cannot expect you to accompany me on the additional route.

OBENREIZER. Why not?—Fellow-travellers, be it more or less long. To Switzerland I would have gone with you; to Milan you say now. Well, I will go with you to your journey's end!

VENDALE. Thanks, my companion.

MARGUERITE (*aside to* VENDALE). Oh, George! look at his smile now.

OBENREIZER (*looks at his watch*). Are you ready? Can I take anything for you? You have no travelling-bag. Here 's mine, with the compartment for papers, open at your service. (*To* L. *after this.*)

VENDALE. Thank you. I have only one paper of importance with me, and that paper I am bound to take charge of myself. (*Touching breast-pocket of coat.*) Here it must remain till we get to Milan. (*Goes up* C.) Joey, change the address on my trunk. JOEY *goes* L., *frustrating* OBENREIZER, *who wanted to take up trunk, brings trunk to table, up* C.) Milan, Joey. M-i-l-a-n, if you don't know how to spell it.

JOEY (*aside*). I know how to spell more than that. Miss Marguerite don't seem to like the idea of Master George

going on this journey with Mr. Openrazor no more than I do. I 'd give something to know her mind on the subject. (*Writes on label on trunk.*)

OBENREIZER. Marguerite, adieu. My friend, *en route,* or we 'll be too late for the mail train.

MARGUERITE (C.). George! (*Embraces George.*)

OBENREIZER. George, how precious you are to her! Don't be alarmed (*half embraces* VENDALE *by the shoulders*); I will take care of him. Come on (*out* D. *in* F.).

MARGUERITE. George, George, George, don't go!

VENDALE. I must.

(*Voice of* OBENREIZER *off* R. U. E.). Vendale!

VENDALE. I am coming.

(*Voice of* OBENREIZER). Vendale!

JOEY. He may come back.

VENDALE. Farewell, Marguerite. [*Exit hastily* D. *in* F.

MARGUERITE. Don't go. Ah! gone in spite of all that I could do! Oh, what is to be done?

JOEY (*comes down* R. C.). Miss Marguerite, the warning of danger 's on you as it is on me?

MARGUERITE. Yes.

JOEY. Will you try to fend it off?

MARGUERITE. Yes. Joey, I am no fine lady; I am one of the people like you. I will go save him.

JOEY. And I will go with you! I will go with you!

CURTAIN

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Interior of Swiss Inn, discovering* VENDALE R. *by fire,* OBENREIZER *over* L. *by table, pipe in hand.*

VENDALE. How still it is in the night! Is not that the rustling of the waterfall that we hear?

OBENREIZER. Yes! the waterfall on the slope of the mountain. It sounds like the old waterfall at home that my mother showed to travellers—if she was my mother!

VENDALE. If? Why do you say, if?

OBENREIZER. How do I know? I was very young and all the rest of the family were men and women, and my so-called parents were old enough to be—to be my ancestors! Anything is possible in a case like mine.

VENDALE. Did you ever doubt—

OBENREIZER. Doubt? Everything!

VENDALE. At least you are Swiss?

OBENREIZER. How do I know? I say to you, at least you are English. How do you know?

VENDALE. By what I have been told from infancy.

OBENREIZER (*sneering*). Ah! you know by what you have been told from infancy! I know of myself *that* way—it must satisfy me! While you sat on your mother's lap in your father's carriage, rolling through the rich English streets all luxury surrounding you, I was a famished, naked child among men and women with hard hand to beat me! Bah! so ends my biography. But it is getting cold here! You have let your fire go out! (To D. *in* F.) Halloa there! some wood! (*To* R. *by table.*)

Enter LANDLORD, *with wood.*

A drop of brandy will do neither of us any harm—we have let our flasks get empty. (*To* LANDLORD.) A bottle of brandy!

LANDLORD. Yes, gentlemen! [*Exit* D. *in* F.

VENDALE. I am afraid you will find it but bad brandy in such a place. (*To* L. *front, walking up and down.*)

OBENREIZER. Bad brandy is better than none.

Enter LANDLORD, *puts bottles on table.*

LANDLORD. There, gentlemen.

OBENREIZER. *Très bien*—well! You know you are to have the guide ready.

LANDLORD. Yes, sir!

VENDALE. And you 're to wake us at four. (L. *front.*)

LANDLORD. Yes, sir!

OBENREIZER (*doses glass and brings to* VENDALE). Now for the laudanum!

LANDLORD. Any more orders, gentlemen?

OBENREIZER. No! you can go to bed.

[*Exit* LANDLORD D. *in* F.

How is it? you are a better judge than I am; bad, eh?

VENDALE. I don't like the flavour.

OBENREIZER (*carelessly*). You don't like the flavour? (*Tastes brandy.*) Pah! how is it? bad! Do you lock your door at night when you are travelling? (*Up* R. *by table.*)

VENDALE. Not I. I sleep too soundly. (*Beginning to be heavy of head.*)

OBENREIZER. You are so sound a sleeper! What a blessing!

VENDALE. Anything but a blessing to the east end of the house if I had to be knocked up from the outside of my door.

OBENREIZER. Ha! ha! I, too, leave open my door. By the bye, let me advise you, as a Swiss, you know, always when you travel in my country, put your papers—and, of course, your money—under your pillow. (*By bed, with illustrative gesture.*) Always the safest place.

VENDALE. You are not complimentary to your countrymen.

OBENREIZER (*shrugging shoulders*). Ah! my countrymen are like most men: they will take what they can get.

VENDALE. I have only one paper of importance, and I have no fear of that.

OBENREIZER. But we have to be up early in the morning. Your candle is burning low. I wish you good-night. (*Exit* D. *in* F.) Under the pillow, you know.

VENDALE. Good-night. (*Candle put out—crosses to* L. *window.*) It 's a strange fellow-traveller I have. Pshaw! he is my companion of his own proposal, and can have no motive in sharing this undesirable journey. How cold it is! (*Turns from window, beginning to be unsteady of foot.*) I wonder what Wilding could have had to say to him? Can Obenreizer be the—missing man! He speaks English as if it had been the first language of his infancy. How would I like this man to be rich? to be Marguerite's guardian, and yet standing in no relationship to her? (*Abruptly.*) But what are these considerations to come between me and fidelity to the dead? (*Crosses to* R., *reel-*

ing.) No! I am bent on the discharge of my solemn duty, and that duty must and shall be performed. (*Leans on table.*) I will speak to Obenreizer in the morning. (*Seated in chair, back to audience,* R. *side of table.*) In the morning. (*Goes to sleep.*)

Music to OBENREIZER'S *entrance.*

OBENREIZER *opens* D. *in* F., *slowly, a little way, his hand appears, then his face—pause—he enters—pause—he closes door quickly, but so as not to make noise—pause —he listens, goes cautiously to bed, knife in hand, puts hand under pillow—pause—shakes his head, goes to table,* L., *opens writing-case by springing the lock with his knife. While opening case, puts knife in mouth to overhaul papers, then lays knife on table; starts at movement of* VENDALE, *snatches up knife, lays it down. Finishes search, crosses to bed.*

VENDALE. Who is it? (*Springs up.*)

OBENREIZER. Eh! (*Intense surprise.*) Oh! (*Forced voice of anxiety*) you are not in bed—are you ill? (*Up* R. C.)

VENDALE. What do you mean? (*Hand to forehead.*)

OBENREIZER. There *is* something wrong! You are not ill?

VENDALE. Ill? No!

OBENREIZER. I have had a bad dream about you. I tried to rest after it, but it was impossible. Ha! ha! I know you will laugh at me. I was a long while waiting outside your door before I came in. Ha! ha! ha! It is so easy to laugh at a dream that you have not dreamed! (*Lights candle, and then stands by table to light his pipe.*) You have a good fire here now. My candle has burnt out. May I stop with you? You want to sleep, eh?

VENDALE (*drowsily, to* C. *up*). You can stop here, if you like, till morning comes.

OBENREIZER. Yes—ha! ha! It was a bad dream. See! I was stripped for a struggle!

VENDALE. And armed, too.

OBENREIZER (*carelessly*). This? Oh, a traveller's knife that I always carry about me. (*Plays with knife-handle.*) Do you carry no such thing?

VENDALE. No such thing. (R.)

OBENREIZER. No pistols?

VENDALE. No weapons of any kind. (*Seated* R. *as before.*)

OBENREIZER. You Englishmen are so confident. (*To bed, searching.*)

VENDALE. Where are you?

OBENREIZER. You see where I am, dear boy. My candle has burnt out. There 's such a little time yet, may I sit here and keep you company?

VENDALE. If you like. Besides, I had something very important to say to you—about—(*sleeping, wakes*) I—I—meant to put it off till the morning.

OBENREIZER. Now, it will relieve your mind. Something about me?

VENDALE (*sleepily*). About you, yes—ah!—to-morrow!—to-morrow! (*Sleeps in chair.*)

OBENREIZER. The laudanum has done its work at last. (*To bed, searches.*) Not there! (*Knife in hand, to table,* L.) Not here! (*At writing-case.*) He must have it on him. (*Crosses to* R.) If I could take it without waking him—without crime! There he lies at my mercy! Marguerite's lover—my rival—who carries more than my life in the pocket of his coat. If that man goes free, I am ruined! (*Bends over* VENDALE, *knife in right hand, searching him with left.*) It is here. Could I but unbutton his coat! (*Loud knock* D. *in* F. OBENREIZER *leaps back, and conceals knife; lights his pipe.*)

VENDALE (*jumps up*). Come in. (*Bewildered.*)

OBENREIZER (*aside*). Another moment, and I—(*Sheathes knife.*)

LANDORD *enters* D. *in* F. *Lights up.*

LANDLORD. Four o'clock, gentlemen, and the guides are waiting. (*Helps* VENDALE, *sleepy, on with overcoat,* L.)

OBENREIZER (*dresses himself with his clothes brought in by servant—aside*). It is my fate. I must kill him on the road! (*All go up to* D. *in* F.)

(*Scene closes in.*)

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Inn on* 1 G.

Enter, D. *in* F., JEAN PAUL *and* JEAN MARIE *and* LANDLORD.

LANDLORD (L.). Well, my friends, what do you think of the weather now?

JEAN MARIE (C.). I say the weather will do.

JEAN PAUL (R.). I say that it is bad.

LANDLORD. Come, you must make up your mind. The two gentlemen are coming.

Enter, D. *in* F., VENDALE *and* OBENREIZER.

VENDALE (*to* L. C.). Well, I suppose you have explained to the men? Are you ready to cross the mountain?

JEAN MARIE. I don't care, for one.

LANDLORD. You may depend upon these guides, sirs.

OBENREIZER (*aside*). That won't do.

JEAN PAUL. I say no. There 's something in the air that looks like snow.

OBENREIZER (*aside*). That 's better.

JEAN MARIE. I won't go unless Jean Paul goes.

JEAN PAUL. And I 'll not go at all.

OBENREIZER (*to* VENDALE). I suppose you know what all this means?

VENDALE. Indeed, I do not.

OBENREIZER. Part of the trade of the poor devils:—it 's to double their pay.

JEAN PAUL. You heard the rushing of the waterfall last night? Snow! You heard an unseen hand try to open the doors? Snow. You heard the far-off thunder? Snow. Yes, you 'll have snow enough to bury a man upright, and wind enough to blow the hair off his head! And that won't be long from this;—it will all be before to-night.

OBENREIZER. Part of the profession. Two napoleons will change you.

JEAN PAUL. No! not two thousand would do it.

OBENREIZER (*aside*). He will not go!

JEAN PAUL (*to* VENDALE *leading him to* R. 1 E.). You do

not laugh at the guide. Mark! How many peaks do you see?

VENDALE. Two!

JEAN PAUL. There are three!

VENDALE. Why can't I see the other?

JEAN PAUL. Because the storm cloud has already come down upon it. It will bring down tons and tons of snow, which will not only strike you dead but bury you at a blow. Do as you will now. I have done my duty of warning you, and I wash my hands of it.

JEAN MARIE. I 'll not go unless the old man will.

LANDLORD. We 'll do our best to make you comfortable in the inn, gentlemen.

OBENREIZER. Well, what do you propose? As Shakespeare says, 'Discretion is the better part of valour!' Or will you take my advice? I am mountain-born, and we would only have had to guide those poor devils of guides. If you dare to make the attempt, I will go with you—

VENDALE. The occasion is pressing! I must cross—

OBENREIZER. Yes. It is well to understand one another—friends all. This gentleman—

VENDALE. Must cross.

OBENREIZER. It is settled. We go!

VENDALE. We go! (*They take sticks from guides.*)

JEAN PAUL. Do not rush upon destruction.

OBENREIZER. Never fear! [*Exit* R. *with* VENDALE.

JEAN MARIE. Stop! here! stop, stop!

LANDLORD (*to* R.). Hi, hi! mind you keep the track! Don't leave the track!

JEAN PAUL. You need not waste your breath. You have seen the last of them.

LANDLORD. Pooh! they are two stout walkers, and one knows the mountains.

JEAN PAUL. That may be, but they are both dead men! (*To* L.)

LANDLORD. We shall see! [*Exit* D. *in* F.

JEAN PAUL. Come, brother, we must be on our way.

[*Exit* L., *with* JEAN MARIE.

Thunder distant.—Scene changes.

SCENE III.—*Mountain pass—thunder*—VENDALE *discovered* C. *front*, OBENREIZER *up* R. *on stairs, staves in hand.*

VENDALE. Is it here that we strike the path again?

OBENREIZER. Yes, the track is here again.

VENDALE. The snow seems to have passed over.

OBENREIZER. The storm will come again!

VENDALE. Let us on.

OBENREIZER. No.

VENDALE. No? why linger here?

OBENREIZER. Because we are at the journey's end.

VENDALE. Here! how here?

OBENREIZER. I promised to guide you to your journey's end! The journey of your life ends here!

VENDALE. You are a villain!

OBENREIZER. You are a fool! I have drugged you! Doubly a fool, for I am the thief and forger, and in a few moments shall take the proof from your dead body!

VENDALE. What have I done to you? (C.)

OBENREIZER (R. C.). Done! You would have destroyed me, but that you have come to your journey's end. You have made me what I am! I took that money—I stole it, to give luxury to Marguerite! You made me buy the jewels that should outshine your gift! You made me lose her love—you would have made me lose my liberty and life! Therefore you die!

VENDALE. Stand back, murderer!

OBENREIZER (*laughs.*) Murderer! why, I don't touch you! I need not, to make you die! Any sleep in the snow is death. You are sleeping as you stand!

VENDALE (*violently*). Stand back, base murderer! (*Lifts up his staff*, OBENREIZER *standing on guard with his staff.*) Stand back! (*Lets staff fall, when* OBENREIZER *takes it over to him and throws it off*, R.) God bless my Marguerite! May she never know how I died! Stand off from me—yet let me look at your murderous face. Let it remind me—of something—left to me to say—the secret must not die with me—no, no, no! Obenreizer, I must say one thing—before I sink in death. Oh! (*Reeling.*)

OBENREIZER (*aside*). My courage fails me! (*Advances, knife in hand.*) Give me the paper, or—

VENDALE. Never! (*Rushes up set bank to trap, leaps.*) Never!

OBENREIZER (*pauses on bank*). Lost! (*Staggers down to stage.*) Lost! the—the paper. (*Falling.*) Ah! (*Falls in dead swoon.* C. *front.*)

Music kept up—pause—enter R. U. E. *by set stage,* MARGUERITE, JOEY, *and the two Guides.*

MARGUERITE. Ah, George! (*Comes to* C., *then throws herself on bank, looking over. Music.*)

All form picture.

Two Guides. R. JOEY. R. C. MARGUERITE. OBENREIZER. C.

CURTAIN

ACT V.

SCENE.—*Interior in Monastery, discovering* JOEY C., a *little up, and* BINTRY *beside him.*

BINTRY. What next, I wonder? Here 's an adventure for a professional man. I 've been rattled across the country in the railway, dragged up the mountains on mule-back, and popped into a monastery by a monk! This all comes of you, Master Joey!

JOEY. How do you make that out, sir?

BINTRY. Why, could Miss Marguerite have sent for me if you had not brought her out here, and would she have come out if you had not brought her? It 's all her fault and yours.

JOEY. If it comes to that, Mr. Bintry, would Master George be living at this moment if we had not been in time to save him on the mountains?

BINTRY. Is Mr. Obenreizer mixed up in any way in this affair?

JOEY. We found him lying in the snow by the edge of the precipice, if that 's what you call being mixed up with it!

BINTRY. Dead?

JOEY. In a dead swoon!

BINTRY. Did you remark anything?

JOEY. I remarked nothing. At first, I thought Master George was dead. When I felt of his heart, there was no beat; but my fingers were so numbed with the cold that perhaps I felt on the wrong side!

BINTRY. You don't comprehend what I am driving at. When will Mr. Vendale be able to travel?

JOEY. He is able to travel now.

BINTRY. And when will Miss Marguerite be able to travel?

JOEY. Just so soon as Mr. Vendale is ready to travel, and not before. (*Exchanges glances with* BINTRY, *and both laugh.*)

BINTRY. I see, I see. You mean when they do go out, their first walk will be to the nearest church?

JOEY. That is about the figure of it, sir.

BINTRY. So far, all is clear. But the rest is not so plain. Now, where is Mr. Vendale?

JOEY. Here! in this convent, where the monks brought us after they had picked us up.

BINTRY. Here with Mr. Obenreizer?

JOEY. But they have not seen one another yet.

BINTRY. What does Mr. Obenreizer say about his ward coming out?

JOEY. They have not met either. They keep the men and women apart here, sir.

BINTRY. Has Mr. Vendale said nothing out of the common?

JOEY. No.

BINTRY. Not in any way?

JOEY. He will not speak. He has something on his mind.

BINTRY. Ah! then it is he who sent for me by Miss Marguerite?

JOEY. Then Mr. Vendale will see you at once.

BINTRY. I will go at once.

JOEY (*stops him*). If you 'll excuse me, sir, may I ask you one question first?

BINTRY. Certainly, as you please!

JOEY. When you left London, how did you leave that precious woman, Miss Goldstraw?

BINTRY. Leave her? I didn't leave her! Mr. Joey, prepare yourself for a great surprise. When Miss Goldstraw heard that Miss Marguerite had come out here after Mr. Vendale, she said she must go into foreign parts as well. And it 's my firm belief, Master Joey, that you are at the bottom of it all!

JOEY (*chuckling.*) Not a doubt on it, sir, not a doubt on it!

BINTRY. Why, he don't seem surprised at all!

JOEY. Why, I knew all along that if I didn't go back to her, she 'd come all the way out to me.

BINTRY. Is that your experience of woman, Master Joey?

JOEY. That 's my experience of Sarah Goldstraw, sir. Now, what was the beautiful language that she used the last time I saw her? It went this way: 'The separation of a man and a woman is a serious institution, and the sooner they come together again after it, the better for all parties.' There 's language! Now, what follows? Why, if Miss Goldstraw has come out to see me, it 's all right—all right.

Enter SALLY, R. 1 E. D. *to* C., *up.*

SALLY. If you think I have come here on account of you, I will go back to London again directly!

BINTRY. For that purpose, allow me to offer you my arm, ma'am. (SALLY *takes his arm.*)

JOEY. Just allow me one moment before you walk her off!

BINTRY. Certainly, certainly.

JOEY. There 's going to be two marriages. Now, if Mr. Vendale marries Miss Marguerite, who is to marry Miss Goldstraw?

SALLY. Don't distress yourself on my account.

JOEY (*firmly*). Who is to marry Miss Goldstraw?

BINTRY. Well, you are, I am afraid.

JOEY. Then why are you walking off with her, instead of me?

SALLY. You wait a little and you will be walking off along with me all the rest of your future existence.

BINTRY. Isn't it enough to monopolise your wife after marriage, and not to want to monopolise her before she is your wife?

SALLY. Mr. Joey, I 'd like you to remember this: A man had better not give a woman the chance, or it may end in her leaving him at the church door! [*Exit* D. *in* F.

JOEY (*aside*). Beautiful language!

Enter D. *in* F., FATHER FRANCIS, *with book, and* OBENREIZER *with bag of money, to table* R., *where they put them down.* FATHER FRANCIS *crosses to* L. *to shake* BINTRY'S *hand,* BINTRY *looking at him through eye-glass.*

BINTRY (*aside*). Mr. Obenreizer turned treasurer of the establishment!

OBENREIZER (*to* BINTRY, *who receives him suspiciously*). You have arrived safely—so glad! (*Shakes hands.*) Come to see Mr. Vendale? Make your mind perfectly easy; our old friend is as good a man as ever. (*Subdued tone.*) You have come on business, I suppose?

BINTRY. Humph! that 's impossible to say until I shall have seen Mr. Vendale.

OBENREIZER. I shared his perils as his fellow-traveller, and yet I have not seen him yet.

FATHER FRANCIS. You shared his perils, and your sight will remind him of his perils. This gentleman will remind him of home, and can see him at once.

JOEY. I 'll show you the way, sir. (*At* L. D.)

BINTRY. All right, Joey; I 'll follow you at once.

[*Exit* JOEY L. D., BINTRY *to* R., *to* OBENREIZER, *snuff-box business. Exit quickly,* L. D.

OBENREIZER (*aside*). Why has he come here? What can Vendale have to say to him?

FATHER FRANCIS. Patience, my son; before the night you shall take the hand of your friend. (*At table.*) Till then you must endure, for a little longer, my poor company.

OBENREIZER. There is none I could desire better, father. Ah! pardon me! where does that door (L. D. *in* F.) lead to?

FATHER FRANCIS. Why do you ask?

OBENREIZER. That door puzzles me the more I look at it. No bolt, no bar, no lock. When I go nearer and listen, I hear something going 'tick, tick,' like the ticking of a clock.

FATHER FRANCIS. It is a clock in the room.

OBENREIZER. A room there? (*Examines thickness of wall by* R. D. *in* F.)

FATHER FRANCIS (*nods*). The door opens by clockwork. One of our brothers made it after long laborious years. It is the strongest strong-room in the world. Nothing can move the door till the time comes, and it opens of itself.

OBENREIZER. A strong-room here! Now, if you were bankers or jewellers, I could understand the need.

FRANCIS. Are we not bankers of the poor, my son?

OBENREIZER. Oh!

FRANCIS. Then we have to keep our valuables safe.

OBENREIZER. Oh! rare old manuscripts and relics. (*Laughing.*)

FRANCIS. Hush, my son, I speak seriously. The property of the travellers who have perished on the mountain is preserved by us until claimed.

OBENREIZER (*laughs*). What a quantity of waste paper you must have!

FRANCIS. Not so; sooner or later all is claimed.

OBENREIZER. Both by foreigners and natives?

FRANCIS. At the present time we have but one foreign: the Vendale papers (OBENREIZER *starts*) found on an Englishman in the snow.

OBENREIZER (*aside*). The Vendale—(*Checks himself.*) Ah!

Enter, D. *in* F., *staying there, Monk.*

MONK. The young English lady desires to speak to you, father.

FRANCIS. Presently, brother, presently. (*Exit Monk* D. *in* F.) I must put away the money and wait to set the clock. The English travellers will be on the road early. I will

make it to open at one o'clock. (To OBENREIZER.) We keep regular hours here, and do not often have occasion to alter the hour of the safe's opening.

OBENREIZER (*looks at watch*). It is now a minute to eight. (R. C. *up.*)

FRANCIS. Then in one minute you will see that door open. (R.) (*Music, piano, long-drawn strains on violin—clock strikes eight,* L. *door in* F. *opens,* FRANCIS *pushes it back so as not to close, then to table.*)

OBENREIZER. Wonderful!

FRANCIS. So simple, too, in its action. Now, to change the hour. (*Alters the hand.*) At any hour, or part of an hour, that the regulator is fixed, the safe will open. (*To* R.)

OBENREIZER (*to* R.). I see. Don't trouble yourself, father. May I assist you? (*Takes bag of money, puts it in* L. *room, turns dial hand around, closes door with snap, stands back to it.*) Oh! (*Pretends to snatch at door.*)

FRANCIS. What have you done?

OBENREIZER. My stupidity is inexcusable! I—I leaned against the door and—and—

FRANCIS. You have closed it! (*With vexation of a man who has learnt to suppress emotion pretty well.*) Now it will not open till six to-morrow morning.

OBENREIZER (*aside*). It will open in five minutes!

FRANCIS. And my book is left out! Oh, you have caused me excessive trouble!

OBENREIZER. I am so sorry, father.

FRANCIS. The book makes no matter, but the—well, I must go see the young lady. [*Exit* R. D. *in* F.

OBENREIZER. Ah! the old idiot. How fortunate it was put in his keeping. (*Watch in hand.*) There 's not a minute to be lost. Ah! the door opens! (*Music,* L. D. *in* F. *opens as before, overhauls papers.*) This is not it. Not here, not here! I know the receipt well! What is this? Vendale papers! (*To table, runs over packet.*) It is not among them. Bah! Eighteen hundred—twenty-nine years ago! (*Interested.*) What does all this mean? Certificate of death! a mother—and not a wife! Ah! ah!

I have him! (*Rises, puts paper in breast.*) Ah, Mr. Vendale, I am prepared to meet you now! (*Closes* L. D. *in* F., *to* L.)

Enter MARGUERITE, R. D., VENDALE D. *in* F., *they embrace.*

OBENREIZER. Marguerite (to R. C.), have you no word for *me?*

VENDALE (*keeping* MARGUERITE L. C. *front*). Pardon me, Mr. Obenreizer, you will understand that you can have no further interest in this lady.

OBENREIZER. Marguerite, what does this mean? Mr. Vendale speaks in such a tone that I cannot tell whether he is in jest or earnest.

VENDALE. Do not answer. (*To* OBENREIZER.) There can be no question between us. My object in so far meeting you is to bring all further proceedings on your part to an end. Mr. Bintry will tell you how.

OBENREIZER. Marguerite, I hardly need to repeat in what position I stand towards you. That man has no claim on you—when I leave the house, you come with me.

BINTRY (*at* R. *table,* R. *side of it*). Mr. Obenreizer, when you are ready, I am. Will you sign the paper by which you relinquish all authority over your niece and leave her free to wed Mr. Vendale?

OBENREIZER (C.) Mr. Bintry, your professional enthusiasm leads you too far, clever as you are. Mr. Vendale and I made an agreement under which he was bound to double his income. (To VENDALE.) Have you doubled it?

VENDALE. No!

OBENREIZER. Then, more talk is useless. Mr. Bintry, you can put your paper in the fire.

BINTRY. My paper will get the better of you yet!

VENDALE. I will force you to sign it.

OBENREIZER. Force me! force is a very big word, Mr. Vendale. I beg you to withdraw it. Mr. Bintry, you are fond of curious documents; will you be so good as to look at these?

BINTRY. What? (*Takes papers.*) Impossible!

OBENREIZER. I told you so. Three years ago an English

gentleman perished on the mountains, and the papers found on his body were brought here.

VENDALE. How did you come by them?

BINTRY. That is needless to inquire. (*Examining papers eagerly.*)

OBENREIZER. Twenty-five years ago, a lady living in Switzerland, childless for years, decided on adopting a child, and her sister in England took one out of the Foundling Hospital!

VENDALE. Out of the Foundling!

MARGUERITE. Oh, George, what is this?

OBENREIZER. You shall all have information enough! Here are the written proofs of what I advance. Mr. Bintry, what do you want else?

BINTRY. Proof that the father and mother are living?

OBENREIZER (*gives papers*). They are both dead.

BINTRY. List of the witnesses and their residences who can speak to the facts of the case?

OBENREIZER (*gives papers*). Are they right?

BINTRY. Complete!

OBENREIZER. Ha, ha!

BINTRY (*to* VENDALE). Mr. Vendale, allow me to congratulate you!

VENDALE (*bewildered*). What was the name of the woman in England?

OBENREIZER. Mrs. Miller.

VENDALE. Miller! then we have found the missing man!

MARGUERITE. What *does* all this mean?

VENDALE. Our poor dead friend's last wish on earth is accomplished. All is explained now. (*To* OBENREIZER.) You are the lost Walter Wilding!

OBENREIZER. I—I have not that honour. You are the man! Marguerite, do you know to whom you would have given your hand? To an impostor—a bastard! brought up by public charity!

MARGUERITE. Oh, I never loved you, George, as I love you now!

VENDALE. I the man!

BINTRY. Yes! Ah, ah, Mr. Obenreizer, he is the man who

inherits all the fortune of Mr. Wilding. In one breath he has doubled his income, thanks entirely to your exertions. By your own agreement he is free to marry her now. Will you sign the paper? (R. *at table.*)

OBENREIZER (*fiercely*). Never! never!

VENDALE. Then I must force you.

OBENREIZER. Force me!

VENDALE (*shows paper*). What becomes of your authority over her now?

BINTRY. Will you sign?

OBENREIZER (*to* VENDALE *softly*). Does she know?

VENDALE (*same, aside*). She does not.

OBENREIZER (*aside to* VENDALE). Will she ever know, if I sign?

VENDALE (*to table,* R., *to burn receipt in candle*). Never!

BINTRY. I told you my paper would get the better of you at last. (*Points out place to sign.*)

OBENREIZER (*signs while* VENDALE *burns receipt—aside*). So ends the dream of my life! (*Swallows poison from vial.*)

MARGUERITE. What does all this mean?

OBENREIZER. It means that you are free—free to marry him!

MARGUERITE. Free! (*To* VENDALE, L. C.) I don't know what feeling prompts me to do this. (*Approaches* OBENREIZER, C. *front.*) I am going to begin a new and happy life. If I have ever done you wrong, forgive me! If you have ever done me wrong, for George's sake, I forgive you. Ah! you are ill!

OBENREIZER (*sadly taking* MARGUERITE'S *hand*). Marguerite, you said once I frightened you! Do I frighten you now?

MARGUERITE. What is the matter? You are looking ill.

OBENREIZER. I am looking at you for the last time, Marguerite! (*Staggers up* C., *when* VENDALE *tries to catch him—fiercely.*) Don't touch me! (*Drops his voice, mildly.*) No, I—Thanks! Farewell! (*Dies.*)

MARGUERITE (*to* VENDALE). George!

JOEY *and* SALLY *enter* D. *in* F., *look down at* OBENREIZER.

CURTAIN

POEMS

SONGS FROM 'THE PICKWICK PAPERS'

[1837]

I.—THE IVY GREEN

This famous ballad of three verses, from the sixth chapter of *Pickwick,* is perhaps the most acceptable of all Dickens's poetical efforts. It was originally set to music, at Dickens's request, by his brother-in-law, Henry Burnett, a professional vocalist, who, by the way, was the admitted prototype of Nicholas Nickleby. Mr. Burnett sang the ballad scores of times in the presence of literary men and artists, and it proved an especial favourite with Landor. 'The Ivy Green' was not written for *Pickwick,* Mr. Burnett assured me; but on its being so much admired the author said it should go into a monthly number, and it did. The most popular setting is undoubtedly that of Henry Russell, who has recorded that he received, as his fee, the magnificent sum of ten shillings! The ballad, in this form, went into many editions, and the sales must have amounted to tens of thousands.—F. G. K.

Oh, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim:
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!
And slily he traileth along the ground,

And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death hath been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

II.—A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THE five stanzas bearing the above title will be found in the twenty-eighth chapter of *Pickwick*, where they are introduced as the song which that hospitable old soul, Mr. Wardle, sung appropriately, 'in a good, round, sturdy voice,' before the Pickwickians and others assembled on Christmas Eve at Manor Farm. The 'Carol,' shortly after its appearance in *Pickwick*, was set to music to the air of 'Old King Cole,' and published in *The Book of British Song* (New Edition), with an illustration drawn by 'Alfred Crowquill'—*i.e.*, A. H. Forrester.—F. G. K.

I CARE not for Spring; on his fickle wing
Let the blossoms and buds be borne:
He woos them amain with his treacherous rain,
And he scatters them ere the morn.
An inconstant elf, he knows not himself
Nor his own changing mind an hour,
He 'll smile in your face, and, with wry grimace,
He 'll wither your youngest flower.

Let the Summer sun to his bright home run,
He shall never be sought by me;

When he 's dimmed by a cloud I can laugh aloud,
And care not how sulky he be!
For his darling child is the madness wild
That sports in fierce fever's train;
And when love is too strong, it don't last long,
As many have found to their pain.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
Of the modest and gentle moon,
Has a far sweeter sheen, for me, I ween,
Than the broad and unblushing noon.
But every leaf awakens my grief,
As it lieth beneath the tree;
So let Autumn air be never so fair,
It by no means agrees with me.

But my song I troll out, for CHRISTMAS stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold;
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old!
We 'll usher him in with a merry din
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we 'll keep him up, while there 's bite or sup,
And in fellowship good, we 'll part.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide
One jot of his hard-weather scars;
They 're no disgrace, for there 's much the same trac
On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
Then again I sing 'till the roof doth ring,
And it echoes from wall to wall—
To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
As the King of the Seasons all!

III.—GABRIEL GRUB'S SONG

THE Sexton's melancholy dirge, in the twenty-ninth chapter of *Pickwick*, seems a little incongruous in a humorous work. The sentiment, however, thoroughly accords with the philosophic gravedigger's gruesome occupation. 'The Story of the Goblins

who Stole a Sexton' is one of several short tales (chiefly of a dismal character) introduced into *Pickwick;* they were doubtless written prior to the conception of *Pickwick,* each being probably intended for independent publication, and in a manner similar to the 'Boz' Sketches. For some reason these stories were not so published, and Dickens evidently saw a favourable opportunity of utilising his unused manuscripts by inserting them in *The Pickwick Papers.*—F. G. K.

BRAVE lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one,
A few feet of cold earth, when life is done;
A stone at the head, a stone at the feet,
A rich, juicy meal for the worms to eat;
Rank grass over head, and damp clay around,
Brave lodgings for one, these, in holy ground!

IV.—ROMANCE

IT will be remembered that while Sam Weller and his coaching-friends refreshed themselves at the little public-house opposite the Insolvent Court in Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, prior to Sam joining Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet, that faithful body-servant was persuaded to 'oblige the company' with a song. 'Raly, gentlemen,' said Sam, 'I'm not wery much in the habit o' singin' vithout the instrument; but anythin' for a quiet life, as the man said ven he took the sitivation at the light-house.'

'With this prelude, Mr. Samuel Weller burst at once into the following wild and beautiful legend, which, under the impression that it is not generally known, we take the liberty of quoting. We would beg to call particular attention to the monosyllable at the end of the second and fourth lines, which not only enables the singer to take breath at those points, but greatly assists the metre.'—*The Pickwick Papers,* chapter xliii.

At the conclusion of the performance the mottled-faced gentleman contended that the song was 'personal to the cloth,' and demanded the name of the bishop's coachman, whose cowardice he regarded as a reflection upon coachmen in general. Sam replied that his name was not known, as 'he hadn't got his card in his pocket'; whereupon the mottled-faced gentleman declared the statement to be untrue, stoutly maintaining that the said coachman did *not* run away, but 'died game—game as pheasants,' and he would 'hear nothin' said to the contrairey.'

Even in the vernacular (observes Mr. Percy Fitzgerald), 'this master of words [Charles Dickens] could be artistic; and it may fairly be asserted that Mr. Weller's song to the coachmen is superior to anything of the kind that has appeared since.' The two stanzas have been set to music, as a humorous part-song, by Sir Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., M.V.O., the organist of Westminster Abbey, who informs me that it was written some years since, to celebrate a festive gathering in honour of Dr. Turpin (!), Secretary of the College of Organists. 'It has had a very great success,' says Sir Frederick, 'and is sung much in the North of England at competitions of choirs. It is for men's voices. The humour of the words never fails to make a great hit, and I hope the music does no harm. "The Bishop's Coach" is set to a bit of old Plain-Chant, and I introduce a Fugue at the words "Sure as eggs is eggs." '—F. G. K.

I

Bold Turpin vunce, on Hounslow Heath,
His bold mare Bess bestrode—er;
Ven there he see'd the Bishop's coach
A-comin' along the road—er.
So he gallops close to the 'orse's legs,
And he claps his head vithin;
And the Bishop says, 'Sure as eggs is eggs,
This here 's the bold Turpin!'

Chorus—And the Bishop says, 'Sure as eggs is eggs,
This here 's the bold Turpin!'

II

Says Turpin, 'You shall eat your words,
With a sarse of leaden bul-let';
So he puts a pistol to his mouth,
And he fires it down his gul-let.
The coachman, he not likin' the job,
Set off at a full gal-lop,
But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
And perwailed on him to stop.

Chorus (*sarcastically*)—But Dick put a couple of
balls in his nob,
And perwailed on him to stop.

POLITICAL SQUIBS FROM 'THE EXAMINER'

[1841]

In August 1841 Dickens contributed anonymously to *The Examiner* (then edited by Forster) three political squibs, which were signed W., and were intended to help the Liberals in fighting their opponents. These squibs were entitled respectively 'The Fine Old English Gentleman (to be said or sung at all Conservative Dinners)'; 'The Quack Doctor's Proclamation'; and 'Subjects for Painters (after Peter Pindar).' Concerning those productions, Forster says: 'I doubt if he ever enjoyed anything more than the power of thus taking part occasionally, unknown to outsiders, in the sharp conflict the press was waging at the time.' In all probability he contributed other political rhymes to the pages of *The Examiner* as events prompted: if so, they are buried beyond easy reach of identification.

Writing to Forster at this time, Dickens said: 'By Jove, how Radical I am getting! I wax stronger and stronger in the true principles every day.' . . . He would (observes Forster) sometimes even talk, in moments of sudden indignation at the political outlook, 'of carrying off himself and his household gods, like Coriolanus, to a world elsewhere.' This was the period of the Tory interregnum, with Sir Robert Peel at the head of affairs. —F. G. K.

I.—THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

New Version

(To be said or sung at all Conservative Dinners)

I 'll sing you a new ballad, and I 'll warrant it first-rate,
Of the days of that old gentleman who had that old estate;
When they spent the public money at a bountiful old rate
On ev'ry mistress, pimp, and scamp, at ev'ry noble gate,
In the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

The good old laws were garnished well with gibbets, whips, and chains,

With fine old English penalties, and fine old English pains,
With rebel heads, and seas of blood once hot in rebel veins;
For all these things were requisite to guard the rich old gains
Of the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

This brave old code, like Argus, had a hundred watchful eyes,
And ev'ry English peasant had his good old English spies,
To tempt his starving discontent with fine old English lies,
Then call the good old Yeomanry to stop his peevish cries,
In the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

The good old times for cutting throats that cried out in their need,
The good old times for hunting men who held their fathers' creed,
The good old times when William Pitt, as all good men agreed,
Came down direct from Paradise at more than railroad speed. . . .
Oh the fine old English Tory times;
When will they come again!

In those rare days, the press was seldom known to snarl or bark,
But sweetly sang of men in pow'r, like any tuneful lark;
Grave judges, too, to all their evil deeds were in the dark;
And not a man in twenty score knew how to make his mark.
Oh the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

Those were the days for taxes, and for war's infernal din;
For scarcity of bread, that fine old dowagers might win;
For shutting men of letters up, through iron bars to grin,
Because they didn't think the Prince was altogether thin,
In the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

But Tolerance, though slow in flight, is strong-wing'd in the main;
That night must come on these fine days, in course of time was plain;
The pure old spirit struggled, but its struggles were in vain;
A nation's grip was on it, and it died in choking pain,
With the fine old English Tory days,
All of the olden time.

The bright old day now dawns again; the cry runs through the land,
In England there shall be dear bread—in Ireland, sword and brand;
And poverty, and ignorance, shall swell the rich and grand,
So, rally round the rulers with the gentle iron hand,
Of the fine old English Tory days;
Hail to the coming time! W.

II.—THE QUACK DOCTOR'S PROCLAMATION

TUNE—'A COBBLER THERE WAS'

AN astonishing doctor has just come to town,
Who will do all the faculty perfectly brown:
He knows all diseases, their causes, and ends;
And he begs to appeal to his medical friends.
Tol de rol:
Diddle doll:
Tol de rol, de dol,
Diddle doll
Tol de rol doll.

He 's a magnetic doctor, and knows how to keep
The whole of a Government snoring asleep
To popular clamours; till popular pins
Are stuck in their midriffs—and then he begins
Tol de rol.

He 's a *clairvoyant* subject, and readily reads
His countrymen's wishes, condition, and needs,

With many more fine things I can't tell in rhyme,
—And he keeps both his eyes shut the whole of the time.
Tol de rol.

You mustn't expect him to talk: but you 'll take
Most particular notice the doctor 's awake,
Though for aught from his words or his looks that you reap, he
Might just as well be most confoundedly sleepy.
Tol de rol.

Homœopathy, too, he has practised for ages
(You 'll find his prescriptions in Luke Hansard's pages),
Just giving his patient when maddened by pain,—
Of Reform the ten thousandth part of a grain.
Tol de rol.

He 's a med'cine for Ireland, in portable papers;
The infallible cure for political vapours;
A neat label round it his 'prentices tie—
'Put your trust in the Lord, and keep this powder dry!'
Tol de rol.

He 's a corn doctor also, of wonderful skill,
—No cutting, no rooting-up, purging, or pill—
You 're merely to take, 'stead of walking or riding,
The sweet schoolboy exercise—innocent sliding.
Tol de rol.

There 's no advice gratis. If high ladies send
His legitimate fee, he 's their soft-spoken friend.
At the great public counter with one hand behind him,
And one in his waistcoat, they 're certain to find him.
Tol de rol.

He has only to add he 's the real Doctor Flam,
All others being purely fictitious and sham;
The house is a large one, tall, slated, and white,
With a lobby; and lights in the passage at night.

Tol de rol:
Diddle doll:
Tol de rol, de dol,
Diddle doll
Tol de rol doll. W.

III.—SUBJECTS FOR PAINTERS

(After Peter Pindar)

To you, Sir Martin,[1] and your co. R.A.'s,
I dedicate in meek, suggestive lays,
Some subjects for your academic palettes;
Hoping by dint of these my scanty jobs,
To fill with novel thoughts your teeming nobs,
As though I beat them in with wooden mallets.

To you, Maclise, who Eve's fair daughters paint
With Nature's hand, and want the maudlin taint
Of the sweet Chalon school of silk and ermine:
To you, E. Landseer, who from year to year
Delight in beasts and birds, and dogs and deer,
And seldom give us any human vermin:

—To all who practise art, or make believe,
I offer subjects they may take or leave.

Great Sibthorp and his butler, in debate
(*Arcades ambo*) on affairs of state,
Not altogether 'gone,' but rather funny;
Cursing the Whigs for leaving in the lurch
Our d——d good, pleasant, gentlemanly Church,
Would make a picture—cheap at any money.

Or Sibthorp as the Tory Sec.—at-War,
Encouraging his mates with loud 'Yhor! Yhor!'
From Treas'ry benches' most conspicuous end;

[1] Sir Martin Archer Shee, *P.*R.A.

Or Sib.'s mustachios curling with a smile,
As an expectant Premier without guile
Calls him his honourable and gallant friend.

Or Sibthorp travelling in foreign parts,
Through that rich portion of our Eastern charts
Where lies the land of popular tradition;
And fairly worshipp'd by the true devout
In all his comings-in and goings-out,
Because of the old Turkish superstition.

Fame with her trumpet, blowing very hard,
And making earth rich with celestial lard,
In puffing deeds done through Lord Chamberlain Howe;
While some few thousand persons of small gains,
Who give their charities without such pains,
Look up, much wondering what may be the row.

Behind them Joseph Hume, who turns his pate
To where great Marlbro' House in princely state
Shelters a host of lacqueys, lords and pages,
And says he knows of dowagers a crowd,
Who, without trumpeting so very loud,
Would do so much, and more, for half the wages.

Limn, sirs, the highest lady in the land,
When Joseph Surface, fawning cap in hand,
Delivers in his list of patriot mortals;
Those gentlemen of honour, faith, and truth,
Who, foul-mouthed, spat upon her maiden youth,
And dog-like did defile her palace portals.

Paint me the Tories, full of grief and woe,
Weeping (to voters) over Frost and Co.,
Their suff'ring, erring, much-enduring brothers.
And in the background don't forget to pack,
Each grinning ghastly from its bloody sack,
The heads of Thistlewood, Despard, and others.

Paint, squandering the club's election gold,
Fierce lovers of our Constitution old,
Lords who 're that sacred lady's greatest debtors;
And let the law, forbidding any voice
Or act of Peer to influence the choice
Of English people, flourish in bright letters.

Paint that same dear old lady, ill at ease,
Weak in her second childhood, hard to please,
Unknowing what she ails or what she wishes;
With all her Carlton nephews at the door,
Deaf'ning both aunt and nurses with their roar,
—Fighting already, for the loaves and fishes.

Leaving these hints for you to dwell upon,
I shall presume to offer more anon. W.

PROLOGUE TO WESTLAND MARSTON'S PLAY 'THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER'

[1842]

The Patrician's Daughter was the title bestowed upon a play, in the tragic vein, by a then unknown writer, J. Westland Marston, it being his maiden effort in dramatic authorship. Dickens took great interest in the young man, and indicated a desire to promote the welfare of his production by composing some introductory lines. To Macready he wrote: 'The more I think of Marston's play, the more sure I feel that a prologue to the purpose would help it materially, and almost decide the fate of any ticklish point on the first night. Now I have an idea (not easily explainable in writing, but told in five words) that would take the prologue out of the conventional dress of prologues, quite. Get the curtain up with a dash, and begin the play with a sledge-hammer blow. If, on consideration, you should agree with me, I will write the prologue, heartily.' Happily for the author, his little tragedy was the first new play of the season, and it thus

attracted greater attention. Its initial representation took place at Drury Lane Theatre on December 10, 1842, and the fact that Dickens's dignified and vigorous lines were recited by Macready, the leading actor of his day, undoubtedly gave *prestige* to this performance; but the play, although it made a sensation for the moment, did not enjoy a long run, its motive being for some reason misunderstood. As explained by the Editors of *The Letters of Charles Dickens,* it was (to a certain extent) an experiment in testing the effect of a tragedy of modern times and in modern dress, the novelist's Prologue being intended to show that there need be no incongruity between plain clothes of the nineteenth century and high tragedy.

The Patrician's Daughter: A Tragedy in Five Acts, appeared in pamphlet form during the year prior to its being placed upon the boards. The Prologue was printed for the first time in the *Sunday Times,* December 11, 1842, and then in *The Theatrical Journal and Stranger's Guide,* December 17, 1842. By the kind permission of Miss Hogarth, the lines are here reproduced from the revised and only correct version in *The Letters of Charles Dickens.*

In the preface to the second edition of the play (1842), the author thus acknowledges his indebtedness to Dickens for the Prologue, which, however, does not appear in the book: 'How shall I thank Mr. Dickens for the spontaneous kindness which has furnished me with so excellent a letter of introduction to the audience? The simplest acknowledgment is perhaps the best, since the least I might say would exceed *his* estimate of the obligation; while the most I could say would fail to express *mine.*'—F. G. K.

THE PROLOGUE

(Spoken by Mr. Macready)

No tale of streaming plumes and harness bright
Dwells on the poet's maiden harp to-night;
No trumpet's clamour and no battle's fire
Breathes in the trembling accents of his lyre;
Enough for him, if in his lowly strain
He wakes one household echo not in vain;
Enough for him, if in his boldest word
The beating heart of MAN be dimly heard.

Its solemn music which, like strains that sigh
Through charmèd gardens, all who hearing die;
Its solemn music he does not pursue
To distant ages out of human view;
Nor listen to its wild and mournful chime
In the dead caverns on the shore of Time;
But musing with a calm and steady gaze
Before the crackling flames of living days,
He hears it whisper through the busy roar
Of what shall be and what has been before.
Awake the Present! Shall no scene display
The tragic passion of the passing day?
Is it with Man, as with some meaner things,
That out of death his single purpose springs?
Can his eventful life no moral teach
Until he be, for aye, beyond its reach?
Obscurely shall he suffer, act, and fade,
Dubb'd noble only by the sexton's spade?
Awake the Present! Though the steel-clad age
Find life alone within its storied page,
Iron is worn, at heart, by many still—
The tyrant Custom binds the serf-like will;
If the sharp rack, and screw, and chain be gone,
These later days have tortures of their own;
The guiltless writhe, while Guilt is stretch'd in sleep,
And Virtue lies, too often, dungeon deep.
Awake the Present! what the Past has sown
Be in its harvest garner'd, reap'd, and grown!
How pride breeds pride, and wrong engenders wrong,
Read in the volume Truth has held so long,
Assured that where life's flowers freshest blow,
The sharpest thorns and keenest briars grow,
How social usage has the pow'r to change
Good thoughts to evil; in its highest range
To cramp the noble soul, and turn to ruth
The kindling impulse of our glorious youth,
Crushing the spirit in its house of clay,
Learn from the lessons of the present day.

Not light its import and not poor its mien;
Yourselves the actors, and your homes the scene.

A WORD IN SEASON

FROM 'THE KEEPSAKE'

[1484]

The Keepsake, one of the many fashionable annuals published during the early years of Queen Victoria's reign, had for its editor in 1844 the 'gorgeous' Countess of Blessington, the reigning beauty who held court at Gore House, Kensington, where many political, artistic, and literary celebrities foregathered—Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, Dickens, Ainsworth, D'Orsay, and the rest. Her ladyship, through her personal charm and natural gifts, succeeded in securing the services of eminent authors for the aristocratic publication; even Dickens could not resist her appeal, and in a letter to Forster (dated July 1843) he wrote: 'I have heard, as you have, from Lady Blessington, for whose behalf I have this morning penned the lines I send you herewith. But I have only done so to excuse myself, for I have not the least idea of their suiting her; and I hope she will send them back to you for *The Examiner.*' Lady Blessington, however, decided to retain the thoughtful little poem, which was referred to in the *London Review* (twenty-three years later) as 'a graceful and sweet apologue, reminding one of the manner of Hood.' The theme of the poem, which Forster describes as 'a clever and pointed parable in verse,' was afterwards satirised in Chadband (*Bleak House*), and in the idea of religious conversion through the agency of 'moral pocket-handkerchiefs.'—F. G. K.

A WORD IN SEASON

They have a superstition in the East,
That Allah, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest,
Of rolling incense, and of lighted taper:
Holding, that any scrap which bears that name,
In any characters, its front imprest on,

Shall help the finder through the purging flame,
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly, they make a mighty fuss
With ev'ry wretched tract and fierce oration,
And hoard the leaves—for they are not, like us,
A highly civilised and thinking nation:
And, always stooping in the miry ways,
To look for matter of this earthy leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So have I known a country on the earth,
Where darkness sat upon the living waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and dearth
Were the hard portion of its sons and daughters:
And yet, where they who should have ope'd the door
Of charity and light, for all men's finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-floor,
And rent the Book, in struggles for the binding.

The gentlest man among these pious Turks,
God's living image ruthlessly defaces;
Their best high-churchman, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the Virtues in the market-places:
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse
(They curse all other men, and curse each other),
Walks thro' the world, not very much the worse—
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

VERSES FROM THE 'DAILY NEWS'

[1846]

THE *Daily News*, it will be remembered, was founded in January 1846 by Charles Dickens, who officiated as its first editor. He soon sickened of the mechanical drudgery appertaining to the position, and resigned his editorial functions the following month. From January 21st to March 2nd he contributed to its columns

a series of 'Travelling Sketches,' afterwards reprinted in volume form as *Pictures from Italy*. He also availed himself of the opportunity afforded him, by his association with that newspaper, of once more taking up the cudgels against the Tories, and, as in the case of the *Examiner*, his attack was conveyed through the medium of some doggerel verses. These were entitled 'The British Lion—A New Song, but an Old Story,' to be sung to the tune of 'The Great Sea-Snake.' They bore the signature of 'Catnach,' the famous ballad-singer, and were printed in the *Daily News* of January 24, 1846.

Three weeks later some verses of a totally different character appeared in the columns of the *Daily News*, signed in full 'Charles Dickens.' One Lucy Simpkins, of Bremhill (or Bremble), a parish in Wiltshire, had just previously addressed a night meeting of the wives of agricultural labourers in that county, in support of a petition for Free Trade, and her vigorous speech on that occasion inspired Dickens to write 'The Hymn of the Wiltshire Labourers,' thus offering an earnest protest against oppression. Concerning the 'Hymn,' a writer in a recent issue of *Christmas Bells* observes: 'It breathes in every line the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, the love of the All-Father, the Redemption by His Son, and that love to God and man on which hang all the law and the prophets.'—F. G. K.

I.—THE BRITISH LION

A NEW SONG, BUT AN OLD STORY

TUNE—'THE GREAT SEA-SNAKE'

OH, p'r'aps you may have heard, and if not, I 'll sing
Of the British Lion free,
That was constantly a-going for to make a spring
Upon his en-e-me;
But who, being rather groggy at the knees,
Broke down, always, before;
And generally gave a feeble wheeze
Instead of a loud roar.

Right toor rol, loor rol, fee faw fum,
The British Lion bold!
That was always a-going for to do great things,
And was always being 'sold!'

He was carried about, in a carawan,
And was show'd in country parts,
And they said, 'Walk up! Be in time! He can
Eat Corn-Law Leagues like tarts!'
And his showmen, shouting there and then,
To puff him didn't fail,
And they said, as they peep'd into his den,
'Oh, don't he wag his tail!'

Now, the principal keeper of this poor old beast,
WAN HUMBUG was his name,
Would once ev'ry day stir him up—at least—
And wasn't that a Game!
For he hadn't a tooth, and he hadn't a claw,
In that 'Struggle' so 'Sublime';
And, however sharp they touch'd him on the raw,
He couldn't come up to time.

And this, you will observe, was the reason why
WAN HUMBUG, on weak grounds,
Was forced to make believe that he heard his cry
In all unlikely sounds.
So, there wasn't a bleat from an Essex Calf,
Or a Duke or a Lordling slim;
But he said, with a wery triumphant laugh,
'I 'm blest if that ain't him.'

At length, wery bald in his mane and tail,
The British Lion growed:
He pined, and declined, and he satisfied
The last debt which he owed.
And when they came to examine the skin,
It was a wonder sore,
To find that the an-i-mal within
Was nothing but a Boar!

Right toor rol, loor rol, fee faw fum,
The British Lion bold!

That was always a-going for to do great things,
And was always being 'sold!'

CATNACH.

II.—THE HYMN OF THE WILTSHIRE LABOURERS

'Don't you all think that we have a great need to Cry to our God to put it in the hearts of our greassous Queen and her Members of Parlerment to grant us free bread!'—LUCY SIMPKINS, *at Bremhill.*

OH God, who by Thy Prophet's hand
Didst smite the rocky brake,
Whence water came, at Thy command,
Thy people's thirst to slake;
Strike, now, upon this granite wall,
Stern, obdurate, and high;
And let some drops of pity fall
For us who starve and die!

The GOD, who took a little child,
And set him in the midst,
And promised him His mercy mild,
As, by Thy Son, Thou didst:
Look down upon our children dear,
So gaunt, so cold, so spare,
And let their images appear
Where Lords and Gentry are!

Oh GOD, teach them to feel how we,
When our poor infants droop,
Are weakened in our trust in Thee,
And how our spirits stoop;
For, in Thy rest, so bright and fair,
All tears and sorrows sleep:
And their young looks, so full of care,
Would make Thine Angels weep!

The God, who with His finger drew
The Judgment coming on,
Write, for these men, what must ensue,
Ere many years be gone!
Oh God, whose bow is in the sky,
Let them not brave and dare,
Until they look (too late) on high,
And see an Arrow there!

Oh God, remind them! In the bread
They break upon the knee,
These sacred words may yet be read,
'In memory of Me!'
Oh God, remind them of His sweet
Compassion for the poor,
And how He gave them Bread to eat,
And went from door to door!

Charles Dickens.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MARK LEMON

[1849]

Dickens, like Silas Wegg, would sometimes 'drop into poetry' when writing to intimate friends, as, for example, in a letter to Maclise, the artist, which began with a parody of Byron's lines to Thomas Moore—

'My foot is in the house,
My bath is on the sea,
And, before I take a souse,
Here's a single note to thee.'

A more remarkable instance of his propensity to indulge in parody of this kind is to be found in a letter addressed to Mark Lemon in the spring of 1849. The novelist was then enjoying a holiday with his wife and daughters at Brighton, whence he wrote to Lemon (who had been ill), pressing him to pay them a visit. After commanding him to 'get a clean pocket-handkerchief ready for the close of "Copperfield" No. 3—"simple and quiet, but very natural and touching"—*Evening Bore*,' Dickens invites

his friend in lines headed 'New Song,' and signed 'T. Sparkler,' the effusion also bearing the signatures of other members of the family party—Catherine Dickens, Annie Leech, Georgina Hogarth, Mary Dickens, Katie Dickens, and John Leech.—F. G. K.

NEW SONG

TUNE—'LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE'

I

LEMON is a little hipped,
And this is Lemon's true position—
He is not pale, he 's not white-lipped,
Yet wants a little fresh condition.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
Old Ocean's rising, falling billers,
Than on the Houses every one
That form the street called Saint Anne's Willers!
Oh my Lemon, round and fat,
Oh my bright, my right, my tight 'un,
Think a little what you 're at—
Don't stay at home, but come to Brighton!

II

Lemon has a coat of frieze,
But all so seldom Lemon wears it,
That it is a prey to fleas,
And ev'ry moth that 's hungry, tears it.
Oh, that coat 's the coat for me,
That braves the railway sparks and breezes,
Leaving ev'ry engine free
To smoke it, till its owner sneezes!
Then my Lemon, round and fat,
L., my bright, my right, my tight 'un,
Think a little what you 're at—
On Tuesday first, come down to Brighton!

T. SPARKLER.

POEMS FROM 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS'

[1850–1851]

THE two following poems were discovered recently by means of the Contributors' Book to *Household Words*, to which reference is made in the introductory preface to the present volume. 'Hiram Power's Greek Slave' appeared in that paper on 26th October 1850, and 'Aspire!' on 25th January 1851.—B. W. M.

I.—HIRAM POWER'S GREEK SLAVE

THEY say Ideal Beauty cannot enter
The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
This alien Image with the shackled hands,
Called the Greek Slave: as if the artist meant her
(The passionless perfection which he lent her,
Shadowed, not darkened, where the sill expands)
To, so, confront man's crimes in different lands,
With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the centre
Art's fiery finger! and break up ere long
The serfdom of this world. Appeal, fair stone,
From God's pure heights of beauty, against man's wrong!
Catch up, in thy divine face, not alone
East griefs, but west, and strike and shame the strong,
By thunders of white silence, overthrown.

II.—ASPIRE

ASPIRE! whatever fate befall,
Be it praise or blame—
Aspire! even when deprived of all—
It is thy nature's aim.
The seed beneath the frozen earth,
When winter checks the fresh green birth,
Still yearningly aspires,
With ripening desires,
And, in its season, it will shoot

Up into the perfect fruit;
But had it not lain low,
It ne'er had learn'd to grow.

Aspire! for in thyself alone
That power belongs of right;
Within thyself that seed is sown,
Which strives to reach the light;
All pride of rank, all pomp of place,
All pinnacles that point in space,
But show thee, to the spheres,
No greater than thy peers;
But if thy spirit doth aspire,
Thou risest ever higher—higher—
Towards that consummate end,
When Heavenward we tend.

WILKIE COLLINS'S PLAY 'THE LIGHTHOUSE'

[1855]

WILKIE COLLINS composed two powerful dramas for representation at Dickens's residence, Tavistock House, a portion of which had been already adapted for private theatricals, the rooms so converted being described in the bills as 'The Smallest Theatre in the World.' The first of these plays was called *The Lighthouse,* and the initial performance took place on June 19, 1855. Dickens not only wrote the Prologue and 'The Song of the Wreck,' but signally distinguished himself by enacting the part of Aaron Gurnock, a lighthouse-keeper, his clever impersonation recalling Frédérick Lemaître, the only actor he ever tried to take as a model.

With regard to 'The Song of the Wreck,' Dickens evidently intended to bestow upon it a different title, for, in a letter addressed to Wilkie Collins during the preparation of the play, he said: 'I have written a little ballad for Mary—"The Story of the Ship's Carpenter and the Little Boy, in the Shipwreck."' The song was rendered by his eldest daughter, Mary (who as-

sumed the rôle of Phœbe in the play); it was set to the music composed by George Linley for Miss Charlotte Young's pretty ballad, 'Little Nell,' of which Dickens became very fond, and which his daughter had been in the habit of singing to him constantly since her childhood. Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge University, refers to 'The Song of the Wreck' as 'a most successful effort in Cowper's manner.'—F. G. K.

I.—THE PROLOGUE

(*Slow music all the time; unseen speaker; curtain down.*)

A STORY of those rocks where doom'd ships come
To cast them wreck'd upon the steps of home,
Where solitary men, the long year through—
The wind their music and the brine their view—
Warn mariners to shun the beacon-light;
A story of those rocks is here to-night.
Eddystone Lighthouse!

(*Exterior view discovered.*)

In its ancient form,
Ere he who built it wish'd for the great storm
That shiver'd it to nothing,[1] once again
Behold outgleaming on the angry main!
Within it are three men; to these repair
In our frail bark of Fancy, swift as air!
They are but shadows, as the rower grim
Took none but shadows in his boat with him.

So be *ye* shades, and, for a little space
The real world a dream without a trace.
Return is easy. It will have ye back
Too soon to the old beaten dusty track;
For but one hour forget it. Billows, rise;

[1] When Winstanley had brought his work to completion, he is said to have expressed himself so satisfied as to its strength, that he only wished he might be there in the fiercest storm that ever blew. His wish was gratified, and, contrary to his expectations, both he and the building were swept completely away by a furious tempest which burst along the coast in November 1703.

Blow winds, fall rain, be black, ye midnight skies;
And you who watch the light, arise! arise!

(*Exterior view rises and discovers the scene.*)

II.—THE SONG OF THE WRECK

I

The wind blew high, the waters raved,
A ship drove on the land,
A hundred human creatures saved
Kneel'd down upon the sand.
Three-score were drown'd, three-score were thrown
Upon the black rocks wild,
And thus among them, left alone,
They found one helpless child.

II

A seaman rough, to shipwreck bred,
Stood out from all the rest,
And gently laid the lonely head
Upon his honest breast.
And travelling o'er the desert wide
It was a solemn joy,
To see them, ever side by side,
The sailor and the boy.

III

In famine, sickness, hunger, thirst,
The two were still but one,
Until the strong man droop'd the first
And felt his labours done.
Then to a trusty friend he spake,
'Across the desert wide,
O take this poor boy for my sake!'
And kiss'd the child and died.

IV

Toiling along in weary plight
Through heavy jungle, mire,
These two came later every night
To warm them at the fire.
Until the captain said one day,
'O seaman good and kind,
To save thyself now come away,
And leave the boy behind!'

V

The child was slumbering near the blaze:
'O captain, let him rest
Until it sinks, when God's own ways
Shall teach us what is best!'
They watch'd the whiten'd ashy heap,
They touch'd the child in vain;
They did not leave him there asleep,
He never woke again.

PROLOGUE TO WILKIE COLLINS'S PLAY 'THE FROZEN DEEP'

[1856]

The second drama written by Wilkie Collins for the Tavistock House Theatre was first acted there in January 1857, and subsequently at the Gallery of Illustration in the presence of Queen Victoria and the Royal Family. As in the case of *The Light-House*, the play had the advantage of a Prologue in rhyme by Charles Dickens, who again electrified his audiences by marvellous acting, the character of Richard Wardour (a young naval officer) being selected by him for representation.

The Prologue was recited at Tavistock House by John Forster, and at the public performances of the play by Dickens himself.

It is not generally known that a by no means inconsiderable portion of the drama was composed by Dickens, as testified by the original manuscripts of the play and of the prompt-book,

which contain numerous additions and corrections in his handwriting. These manuscripts, by the way, realised £300 at Sotheby's in 1890.

The main idea of *A Tale of Two Cities* was conceived by Dickens when performing in *The Frozen Deep*. 'A strong desire was upon me then,' he writes in the preface to the story, 'to embody it in my own person; and I traced out in my fancy the state of mind of which it would necessitate the presentation to an observant spectator, with particular care and interest. As the idea became familiar to me, it gradually shaped itself into its present form. Throughout its execution, it has had complete possession of me: I have so far verified what is done and suffered in these pages, as that I have certainly done and suffered it all myself.' —F. G. K.

THE PROLOGUE

(*Curtain rises; mists and darkness; soft music throughout.*)

One savage footprint on the lonely shore
Where one man listen'd to the surge's roar,
Not all the winds that stir the mighty sea
Can ever ruffle in the memory.
If such its interest and thrall, O then
Pause on the footprints of heroic men,
Making a garden of the desert wide
Where Parry conquer'd death and Franklin died.

To that white region where the Lost lie low,
Wrapt in their mantles of eternal snow,—
Unvisited by change, nothing to mock
Those statues sculptured in the icy rock,
We pray your company; that hearts as true
(Though nothings of the air) may live for you;
Nor only yet that on our little glass
A faint reflection of those wilds may pass,
But that the secrets of the vast Profound
Within us, an exploring hand may sound,
Testing the region of the ice-bound soul,
Seeking the passage at its northern pole,
Softening the horrors of its wintry sleep,
Melting the surface of that 'Frozen Deep.'

Vanish, ye mists! But ere this gloom departs,
And to the union of three sister arts
We give a winter evening, good to know
That in the charms of such another show,
That in the fiction of a friendly play,
The Arctic sailors, too, put gloom away,
Forgot their long night, saw no starry dome,
Hail'd the warm sun, and were again at Home.

Vanish, ye mists! Not yet do we repair
To the still country of the piercing air;
But seek, before we cross the troubled seas,
An English hearth and Devon's waving trees.

A CHILD'S HYMN

FROM 'THE WRECK OF THE GOLDEN MARY'

[1856]

THE Christmas number of *Household Words* for 1856 is especially noteworthy as containing the Hymn of five verses which Dickens contributed to the second chapter. This made a highly favourable impression, and a certain clergyman, the Rev. R. H. Davies, was induced to express to the editor of *Household Words* his gratitude to the author of these lines for having thus conveyed to innumerable readers such true religious sentiments. In acknowledging the receipt of the letter, Dickens observed that such a mark of approval was none the less gratifying to him because he was himself the author of the Hymn. 'There cannot be many men, I believe,' he added, 'who have a more humble veneration for the New Testament, or a more profound conviction of its all-sufficiency, than I have. If I am ever (as you tell me I am) mistaken on this subject, it is because I discountenance all obtrusive professions of and tradings in religion, as one of the main causes why real Christianity has been retarded in this world; and because my observation of life induces me to hold in unspeakable dread and horror those unseemly squabbles about the letter which drive the spirit out of hundreds of thousands.'—*Vide* Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, Book xi., iii.—F. G. K.

A CHILD'S HYMN

HEAR my prayer, O! Heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid Thy Angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before Thy Cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me through this night of peril
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy Son has bought.

Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing
Till Thy Angels bid me home.

THE BLACKSMITH

FROM 'ALL THE YEAR ROUND'

[APRIL 20, 1859]

IN the chapter of Forster's *Life of Dickens* dealing with *All the Year Round,* the biographer refers to an article of Dickens's in the first number of that periodical entitled 'The Poor Man and his Beer,' and states how he came to write it.

The Rev. T. B. Lawes of Rothamsted, St. Albans, had interested Dickens in a club that had been set on foot to enable the

agricultural labourers of the parish to have their beer and pipes independent of the public-house, and the description of it, says Mr. Lawes, 'was the occupation of a drive between this place (Rothamsted) and London, 25 miles. . . . In the course of our conversation I mentioned that the labourers were very jealous of the small tradesmen, blacksmiths and others, holding allotment gardens; but that the latter did so indirectly by paying higher rents to the labourers for a share.' This circumstance is not forgotten in the verses on the Blacksmith in the same number, composed by Mr. Dickens and repeated to me while he was walking about, and which close the mention of his gains with allusion to:

> 'A share (concealed) in the poor man's field,
> Which adds to the poor man's store.'

It is curious to note that no one has identified this poem as Dickens's before, although the indisputable authority quoted above has been available to every one since 1873.—B. W. M.

THE BLACKSMITH

Old England, she has great warriors,
Great princes, and poets great;
But the Blacksmith is not to be quite forgot,
In the history of the State.

He is rich in the best of all metals,
Yet silver he lacks and gold;
And he payeth his due, and his heart is true,
Though he bloweth both hot and cold.

The boldest is he of incendiaries
That ever the wide world saw,
And a forger as rank as e'er robbed the Bank,
Though he never doth break the law.

He hath shoes that are worn by strangers,
Ye he laugheth and maketh more;
And a share (concealed) in the poor man's field,
Yet it adds to the poor man's store.

Then, hurrah for the iron Blacksmith!
And hurrah for his iron crew!
And whenever we go where his forges glow,
We 'll sing what A MAN can do.

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